

The
RELIEF SOCIETY
Magazine

Volume XXI

JANUARY, 1934

No. 1



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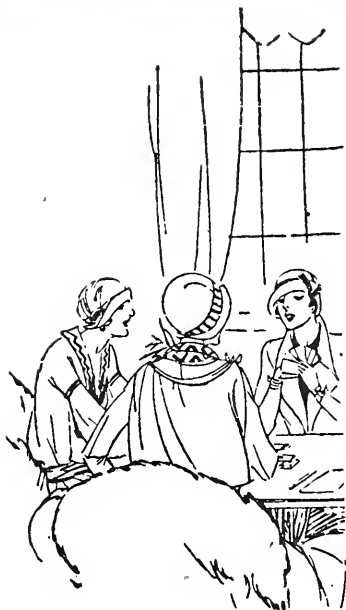


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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 21

JANUARY, 1934

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Compensation

By Ella J. Coulam

*There's a melancholy feeling
When the frost is in the air,
And old Winter blows a chilling blast
Down the winding stair.*

*There's a feeling of resentment
When the flowers all must go
And verdure seems to cuddle
Under downy puffs of snow.*

*But when, on winter evenings
We sit around the grate
And each one tells a story
Or a joke on Bob or Kate,
The family ties seem stronger
And we banish worldly care;
There's a feeling of contentment
When we join in family prayer.*

*And in the joy of Yuletide,
With its wealth of Christmas cheer,
It seems there never was a time
Or season quite so dear.
The air is charged with laughter
As we gather round the tree;
There's a happy good-will feeling
As the bells ring out in glee.*

*And when the New Year enters
On a stage of ice and sleet,
There's a happy, buoyant feeling
As we hurry down the street.
For just around the corner
We hear a robin sing;
There's a hopeful kind of feeling
When we know 'twill soon be spring.*

Accounts

By Josephine Gardner Moench

Can we balance our give and receive accounts

In an honest and generous way?

Can we always remember the things we accept

As well as the things we repay?

Do we think of the kindness our neighbor has shown

When sickness or death came our way,

As well as the harsh word she might have let slip

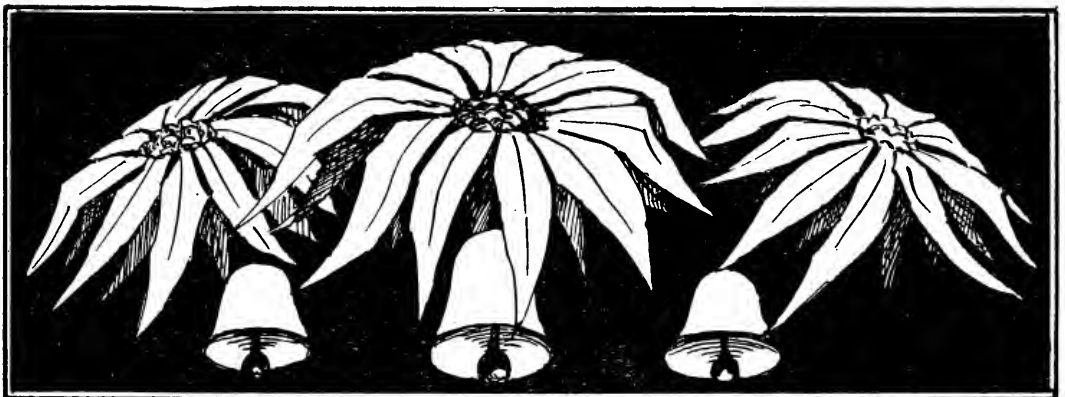
In a moment of anger one day?

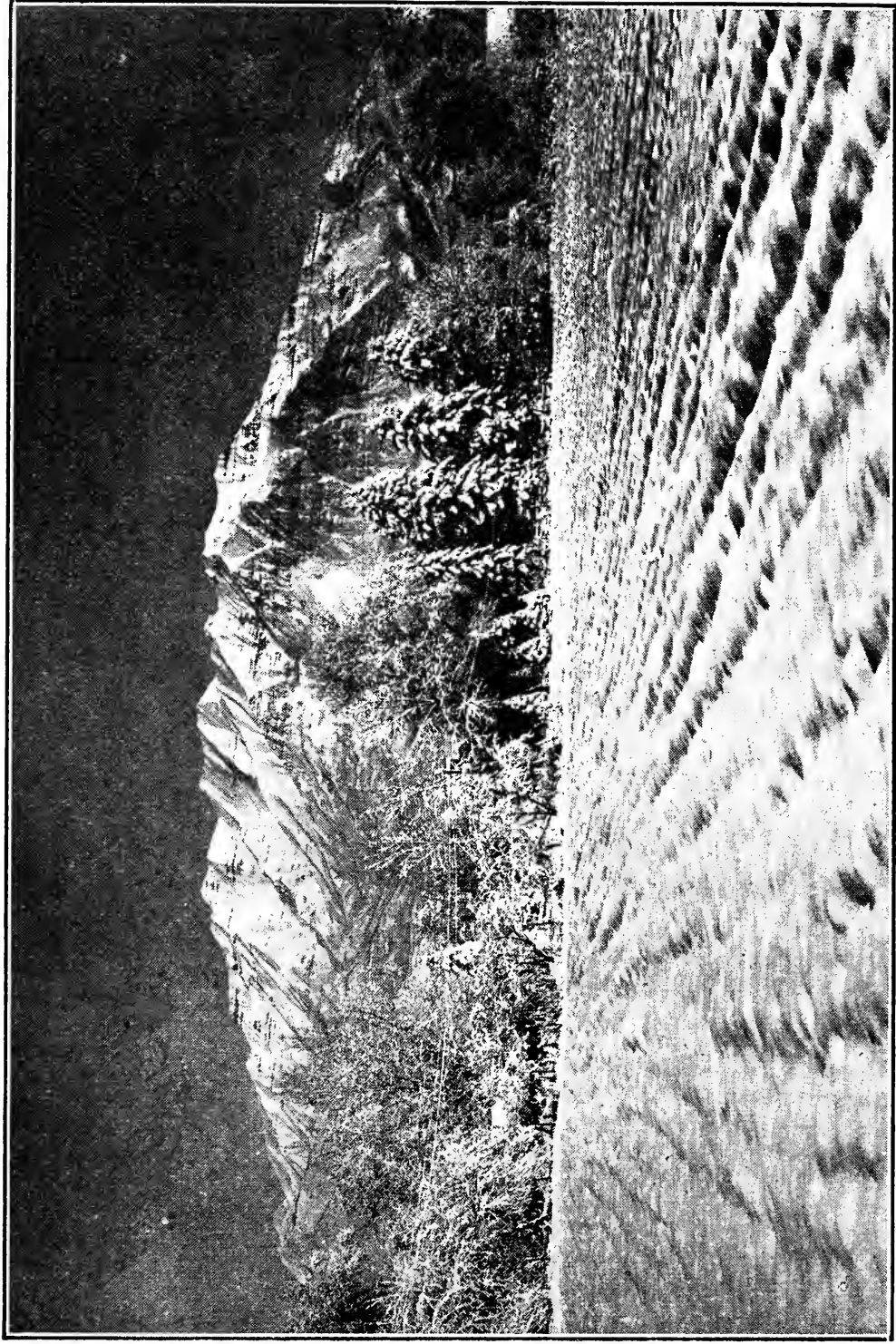
Can we view with a conscience unbiased and clear

What was said in the heat of the fray?

And hard though it be, can we balance it up

In an honest and generous way?





THE FIRST SNOWFALL, TIMPANOGOS IN THE BACKGROUND

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An Immigrant Mother and Her Son

By Adah Roberts Naylor

Chapter I

HER name was Ann Everington, and her home was in Norfolk, England. She was very fair—blue eyes set far apart—light hair with glints of gold, and the fresh complexion of a young English girl. Since her parents were both dead she supported herself by working in a shop where she trimmed hats, and did fine “stitching” for the grand ladies of the countryside.

The Everingtons had lived for many generations in Norfolk. They were of Anglo-Saxon descent, and there was in Ann much of the somber seriousness of that race. It was her nature to be studious and in her spare moments she read the books that were to be had, and gave much thought to the meaning and purpose of life.

When she was twenty-one, she met a young blacksmith,—Ben Roberts by name. He had a sunny, genial nature, was dark and tall—proud of the fact that he measured six feet one in his stocking feet. There was something about his light hearted, easy-going ways that attracted Ann, and he in turn loved her for her high ideals, her ambitions, her serious-mindedness, and her gold hair. The following year, June 15th, 1848, they were married,

but unfortunately the “story book ending” cannot be recorded—they did not live happily ever afterwards. Their aims, their desires, the things they asked of life were too divergent, and there was ever with them a fierce economic struggle.

THE first child was a son, and named for his father, Ben Roberts—but he lived only a few months. Then two daughters were born. The elder was given the name of Mary and the younger one they called Annie. With her growing family Ann felt the need of establishing a home—an abode that would be something more than a shelter. She had an abhorrence of the cheap and the shoddy and she longed to surround her children with an atmosphere of the permanent—of the lasting things of life. But this desire seemed far beyond their reach, Ben was often out of work and they were forced to move from place to place living wherever employment could be found.

IN order to augment their uncertain income, Ann took in fine sewing for the English gentry, and often in the evening she would walk several miles to deliver a “finished piece.” One night as she passed through the streets she was attracted by a gathering of people on one of



ANN EVERINGTON ROBERTS

the busy corners. A man was singing in a clear tenor voice, the song ended, and Ann paused a moment; he was speaking of America. "A land blessed above all other lands"—"A land of liberty—Where Zion is to be built in the tops of the mountains"—"A Zion unto which all peoples shall gather." She stopped for a while and listened and then passed on, somewhat troubled in her mind about "the gathering of Israel" which the speaker had described. She sat up late that night reading her Bible, and pondering in her heart the words she had heard.

The next evening Ann made herself ready and went out in search of

the street preacher. This time she waited until he had finished speaking, then talked with him, and obtained some of his literature which she carried home and carefully studied. She tried to interest her husband in this new faith—this new Zion—this new-old gospel of the brotherhood of man, but he would listen to none of it. And so it was that she went alone and was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

IN 1857 at Warrington, a second son was born. The father chose the name of Henry for him, and Henry he was christened, but Ann

took him secretly to the Missionaries and had him blessed Brigham Henry Roberts in honor of the great Mormon leader whom she had come to so ardently admire.

ANN was everything that she was with all the intensity of her deep strong nature, and so she became a Latter-day Saint with all her mind, with all her heart, and with all her soul. Her constant prayer was that her husband would be converted. Finally swept along by her enthusiasm he was baptized, but he was ever luke warm, and took no part in the activities of the Branch of the Church of which they were members.

BEN was an expert horseshoer, and sometime previous to his baptism he had attached himself to the stables of an English nobleman, who had a string of horses that were exhibited at the Fairs and the race-tracks. There was always drinking and gambling at the Races and Ben fell in with a rough crowd. His work took him away from home a great deal of the time and Ben often failed to send his pay check to the little family.

And now a third son came—Thomas, and there was within Ann an insatiable desire to go to America—to take her little brood to Zion where they would be numbered among the “chosen people,” and her sons would have the opportunities of a new land. But Ben refused to consider such a move and the breach grew wider and wider between them.

After an absence of several months, Ben sent Ann a sum of money. She decided to use this money as part payment on her passage to Utah. The decision was made hurriedly, as it was now April and the last company of Saints to leave that year were to sail May 2nd.

It took more than five months to reach Utah and the trek across the plains had to be made before the cold weather began.

It was impossible for Ann to take her entire family with her. Mary, now twelve years old, was left in the care of some distant relatives by the name of Pie, who operated a factory where china was burned and decorated. It was agreed that she should work as an apprentice for her board and keep. A Brother and Sister Tovey had recently joined the Branch, coming up from Scotland where they had “embraced” the gospel. Little was known about them but Ann felt that anyone who had become a Latter-day Saint was to be believed in and trusted, and so it was that she left behind, in charge of this couple, her five year old son Henry. Annie and Thomas the baby she took with her.

IT was a long hard journey—many weeks on a sailing vessel, where the baby contracted “Ship fever”—then torturous days in railroad cars, and then the long tramp across the plains. Little Thomas was very ill now—wasted away by the fever to almost a skeleton. Ann carried him in her arms as she trudged along beside the covered wagon train. Before she reached the mountains he died, and for the first time, Ann’s all but dauntless courage failed her. She could not endure the thought of placing in the ground the body of the little son for whom she had visioned so splendid a future. It was Horten Haight, Captain of the Company, who came to her rescue, taking from his wagon a wooden bread box he improvised a coffin, and helped Ann prepare the tiny body for burial. A simple service was said over the little grave, and with leadened feet and a heavy heart she continued the journey.

UPON reaching Utah Ann went immediately to a small settlement eight miles north from Salt Lake City, known as Bountiful. Here she had friends—Saints she had known in England—and here she opened a shop where she made hats and did sewing and tailoring; hoping thereby to not only support herself and daughter Annie, but to accumulate enough money to bring her children to Utah.

ANN had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, a fine artistic sense of line and color, and a love of the nice things of earth. Poverty she had endured, but the crudeness of life in this mountain village often appalled her. It was a painful thing—this slow process of a people from an old civilization taking root in a new land.

ANN was blessed with an abundance of vitality and she worked early and late, often sewing far into the night, in her struggle to get warm clothing, bedding and money enough to send for the children, but nearly three years had passed before Ann had accomplished her purpose. The clothing and bedding were sent to New York, the money to England, and Mary now a girl of fifteen was prepared for the journey, but no trace of the boy Henry could be found.

And so it was that a great search was set up in the Branches of the Mormon Church throughout the British Isles.

II

THE TOVEYS, tiring of the restrictions placed on them by the teachings of the Church, appeared shortly after Ann left England, taking the boy Henry with them. Their sole earthly belongings were a violin, a Bible and

a bundle of clothing. It was Summer time and on foot they went through the green lanes of England. They worked a little at odd jobs and begged, and at night they slept huddled together under the hedges. But when cold weather came they sought the cities where shelter could be had at low cost, and where Mr. Tovey, who was a stonecutter by trade, would sometimes find employment.

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Tovey were given to drink and many hours were whiled away at Taverns where Mr. Tovey played his violin and Mrs. Tovey sang in a cracked voice, in return for which they were given free drinks and sometimes food. They taught Henry a number of old English ballads, and he would stand on a table and entertain the patrons by singing in a sweet childish treble, afterwards passing his hat for pennies. One day some soldiers noticing the splendid rhythm of the lad suggested that he would make a good drummer boy for the army.

When Henry was seven the Toveys, who had now changed their name to Gaily, quarreled seriously and decided to separate. Mrs. Gailey, Henry learned from their conversation, wanted to join a brother who had recently finished a term in prison, and Mr. Gaily not wishing to be encumbered with a small boy and evidently remembering the comment of the soldier, took him to near by Barracks where he was accepted as a drummer boy in the British Army. Measurements were taken for his uniform, and Mr. Gaily was to return with him the following day, but that night as Henry slept his Mother's face appeared before him. She was weeping and the promise he had made at their parting flashed into his mind—"Promise me," she

had said, "that if I am unable to send for you, that you will, when you grow to be a man go to Utah." The dream awakened him and something within him said, "if you serve in the army you will never get to Utah." He got up quietly and taking his clothing in his arms crept down the stairs and out into the dark street. He stopped to dress, and then started on his pilgrimage back to Thorplton where he thought he could find the Elders who had known his mother.

FOR many weeks he wandered about eating when he could find food and sleeping with other street urchins in empty boxes and doorways. He inquired everywhere for Mormon Elders, but no one seemed to have heard of them, and so overcome by loneliness and longing for the healing influence of the familiar he retraced his steps back to where he had lived with the Gaileys. They welcomed him back and life for him settled back into the old groove.

ANN EVERINGTON had been in America four long years, and Henry had passed his ninth birthday when the Elders found him. He was a sturdy lad like his mother in appearance—the same clear blue eyes with the wide setting, the same fine head line, and the same air of serious earnestness. He could neither read nor write, nor did he know the letters of the alphabet, but necessity had made him a keen observer, and he was far older than his years. He joined his sister Mary at Liverpool and late in April, 1866, they set sail for America.

MUCH could be told of that long journey. Of the wonderful weeks at sea, where the boy made fast friends with the sailors, and so spent all of his waking hours on



BRIGHAM HENRY ROBERTS

deck, and where to his great delight one of the sailors tattooed a blue anchor on his right forearm. There were the days at Castle Gardens and more days in dirty crowded railroad cars that carried them to the middle west, but it was when they reached the plains that a new world opened up to the lad. There were the great stretches of land, and a sky that met the land at its outer rim—he loved to lie flat on his back, to feel the broad earth under him, and

watch the wind blow the prairie grass that stretched out miles and miles before him. The wagon train with its drivers, its confusion and noise was a constant delight to him—and there was the campfire when the dark closed in around them.

He slept with the other men and boys under the wagons, shivering in the cold because the bedding sent by his mother had been lost, and the only covering he had was the flannel petticoat of his sister that was dropped down to him when she went to bed inside the wagon. He was up early and out to the campfire to warm himself, he liked to watch the sun pulling itself up over the edge of the earth, its coming meant warmth and comfort.

During the day he made tours of inspection that often led him far afield. Once he was left behind and forced to swim the Missouri River before he could rejoin the wagon train. It was there that he lost his coat and shoes—a loss that filled him with a sad foreboding. He had lovely remembrances of his mother. Her clothes made by herself often from cast off garments of her rich customers, had a line and a style that gave her a fine appearance, and Henry thought her very beautiful. He remembered her exactitude about clean hands, well brushed hair, and neat clothing, and the sight of his bare bruised feet made him miserable. Then one evening a kindly providence came to his rescue. Along the trail they came upon a cluster of

log cabins that had been burned, and were still smouldering. Henry stayed behind to investigate—sticking out between two burned logs, were the charred legs of a man, and on those legs were a practically new pair of shoes. He pulled and tugged until the shoes were free from the dead feet, then running swiftly he caught up with the train and climbing quietly into the back of a provision wagon, he hid his precious find against the time when he should meet his mother—A great burden had been lifted from his heart.

IN October they reached the “Valley.” As the long wagon train slowly wended its way through Immigration canyon, Henry hurried ahead and climbing to a high cliff, caught his first glimpse of Zion. There was the great dead sea basking in the rays of the setting sun—to the right was the small city, snuggled up against the mountains, and to the left were the green cottonwoods. It seemed a small world to the boy who had already seen so much.

The wagons rolled into the city streets, and at last the great moment had come. The lad rushed to the provision wagon where his treasure was hidden. They were a man’s shoes, much too large for him—but they were shoes, and slipping his bruised and swollen feet into them, he marched at the head of the procession up Main Street to the Tithing Office where his mother awaited him.

New Year Call

(A Monologue)

By Estelle Webb Thomas

WHY, how-do-you-do, Mary! How fresh you look! How do you do it? Such a bitterly cold day, too! I haven’t ventured

to put my nose out of the door today, this fire looks more attractive than calling, to me, and I’m so fagged out after the holiday, always, that I can

hardly exist! Terrible bore, aren't they?

"Oh, you like them! Well, you certainly must have more pep than I have—or fewer friends! I believe if I have to entertain another guest or go to another party, it will simply slay me!

"Oh, yes, the presents *are* nice! Did you get many, this year? Draw your chair up to the fire and I'll show you mine.

"This bathrobe and slippers are John's gift. Original, isn't he? I told him if he couldn't do better next time, he could just give me a check. I could surely find something I'd like! And I gave him the *loveliest* silver service, just the thing for a formal dinner!"

"Those pillow slips are from Ethel. I wonder if she thinks I can't recognize cheap, machine-made embroidery, when I see it! My gift to her cost easily five times as much! The *beautifullest* hand-drawn collar and cuff set!"

"That's from Gladys. Hold your nose! *When* did Gladys ever know me to use such cheap perfume! But I'll get even with her! I'll send it back to her next year!"

"Those guest towels are from Elinor. They are *really* rather nice—but do you know where she got them? They are *precisely* the same, box and all, that her rich aunt in Chicago sent her last Christmas! I suppose she doesn't remember showing them to me! Of course, it wouldn't really matter, but you can't tell me they haven't been used and laundered at least half a dozen times!"

"Just look at these statuettes from Sue! Doesn't she know those things went out with tidies? But I suppose if one can pick up a bargain at the five-and-ten, it doesn't pay to turn it down!"

"Sam sent this book. You'll notice he waited till it got into the popular

edition so it wouldn't cost so much! And it's by *his* favorite author, though he knows I *abhor* the man! He'll be over to borrow it in a day or so—save buying for himself, you see!"

"And what do you think! Clara merely sent a card! Oh, I know they lost everything this year, but when she remembered that my gift to her last year, cost *five dollars*, you'd think she would feel *obligated*! Oh, well, I sent her only a card this time, too, I just had a feeling—"

"And Aunt Jennie! When I think how I've waited on that woman, and pamepered her and stood for her whims! And, believe it or not, her Christmas check to me this year was for *ten dollars*! I neved *dreamed* it would be less than a hundred! I'd counted on it to cover all my outlay for gifts! And mind you, she gave it to me *just as she was leaving*, so I'd be just as nice as possible to her all the while she was here!"

"Oh, those other things! There's really nothing worth looking at! Not one of them is anywhere near as valuable as the things I sent. And I had supposed some of those people were my best friends, too! Well, you never can tell! O, by the way, dear, thanks, so much, for the card case! It was lovely. So much like the one I gave you two years ago, isn't it?"

"Yes, some people actually say they enjoy Christmas! To me, the whole thing is so irritating I'm simply prostrated for a month afterward! So much fuss and bother! And to hear John rave about the bills one would think I simply spent money for spite! Why, I've got to where a piece of tinsel will throw me into hysterics, and I can't bear the sight of my dearest friend!"

"What! Going? Well, I've certainly enjoyed your call, dear! Come again when we all recover from the holiday rush! Good-bye!"

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

II

IT was Saturday morning. Anne was almost through with the upstairs cleaning when she heard the door bell. She went to the head of the stairs to call to the twins to answer the ring, when she heard the door open. She took off the towel she had pinned around her head and went down.

"Why, Phyllis," she cried as her daughter-in-law came in, "this is a surprise. Where are Morris and Junior?" She led the way to the living room, reading intuitively from Phyllis' troubled face that something was wrong.

"Sit down, dear, and let me take your things. You look tired. Won't you have a glass of milk and a cookie?"

"No, I couldn't eat," the girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Has something happened, Phyllis?" Anne tried to keep alarm from her voice.

"Yes. Everything. Morris—is tired of me. He's—in love with—another girl."

"Why, Phyllis, what nonsense." Anne sat down and patted the younger woman's trembling shoulders.

"But it's true. I guess—you think it's funny for me—to come to you,—but I—I—haven't any mother and I had to—talk to someone."

"Of course you should have come to me. I'm your mother. I'm the very one you should have come to. Come on into my room, dear, where we won't be disturbed."

When they were seated on the low settee at the foot of Anne's bed, Phyllis began to sob hysterically.

Anne let her cry for a few moments, then she said,

"Now can't you tell me about it, dear? Who is this woman? What makes you think Morris is interested in her?"

"She's Marian Welling. He used to know her at college. She studied interior decorating while he was studying architecture. When *Randalls* opened that new department they sent for her to take charge of it, and her office is right next to Morris'. He talks about her all the time—about how smart she is—and interesting—and clever. And he's always criticizing me—and they go out together to make bids on places—and work together evenings down at the office. I—I can't stand it." There was another flood of tears.

"Phyllis," said Anne gently, "I'm sure you are letting your imagination make you miserable. The very fact that Morris talks to you about this other woman is good evidence that there is nothing but friendship between them."

"But he isn't the same to me. I know he is in love with her. You can just tell some things by the way a man looks and acts. He's always nagging at me for not reading more books and knowing about things that are in the newspapers so I'll have something to talk about. The things we used to do bores him to death."

ANNE realized that at least this was true. She had felt herself that Morris' infatuation for Phyllis was deminishing with his maturity just as she and Peter had feared it would when they tried to persuade him to wait until he was through

college before thinking of marriage. But she realized also that perhaps it was all exaggerated in the young wife's mind. She recalled how she had suffered in the early years of her own married life when Peter had begun to neglect some of the little attentions of their courtship and had found fault with some of the things she did. It was too bad that the glamor of young love couldn't continue along with the humdrum routine of married life.

"You mustn't take all this so seriously, dear. It's just natural that as you and Morris come to know each other better you'll see each other's faults. You see things in Morris that annoy you I'm sure—things you didn't notice or mind at all before you were married. But you must have found out other things about him that are bigger and finer than you had even imagined. For instance, certain little habits that Morris' father has would drive me frantic if I didn't see in him also some of the best traits a man ever had. He forgets a lot of the little things, but he's sure to be right there when it comes to the big things in life."

"But Morris is tired of me. I bore him. And even if you can't believe it, I know he's in love with Marian Welling. I—I—can't stand it."

ANNE knew that part of the problem was real. Morris lived in an intellectual world Phyllis could not enter. It was inevitable that as the years went on and the physical part of love came to mean less, he should crave intellectual companionship. Yet she could not say to her daughter-in-law, "You are not Morris' intellectual equal. Of course you cannot hold him." She must try to find some way to help them

preserve their happiness. Phyllis was as pretty as when they were married, though she had grown careless in her personal care. Anne realized that a beautiful woman had a great natural advantage.

"Phyllis," she said after a little pause, "I suppose at your age it has not occurred to you that husbands and wives need occasional vacations from each other. Perhaps that is just what you and Morris need now. How would you like to take Junior and go to Castle Junction and stay with your Aunt Laura for a month and take vocal lessons from Mr. Driggs?"

"And leave him—there—with Marian Welling?"

"Phyllis, if a man really wants to be with a woman not his wife, all the watching the wife can do won't prevent him from finding ways of being with her. If he knows his wife is suspicious and jealous, it may make him all the more eager to be with the other woman. I'm sure, my dear, that Morris loves his wife and baby, and that if you were away from him and he had to do for himself the things you do for him, if he didn't have Junior to play with when he comes home, he'd miss you and maybe realize a little bit more how much you both mean to him. Besides I think you should do something with that lovely voice of yours. Mrs. Norman told me the other day that Mr. Driggs is doing marvelous work with his students. And he will only be there a few more weeks. You could get started with him, and then follow up the work with one of the teachers here or in Shannon. Wouldn't you like to do that?"

"If you—think it would help," Anne knew that Phyllis wasn't thoroughly convinced, although she arose and began to powder her nose.

"I suppose," Anne asked, "that

Morris knows how you feel bout this girl?"

"If he doesn't he's pretty dense. I've tried to let him know."

"Well, if you've tried talking about it and maybe accusing and chiding and that hasn't helped, it at least wouldn't hurt to try some other method, would it? Perhaps if he thought you didn't care, or that you were big enough to realize that he was under the spell of a foolish infatuation, that might make him see things as he should."

"But I don't think it is infatuation. I'm jealous because—I know t h e girl—must be wonderful. There's more to her than there is to me. She's educated like he is. Maybe—he was just infatuated with me and this—this—is his real—love," again she began to dab at her eyes.

Anne was surprised and encouraged that Phyllis was beginning to sense what was perhaps the truth.

"Now don't let your imagination make mountains out of molehills," she comforted. "Morris was madly in love with you when he married you. We know of course that love is a queer plant. It needs a lot of pampering and tending; yet it doesn't die suddenly or without some cause." Anne waited a moment then asked, "Are you willing to try my plan?"

"I'm willing to try anything that will keep Morris—that will make him love me again. But I haven't any money to pay for music lessons—without asking Morris."

"And that wouldn't do of course. This music is to help you give Morris a surprise. I'll write to Mr. Driggs and make arrangements for your lessons."

Anne knew that she couldn't afford such a thing either. It was hard enough keeping her budget balanced, but she must do something

to help Phyllis recapture her charm for Morris, and Anne remembered that he used to talk about the girl's beautiful voice and say that some-day he was going to have her cultivate it.

As Phyllis rose to go, Anne asked where the baby was.

"Morris was going out to look over a site for a new country house for Mrs. Wallace and took Junior with him. I had a chance to ride over here with Nan Myers who came to bring some papers to her father. She'll be waiting for me. Thanks so much for—helping me. I'll go to Castle Junction tomorrow. Aunt Laura has been wanting me to come for a visit."

WHEN she was alone, Anne went back to her work. There, she thought to herself, I've let myself in for something else to keep me awake nights. She went upstairs to finish her dusting.

As she entered Quint's room, she was surprised to find him there.

As she entered he turned quickly from a box he had on his bed, putting something hastily into his pocket. To the mother he seemed greatly confused as he put the box back on the closet shelf.

"Why, hello, Quint. It isn't dinner time yet, I hope."

"No—I—I just came home for a handkerchief. Goodbye." He dashed down the stairs and was gone.

Anne sighed. She wished Quint wasn't such an engima. She was still worrying over that night he had been out until after four o'clock. And now this strange behavior.

With Gloria she could get at the problems that worried her; even though she couldn't always solve them, she at least knew what they were. As Anne worked she recalled that afternoon Gloria had gone with

Jerald Meekin to the Shriner's outing even after she had been told that her parents disapproved. When Jim Harker had called up from the store and told Anne that Gloria had gone, she had at first thought he resented it merely because she had left her work, and she had spoken rather curtly to him when she said Gloria had told her about it and asked him if she hadn't got someone to take her place. Later as she thought of it, she knew this was not like Jim, so she had called him and asked what he had meant. When he had answered that he just wouldn't want a daughter of his out with a man like Meekin and didn't think she would, Anne couldn't rest until she had induced him to drive up to the Grange and bring Gloria home.

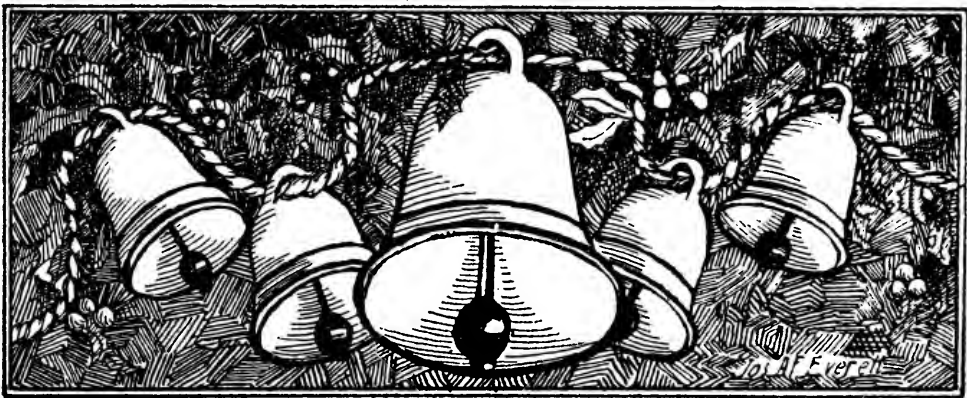
This had infuriated her. She would hardly speak to her mother. Then an item had appeared in the paper a week or so later stating that Meekin was being prosecuted for bigamy in another state and Gloria had been crushed with shame at the way she had behaved.

If it wasn't one problem, it was another to worry about, Anne thought as she went down to start dinner. But there were the innum-

erable little bright spots thrown in all along the way. Only yesterday she had received that lovely letter from Peter, who had been detained longer in Layton working on the store merger than he had anticipated. He had spent a whole evening in his hotel writing a real love letter to his wife. When a woman who has been married twenty-four years and has a family of five children receives such a letter as that, Anne had mused, life was worth living. And the twins were such a source of interest and pleasure, too. The days could not be dull with two ingenious little boys of ten about. Anne had always thought that they had been sent as a recompense for the loss of the little girl who had died the year before they were born.

Quint and Gloria came from the store for lunch. The twins were called in from the sand pile and sent to the bathroom while the meal was being taken from the stove. Just as the family were sitting down to eat, a special delivery letter was brought to the door. A glance at the address told Anne that it was from Suzanne, and a sudden premonition swept over her.

(To be continued)





ALBERTA HUIH CHRISTENSEN

Prayer of the Trail



*This poem is one of the two
poems declared equal
winners in the
Eliza R. Snow Memorial
Poem Contest*



By Alberta Huisb Christensen

*'Tis not for weary hands, dear Lord, I pray,
Although the handcart makes them callous-worn;
And not for balm, the hurting to allay
Of bruised and bandaged feet, is this prayer born.
The lantern of my faith tonight burns low,
Unless it be renewed, I cannot go
Such endless miles as still before us lie.
But if re-kindled, Lord, ah, then I know
I can file on, nor ever count the cost
Of all the things for conscience' sake I lost:
I can forget how friends, entreating, cried:
Even forget our parting,—his low voice—
His words that spoke the scorn his kiss denied—
—If I but feel the wisdom of my choice.*

*And so for that—to keep faith's torch alight—
And only that,—dear God, I pray tonight!*

Your Home Beautiful

By Mabel Margaret Luke

X—LIGHTING YOUR HOME

EVERYONE who is interested in beautiful interiors, and this should include everyone who is interested in making her own home beautiful, realizes the tremendous importance of correct lighting. However carefully furniture and draperies may be selected the ultimate result can be largely negated by inappropriate lighting.

Artificial light has a peculiar charm possessed by no other medium and by its skillful use in decoration delightful results are obtained. Indeed the beauty of a room at night as well as its comfort depend in a large measure on the choice and placement of the lighting fixtures.

The first light was probably the glow from the hearthfire, followed by the glimmer of burning rushes held in wrought iron devices. Centuries later we find oil and tallow candles used. The home of the French peasant and the palace of Versailles differed only in the number of candles. Next came the oil lamps, the first of which we find exemplified in the "Betty" lamp of New England, an open boat affair filled with oil and a wick coming through a spout at one end. Only a hundred years or so ago gas lighting was introduced and this was considered a revolutionary advance. Finally, in comparatively recent times we have electricity which has reached real heights of perfection and usefulness.

There are two systems of electric lighting—direct and indirect, both having their good points and their adherents. The direct system throws

the light directly on the room and its furnishings or on the spot to be lighted. The indirect throws the light on the ceiling from where it is reflected back in the room. It gives a soft pleasing light near the floor but lights unduly the ceiling, which is the last place in the room that should have brilliant light. Although this system may be advocated by doctors and eye specialists as very fine for the eyes it is not particularly artistic. Another indirect method is cove lighting. A metal trough is placed around the walls about one foot from the ceiling. It is lined with white and decorated on the outside to suit the room. In it are placed lamps at regular intervals, the ceiling acts as a reflector which diffuses the rays. This and other schemes of concealing the light are used a great deal in modern decoration where the idea seems to be that light and its sources should be integrally a part of the room, not an added effect. It seems, however, a little mechanical and gives an effect of coldness. We cherish an open fire as a symbol of home, so with light, to actually see a friendly glow of light is to give one a feeling of satisfaction.

To really light a room efficiently and ideally provision should be made for soft lights for mellowness, adequate and concentrated lights for special activities and well-distributed light for general use.

The secret of good lighting is in artful and gradual contrasts of light and shadow. Therefore, good lighting is not necessarily quantity lighting. Every room should be as a

picture. Place the lights so there will be good composition, centers of interest and balance of light and shadows—illusory shadows which play about the walls and ceiling for beauty. No room is lovely with too brilliant lighting, either natural or artificial, everything seems harsh and defects stand out. Shade the source of light and the romance and beauty return.

ALL lighting falls into two groups, fixed and portable. The first includes the lights that are incorporated in the architecture, in the construction of the walls themselves. Portable lighting gives more freedom for individuality in interior decoration.

Fixed lighting includes chandeliers, lanterns and wall-brackets. The first of these, the chandelier, is a doubtful contribution to the decoration scheme of the ordinary small room as it throws the light too high. Artificial light should come from approximately the same level as natural light and that is obviously not the ceiling. So it is usually a safe rule to leave it out of consideration except in a very high ceilinged room, ballroom, hallway or French room, (where a crystal chandelier is a part of the period decoration. If you desire to install a center chandelier or light to provide brilliant light for a party or when a large crowd is assembled it is permissible, but there should also be side lights at a lower level for general illumination. If both a center fixture and wall brackets are used they should be of the same type.

Hanging lamps and lanterns give more latitude in handling than do chandeliers. There are many admirable designs in both types. The lantern is very important in the hall where it is a dignified and suitable

method of lighting. The Colonial hall has always been lighted by a lantern. An elaborate hall calls for something elaborate in a chandelier or wrought iron lantern. For a delightful yet inexpensive effect use a Chinese paper lantern over a simple electric drop.

THE most successful way of lighting a room is by means of side lights or sconces well placed about the room with proper regard to openings, panelling and balance. A particularly suitable place for wall brackets is on each side of the overmantel or mirror (unless portable girandoles or candlesticks are used on the mantel). They may be placed on either side of an important picture, door or window or at sides of panels or in centers of small panels. Be sure the electrician does not set a bracket off-center or in the middle of a panel, thus interfering in the hanging of pictures or placing of furniture. They should carry the light in a balanced, even distribution around the room.

Side lights make a glow part way up the walls of a room. When below them there is a sufficient number of table and floor lamps the whole room will be properly lighted in the pleasantest and least obtrusive manner. The proper height for wall brackets is slightly above shoulder height, or about five feet in the average room.

Portable lighting includes table and floor lamps, torches and candles. Lamps if placed for use will prove of decided importance in the furnishings of any room. In buying a lamp never consider it apart from its ultimate environment, no matter how beautiful it may be in itself. If it does not fit practically and decoratively into the scheme it will only bring discord.

In choosing a table lamp consider it first in its scale relationship to the table on which it is to stand, and its shape and color in relation to the room. If you wish to accent a vertical line get a pedestal lamp, or your room may call for a squat one. In general it may be said a bowl lamp will give a more homelike appearance while a pedestal lamp is more formal. Your room must decide the type. A plain lamp is usually a safer choice than one highly decorated. A black lamp in a colorful room is always good. Use white lamps only in a room of very delicate hue. Be careful in using decorated lamps, remembering the light will be thrown down on the decoration and emphasize it. Chinese and Japanese pottery, and porcelain figures are especially lovely choices. In making lamps the art of the potter, sculptor, gold and silversmiths and wood carvers have brought them to perfection, and rare treasures are used in their structure. From the art centers of the world come urns, vases, figures and carvings in ivory, jade, quartz, ebony and other semi-precious stones, woods and metals for us to choose from. Most of the very fine lamps are expensive, to be sure, but if it suits your room scheme a fine lamp is usually a worthwhile purchase. A very lovely vase, a pottery bowl, a ginger or spice jar, or a very fine piece of cloisonne, or gay colored china birds and small figurines may be wired for electricity and with a suitable shade will make charming lamps. Old oil lamps may be electrified if desired although this to a certain extent spoils the personality and individuality they possess.

The floor lamp is a modern development of the ancient torchere, but in its many delightful forms it finds numerous uses in the modern home.

As a piano lamp it first found a deserving place. The reading lamp by an easy chair is indispensable; the adjustable bridge lamp is splendid for use at a game table, secretary or desk. (Lamps should be placed to the left of a desk.) Lanterns and candelabrum mounted on poles and standards are used with good effect in halls and dining rooms. The chief thing to remember in choosing a floor lamp is to select shafts that are as simple as possible. Elaborate carving and heavy ironwork should be avoided. Either a floor or table lamp should have a heavy base so it will stand firmly.

Either floor or table lamps should be placed in relation to furniture. A light should be on or near the desk, on the most important table in the room, one near every easy chair and by the chaise-longue or couch. A practical and beautiful effect may be had by the use of a pair of lamps on a long table. A davenport should be equally lighted at both ends, this may be accomplished by a large lamp with a broad shade placed in the center of a table set back of the davenport, or by a lamp at each end. A floor lamp should be placed slightly behind the chair so it will not shower quantities of raw light on the person seated. The shades on all lights should be adjusted so the source of light will not shine into anyone's eyes. A table lamp should be placed upon a table of the correct height so the person seated near will have his book or paper or other work bathed in light, but with a shade sufficiently deep so the lamp bulbs are not in evidence and the eyes are kept out of the circle of light.

Candles and candlesticks provide a strong decorative note. There are many lovely candlesticks, especially of period form, made of

wood, carved and gilded, of pottery, silver, brass, glass and other materials. Candlesticks should always hold candles, even though they may not be used or the obvious purpose of the article is disregarded. The wax candle itself is a beautiful thing and contributes no small item to a room's decoration. Decorated candles may be used occasionally, however, elaborate ones are so obviously not intended to be burnt that their use is questionable. Colored candles often provide an interesting note.

No light is softer or more beautiful than is candlelight, and in its use on the dining table we are giving expression to an innate dignity. Candelabra on the buffet, dining table or mantel holding two, three or more candles are very lovely. Although nothing has ever equaled in beauty and charm the glow of a candle there are now on the market tiny electric bulbs with a flickering flame which prove delightful substitutes for real candlelight. Never use a shade on real candles or on these imitations if you want true elegance and distinction. Always complete the candle's perfection by the use of a bobèche, which is a small saucerlike affair into which the candle fits at the top of a candlestick meant to catch the drippings.

A BARE electric bulb is not a thing of beauty and should have a shade. In choosing any electric bulb remember its primary purpose is to provide light in desired intensity and location. The type of illumination that will give the best results is determined by the needs of the room, but to be consistent use bulbs of such intensity that they will give only the same amount of light the original media did in the period which the fixture represents. This

can be illustrated by the following example: In some of the lovely French chandeliers hung with crystal pendants the idea of the prisms was to magnify the light from the candles. To use them today with globes of considerable intensity does not give the same results. Avoid glare. A number of dim or subdued lights are preferable to one or two blazing bulbs. In selecting fixtures be sure they are suitable to the room for no fixture is beautiful if it is disproportionate or too prominent. Lamps beautiful and suitable to the room are not only decorative in themselves, but add charm to the article or furniture with which they are grouped.

Lampshades are very important. They should be lovely in themselves, yet inconspicuous, and let light filter through them in a gentle diffused glow. "The perfect lampshade should be so related to its surroundings, so harmonious, so inconspicuous you forget its presence and only enjoy the service it gives." Never choose shades of erratic lines. Usually a shade wide across the bottom is best as it gives a larger spread of light. The shade should conform in period, scale and design with the lamp. It should not be set too low on the lampstand, nor so high it shows the lighting machinery. The lines of the shade and lamp together should make a graceful and pleasing design.

Materials suitable for lamp shades are China silk, georgette, taffeta, chiffon, pongee organdy (especially good for bedroom lamps), gold and silver cloth, chintz, chiffon, velvet, Dresden silk, leaded glass, metal mesh and parchment. Highly decorated shades are never good. A well-done mural on a parchment shade is good as are many of the Venetian scenes. Simple pleated,

tailored silk is most tasteful, or parchment. The latter is especially suitable on wrought iron. The texture of the material should agree with the textural treatment of the room and its furnishings. For brilliant light shades should be lined with white.

Shields on wall brackets (if not imitation candles) are appropriate and should be made very simply. An excellent idea is to use two or three thicknesses of the glass curtain material bound with material like the overdrapes, thus tying them up with the rest of the room. If candles or sconces are placed to light a picture they should be shielded so as to throw light on the picture. Bead fringe or other ornate decoration is not good as the light is deflected by the fringe and distracts the eye.

Sometimes a room is very charmingly completed by making the lampshades of the same chintz that is used in the curtains. The chintz is first starched then bound and accordian pleated, a silk cord may be drawn through the top to hold it in place, or it may be made on a wire frame. A paper shade may be made in the same way. Some pleasing lampshades have been made by mounting old prints on them and cutting away the paper behind so the light will show through and bring out the colors. Old costume prints often make very charming shades of this sort. A Spanish Galleon shade is made by pinning a piece of wrapping paper smoothly around the frame and trimming close to the wires, allow $\frac{1}{2}$ inch overlap. Unpin and use as a pattern for a parchment paper covering, lay flat on table, apply a transfer decoration in ship design. Let dry, give front and back two coats of white shellac. Sew over and over to the bottom and top rings of the shade frame

and cover the stitches with a binding of black velvet ribbon.

IN introducing color into the lighting by means of colored shades on lamps the color scheme of the room should be considered. Apparently many prefer bright red wall covering if one may judge from observations. This is usually a matter of not knowing, but extremely bright and pure colors in lighting effects are very much like living with a brass band. If a room is decorated for natural lighting then, logically in artificial lighting it should receive the same color, but sometimes other color introduced in the lampshade may relieve a monotonous scheme. Slight tints of rose and yellow may add something pleasing, but deep yellow, orange or red form a garish note as well as have an obliterating effect upon the flesh tints of the face. Blue should always be avoided unless it is very pale and lined with a warm color. Tans, creams and yellow tints are excellent giving mellow and soft light without absorbing any of it. Rose and rose tones are good in the bedroom, but unless in a very dark oak room never use red shades.

Where a room is of definite period throughout the lighting fixtures should, of course, follow that period. Although it is impossible owing to lack of space to go into this subject at any length, brief mention might be made of some of the styles.

Spanish and Italian rooms call for wrought iron fixtures of a candle type. Star lanterns are suitable in either Venetian or Spanish rooms. Adam and Georgian decoration call for mirror reflectors as well as crystal pendants. Queen Anne fixtures also use brackets with mirror backs which twinkle back the lights in front of them. Old ship's lanterns and lamps of punched tin are good

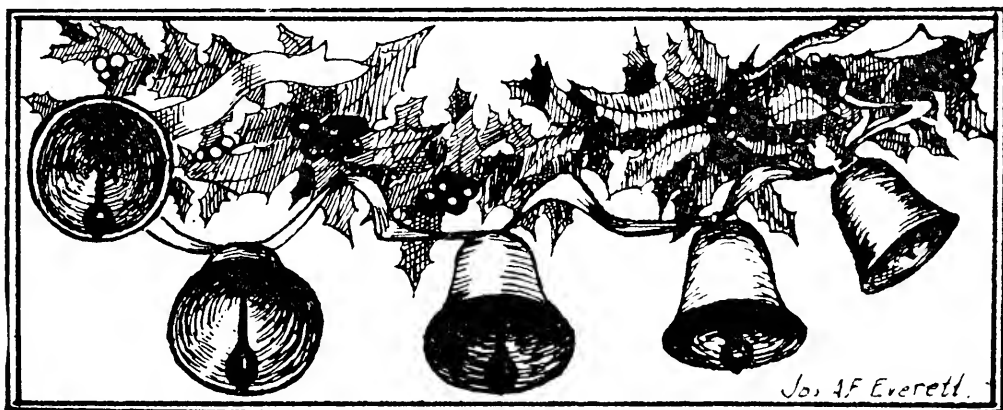
in Early American rooms. Tole is equally suitable in Empire and Directoire, as well as fitting in with modern decoration. French Louis XV and XVI used delicately carved and gilded brackets and crystal chandeliers. The old-fashioned oil lamp type of brass or pewter with cut glass shades and with or without crystal prisms is correct in a Colonial room. Many styles of early lamps have survived to the present day and as electric fixtures find use in modern homes.

Each room presents a different problem in lighting and we might summarize some of these needs briefly. In the hall, or at the front entrance a lantern sounds a note of hospitality. The hall may or may not have standard lamps or wall brackets at either side of a hall table. The living room needs side lights, a pair of lamps for a long table, a desk lamp and each easy chair should be within the circle of light from a table or floor lamp. There may be candlesticks or girandoles on the mantel, and a bridge lamp is very convenient for the game table. The dining room should have wall lights, lights on sideboard and candles on the table. If you feel there should be a light over the dining table use a simple hanging light with a deep shade or a shade that is covered to conceal the bulbs from the bottom.

The library needs table and reading lamps and a light which may be turned on the bookshelves to help in finding a desired book. The bedroom should have first and most important a bedside lamp, then wall brackets or small boudoir lamps at either side of the dressing table, a lamp by the boudoir chair and by the desk if there is one. The nursery should have shaded light, which, if turned on while a baby is asleep, will not be disturbing. The bath needs only a light at the mirror and one in the center if it is a large room. The kitchen needs light on the working surfaces. A daylight lamp in the center of the ceiling, with drop lights over sink and stove will usually provide that. Outlets at least every twelve feet around the baseboard are very desirable to permit of the placing of portable lights wherever you may need them.

Far from constituting a problem the choice of the most interesting as well as the most correct lighting fixtures for any scheme of decoration is nowadays an opportunity to add the final touch of completeness, and always striving for beauty and perfection of decoration never forget or sacrifice that essential homey quality necessary for a satisfactory result.

Next Month: Pictures and Brackets.



Relief Society Conference

THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

By Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve

I have been asked to say something in relation to the Doctrine and Covenants. First I will give, briefly, some thoughts in regard to the early history of this book. Shortly after the organization of the Church the members were desirous of obtaining copies of the revelations given up to that time. In the summer of 1830, the Prophet, by Divine commandment, commenced to copy and prepare the revelations, no doubt with the thought in mind of having them published. Some of the Elders were carrying copies in their pockets, as far as the Lord would permit them, for there were some revelations at that time they were forbidden to publish to the world. On November 1st and 2nd, 1831, a conference of the Elders was held at Hiram, Ohio, when it was decided that the revelations should be compiled and published. On the first day of the conference the Lord gave approval to this plan by giving a revelation which he called his "preface unto the book of my commandments, which I have given them to publish unto you, O inhabitants of the earth." While this was not the first revelation given to Joseph Smith, it appears as the first revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants, naturally, as it is the custom to place the preface of any book today in the beginning of the volume. Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer were appointed to carry the revelations to Independence, Missouri, where they were to be published. The Prophet made haste in the choosing and pre-

paration of these revelations so that the brethren could start on their journey to Missouri about the middle of November.

W. W. Phelps, one of the early members of the Church, was by trade a printer. He had gone down into Missouri. The printing press and type were brought down the Ohio River from Cincinnati where it was purchased, and across the country to Independence, and the revelations which had been selected by the Prophet were set in type, that is, most of them. But this was slow work. We must remember that they were living in pioneer times, that Kirtland was about as far from Missouri as we are here from Winter Quarters, from which point the pioneers started on their journey to the Rocky Mountains. We do not stop to think of that, and so it took some time. By the Summer of 1833 most of these revelations had been printed, but not all.

At that time trouble arose, and a mob destroyed the press, scattered the type, and destroyed most of the copies that had been printed, however, a few were saved. This was known as the Book of Commandments. As I have said very few of the sheets were preserved so that there are very few copies of the book, so far as it was completed, in existence. I only know of five or six copies that are to be found today.

In the year 1834, a committee was formed, consisting of the Presidency of the Church, and some others, for the purpose of again preparing the

revelations and having them published. This selection of revelations went on, and in 1835 was presented at a Conference of the Church held on the seventeenth day of August, and there was approved. When the Prophet made this selection, he made the statement that he prized these revelations beyond the wealth of this whole earth.

I want to read to you just a word or two of the testimony of the Council of the Twelve in relation to these revelations, which were accepted on August 17, 1835:

“We, therefore feel willing to bear testimony to all the world of mankind, to every creature upon the face of all the earth, that the Lord has borne record to our souls, through the Holy Ghost shed forth upon us, that these commandments were given by inspiration of God, and are profitable for all men and are verily true.

“We give this testimony unto the world, the Lord being our helper; and it is through the grace of God the Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ, that we are permitted to have this privilege of bearing testimony unto the world, in the which we rejoice exceedingly, praying the Lord always that the children of men may be profited thereby.”

Each man signed his name, beginning with Thomas B. Marsh, then President of the Council, and ending with Lyman E. Johnson, the youngest member.

At this Conference it was decided to include in this publication of the Doctrine and Covenants seven Lectures on Faith. These lectures have been given before the Schools of the Elders in Kirtland during the years 1834-1835. In accepting these seven Lectures on Faith, it was made very clear to that Conference that they were not received on a parallel with the revelations, but were accepted as helps in the study of the doctrines of the Church, and so they were added to the Doctrine and Covenants with that understanding.

At this Conference two other articles were also received, read, approved, and ordered to be printed in the Doctrine and Covenants, one on Marriage and the other on Laws and Government. These two articles appeared in each edition of the Doctrine and Covenants from the first edition in 1835, until 1876. We should remember that these lectures on Faith were not revelations, and were not considered so in the beginning. These two articles, one on Marriage, and the other on Laws and Government, were not revelations. I want to impress this upon you, because this question comes up constantly, especially by members of the Reorganized Church, who accuse us of taking a revelation out of the Doctrine and Covenants. This article on marriage was not a revelation and I want you never to forget it.

I hold in my hand a copy of the Doctrine and Covenants published in 1869, one of the last before that article was taken out. Do not forget what I am going to tell you, that at this Conference held on August 17, 1835, Joseph Smith and Frederick G. Williams, one of the Counselors in the Presidency, were not present, they were in Michigan. That is a matter of recorded history, we know where they were because we have it in the documentary history of the Church. So this article on marriage, and this article on Laws and Government in General, were written by Oliver Cowdery in the absence of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the Prophet knew nothing of the action that was taken ordering them printed with the revelations. These were not revelations, and never were so considered, and were ordered printed in the absence of Joseph Smith, and when Joseph Smith returned from Michigan, and learned what was done, I am informed by my father,

who got this information from Orson Pratt, the Prophet was very much troubled. Orson Pratt and Joseph F. Smith, my father, were missionary companions, they traveled together, and my father learned a great many things from Orson Pratt of these early days. When the Prophet came back from Michigan he learned of the order made by the Conference of the Church, and let it go through.

Now the Prophet did know something about these Lectures on Faith, because he helped to prepare them, and he helped also to revise these lectures before they were published, but these two other articles, he had nothing to do with them.

In the days of Nauvoo, the Lord gave Joseph Smith a revelation on Marriage, that revelation appears under date of July 12, 1843. That is not the date that the revelation was given, but the date when the revelation was recorded. That revelation on Marriage was not placed in the Doctrine and Covenants until 1876. In the year 1876, the first edition of the Doctrine and Covenants published in the west was published by David O. Calder of the *Deseret News*. Orson Pratt, under the direction of the Presidency of the Church, had added to the body of revelations, a great many others as we have them now in the Doctrine and Covenants, that were not in these earlier editions, and this section known now as Section 132, was among those so added. It would not have been consistent to have allowed that article on Marriage to stay in when it contradicted the revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, so they took it out, and very properly. That is a matter of history that we ought to be familiar with.

I want to read from this article on Marriage to show you that it is not a revelation and could not be :

“According to the custom of all civilized nations marriage is regulated by laws and ceremonies: therefore, we believe that all marriages in this church of Christ of Latter-day Saints should be solemnized in a public meeting, or feast, prepared for that purpose;”

I do not believe that at all. We solemnize marriages in the Temple of the Lord, at an altar. We do not have a crowd, and it is not a feast.

“And that solemnization should be performed by a presiding high priest, high priest, bishop, elder, or priest, not even prohibiting those persons who are desirous to get married, of being married by other authority.”

I do not believe that. I believe every marriage in this Church should be performed by a High Priest who is appointed by the one who holds the keys to perform that ceremony for time and eternity, at the altar in the House of the Lord, and it ought not to be performed anywhere else. Of course they had no temples and no understanding of the ceremonies for time and eternity in the year 1835, so we will have to excuse Oliver Cowdery for that. However this article is not the doctrine of the Church, and cannot be, you can see that.

“We believe that it is not right to prohibit members of this church from marrying out of the church, if it be their determination so to do, but such persons will be considered weak in the faith of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.”

Of course we do not believe that we should prohibit people from marrying outside of the Church, we cannot go to that extent, and prohibit them from doing it, but we should counsel against it, and teach against it, and try to persuade them not to do that sort of thing.

“Inasmuch as this church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication, and polygamy; we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife; and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again.”

Of course there was no doctrine of Plural Marriage in the Church in 1835, but Orson Pratt said (I get this from my father who was his missionary companion) that the Lord did reveal to Joseph Smith, before 1835, and before 1834, and as early as 1832, the doctrine of plural marriage. The Prophet revealed that to some few of the brethren, and Orson Pratt was one of them. He said the Prophet told him that, but it was revealed as a law or principle that was not at that time to be revealed to the Church, or made public, or practiced, but something that would yet come, that was future. I have the confidence that Orson Pratt spoke the truth.

So it would be inconsistent, I say, to keep that article in here, when the revelation known as Section 132 came to the Prophet Joseph Smith and was added to the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants.

IT is not necessary for me now to go into further detail in regard to the history of these revelations more than to say this, that in 1876 Orson Pratt divided the Doctrine and Covenants into verses as we have it now. Before that it was not divided, and then it was sent to England to be published—both the Doctrine and Covenants and the Book of Mormon, as we now have them divided into verses and the Book of Mormon into chapters, also with the foot notes. This was in 1879 when the first editions of the Doctrine and Covenants and Book of Mormon, with foot-notes, were published in Liverpool, England. All of the printing of the Church works, after we were driven from Nauvoo, until 1876, was done in Great Britain.

The Doctrine and Covenants, that is the title of this book, and how much more significant it is than “The

Book of Commandments.” A Book of Commandments means, if we accept the title at its face value, that it contains only commandments. But this title which the Lord gave when they got out this edition—let me refer to the title page; “The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,” is very significant, and tells the story of what this book actually is. It contains the doctrine of the Church; it contains the covenants the Lord will make with the Church, if we are willing to receive them.

In my judgment there is no book on earth yet come to man as important as the book known as the Doctrine and Covenants, with all due respect to the Book of Mormon and the Bible, and the Pearl of Great Price, which we say are our standards in doctrine. The book of Doctrine and Covenants to us stands in a peculiar position above them all. I am going to tell you why. When I say that do not for a moment think I do not value the Book of Mormon, the Bible and the Pearl of Great Price, just as much as any man that lives—I think I do. I do not know of anybody who has read them more, and I appreciate them, they are wonderful, they contain doctrine and revelation and commandments that we should heed; but the Bible is a history containing the doctrine and commandments given to the people anciently. That applies also to the Book of Mormon. It is the doctrine and the history and the commandments of the people who dwelt upon this continent anciently. But this Doctrine and Covenants contains the word of God to those who dwell here *now*. It is our book. It belongs to the Latter-day Saints. More precious than gold, the Prophet says we should treasure it more than the riches of the whole earth. I wonder

if we do? If we value it, understand it and know what it contains, we will value it more than wealth, it is worth more to us than the riches of the earth.

I heard a brother say he could not read the Doctrine and Covenants because it was so much like a dictionary. We have heard practically that expressed here this afternoon. It is not a consecutive story—it changes the subject, and so on—well of course it does.

ABOUT thirty years ago, when I was a president in a Quorum of Seventies—and in those days we did not have any supervision so far as our study was concerned—it was decided by that Quorum of Seventies that they would study the Doctrine and Covenants, and I was appointed to be the class teacher. We took it up section by section. You are not going to get all there is out of it in any other way. You may take it up if you want to by topics, or doctrines, that is good, but you are not going to understand the Doctrine and Covenants, you are not going to get out of it all there is in it unless you take it up section by section, and then when you do that you will have to study it with its setting as you get it in the history of the Church. So when we studied the Doctrine and Covenants in those days, we did not take the Doctrine and Covenants for our text book, but we took the Documentary History of the Church. The first volume had just been published, and it contained the greater part of the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants, with their setting, so that we got the reasons why this revelation was given, and that revelation was given, and with this background, so there was greater interest in the things we were studying than there would have been if we had taken the revelations in some other way. And

so we studied it for a number of years. I do not remember now how long, but we were still studying it when I was called out of that Council to the Council of the Twelve.

May I say that the family I belong to, for five or six years, I do not remember just how long, has been holding meetings practically monthly, and we have been studying the Doctrine and Covenants, taking it up revelation by revelation, we have got over to about Section 88.

I have been trying for years to get the Priesthood of the Church to study the Doctrine and Covenants. I partially have succeeded, but they are not doing it (with all due respect to what they are doing) as thoroughly as I wish they were. We ought to be familiar with it and know its contents.

I WANT to call attention to something here. In this preface to the Doctrine and Covenants, which was given November 1, 1831, the Lord has something to say that I think is very significant, because he tells us why this book is published.

“Hearken, O Ye people of my church, saith the voice of him who dwells on high, and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, verily I say: Hearken ye people from afar; and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together.”

There is the trumpet call to the Latter-day Saints, and to the people on the islands of the sea, and in every land, to give ear, for the Lord has something of importance to say. And then he goes on to tell how every heart will be penetrated, every ear shall hear and every eye shall see, and the rebellious shall be pierced with much sorrow, for their iniquities shall be spoken from the housetops and their secret acts shall be revealed.

I want to show you here from this very revelation why these revelations

are given, so I am going to read from verse 17:

"Wherefore, I the Lord, knowing the calamity which should come upon the inhabitants of the earth, called upon my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., and spake unto him from heaven, and gave him commandments.

"And also gave commandments to others, that they should proclaim these things unto the world; and all this that it might be fulfilled, which was written by the prophets—

"The weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones, that man should not counsel his fellow man, neither trust in the arm of flesh—

"But that every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world;

"That faith also might increase in the earth;

"That mine everlasting covenant might be established;

"That the fulness of my gospel might be proclaimed by the weak and the simple unto the ends of the world, and before kings and rulers.

"Behold, I am God and have spoken it; these commandments are of me, and were given unto my servants in their weakness, after the manner of their language, that they might come to understanding.

"And inasmuch as they erred it might be made known;

"And inasmuch as they sought wisdom they might be instructed;

"And inasmuch as they sinned they might be chastened, that they might repent;

"And inasmuch as they were humble they might be made strong, and blessed from on high, and receive knowledge from time to time."

That gives you an idea of why we have the Doctrine and Covenants, and this is given not only to the Church, but to those on the islands of the sea, in foreign lands, and to everybody. These are the reasons: that faith might be increased; that the everlasting covenant might be established, that the gospel might be preached, that men might be brought to repentance, and understand the things of God.

Two days after that revelation was

given, at the close of the Conference, the Lord gave another revelation, and since it was given after the close of the Conference, it was called the appendix, now section 133. In this the Lord says:

"And by the weak things of the earth the Lord shall thrash the nations by the power of his Spirit.

"And for this cause these commandments were given; they were commanded to be kept from the world in the day that they were given, but now are to go forth unto all flesh—

"And this according to the mind and will of the Lord, who ruleth over all flesh."

Just another word in regard to the value of these revelations. In another revelation the Lord said this:

"And again, I will give unto you a pattern in all things, that ye may not be deceived; for Satan is abroad in the land, and he goeth forth deceiving the nations—

"Wherefore he that prayeth, whose spirit is contrite, the same is accepted of me if he obey mine ordinances.

"He that speaketh, whose spirit is contrite, whose language is meek and edifieth, the same is of God if he obey mine ordinances."

THE Lord says he will give us a pattern to follow that will protect us from false spirits and doctrine, and we need it today as we have never needed it before in the history of this Church.

Pointing out the value of these revelations, and what they mean to us, in this first revelation again I call attention to this one thing. Here is the word of the Lord in a commandment to every member of this Church:

"Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled.

"Search these commandments," that is the thread that runs through this preface to this Book of Commandments. I tell you there is nothing you ever attempted to study

equal to this, and you will never find anything quite equal to it. You have only scratched at it, that is all you have done.

Of course it is not my place to dictate to you and tell you what to do, but it is my place to warn the people and tell them that the Lord has commanded them to search these things. I am reading this book all the time, scarcely a day passes that I do not read something and ponder over it and the other standards in doctrine. The Lord has given this book to us; it is our book, it contains

the doctrines of the Church and the commandments and the covenants. Many of the covenants could not be written and put in a book, you get these in the Temple of the Lord, but I am reading these things because I want to know what the Lord has to say, and what He would have me do. It is a wonderful study, and there is not anything in all this world more pleasing, more delightful or that brings greater joy, not anything.

May the Lord bless you and guide you in this labor, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

CARE OF THE FEET

By Dr. B. H. Blackham

WE, as Latter-day Saints believe in keeping our bodies as perfect as possible, so that they may be temples for the Spirit of God, as well as for our own spirits, and it is only natural that through perhaps misunderstanding, or not really knowing what we are doing, that we cripple this body of ours.

The bodies of our children, will be my biggest plea today. Ninety per cent of the children come into this world with perfect bodies. At the age of 21 it is found that sixty-five per cent of them have defective feet, and it is only through educating the people to this that we can prevent this great wrong to the generations that are coming.

At the age of one to three, the child is learning to walk. The over-eager parent begins pushing the child, and trying to teach it to walk. This is a very bad practice inasmuch as we must consider the bone formation has only started. At birth the child has only one-third of each individual bone formed, and the rest is a soft substance which is very pliable, and

it is easy to shape these small bodies into the forms that we wish. If we want to deform them, it is very easy to do it. So we must watch through childhood days to see that there is no undue strain upon these small bodies.

At the age of ten to twelve the biggest danger is past, the bones are rather hard, not fully completed, but enough to eliminate deforming very easily. If the child is left alone and given the proper opportunity it will gradually develop its bone and muscle and body structure to the degree where it can stand alone and walk. Some children walk sooner than others—let them gradually develop their bones and muscles to the degree that they can carry their weight, and do not try to push them.

The thing I wish to emphasize is the proper fitting of shoes and stockings. So many people say, "Stockings?—I have heard about shoes, but what do stockings have to do with it?" I have found that there are more bad feet, crippled and deformed bodies, caused

through bad fitting stockings than through short shoes. The proper fit of the stocking should be half an inch longer than the foot when the person is sitting, then when the person stands it allows for the elongation of the foot.

The shoes should be one quarter to half an inch longer. For children half an inch, because their feet grow so fast, that if you do not get them long enough they will soon grow out of them. The type of shoe with a thick sole is best, so that when the child stands, it stands naturally with the feet flat on the ground.

If a child seems to have flat feet at the age of from one to five years, do not be alarmed, because as a general rule 50% of the children have this appearance, but if this does develop at the age of six or seven, then it is time for the condition to be remedied.

When buying shoes parents often choose a shoe one quarter to half an inch longer than the foot, and have the child wear this shoe for best for six weeks to two months, until it appears to be short, then they will allow the child to wear these for every day in school. If you must have your children wear short shoes, be sure that these shoes are worn the days when they are not on their feet, e. g. Sundays, and make the little ones stay in the house and sit down. The longer shoes should be worn every day, for when a child is on its feet, playing, it needs to have plenty of length.

I made a survey of a school recently, and found that 75% of the school children were wearing short shoes and stockings. You perhaps have been permitting this without even thinking, and wonder why the shoe wears out at the end, and the child stumbles and

turns its ankle. These are signs of weak feet, and of shortness in foot wear.

If you will examine your children's feet this evening, and note that the toes are extending upward, and the knuckles bunched up, you will have a sure sign that you have fitted this child in short shoes and stockings.

In the adolescent child, foot troubles increase in the female and decrease in the male, and that is due to a desire of the girl to be in style. The girl at 12, 13 or 14 imagines that she has reached womanhood, and desires to wear high heels. At first the parent says, "No" but just like the dripping of water on a stone gradually wears the stone away, so it is with the resistance of the parent. It is worn away until the child is permitted to wear high heels, which are only for evening wear or formal occasions. One is just as much out of place on the streets, or at home in the morning, with high heels on as if she wore a low heel for formal wear. The permanent wearing of a high heeled shoe will cause deformities of the body such as curvature of the spine, round shoulders, and derangement of the organs of the body.

Even though women have difficulty in making a change to the lower heel, if they have been wearing the higher one, it will benefit them. Wear the three different types, according to your wishes, during the day. You will note that the muscles are kept constantly changing, and the muscle that has to change continually is a strong muscle.

The proper fitting of shoes is to have the wide part of the foot behind the wide part of the shoe, so that when you stand your foot

elongates into the wider part of the shoe. This will prevent corns, callouses, bunions, swollen ankles, fallen arches, and a lot of body derangement.

Women today are not getting enough exercise through walking. It should be a resolution in the new year to take a fifteen or twenty minute snappy walk every day. You will find that you will be able to do your work better in the

house, even though you lose that much time.

Teach the children to take care of their feet, and fit them properly, so they may be raised in comfort, and they will enjoy life while here. Bad feet is, of course, a cause for worry, even eye strain is caused by bad feet, head aches, back aches, curvature of the spine and things of that nature are all caused by this fitting of our feet improperly.

"ANGELS AND AMAZONS"

By Julia A. F. Lund

THE Third point in the Three Point Program of the National Council of Women in 1933, was the writing of a book which should tell the development of women in the past Century. It is my pleasure to briefly review that work.

When plans for the program of the National Council's contribution to the Century of Progress were completed, it was presented to the Member Organizations, which were in turn asked to cooperate. You already know what a fine piece of work you all helped to accomplish in the "Signature Campaign." Your General Officers exerted their best efforts to supply pictures and historical data, for the books on display and for the one to be written.

After careful consideration, Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin was chosen as the author, whose task it was, to fittingly portray the story of a hundred years of American Women, the social movement of the past century, which has stood above all others. Mrs. Irwin is herself quite typical of the versatile and brilliant woman of today. Born in Rio De Janeiro, South America, of American parentage, she received her education in the best schools of the United States.

She has been a writer since her youth, contributing to magazines and newspapers, in addition to many books that claim her as author. In 1924 she took the O. Henry prize for the best Short Story of the year. She has traveled practically all over the world and has been actively identified with the interests of women, a close associate of Maude Wood Park and other great American women. She was, therefore, very well qualified as Miss Phillips says "to make the pioneer women of the past century live again as they pass in review in the pages of this book, and whose desire to be accurate and impartial has impelled her, together with her distinguished husband, Will Irwin, to trace countless sources of information for the wealth of material which has resulted in this vivid presentation."

The Title—Angels and Amazons is most appropriate and arresting, suggesting as it does, the extreme types, which were mingled in these heroines of a cause. The sweetness and patience of Angels combined with the determination and courage of the fabulous nation of martial women, who, according to tradition, lived in Asia Minor and fought

against the Greeks at the Siege of Troy. The battles with the Amazons were favorite subjects with ancient Greek poets, sculptors and painters. Our glorious American women were gentle as Angels and strong as Amazons in this battle of a Century!

The book concerns itself with sowers rather than reapers, with important beginnings, no matter how humble they seemed in their time, rather than with fulfillment, which is in evidence at every turn.

The Plot, or more correctly speaking in this book, the motivity of action developed in the period from 1833 to 1933, is a recital of the rise of women and their contribution to human welfare.

The Characters are those great souls who have inspired and directed the movements, immortalized through their work in a lofty cause. It is the story of Movements rather than of individuals.

The Setting is our own great Nation, Puritan New England, the aristocratic South, the workshop and the cultured home, the industrial center, and the farm from North and South and from Ocean to Ocean.

The Climax is the conquest women have made in every field of endeavor.

The Dramatic incidents fill every page of the book with episodes from the lives of those leaders who have had vision to see, courage to chart a course, and magnetism to draw others along.

The story of the race has been one long struggle upward for woman, toward a plane of equality—social, economic, and political.

The contents of "Angels and Amazons" falls into Three Books. Book-I *They Stir*—Book II *They Move*—Book III *They March*.

Chapter I, is a very delightful sketch of the Women of Colonial days, when they had more rights and

privileges than in the early days of the Republic. Anne Hutchinson of New England, Margaret Brent of Maryland shine in very early days, as did Abigail Adams and Mercy Otis Warren in Revolutionary times.

The publishing of whatever periodicals of these times were almost entirely in the hands of women. Ann Franklin, Sister-in-law of Benjamin's, was printer to the Colony of Rhode Island. Cornelia Bradford founded and published the Philadelphia Mercury in 1742. A Mrs. Zenger controlled the second paper in the City of New York in 1748. Anna K. Greene founded the Maryland Gazette in 1767.

These are but a very few of the brilliant names of that day. The reaction which followed the war is most graphically told in the chapters dealing with the women of one hundred years ago. The Author says:

"Studying the early part of the Nineteenth Century, one seems to see the whole sex as a vast, submerged continent. Here and there a column of rock rises above murky waters. It is exciting, thrilling, profoundly moving, as one follows the years from 1833 to 1933, to see other rocky tors emerge—and more—and more—until gigantic chains of mountains have lifted themselves into the clear air. Gradually, the whole vast expanse rises into the light of the sun.

"And the stirring first manifests itself in that human activity which is the beginning of all progress—education."

The entering wedge was made when women, in face of the bitterest opposition, began to enter the field of education, and to fight for equal advantages. Under this title—*They Educate Themselves* a splendid picture is drawn of these early struggles. According to the Author—

“Perhaps the greatest women educators of the period were Catherine Beecher, The Two Sisters, Emma Hart Willard, and Almira Hart Phelps. These did marvelous work in the training of Teachers. Zelpha Grant and Mary Lyon, certainly made educational history. In the beginning certain districts allowed girls to attend short terms of school while boys were on vacation. In 1826 a public high school was opened for girls but had to be closed the next year due to hostility against it. In 1821 the Troy Female Seminary was opened as the first institution in the United States offering higher education for women.

In 1833 Oberlin College, Ohio, admitted men and women, black and white on equal terms, and in 1837 Mount Holyoke in South Hadley, Massachusetts, opened its doors. The educational way was really presented by the State Universities which for the most part were coeducational. In spite of this progress, the limitations and restrictions placed upon women were numerous and galling. Some of the large Universities of the East established Ladies' Annexes, but these were for the arts courses only. One ridiculous argument against the education of women was that it would invade the femininity of women, so, for the most part, the professions were closed to them. Women must not pursue subjects that would touch realities. Physiology, zoology, biology and anatomy were forbidden. Astronomy was allowed, presumably because there was nothing indelicate in the moon. In spite of all the victory of woman's cause in the field of educational training has been, perhaps, the most complete.

The first of the professions women sought to enter was that of Medicine. Elizabeth Blackwell claims the distinction of being the

first woman in modern times to take a medical degree. She was graduated at the head of her class from the University of Geneva, New York, in 1849. Emily Blackwell followed her sister and there are two other names that should be mentioned here, Marie Zakrewska and Mary Putnam Jacobi.

The Chapters dealing with our early women Physicians are among the most dramatic and gripping in History. The urge to train for this came from a knowledge of the agonizing needs of women.

The next Profession attracting women was the Ministry. Gentle, adorable, Lucretia Mott, was a Preacher in the Society of “Friends” to which she belonged. Julia Ward Howe often occupied the Unitarian pulpit. Antionette Brown Blackwell was the first woman, not only in American but in all the Christian World to be ordained a regular recognized clergyman. Augusta J. Chopin was the first woman to receive the title Doctor of Divinity. Law followed with a brilliant record. Ada Kepley was the first woman to be graduated from a law School, this in 1870.

As the movement for education grew, the power of organization took hold of women. It is said that Anne Hutchinson started the first Woman's Club in America.

Women were the chief sufferers from the evils of Slavery, Intemperance, the Double Standard of Morals, economic discriminations and of Misgovernment. Their first organized efforts therefore were to fight these great enemies.

From the account of the first Woman's Rights Convention held in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848 to the ratification of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States in 1920, is one of the

most amazing reports in the whole history of reform movements. It is a story of the most magnificent battle ever waged in the cause of human rights. It was a steady educational campaign carried on in the spirit of its great leader who said: "I pray every single second of my life, not on my knees, but with my work. My prayer is to lift women to equality with men"—educational, social, economic and legal equality.

The great pillars of the Woman's Suffrage Movement were undoubtedly Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony. Not one of these lived to see the actual adoption of the Suffrage Amendment, but their labors were carried to completion by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Carrie Chapman Catt and some of the brilliant leaders of the Woman's Party.

Education and organization moved on with the Beecher Sisters, Julia Ward Howe, Francis E. Willard, Clara Barton and scores of others. Temperance, Suffrage and Anti-slavery organizations were the most significant from 1833 to 1860.

From a very early day Trade Unions played an important part in preparing women to take their place in the world of business and industry.

The Appendix to our Book gives a fine statement of the organizations which have been the medium of expression of women's efforts in industrial, social, and educational fields.

National and International Council of Women, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Business and Professional Women, American Association of University Women, American Child Health Association, American Federation of Teachers, National Woman's Party, National League of Women Voters, The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement

Association and The National Woman's Relief Society, are examples of the organizations.

The Stream Becomes A River, is the closing chapter of this epic of American Womanhood—In 1833 it was Female—in 1883, Lady—1933, Woman. The story of how the first was dropped for the second and the second for the third is a thrilling record of effort and toil. It is a long step between the time when Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were refused seats in an Anti-Slavery meeting in London, simply because they were women, and Ruth Bryan Owen, Ambassador to Denmark. Much has happened since the time Sojourner Truth, the Slave woman, who pled for protection and rights, and Francis Perkins, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of the President of the United States.

Women are everywhere, in every field, in the sun, on the mountain above the clouds.

In the day of the pioneer there were no women in trade, none in the professions, none in public life, only a handful in teaching, a smattering in the arts, and any woman who considered business as a career opened herself to the charge of being unsexed. Today we have a world peculiarly marked with the touch of strong feminine hands.

It is much more than the mere struggle for equality that the book describes, however. Mrs. Irwin has been notably successful in painting the mental changes that have taken place in the American people due to feminine influence.

The concluding portion of the book traces the work of the individuals and organizations of the past years. It is a realistic picture of the new place of women in a new and fast-changing world.

Relief Society Pageant

By Annie Wells Cannon

Portraying the Educational Department

At the Conference of the Relief Society on Wednesday Oct. 4, in the Assembly Hall the accompanying "Lesson in Pictures" was presented.

THE LAUREL WREATH

Prologue

Music:

"The Glory of God is Intelligence."
Words of power divinely given
In answer to a prophet's prayer,
What more, oh Lord, is there
To make the scheme complete?
In the soft light of glorious vision

 Appeared a woman
With hands upraised she seemed
 to say:

"Oh Lord, let Thy *light shine*
 upon me."

And lo! in her uplighted hands
 was placed

A laurel wreath.

And at her feet
 there lay

A book with golden clasp
 Shaped like a key.

Slowly turned the golden key,
Opened wide the wondrous book.

Illumined on its every page
 In words divine

"Behold the gifts of grace combine
Devotion, service, love, entwine
 And the laurel wreath
 is thine."

During the reading a marble statue is shown, at the words "is thine" she comes to life places the wreath on a table, lifts the book, unclasps it and vanishes.

Chapter I

THEOLOGY

Reader:

"In the house of righteousness
is much treasure."

I hold within my hand this book
I press it closely to my heart
Its every word divinely given
A holy message does impart.

In reverence I turn the leaves
I read and find
"And thus if ye are faithful ye shall
 be laden with many sheaves;"
Sweet words and kind.

And then, O glorious promise to a
 world of strife
For faith shall you be crowned with
 honor and glory and immortality
And eternal life.

During the reading of the selections from the lesson the figures on the stage assume different positions in illustration. Selections from Doctrine and Covenants 76:1-6; James 1:5; Doctrine and Covenants 110:1-4; 76:19-23; 19:38-29; 65:2, 3; and Sec. 4.

Curtain for Theology Tableau, 3 figures representing Faith, Hope and Charity.

Chapter II

THE TEACHER

Music:

Reader:

"Charity Never Faileth."
"And now abideth faith, hope and
Charity, these three, but the great-
est of these is charity."

Tableau

The curtain opens on the group of statuary known as Faith, Hope and Charity, while the Reader repeats:

A message celestial came sweetly
and clear
To Israel's fair daughters reveal the
glad tidings
A mission of mercy for them to
revere

Go forth in all gladness and kindness
and love
Relieve the sad hearted,
Your tenderness prove;
Go comfort the weary, give cheer to
the lonely,
Remember the aged, forget not the
poor;
The mourner, the sufferer, the or-
phan the childless
All call for your sympathy, tender-
ness, care;
Relief is your motto, and labor your
watchword,
Be thoughtful and gentle, let love
be your prayer.
Let wisdom and faith guide your
footsteps forever
As forward you follow your labor
of love.
Let joy fill your hearts, and weary,
No, never;
For heaven and the angels shower
Smiles from above!

Other pictures representing teachers
work might be introduced during this
reading.

Music Interlude

Chapter III SOCIAL SERVICE OUR CHALLENGE

(Enter Laurel.)

Music:

Introduction

But Jesus said,
"Suffer little children, and forbid
them not to come unto me; for of
such is the kingdom of heaven."
A challenge to the world is flung
The Children's Charter, hold it high
For every child the word has come
Health, strength, happiness, build to
the sky.
"Spirit that made those spirits dare
To die, and leave their children
free,"

Today let not one effort spare
Inspire this work for them and thee.

Curtain for the Challenge

OUR CHALLENGE

Chapter IV

LITERATURE

Reader:

"Seek ye knowledge out of the
best books."

How wonderful the golden dreams
That men unto our mission bring,
Whose God-like inspiration gleams
When they have tasted the Pierian
Spring.

Curtain for Literature

LIFE AND LITERATURE

Reader:

Oh rich is life, as down
The vistas of the years we look,
And find,

Within time's golden book
The treasures of the human mind.
No satin pearls in ocean depths,
Nor emeralds from Peruvian mines
Nor rubies rare from southern
climes

Would we compare
With gems of thought enfolded
there.

Within the shadows of the past
When that which once was new
Is now so old,

(Enter Literature and Pages. One
carrying a book and one an ancient lamp.)

We scan the story of the ages
It may be it is told
By spoken word in mystic rhyme
From generation to generation
Throughout aeons of time,
Perchance 'twere marked on marble
walls

Or pictured panels of stately halls
Or sculptured on the mountain side
Or plates of precious metal;

But far and wide

(Turn and slowly take places in center of round platform.)

By stone, papyrus, leather,
 However brought,
 Until the printed word
 What magic has God wrought
 To thus preserve for all mankind
 The world's best thought.
 Spoken, painted, sculptured, written
 It matters not,
 Throughout the centuries of time
 Literature is life's gift sublime.

THE GIFTS OF THE GREEKS

What kind of men were these
 Who worshipped at a pagan shrine
 Yet to a waiting world
 Brought gifts divine
 Plato, Aeschylus, Socrates,
 Aristotle, Lysian, Demosthenes
 And names innumerable, of
 such renown
 Triumphantly have worn the
 victor's crown.
 The Iliad and the Odessy
 Great Homer's gifts supreme
 And lovely Sappho's lyric songs
 Etherial as a dream
 Science, Art, Philosophy and Song
 Had magic birth at Athens' Par-
 thenon.

Tableau

As each enters Reader continues

Science—"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

Art—"It is the glory and the good of Art that it is the one way possible to speak the truth."

Philosophy—"How charming is divine Philosophy! Musical as Apollo's lute, and a feast of nectared sweets."

Poetry—"Some thoughtfully proclaim the muses nine a tenth is Lesbian's Sappho, maid divine."
 —*Plato, translated by Lord Neaves.*

Each of these in Grecian costume takes place in turn at left of Literature.

Picture Three.

GIFTS OF THE ROMANS

Imperial Rome!
 In men's hearts enthroned
 For gifts imperishable
 Whose lustre bright,
 Shines down the ages in
 reflected light.
 Caesar, Livy, Virgil, Horace,
 Cicero,
 Proud names to conjure with
 I trow,
 The classic culture of the Latin sage
 Still holds its place upon the world's
 great stage.

(Enter Calpurnia, passes slowly and takes place in picture.)

Tableau

Reader:

Calpurnia, Ceasar's wife, Empress of Rome.

"When beggars die there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

So spake Calpurnia to warn great Caesar, "Beware the Ides of March."

THE BIBLE AND ITS LITERATURE

Great book of books!
 Your every page is fraught
 With words of such inspired thought
 That men of every tongue
 and clime

Have learned throughout the years
 of time

Life's greatest lessons.

The wisdom of the prophets old,
 Their counsels, warnings manifold,

In rare and classic verse are told

From Genesis to Revelations;

History, Drama, Poetry and Art,

All are a part

Of this most priceless treasure,

And with the prophets, and the
kings
Woman too, her portion brings
Of travail and of pleasure:

(Enter Miriam, with lyre or ancient
musical instrument.)

Tableau

Reader:

There's Miriam, the singer in the
wilderness:

"And Miriam took a timbral in her
hand, and said, 'Sing ye to the Lord;
for He hath triumphed gloriously!'"

Esther, queen and prophetess:

(Enter Esther with scepter.)

"And Esther obtained grace and fa-
vor in his sight, and the king loved
Esther, so that he sat the royal crown
upon her head, and made her queen."

(Enter Ruth, carrying sheaves of
wheat.)

Ruth, the gleaner in the wheat
With these words so softly sweet:
"Entreat me not to leave thee
or to return from following
after thee;

For whither thou goest
I will go;

And where thou lodgest
I will lodge;

Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God my God."

(Enter Samaritan, with picturesque
water jar on shoulder.)

Again in most dramatic word
The story of the woman fair
Who by the well in thoughtful
mood

Gave drink unto the Lord.
This woman of Samaria
In amazement heard
her Lord declare

"If thou knewest the gift
of God,

And who it is
that saith to thee

Give me to drink

Thou would'st have asked
of him,
And he would have given thee
living water.

Who drinketh of this water
Shall thirst again
But whosoever drinketh
of this water, I shall give him
Shall be in him a well
of water
Springing up into
Everlasting life."

(Each in turn takes place at right of
Literature.)

Picture Five.

ROMANCE

In olden times, so we are told
By sages and by poets too
All maids were fair
While knights were bold
And came in armour bright
to woo
Germanic, Spanish, Celtic, French
Each land its thrilling tale
has wrought
Of chivalry and of gay romance
And pictures to the mind are
brought
Of lovers true and brave
Like Siegfried and like Launcelot
Who castles stormed with sword
And lance
A maiden fair to save.

(Enter Brunhilde.)

Reader:

Brunhilde:

"I stand in sight
Of Siegfried's star
For me he was,
And for me he will ever be."

Wagner.

(Enter Guinevere.)

Guinevere:

"She seemed a part of
joyous spring;
A gown of grass green silk
she wore,

Buckled with golden clasps
 before,
 A light green tuft of plumes
 she bore
 Closed in a golden ring."

Tennyson.

(With graceful gesture each in turn slowly enters and takes place on left of picture.)

Picture Six.

THE NOVEL—A SOCIAL RECORD

The novel is a vital thing
 Its pages do express
 In interesting phrases
 The different periods of time
 Their habits, speech and dress,
 And all life's social phases.
 Scott, Thackery, Dickens, Eliot,
 Conrad, Austen,
 Hawthorn, James, Disraeli, Lytton,
 And others might we name
 Of equal worth and fame,
 who chose
 In most delightful prose
 Their thoughts and fancies
 to disclose.

(Enter Jane Austen, with parasol.)

Some tales are true,
 And some are not;
 And some are purely
 fancy wrought;
 Though light or dark the pattern be
 It's leisure's simplest luxury.

Tableau

Reader:

Jane Austen:

The beautiful Jane Austen, Eng-
 land's first woman novelist.

Picture Seven.

SHAKESPEARE

In the rich Elizabethan time
 By land and sea men ventured
 forth

Great wealth to find;
 But one there was content
 to bide
 Along the placid Avon's side
 For in his mind,
 Such wealth of treasure lay
 That all the world unto
 this day
 Proclaim him master of his
 kind.

Lovely women and gifted men
 Have walked the mimic stage
 Have played the parts, your
 facile pen

Portrayed on written page
 Hamlet, Richard, Romeo,
 Othello, Lear and Prospero,
 Juliet, Katharine, Jessica,
 Rosalind, Miranda, Portia,
 In picture pass before
 our eyes
 As kings, and princes, lovers, fools
 Witches, fairies, jesters, ghouls
 In art that never dies.
 So real, so true personified
 By magic words are glorified.
 Great Shakespeare, immortal bard
 A laurel wreath we bring
 And in the realm of
 literature
 We crown thee king.

(Enter Miranda.)

Reader:

Miranda, heroine of "The Tempest."
 "O' I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer!"

(Enter Desdemona.)

Desdemona:

"She loved him for the dangers
 he had passed:
 And he loved her that she did
 pity them."

(Enter Juliet.)

Juliet:

"Did my heart love till now?
 Forswear it sight!
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till
 this night."

(These 3 group at right of Bible characters completing the semi circle.)

Reader:

What magic has God wrought
To thus preserve for all mankind
The world's best thought.
Spoken, painted, sculptured, written
It matters not,
Throughout the centuries of time
Literature is life's gift sublime.

(Group turn toward Literature in graceful pose. Curtain.)

DECALOGUE

"Let life attain the starry towers
Lured to the bright divine ascent
Be yours the things you would; be
ours
The things that are more
excellent."

Paraphrased from Watson.

(Reader now steps to center, places book, poses as statue with wreath held high. Curtain.)



New Year

By Elise B. Alder

Given over KSL, December 30, 1932

IT appears that among all nations and in all ages the first day of the new year has been and is regarded not only as a holiday but also an especially holy day, a day of glad rejoicing and of reverent worship."

It seems that He whose birthday we celebrate on December 25th took what was good in men and moulded it to higher uses and that no doubt is why the Season of His birth has won such an intimate place in the heart of mankind. Memory can be filled full of things to be remembered. No soul is entirely destitute of blessings. No man has yet numbered the blessings, the mercies, the joy of God. We are all richer than we think and if we once set our-

selves to reckoning up the things of which we are glad, we shall be astonished at their number.

J. R. Miller says in *A Greeting to the New Year*: "We are on the threshold of a New Year. We do not know what the year holds for us but we are not afraid of it. We have learned to look for kindness and goodness in all our paths, and so we go forward with glad hope and expectation full of a desire to improve.

"He came to my desk with a quivering lip,
The lesson was done—
'Dear teacher, I want a new leaf,' he said,
'I have spoiled this one.'
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,

And into his sad eyes smiled—
 'Do better now, my child.' "

"I went to the throne with quivering soul,
 The old year was done—
 'Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for
 me,
 I have spoiled this one?'
 He took the old leaf stained and blotted,
 And gave me a new one all unspotted.
 And into my sad heart smiled—
 'Do better now, my child.' "

WE made a good many failures
 in the past year. The New
 Year is a chance to try again with a
 hope of doing better. The New
 Year a golden gate of opportunity
 for improvement. The chances of
 life are open anew. Mary G. Grain-
 ard in her "The New Year Medita-
 tion" says:

"I see not a step before me
 As I tread on another year
 But the past is still in God's keeping
 The future His mercy shall clear
 And what looks dark in the distance
 May brighten as I draw near."

One New Year's eve a trembling
 young man who in the year just
 closing had been greatly helped by
 a strong friendship, said to the friend
 who had given the help, "May I put
 my hand in yours for another year?"
 The answer was, "Yes, but in
 Christ's first." "There is no other
 hand that can guide us safely
 through the new and strange ex-
 periences and we need great watch-
 fulness if we would make the voy-
 age of the year in safety. If we love
 God we shall love our brother also.
 We make gladness for ourselves
 only when we do our duty well as
 we can. It never can be found in
 selfishness."

One author says:

"He is dead whose hand is not open wide
 To help the need of a human brother,
 He doubles the length of his life long
 ride
 Who gives his fortunate place to another;
 And a thousand million lives are his
 Who carries the world in his sympathies.
 To give is to live!"

We must learn to view the past
 successes we have achieved with sat-
 isfaction and look steadfastly to the
 future and what it holds out to be
 accomplished, and muster up our
 determination to do what we can to
 make the world better.

Past failures and disappointments
 are to be forgotten and doubts and
 misgivings are to be banished from
 thoughts and meditations. If we are
 at war with conditions and environ-
 ments the first step is to get at peace
 with ourselves. Bury our grievan-
 ces, forget all wrongs and begin
 all over again. Channing Pollack
 says: "The art of living is a process
 of selections"—Life is a game. We
 can play it squarely with all there
 is in it or we can cheat and try to
 get results by short cuts. This means
 failure in the end. To get the best
 results in our search for happiness
 we must follow one fundamental
 rule—Choose the truth.

With Tennyson we say:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky
 The flying clouds the frosty light
 The year is dying in the night
 Ring out wild bells and let him die.
 "Ring out the old ring in the new
 Ring happy bells, across the snow
 The year is going, let him go
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 "Ring out the want, the care, the sin
 The faithless coldness of the times.
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.
 "Ring in the valiant man and free
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand
 Ring out the darkness of the land
 Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Let the New Year be free from
 wrong doing, a year of service, a
 year of trust in God, and it will be
 a happy year from first to last. It
 may be the hardest year we have
 known but it will be the happiest
 if we will earnestly try to make it a
 bigger, brighter one for ourselves
 and for the world in which we live.

Preventing the Spread of the Common Cold

By Lucy Rose Middleton

IN spite of traditional dread of open windows and drafty buildings, there is no longer much doubt that the common cold is an infectious and contagious disease. It is true that medical science has not yet isolated the offending germ; in fact there is talk of its being "ultra-microscopic"—that is, too small to be seen even by the most powerful modern microscopes. But a mass of evidence points to the communicability of colds.

It is common knowledge that colds come in periodic waves during which a goodly proportion of the populace is stricken at once. These epidemics do not necessarily come at the coldest season of the year, and are therefore obviously not very closely related to the thermometer reading in the outer world. It is said that Eskimos and others who live isolated lives in the northern wilds do not get colds or pneumonia in spite of the most rigorous exposure to inclement weather. When brought in contact with the world at large, however, they seem no more resistant to these diseases than anyone else. Every observant person has had the experience of "catching cold" shortly after intimate contact with a friend who was already a victim of this universal disease. The moral of all this is plain: we catch cold from one another, and there is usually no justification for blaming our troubles on an innocent breath of fresh cool air wafted in through an open window.

The prevention of the common cold is largely a matter of common sense and simple sanitary devices. It goes without saying that all influ-

ences which improve one's general health will increase resistance to this, and also to many other diseases. Regular habits, fresh air, sufficient sleep, enough nourishing food, good warm clothing, and avoidance of fatigue are all important. But a most vital factor of the protection is an intelligent avoidance of the spread of the infectious material of colds to one's own mouth and throat.

A noted sanitarian struck at the center of the problem when he remarked "If human saliva were blue, we should be astonished how widely it becomes spread through our environment." It has been shown that during coughing and sneezing, and even during ordinary speech, a shower of tiny droplets of moisture is emitted from the mouth. Although they are too small to be seen, these droplets are capable of carrying hordes of infectious bacteria. The smallest of these droplets probably linger in the air for a short time before falling to the ground. If one has a cold and wishes to protect his fellows from acquiring it, he must carefully cover his mouth and nose with a handkerchief while sneezing or coughing. The modern mother will realize that it is much more important to keep her baby away from persons with colds than to swathe it in mountains of blankets in deference to the age-old horror of drafts. This is, of course, not to be construed as an argument against adequate protection of a baby's tender body by snug clothing during the chilly season.

Contact with the world away from the household involves inevitably a considerable amount of exposure to

the virus of colds. Shopping, handling money, opening doors, shaking hands, and so forth, expose us to possible contamination. It should accordingly become a habit not to put the fingers needlessly in the mouth or nose. Before eating or preparing food the hands should be washed with soap and water. Soap has been found to be an excellent disinfectant, capable of killing contagious material with reliability and dispatch.

HOT BREADS FOR BREAKFAST

Twin Mountain Muffins

2 cups flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter
 1 egg
 1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 5 teaspoons baking powder

Mix and sift dry ingredients well together. Combine liquid ingredients and add to the dry mixture as quickly as possible. Drop by spoonfuls in buttered muffin pans and bake 25 minutes in hot oven 400 degrees F.

For variation use half white flour and half whole wheat or graham.

The addition of chopped dates or raisins makes a pleasing change.

Pop-Overs

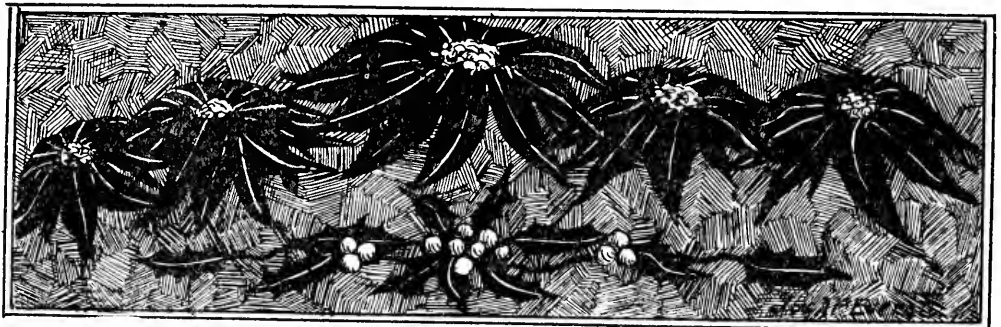
1 cup flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{7}{8}$ cup milk
 2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter, melted

Mix salt and flour together; add milk gradually, to make a smooth batter. Beat whole eggs until light and add to the mixture. Add butter. Beat 2 minutes with egg beater, turn into hissing-hot buttered muffin pans. Bake 35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven, 450 degrees F. and decreasing gradually to moderate oven, 350 degrees F. as pop-overs start to brown.

Waffles

2 cups flour
 4 teaspoons baking powder
 1 teaspoon salt
 2 teaspoons sugar
 2 cups milk
 2 eggs
 4 tablespoons melted fat

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk gradually, egg yolks well beaten, and egg whites beaten stiff. Cook on sufficiently hot waffle iron until well puffed and delicately browned. Serve with maple syrup.



For Young Mothers

By Holly B. Keddington

WE are all opening the door to 1934. What will that door lead us into? In a recent radio sermon the subject of "Doors" was discussed in this manner: What kind of door are you? You may be the very pretentious door with untold possibilities—wealth, beauty, service and strength, a door made with filigree iron outer door so that an outsider is struck immediately with wonder at its pretentiousness. Then you may be the hand-carved door of oak, sturdy, beautiful, but a door like the other which lets no hint of its interior show through. There is next the door of the ordinary dwelling, with a wooden frame, firm and solid a pane of glass or two to let out a gleam of light to a passerby. Numerous types of doors, nearly as many as types of people, to choose from, until we come to the last door which shows signs of wear, many scrubbings, many foot falls on a worn doorsill, a knob that shakes a little from weak and strong hands upon it. But when this door is opened, we find warmth, good-will, simple comfort, happiness and a welcome that lasts. Each visitor leaves this door better for having entered it. So then, what kind of a door are you?

You can find behind this portal of 1934 just what you will. Make the most of the possibilities offered.

* * *

MOTHERS who listen to the radio at special times, I am sure, get much help from the suggestions given there. Pamphlets that are given for the asking may be the beginning of a fine little library

on child care and home-making. The State Boards of Health have many pamphlets that should be in every home. They, too, are yours for the asking. Many articles in magazines are splendid but we cannot subscribe to everything. How then, would it be for each Relief Society to have a library of such magazines donated by members so that instead of being burned or thrown away some other persons get from them the good suggestions. If a note book is used while you are reading, the magazines may be passed on but the gist of the article is at your finger tips.

* * *

HERE is a cookie recipe for that little girl who likes to make things. I believe she could do this all alone. Maybe those boys of yours and the neighbors might try it too:

$\frac{3}{4}$ c shortening

2 c sugar

2 eggs beaten

1 c raisins

1 tsp vanilla

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp soda

$\frac{1}{2}$ c canned milk

Flour to make soft dough

Roll, cut with fancy cutters and bake 12 to 15 minutes in moderate oven (325°).

* * *

WE all know how harrassed a mother may become by continually being indoors with a sameness of seeing, thinking and doing. We know also it is within her power to train herself to a calmness, an

evenness of disposition and a self-composure. These few little words, if studied, may help a lot:

"All through this day, O Lord, let me touch as many lives as pos-

sible for Thee, and every life I touch do Thou quicken, whether through the words I speak, the letters I write, or the life I live. And with all let me be serene."

Moral Mountain Ranges

By Carlton Culmsee

TRY to make me!"

That was the retort which my father, a small-town physician, received when he attempted to persuade a Sunday school superintendent of the necessity of obeying quarantine regulations. The man was a hard churchworker and highly respected in his community, but he would not inconvenience himself to protect the health of others.

A family whom I know, look with sincere horror upon dancing but have been known to appropriate small articles of property that do not belong to them.

An elderly lady with whom I stayed for a time as a boy would not drink coffee. But she served me my first drink of intoxicating liquor.

These cases exemplify the bewildering unevenness in almost every person's morals. Anyone can recall other examples showing that the average human being has no "plane of ethics" but a moral mountain range full of lofty eminences and shadowy canyons. Beside a pinnacle of virtue sometimes yawns an astonishing chasm of error.

This sketch does not refer to out-and-out criminals. It refers to people who are respectable or think they are, but who believe that compromises with Christian ethics are continually being justified by necessity. It has to do with those farmers who sell diseased potatoes as healthy ones, old and faulty animals as sound

ones; those storekeepers who sell defective articles to transients or who advertise in misleading ways; those lawyers and bankers whose dealings must frequently be euphemized as "sharp practices."

Many such persons exist. Their shady dealings possess in many instances the dignity of ancient usage. For example, *caveat emptor* has been the motto of horse-traders from time immemorial.

And then there are a great many more people, upright most of the time, who have small breaches in their ethical armor. I know a righteous and excellent lady. Once she was observed inclosing a letter in a parcel post package. When reminded that she was violating a postal regulation, she smiled ingenuously and said, "Oh, they'll never know!"

Sometimes it seems that every second person, for a lark, has purloined a "souvenir" spoon or salt cellar or towel from a hotel or a dining car. Too many sweatshirts and other items of athletic equipment vanish from college training quarters. Too many books and lunches and rubbers are stolen at institutions of higher learning.

New Year's is a good time for us to take an ethical inventory of ourselves. If we scrutinize our stock of scruples keenly, all of us will find at least a few empty shelves. And few will find themselves overstocked with the staple principles of right living.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

THE New Year is like the dawn. Face the dim light bravely, for the sun is just over the rim.

MAUD ADAMS, famous actress, remembered her birthplace—Salt Lake City—with a gift of oil portraits of herself, painted by noted artists. The pictures now form a part of the Art Barn collection.

MAXINE ELLIOT made a recent visit to the scenes of her meteor-like stage career. Though she was most successful and greatly admired, she experiences no regrets for the old life, but prefers her beautiful home in Cannes, France, where she lives in retirement.

MARIA VICTORIA CANDIA is indeed a heroine. As chief nurse in the Chaco War, her fight against suffering and disease under most frightful conditions, equals that of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea.

MISS JUANITA MARTIN of Geneva, Illinois, recently superintended a big construction job with such efficiency, that the mayor and citizens of her home town gave her name to a beautiful park.

STRANGE VICTORY," is the title of the little volume containing 22 unpublished poems of the late Sarah Teasdale. "The Shadow of the End" seems to touch these lyrics but in no way mars their loveliness.

AURANIA ROUNEROL (Bob Ellerbeck, a Salt Lake girl) has produced a new play, "Growing Pains," which is making quite a hit in New York as a juvenile play. Besides her young daughter who has the title role, Anne Erskine, daughter

of the writer and critic, John Erskine, appears in the caste.

MISS JENNIE SCHOFIELD of Utah, is recreational director of Morristown, New Jersey. She graduated with honors from the National Recreation school in New York, last year.

MRS. L. M. ALEXANDER'S book "Candy," a story concerned with Negro Life in the Savannah river valley, was the \$10,000 prize winner in the contest conducted by the Pictorial Review and Dodd-Mead Company.

ELIZABEH FOREMAN LEWIS, won the Newberry medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children. Her story "Young Fu of the Yangtze," tells of the experiences of a Chinese boy who sees old traditions pass before modern civilization.

VERA BRITAIN'S "Testament of Youth," a story of the World War and post war period, is classed as the best story yet produced on that tragic subject. It is beautifully and truly literary in composition. A story to be read with care for its gripping realism and honesty.

MADAM COLETTE, French novelist, has been offered the chair of French literature and language by the Academy of Belgium.

Alice Duer Miller's "Gowns by Roberta," Alice Roosevelt's "Crowded Hours," "After Such Pleasures," by Dorothy Parker and "Mr. Pete," by Alice Hegan Rice, are some of the recent books by women writers claimed among the best sellers.

Notes to the Field

To Our Class Leaders

ARE you having discussion in the lesson work? If not, your members are losing rare opportunity for development. Remember our Relief Society sessions are not just for readings or lectures, but for the most complete development of the members. We hear that some teachers are trying to put over so much

that their classes go away in a maze. The lessons are so rich that the wise teacher will give a general idea of the complete lesson and emphasize what to her are the things that will appeal most strongly to her class and that she feels will be of most value to them and interest them most keenly.

Literature—Hebrew Music

THE Hebrews lacked the artistic side of life, but they emphasized the spiritual. They thought sculpture was irreligious and painting fared no better. Their tabernacle was a tent, and Solomon had to hire a foreigner to build the temple. Their natures were deficient in dramatic ability. Their only artistic ability was lyric poetry and extemporized song. The harp was about the only instrument used, and this was small and portable so that the player carried it with him wherever he went. The voice transcended the instrument, so Hebrew music was vocal.

To "prophecy" meant to sing. Isaiah, Jeremiah and others sang their prophecies. Thus music was not an art but a form of speech.

The psalms were in two parts—men and women responding to one another. Sometimes there was a solo with a chorus responding, or two groups of women answering each other.

After the Israelites passed over the Red Sea, "Miriam" a prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with

timbrel and dances" The Song of Miriam, Exodus chapter 15. verses 20-21.

The Song of Moses—Ex. 15:1-20.

The women answered one another in singing when Saul and David returned from the battle with the Philistines.

The music of the Hebrews was not harmonious. Music among them was a voice in which they poured forth their souls. These poets of God sang praises and the might of God to a nation filled with a belief in Deity, and this is why "the fame of the brightest minnesinger shrinks to a speck before the majesty of Isaiah."

Read the "Song of Deborah" Judges chapter 5.

Sing—"Down by the River's Verdant Side"—Psalmody No. 92.

Social Service

"Try It Again"—S. S. Book, 156.

Children sing:

"A Story"—Primary Songs, 79.

"Come Along, Come Along"—S. S. Book, 188.

Suggestions for January:

Theology and Teacher Training.

"Improve The Shining Moments."

“How Firm a Foundation.”
 “What Shall The Harvest Be.”
 “Beautiful Words of Love.”

“Bright New Year,” Sunday
 School Song Book—180.

“Catch The Sunshine,” S. S. Book
 —14.

“The Quilting Party,” Pioneer
 Songs—17.
 Rounds.

Work and Business.

Have happy music and a cheerful
 program.

Congratulations to our Magazine Agents

WE wish we could express our appreciation to the wonderful women in our stakes and wards who have been responsible for the magnificent campaign for subscriptions to our *Relief Society Magazine*.

The resourcefulness and ingenuity of our women found most clever and attractive methods of conducting this. We have always felt that we had in Relief Society the most loyal and enthusiastic women in the world—women who respond to every type of service asked of them. Naturally in times like the present, when tales of distress reach us from every side, we have not been surprised to hear of heroic efforts to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but our sisters have not forgotten that “man does not live by bread alone.”

Never before have we needed spiritual guidance and education as we do today, to face new and changing conditions, and help us to solve the difficult problems presented by

these strenuous times.

Returns are not complete, but word comes that Maricopa Stake has ten wards that have gone over the top; Star Valley stake reports Freedom Ward; Fremont stake, Rexburg Second Ward has equalled the record of a year ago, with its 100%; Grant stake, Burton Ward; Liberty stake, Eighth and Ninth Wards; Ensign stake, Twenty-seventh, Twentieth, Twelfth-thirteenth and Ensign Wards, were among those on the honor roll. We know there are many others, and shall be very happy to add them to the list if they will but let us have the information here at the office. We hope the enthusiasm which has carried them to the splendid success this Fall will hold out during the New Year. From our hearts we thank them, and know they must feel the thrill which comes from success in a splendid cause.

Important Notice

SOME time ago special permission was given to sell single copies of the Magazine in a stake. The purpose was to get the subscriptions started, and it was never intended to be a general practice. Unfortunately this has spread to such an extent that it threatens to disrupt the Mailing Department of the Maga-

zine? It is, therefore, necessary to discontinue this procedure.

The Deseret Book Store has the Relief Society Magazine for sale along with other Church publications, but other than this, no single copies of the Magazine will be available.

Six months subscriptions are accepted.

Birthday Parties

WE have attended a number of delightful birthday parties in stakes and wards and have found nothing more pleasing to the guests than the novelty of finding their place at the table signifying the season of their natal day. We suggest that the decorations be kept

simple, within reach of any ward and still as attractive as they can be made.

Each table singing songs suggesting the season, creates a pleasant little rivalry adding to the pleasure of the day.

Handwork

WE enjoyed meeting supervisors of handwork and to see the interest being taken in this part of our work. We were asked by some to print instructions for this work, but we wish to say again that every

teacher must ascertain the needs of her locality and find the ability of every woman in her ward and have them teach the class the special piece of handwork in which she excels.

Warning

Word comes to us that a young man is soliciting subscriptions for our Magazine. Only our ward officers are authorized to take subscriptions. We regret that some

have been defrauded by one unauthorized who takes the money and does not turn in the subscription to the Magazine office.

Literature and Music Departments Combined in Oquirrh Stake Relief Societies

JUST when we first began to dream of such a department I cannot remember, exactly, but our dreams were prompted by many things. We believed that if the local choristers and organists met with the local class leaders, at union meeting, and heard our lesson discussed, they could better interpret it with their music. Through visiting in the various wards, we discovered that some local choristers and organists were able to arrange exceptionally rich musical backgrounds for certain lessons while others could not; yet at a later lesson these other wards had been able to excel. This made us feel that we needed a place where ideas in music could be exchanged

as well as a place where the stake music committee could suggest their own

With the local choristers and organists added to the literary department the stake chorister and organist automatically became my assistants. It is now recorded in the minutes that there are three class leaders instead of one as has hitherto been. We meet weeks ahead and plan our class period conducting it almost as we would do in a ward. The chorister announces and introduces all music used. We plan what moment it should be given to be most advantageous. By introduction I mean that after she announces a selection she tells them something

about it so that all can see why she has chosen it.

As an example, next lesson is "The Roman Point of View," and we have chosen for it the song, "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes." It will be given after Shakespeare's Julius Ceasar. From the choristers notes I give here a line or two of her introduction for that song.

"Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes" is taken from the opera Judas Macceabeus by Handel. Judas has been away to war and returns home victorious and glad, etc., etc.

There is other music of course for this lesson but I can only mention "The Soldier's Chorus" from Faust and "Sound An Alarm."

At the end of the class period the stake organist suggests music that

will correlate with the other lessons of the month.

We have had, on different occasions some very pleasing short talks from the music officers. Two of them were entitled: Music and its Beginning and Music and its place in Literature.

We realize this is a new field and that there are many, undoubtedly, who could plan and carry forward in it better than we. Still it has solved some of our problems and we hope it will yet solve many more. There are other stakes who having heard of this are adopting it and are enthusiastic about it. We wish them success.

Linnie Fisher Robinson,
Lavina Day Neilson and
Everean Solomon.

Conventions and Conferences

General Board members visited Relief Society stake conventions and conferences, which were held in the stakes during 1933, as follows:

Alberta—Nettie D. Bradford
Alpine—Cora L. Bennion
Bannock—Julia A. F. Lund
Bear Lake—Ida Peterson Beal
Bear River—Rosannah C. Irvine
Beaver—Jennie B. Knight
Benson—Inez K. Allen
Big Horn—Nettie D. Bradford
Blackfoot—Elise B. Alder
Blaine—Elise B. Alder
Boise—Emeline Y. Nebeker
Box Elder—Marcia K. Howells
Burley—Julia A. F. Lund
Cache—Rosannah C. Irvine
Carbon—Kate M. Barker
Cassia—Lotta Paul Baxter
Cottonwood—Lotta Paul Baxter
Curlew—Inez K. Allen
Deseret—Julia A. F. Lund
Duchesne—Inez K. Allen
East Jordan—Lalene H. Hart
Emery—Elise B. Alder
Ensign—Hazel H. Greenwood
Franklin—Annie Wells Cannon
Fremont—Marcia K. Howells
Garfield—Kate M. Barker
Granite—Kate M. Barker
Grant—Amy W. Evans

Gunnison—Marcia K. Howells
Hollywood—Inez K. Allen
Hyrum—Mary C. Kimball
Idaho—Emeline Y. Nebeker
Idaho Falls—Elise B. Alder
Juab—Rosannah C. Irvine
Juarez—Ethel R. Smith
Kanab—Cora L. Bennion
Kolob—Ethel R. Smith
Lehi—Louise Y. Robison
Lethbridge—Nettie D. Bradford
Liberty—Lotta Paul Baxter
Logan—Julia A. F. Lund
Los Angeles—Inez K. Allen
Lost River—Kate M. Barker
Lyman—Julia A. F. Lund
Malad—Emeline Y. Nebeker
Maricopa—Ethel R. Smith
Millard—Louise Y. Robison
Minnidoka—Julia A. F. Lund
Moapa—Julia A. F. Lund
Montpelier—Amy W. Evans
Morgan—Julia A. F. Lund
Moroni—Julia A. F. Lund
Mount Ogden—Ethel R. Smith
Nebo—Jennie B. Knight
Nevada—Amy W. Evans
North Davis—Kate M. Barker and Cora L. Bennion
North Sanpete—Hazel H. Greenwood
North Sevier—Kate M. Barker
North Weber—Hazel H. Greenwood

Ogden—Amy W. Evans	Snowflake—Jennie B. Knight
Oneida—Amy W. Evans	South Davis—Amy Brown Lyman
Oquirrh—Lalene H. Hart, Elise B. Alder and Hazel H. Greenwood	South Sanpete—Louise Y. Robison
Palmyra—Rosannah C. Irvine	South Sevier—Jennie B. Knight
Panguitch—Louise Y. Robison	Star Valley—Marcia K. Howells
Parowan—Annie Wells Cannon	Summit—Nettie D. Bradford
Pioneer—Cora L. Bennion	Taylor—Nettie D. Bradford
Pocatello—Jennie B. Knight	Teton—Kate M. Barker
Portneuf—Nettie D. Bradford	Timpanogos—Annie Wells Cannon
Raft River—Marcia K. Howells	Tintic—Nettie D. Bradford
Rigby—Ida Peterson Beal	Tooele—Ethel R. Smith
Roosevelt—Elise B. Alder	Twin Falls—Elise B. Alder
St. George—Nettie D. Bradford	Uintah—Mary C. Kimball
St. Johns—Jennie B. Knight	Union—Emeline Y. Nebeker
St. Joseph—Ethel R. Smith	Utah—Mary C. Kimball
Salt Lake—Amy Brown Lyman	Wasatch—Amy Brown Lyman
San Francisco—Amy Brown Lyman	Wayne—Louise Y. Robison
San Juan—Mary C. Kimball	Weber—Louise Y. Robison
San Luis—Mary C. Kimball	West Jordan—Annie Wells Cannon
Sevier—Cora L. Bennion	Woodruff—Marcia K. Howells
Sharon—Inez K. Allen	Yellowstone—Annie Wells Cannon
Shelley—Ethel R. Smith	Young—Mary C. Kimball
	Zion Park—Louise Y. Robison

Notes from the Field

Texas Mission.

SISTER IRENE N. ROWAN, president of the Texas Mission Relief Societies, writes as follows: "Just recently I have been able to visit four of my Relief Societies here in the Mission, all in Louisiana. I was happy to have this privilege, and find the same spirit there that we find in our Relief Societies at home. They are anxious to do all they can to enlighten their minds along Relief Society work. I was really surprised to find such interest. We just recently organized the Oak Grove Relief Society in Louisiana. Some of the women in the smaller places are trying to get me to organize a Relief Society for them. They are quite scattered but could meet twice a month. I hope we can outline something for them that will suit their condition. I feel our Relief Society is doing a very good work here in the Mission. The majority are studying the social service lessons, something they have never had before and they enjoy them very much. We are able, in our larger

cities, to get the supplementary material from the libraries and it makes it more interesting.

"During the summer months it gets so very warm here that the majority have decided to hold just the first two meetings, the testimony and work and business meetings. Some are going to study the "Brief History of the Church."

"Last year was the first year our Relief Society has ever held a branch conference. We outlined the program and sent it to them. We took up the social service part of our work and had a talk given on the "Citizen of Tomorrow," and a short history of the general and branch Relief Societies, a musical reading "I'll go where you want me to go," and the little playlet "Home," written by Sister Ida H. Steed. Other musical numbers were rendered by the Relief Society women. This conference was something new to them but they thoroughly enjoyed it and are looking forward to our conference this year."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor		MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL
Manager		LOUISE Y. ROBISON
Assistant Manager		AMY BROWN LYMAN

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JANUARY, 1934

No. 1

EDITORIAL

Greetings

IN behalf of the General Board of Relief Society, we extend to all officers, workers and members, greetings and good wishes at this sacred season.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude for the accomplishments of the past year, in our chosen fields of endeavor—human welfare, education and religion. The results have far exceeded our expectations, and we commend you, our officers and members, for the part you have played in helping to bring this about. We commend you for your loyalty and devotion, which bring to the organization the admiration and commendation of all who are familiar with its work. You are doing the will of the Master; you are following His teachings in such a way that you will be richly rewarded.

We realize that in this period of world adjustment, with its perplexing problems, its lack of understanding, its social and economic unrest and insecurity, you, as Relief So-

ciety workers in your various communities are called upon to undertake added and unusual duties and responsibilities; and we rejoice in the knowledge that you have discharged and are discharging these duties and responsibilities with an unselfishness and efficiency exhibited only by those who enjoy the spirit and inspiration of Him, who, by His teachings and example, projected the thought that it is blessed to give and to serve.

In the promotion of our educational work with its associated projects, we have all been benefited. With the thought ever before us that "The Glory of God is Intelligence" we have striven for continued progress. Exceptional interest and activity are evidenced everywhere by the efforts put forth by officers, class leaders and members, for intellectual development.

Notwithstanding all these unusual accomplishments, during this year, our outstanding aim has been as in

the past, to build up faith in the Gospel, to have our members conform strictly to its teachings, and to the standards which have been set up by the Church for the guidance of its people.

In conclusion let us unite in an appeal to our Heavenly Father for peace and goodwill throughout the earth, for national and international

understanding, for security for all, for willingness on the part of His children to abide by the Golden Rule; and for faith to seek first the Kingdom of God and all other things that are righteous.

Louise Y. Robison,
Amy Brown Lyman,
Julia Alleman Child,
General Presidency.

Farewell 1933—Hail 1934

DECEMBER is a month of stock-taking. After the Holiday rush all the stores are busy listing what they have on hand to find out their present condition. It is well for people as well as merchants to take stock. They should look over their failures and achievements. They should not, however, let the mistakes depress and discourage them, but rather let their failures spur them on to bigger and better things. We learn by the things we suffer and some of Life's best lessons have been taught through the failures and mistakes we have made. Stock taking will reveal that while we may have had sorrows and privations, our blessings have far outnumbered the hardships.

JANUARY is a month for looking *ing* forward, a time of hope. We trust that the future will be better than the past, that the year that has just dawned will bring the blessings longed for but denied in the past.

THIS is a wonderful day in which to live. While lawlessness is seen on every hand, while crimes of appalling cruelty are common occurrences, while poverty has stalked through the earth, while war clouds hover over many lands, yet never has there been so many opportun-

ities for growth and development. Universities and high schools abound, libraries offer the wealth of the ages to those who are ready to receive, extension courses and lectures are available, radio brings to even the remote places the best speakers and musicians, the automobile has made travel almost universal.

The great Century of Progress exposition at Chicago made all who visited it realize how marvelous are the advantages of today. All the manifold inventions of the ages, all the progress of the century are enjoyed by people today.

AS one thinks of the marvels of the past, he wonders what more the future can bring. But judging by what the past few years have brought, one realizes that he cannot foresee the marvels that the next few years will reveal.

WE realize today as never before that we must constantly re-adjust to changing conditions. Many things have hardly been well tried until they have become obsolete through better things being introduced.

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,

They must upward still and on-
ward,
Who would keep abreast the truth."

People are prone to make many resolutions, all too often they fail to keep any of them. It would be much better to reduce the number and to

spend all one's energy on carrying the few through. We suggest that we all try to:

Think straight
Face things squarely,
Act honestly
Bear our burdens courageously.

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

THE General Board of the Relief Society in establishing this poem contest as a memorial, in honor of Zion's early poet and great woman leader—Eliza R. Snow, had in mind, not only to perpetuate the memory of her name by bringing it before the readers of the *Magazine*, every year in January her natal month, but also to encourage Latter-day Saint women to cultivate the gift of poetic expression and the high ideals, she herself so exemplified.

Now after several years the interest in this contest is just as popular as at first, and there is noted a marked improvement in the quality of composition. In fact the contributions this year, are of such excellence, that it is with great regret on the part of the contest committee, that there is not sufficient space in the *Magazine* to publish more than the poems selected by the judges. 76 poems were entered, nearly all of such merit that it was difficult to select the most worthy. Because of this fact two were awarded first place and the prize divided.

The judges were Joseph J. Cannon, editor of the *Deseret News*, Miss Alice Louise Reynolds, professor of English at the Brigham Young University and Mrs. Amy W. Evans, member of the General Board of the Relief Society.

The winners for which the first prize was divided were Mrs. Clara L. Parton of New South Wales, Australia for her poem "From Out The Ruins," and Mrs. Alberta Huiish Christensen of Long Island, New York for "Prayer of the Trail". Second Prize was awarded Roxana Hase, for "Mirage" and honorable mention to "Life" by Blanche Robbins of Idaho, "Shadows" by Vesta P. Crawford and "Silver" by Mabel Spande Harmer. We feel sure readers of the *Magazine* will enjoy these beautiful poems. We congratulate the authors, and thank all who entered the contest.

Annie Wells Cannon,
Chairman, Eliza Roxey Snow
Memorial Poem Contest.

My Friend

By Edith E. Anderson

I like you, Friend,
Because you understand
That when I'm grave
Or wrapt in solemn thought,

My love wanes not;
You know the love you gave
Shall not be banned
By mood of mine, dear friend.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in March)

INTELLIGENCE AND FUTURE LIFE

1. *Saved by Grace.* Many Christians prefer to believe that salvation is a free gift from God, quite independent of deserts, and given to whomsoever the Lord wills. According to this concept, the individual plays but little part in the matter of salvation. It is the gift of God, often unearned and undeserved. To obtain it one must receive divine favor. The gift is immediate and complete. It delivers the individual from the punishment and power of sin, and thus exempts from spiritual death. In support of this belief its advocates cite the following statement of the Apostle Paul to the saints at Ephesus: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." (Ephesians 2: 8, 9.)

2. It is not the purpose of this discussion to question the statement that salvation is a free gift from God, indeed rather to emphasize it. It is doubtful that even man's fondest admirers entertain the thought that he alone has sufficient power to carry himself back into the presence of God. On the contrary, his impotence in this respect is widely admitted. If, therefore, man ever attains such heights, he can do so only by means of divine help.

3. It can hardly be agreed, however, that Deity would distribute this gift to the good and bad alike. If such were the case, justice would disappear. The attitude of the Savior in this respect may be likened

to that of a philanthropist who decided to offer a free fellowship at a great educational institution. Being the giver, he naturally possessed the right to name the conditions under which the fellowship should be offered. Good character, high scholarship, and ability to get along well with associates, were among the principal qualifications specified. The amount of the fellowship and the extent of its duration were also named by the endower. Now, it cannot be doubted that such a gift is absolutely free, even though the one receiving it is required to meet certain rigid specifications. Just so, salvation is a free gift from God. It would be far more unreasonable for Deity to distribute the gift of salvation indiscriminately among the good and the bad, than it would be for the philanthropist to give scholarships to poor students as well as to good ones. Thus, although salvation is a free gift from God, those who receive it must comply with the conditions upon which it is given.

4. *The Nature of Intelligence.* "Intelligence" is widely defined by dictionary authority as readiness of comprehension, ability to exercise higher mental functions, discernment, capacity to understand, etc. This, however, is inadequate, since an individual might possess all these qualifications, and yet at times act very unintelligently. For example a physician or dietitian, who fully understands the deleterious effects of alcohol, would not be regarded as intelligent if he frequently resorted

to its use. Similarly, Satan cannot be regarded as intelligent, even though he is thoroughly familiar with the truths of the gospel. Thus, intelligence connotes not only a *thorough understanding* of matters but the *capacity to act properly* in the premises. If the physician were truly intelligent he would never resort to the use of alcoholic beverages. Likewise, if Satan were intelligent he would not oppose the cause of God.

5. The Lord has defined intelligence, as "light and truth" or the "light of truth" (Doc. and Cov. 93: 37-29) Jesus said, "I am the Light of the World: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (I John 8:12) Truth is defined by the Savior as "knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come." Doc. and Cov. 93: 24. Intelligence, then, involves a knowledge of things as they are, coupled with a sufficient quantity of the Spirit of God to act in accordance with wisdom and good judgment.

6. *Future Life.* Future life is a continuation of the present one, influenced in a very literal sense by the deeds performed while on the earth. It is not a condition of sinless bliss or agonizing damnation thrust upon the individual by a capricious god. In the beginning, Deity, with our approval, outlined a plan by which man could be brought back into his presence; the progress made possible thereby was predicated upon compliance with law. Concerning this, the Lord subsequently said: "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—and when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." (D. and C. 130:20, 21.) Again:

"Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much advantage in the world to come." (D. and C. 130:18, 19.)

7. The widely accepted belief among sectarians that sinful man can be forgiven of his transgressions and transferred, in the resurrection, to a state of endless bliss is, of course, a mistake. Experience has taught us that man cannot enjoy the things for which he is not prepared. The savage cannot appreciate the values of the spectroscope; neither can the sinful man feel at ease in the presence of God. The Lord has pointed out that, "He who is not able to abide the law of a celestial kingdom cannot abide a celestial glory. And he who cannot abide the law of a terrestrial kingdom cannot abide a terrestrial glory; And he who cannot abide the law of a telestial kingdom cannot abide a telestial glory; *therefore he is not meet for a kingdom of glory.* Therefore he must abide a kingdom which is not a kingdom of glory." (D. and C. 88:22-24.) Man's position after the resurrection will, therefore, be determined by his ability to comply with the laws of God.

8. *Man Cannot be Saved in Ignorance.* Man will be truly saved and exalted in the kingdom of God when he is placed beyond the influence of all agencies that deter his progress; in other words, when he is thoroughly redeemed from the power of sin. And sin, it should be noted, "is the transgression of the law." (I John 3:4.) When, therefore, man is able to obey (and control) all law, and thus place all enemies under his feet, he will be verily and actually saved.

9. Already man has made progress toward this end. Through his intelligence he is now able to control many of the laws of nature. To illustrate: He flies from place to place, even from continent to continent, and sometimes around the earth, at will; he speaks to the ends of the earth; he lengthens the span of human life; and he explores to distances heretofore unknown. This he does by familiarizing himself with the laws of nature and compelling them to obey his will, and, so far as it appears, his progress has scarcely more than begun. In this connection, it is easy to understand that "Man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge, for," continues the Prophet, "if he does not get knowledge, he will be brought into captivity by some evil power in the other world, as evil spirits will have more knowledge, and consequently more power than many men who are on the earth." (*History of the Church*, Vol. 4, p. 588.) Again: "The man who has the most knowledge has the greatest power." (*Ibid.* Vol. 5, p. 392.)

10. (Just here it should be parenthetically noted that knowledge alone has no saving power, otherwise even Satan, the archenemy of truth, would be saved. To be effective, it must be coupled with wisdom and ability to act in harmony with the right. Thus, while it is undebateably true that man cannot be saved in ignorance and that he is saved no faster than he gains knowledge, yet it should be kept in mind that knowledge alone does not save.)

11. The fact that man cannot be saved in ignorance is easily understood upon a moment's thought. Consider, for example, the case of a resurrected being coming in contact with an evil spirit possessing more knowledge than he. The resurrected being would at once be at a disad-

vantage and possibly be led astray. Or consider the case of a resurrected being who was not familiar with the manner in which, say, the world was made. Plainly, he himself could not make one, thus limiting his power of creation. If man is to become master of heaven and earth, he cannot be ignorant of the processes involved therein.

12. *Man's Future Possibilities.* The risen Redeemer spoke unto his disciples in Galilee, saying: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matthew 28:18.) The Latterday Saints are taught to believe that they too, through obedience to all the laws of God, may eventually reach this transcendent goal. It is the Utopia of human existence; it is the goal divine. Certain critics have said that such an ambition is a disparagement of the dignity and power of God. Such, however, is not the case, for man is an actual child of the Father and therefore possesses the undeveloped potentialities of Him who created him. Moreover, a Diety who can elevate man to the position of god-head demands greater respect than one who keeps man at a level lower than his own.

13. Concerning those who, in the hereafter, continue to obey his word the Lord says: "They shall pass by the angels, and the gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seed forever and ever. Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, *because they have all power*, and the angels are subject unto them. Verily, verily, I

say unto you, *except ye abide my law ye cannot attain to this glory.*" (D. and C. 132:19-21.)

14. It is only by means of a knowledge of things as they are, coupled with *right living*, that this goal can be attained. This is intelligence. Intelligence is the only means by which man can return to the presence of the Father and partake of his glory. Without it he cannot be saved. For this reason Latter-day Saints are unusually interested in the acquisition of truth and its utilization. No truth in the universe is too obscure or unimportant to command attention. All truth comes from God, whether it be from the rocky foundations of the earth or the voice of the prophet, for Deity is all-powerful and supreme, throughout the endless expanse of space. The voice of God has declared that "This is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." The way has been prepared.

It merely provides that man shall become acquainted with the laws of God and conduct his life in harmony therewith. Nothing could be simpler, more god-like or divine.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. In what respect is salvation a free gift from God?

2. Distinguish between intelligence and knowledge, wisdom, aptitude, comprehension, learning, familiarity.

3. Why, in your judgment, is man unable to enjoy things for which he is not prepared?

4. In what respect do those who have the most knowledge have the most power?

5. Why is intelligence the only means by which man can regain the presence of the Father?

6. Will knowledge alone save? Why not?

Teachers' Topic

ENDURING SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE

"Man is that he might have joy."
—2 Nephi 2:25.

What is joy? Joy is the fruits of righteous living. Shakespeare says: "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation." How is that treasure won? It comes by living today and every day like a man of honor. "It is slowly built upon purity, integrity and courage."

Enduring satisfactions do not come from wealth, power and fame. These may all vanish as dew before the sun. Wealth and social position count for nothing, unless united with purity of thought and life, honesty of purpose, and high ideals.

Family love—the mutual love of husband and wife, of parents and

children, of brothers and sisters, is not only the chief source of happiness, but the chief spring of action, and the safeguard from evil. Theodore Roosevelt said: "Every rightly constituted woman or man must feel that there is no such ample reward to be found anywhere in life as the reward of children, the reward of a happy family life. We cannot get along at all as a nation if we have not the right kind of home life. Such a life is not only the supreme duty, but also the supreme reward of duty."

The realization of the natural and legitimate enjoyments in family life depends on the possession of physical and moral health. Health is one

indispensable foundation for the enduring satisfactions of life.

The reading and study of good books will bring happiness and joy in our lives. Charles W. Elliot says: "Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books, such as the Bible or Shakespeare, will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated man and an uncultivated man; between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor. Books are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are

the most accessible and wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers."

The greatest happiness and satisfaction comes through service. Love of our fellowmen is a test of our love of God, and a willingness to be of real service to our fellowmen is a test of that love.

Jesus said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matthew 25:40.

Literature

(Third Week in March)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

THE LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE (2)

"My word shall not pass away."
—Mark 13:31.

The Bible walks the way of all the world with familiar feet and enters land after land to find its own everywhere. It has learned to speak in hundreds of languages to the heart of man. It comes to the palace to tell the monarch that he is the servant of the Most High, and into the cottage to assure the peasant that he is the son of God. Children listen to its stories with wonder and delight, and wise men ponder them as parables of life. It has a word of peace for the time of peril, a word of comfort for the day of calamity, a word of light for the hour of darkness. Its oracles are repeated in the assembly of people, and its counsels whispered in the ear of the lonely. The wicked and the proud tremble at its warning, but to the wounded and the penitent it has a mother's voice. The wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad by it, and the fire on the hearth has lit the reading of its well-worn

page. It has woven itself into our deepest affections and colored our dearest dreams; so that love and friendship, sympathy and devotion, memory and hope, put on the beautiful garments of its treasured speech, breathing of frankincense and myrrh.

"Above the cradle and beside the grave its great words come to us uncalled. They fill our prayers with power larger than we know, and the beauty of them lingers on our ear long after the sermons which they adorn have been forgotten. They return to us swiftly and quietly, like doves flying from far away. They surprise us with new meanings, like springs of water breaking forth from the mountain beside a long-trodden path. They grow richer, as pearls do when they are worn near the heart."

The Hebrew Classics

The books of the Bible which have been styled as classics are the Books of Song and Devotion, and the Books of Wisdom.

The Devotional books of the Old Testament, The Book of Psalms, The Book of Lamentations, and The Song of Songs are poetic in form. The earliest Hebrew literature was poetic. Fragments of it are found embedded in the historical books of the Bible. "The Song of Lamech," Genesis 4:23-24, is one of the oldest fragments of Hebrew verse. It is interesting to note that this historic remnant carries the chief characteristic of Hebrew poetry, recurrence of thought or parallelism,

"Adah and Zillah, hear my voice,
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto
my speech."

The most magnificent survival of primitive Hebrew poetry is the "Song of Deborah." Israel's deliverance from the Canaanites came through the courage of this brave woman. The poem is a song of triumph, sung antiphonally by answering choruses of men and women, an exalted ballad form. The poem describes the desolation of Israel, the gathering of the tribes, the battle, and the retribution of Israel; it closes with a song of thanksgiving to Jehovah for his help.

The later Hebrew poetry consists chiefly of songs of praise. The Psalms, three hundred and fifty, were formally ascribed to David. The Book of Psalms, as we now have it, is an anthology of songs of praise selected from the collections of various writers and arranged for temple worship. John Milton whose religious faith and poetic mastership made him the poet of Eternal Providence said of the Book: "Not in their divine argument alone, but in the art of composition the Psalms may be easily made to appear over all kinds of lyric poetry incomparable."

The great requisite for the ap-

preciation of the Psalms is an understanding of their spiritual qualities. The deep and genuine love of nature as the Hebrews beheld in it the glory of God:

"The heavens declare the glory of
God;
And the firmament showeth his
handiwork." Psalm 19.

The sense of the Eternity of God:

"Before the mountains were brought
forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth
and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlast-
ing, thou are God.

* * *

For a thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is
past,
And as a watch in the night.

* * *

We bring our years to an end as a
tale that is told."

The intense joy of knowing God
and being permitted to serve him:

"As the hart panteth after the water-
brooks, so panteth my soul
after thee, O God!"

* * *

"Let the words of my mouth, and the
meditation of my heart be ac-
ceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my rock and my re-
deemer."

Not all the psalms are alike in their lyric qualities, some are simple expressions: "The Shepherd's Song" expressing joy at the goodness of God, Psalm 23. Others are in reality exalted harmonies; "The Eternal Word" expressing joy at God's demand for righteousness, Psalm 49. There are many natural songs among the Psalms; "The Song of Thunder," Psalm 28, "A Love Song," Psalm 45. Some of the

Psalms: 27, 42, 51, 63, 91, 103, 107, 139, are among the noblest lyrics of all literature making the book of Psalms the immortal song-book of the ages. The dominant note of the Psalms is one of rejoicing. The problems of life are faced, but trust lifts the soul into singing joy:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And all that is within me
Bless His holy name."

A small group of songs announcing the Messianic ideal is found in the book of Isaiah; "The Prince of Peace," Isaiah 9:2-7, "The Ideal Ruler," Isaiah 11:1-10, "An Ideal of Justice," Isaiah 2:2-4, "A Song of Hope," Isaiah 40:1-11, "And Exalted People," Isaiah 52:13-53.

No list of Bible poetry would be complete without recording the chief songs of the New Testament: "The Magnificat," Luke 1:46-55, "Benedictus," Luke 1:68-79, "Gloria In Excelsis," Luke 2:29-31, "The Hymn of Love," I Corinthians 13.

The Song of Songs is an Oriental poem of rare beauty. The setting of the poem is dramatic. The author, a late writer influenced by Greek and Oriental thought, is singing the praises of the loyalty of love. The book has been one of the most difficult to understand. Many sources and many interpretations have been given to the song as a result. There is no justification of attributing the authorship to Solomon because his name occurs frequently, because the evidence of thought and style place the authorship about the third century B. C. There is, however, justification of a symbolical interpretation of the poem, an allegory exalting divine love over earthly love. The songs are exquisite pictures imaging, brooks, hills, vineyards, and meadows, full of the color and music of nature.

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing of birds is come.

"The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,

And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.

Arise, my love, and come away.

"My beloved is mine and I am his.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

The story of the cycle of songs is very simple. Solomon saw and wooed a beautiful maiden. In his palace he sought to dazzle her with his splendor and power. The maiden, already in love with a simple shepherd of the hills, remained true to her humble lover and, finally repulsing the king, went back to her shepherd. The meaning of the poem is beautifully expressed in the lines at the close:

"Set a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death."

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be condemned."

The power of Hebrew thought is the power of Hebrew poetry—

"The word becomes flesh and dwells among us and we behold its glory."

The Books of Wisdom

The Book of Proverbs, the Book of Job, and the Book of Ecclesiastes are the so called "wisdom books" of the Bible. The sage, or scholar, had his place in guiding the life of the Hebrews. The task of the scholar

was to seek wisdom. Wisdom for the Hebrew was to understand God and his ways. Wisdom was God's best gift to man, the reward of obedience.

The Book of Proverbs has been explained as a library of maxims containing the wisdom of the centuries. This anthology of Hebrew wisdom dates from the period of Jewish contact with Greek thought. A collection of aphorisms (a brief expressive statement of a truth,) the book is a handbook to successful living. The profoundest insight and the highest moral value characterize its expression making many of its statements jewels of truth. "To be righteous is wisdom; to be wicked is folly" may be said to be the theme running through the book.

The Book of Ecclesiastes is a series of personal essays or monologues by an individual in search of the secret of life as was Goethe's Faust. The authorship of the book was originally ascribed to Solomon, but literary scholars are agreed that it was written about 200 B. C. The problem of what makes life worthwhile is the problem of the book. The book shows very definitely the influence of Greek thought upon the Hebrews. The author, who styles himself, Koheleth, makes a daring attempt to investigate the current opinions concerning the actual value of life. We see the meeting of two systems of thought. Koheleth, a man of learning, has lost the hope that has characterized his race in the past, and he has not yet learned of the new hope for man, individual immortality. He is disillusioned. His is a noble sadness, yet he never gives up his faith in God. Two voices are heard throughout the book, one of joy and one of despair. Wisdom, pleasure, wealth, and power are all experienced, but

the writer finds no abiding satisfaction—"Vanity of vanity, all is vanity." Koheleth does however, find the secret of successful living—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Twenty centuries later Carlyle preached the same doctrine, "Blessed is the man who has found his work." "The Book of Ecclesiastes," closes with an exquisite poem containing the lines:

"Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"And the dust returneth to the earth,
As it was:

And the spirit returneth unto God
Who gave it."

The Book of Job has been called the "greatest poem in the world's literature, towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world." The author of his great poem is unknown, the author has remained completely anonymous. The book is a masterpiece of art. The problem of the book is the oldest and most insoluble problem that men have ever tried to solve—the problem of human suffering. The treatment of the problem is remarkable. Instead of discussing it as a modern philosopher would do, the author uses the dramatic method, a drama without any action confined to speech. The book bears no specific reference to Hebrew life and thought hence its universality of spirit.

The form of the "Book of Job" is a poetic drama. The prologue presents the hero, Job, a patriarchal figure, rich in flocks and herds, rich in family, and rich in integrity. Satan, the adversary, seeing Job the "perfect and the upright man" suggests a test for him. Catastrophes fall on Job yet he praises God. When the celestial council meets again, God exults in the in-

tegrity of Job. Satan suggests a more severe test. Job is smitten with the most dreaded of diseases, leprosy. Being now an outcast, Job went and sat outside the city a prey to his misery.

The friends of Job, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar come to him in his extremity. For seven days and nights they sit in silence and mourn for him. Job breaks out in malediction at his suffering. The friends in turn offer their wisdom to Job. Eliphaz dwells upon the goodness of God, Bildad upon the justice of God, Zophar upon the wisdom of God. Voicing the beliefs of the day, their conclusion is that Job's suffering is but the punishment for his sins, "they that plow iniquity, and sow trouble, reap the same."

Job rejects the opinions of his friends crying out, "I have understanding as well as you—will ye speak unrighteously for God? The friends answer with another cycle of arguments: Eliphaz affirming that the punishment for sin comes from the sinner's own conscience; Bildad condemns mankind in general; Zophar claims that retribution must efface the sin. Job answers each argument in turn. Now we see a new hope awaking in Job. The self-evident prosperity of the wicked breaks down the argument. Job rises to a stronger faith in God as he declares "I know that my redeemer (Vindicator) liveth, and that He shall stand at last upon the earth, and after my skin hath been thus destroyed, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

A third cycle of speeches ensues. Eliphaz draws up a series of accusations against Job and urges repentance, Bildad explains the ways of Nature; Zophar acclaims the value of wisdom. Job is left alone, a tragic figure, robbed of his wealth, bereaved of his children, deserted by

his wife, repudiated by his friends, stricken by a loathsome disease, and as it seems to him cast off by God. In the manner of his religion by the solemn "oath of clearing," the Hebrew "ideal of righteousness, a form of confession, Job lays bare his case to God. A young man, Elihu, hearing Job's oath of clearing, is moved to speak to Job. Elihu presents to Job and his friends the theory that suffering is one of God's voices by which He teaches man. Thunder clouds darken the sky, supernatural brightness parts the darkness and the voice of God is heard:

"Where was thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?—Declare if thou has understanding—Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job answers "I have uttered that which I understood not. I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes seeth thee."

"A noble book; all men's book, a noble universality." It speaks to man of God's way. Job's progress from doubt to certitude is a pattern for all men. As sublime sorrow at not knowing God yields to sublime reconciliation at finding God, the mighty note of Hebrew faith "Know God" is given to man for "His is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever. Amen."

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:

1. The Story of the World's Literature. Chapter 4—Macy.
2. The Modern Reader's Bible.—Moulton.
3. The English Bible As Literature.—Dinsmore.

4. Creative Religious Literature.
—Culler.
- B. Program :
1. Music.
 2. Discussion.
 - a. The Nature and Content of the Hebrew Classics.
 3. Review with Selections.
 - a. The Psalms.
- b. The Book of Proverbs.
c. The Book of Ecclesiastes.
d. The Songs of Solomon.
- C. Method :
- Let the beauty of expression and the majesty of thought bear their own message. Appreciation is the purpose of the three lessons of the series on the Bible.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in March)

SOCIALIZED CONDUCT

In "Personality" page 7, is found this sentence: "Many children create behavior disturbances over which they themselves have little volitional control but which are chalked up against them as wilful misbehavior." Not only is there a problem of wilfulness involved in this statement but there is also the implied definition of "misbehavior." Positively this calls for a definition of "good" or "desired" behavior. Every such definition is stated in terms of the relations of people with each other—good behavior usually means behavior which is acceptable in a group—socialized behavior. Thom defines it as follows :

"The well-adjusted personality, which characterizes a happy and efficient man or woman is a harmonious blending of these varied emotions and character traits, resulting in self-control and habits of conformity. This type of individual habitually takes into consideration those with whom he comes in contact, either in the home, in the community, or in business. His attitude is such toward his friends, neighbors, and co-workers that he is an asset to society. His relationships are happy and productive of good."

(Thom, *Everyday Problems of the Every Day Child*, p. 135).

This lesson has as its first aim the building up of a real feeling for the breadth of meaning implied in "social" or "good" conduct. The second aim is to call attention to several of the detailed items in the practical problem of socializing children. The issue of the lesson is raised vitally by the following incident :

A Utah mother went to the juvenile court to intercede for her boy. He had been guilty of stealing various articles, last of all, an automobile, and of sexual irregularities. She said to the court: "He is a good boy. He doesn't smoke and he helps willingly at home."

Suggestions for Procedures

1. Take time to point out the faulty interpretation implied in the above incident and to show that part of this mother's troubles may be found in her early guidance along such a narrow line.

2. Assign the reading guide, calling attention to the preparation of specific lists of material for use in the class.

3. Discuss the reading guide carefully.

4. Assign for brief two-minute reports the following topics from Report of White House Conference:

Limitations of the modern family in socializing the child. pp. 139-140.

Keeping the social relations of the family up-to-date. pp. 147-148.

Social values in school classification, pp. 170.

Groups that influence youth, pp. 248ff.

The old and the new, pp. 342ff. (This report may be allowed a few minutes more time.)

5. The class leader should call attention in a definite clear way to as many of the specified items in the supplementary material as time will permit. Encourage the class members to study the material as indicative of the many factors there are in the process of socialization.

Reading guide for class members: Personality, pp. 7-10.

In controlling behavior it is necessary to diagnose the causes. Note the four causes discussed on page 7. Look up a definition of the specific diseases mentioned.

Note carefully the opposite treatments proposed for misbehavior caused by "emotional instability" and "Wilfulness."

If statistics show greater delinquency among children somewhat dull is the explanation because they are dull or because of the social treatment they receive?

The author speaks of "aggressive misbehavior." Make a list of specific acts that you would put in this class of conduct. Make a list of things that children do that would be called "misbehavior" but which is not "aggressive." Use this list to interpret the statement on page 9 regarding the differences between boys and girls.

The author points out the fact that prevention of unsocial conduct depends on early diagnosis. Just what responsibility is put on teachers and parents in connection with this?

Study your own work at home in order to answer question 7 on page 10.

Do you know personally of cases similar to those described in problems 1 and 3?

Questions 5 and 8 are really answered better in lessons 14 and 11 respectively.

Supplementary Material:

1. Socialization is a process of acquiring a series of specific desirable reactions, not gaining possession of a trait such as honesty, self-control, etc. On this point Dr. Mark A. May said before the Chicago Association for Child Study and Parent Education in 1928:

"The correlations between lying, stealing, and cheating all run so low that it would be quite impossible to predict one from the other."

"Even among different forms of cheating the correlation are so low that it is quite impossible to predict with any reasonable degree of accuracy whether a pupil will cheat in doing a puzzle by knowing whether he cheated in arithmetic."

"The results show that there is no such a thing as a unified trait of honesty."

Of the effect of knowing what is right the article reporting the above address continues:

"The upshot of all is that knowledge, as taught in the conventional way, does not determine conduct. This does not mean that knowledge taught differently, or different kinds of knowledge may not. In groups there seems to be a positive correla-

tion between the group average in moral knowledge and group conduct."

2. Selfishness.

William Henry Pyle in his book "Training Children," says:

"Probably the most prominent aspect of our original nature is its selfishness. It is selfishness that causes most of the misery and unhappiness in the world. And this is why the teachings of Jesus prove to be the most important ethical doctrine that has ever been proclaimed to man. It is selfishness that brings the most sin and crime and pain and sorrow. It is kindness and thoughtfulness that bring the most joy." (p. 14).

Specific forms of unsocial acts are associated with selfishness:

a. Lying grows out of environmental conditions, and is largely imitative.

b. Control of stealing is dependent upon three social factors in the home and other social institutions:

Theft must not serve the end for which it was intended.

Restitution must be by the effort of the child.

The child's property rights are to be respected.

c. Jealousy is a normal reaction in children between the ages 1 to 5.

"It is often aroused in a child by constantly praising and holding up a brother or sister as a model, or persistently pointing out shortcomings and defects in the child who is inclined to be jealous. Nothing is more disastrous than playing the merits and abilities of one child against another. It causes feelings of bitterness, resentment, inferiority, and inadequacy." Thom p. 177.

The treatment is to be based on instruction in unselfishness, evidence of fairness in family organization,

and opportunities to share with and do for others.

d. Of anger Thom says:

"There are certain anti-social tendencies that manifest themselves from time to time in the process of a child's normality. A spineless sort of lad it would be who never got angry! How dull and apathetic would be the child who never demonstrated he had a will of his own by being disobedient; how peculiar the child whose curiosity did not at some time or other lead to destructiveness! How colorless would be the mental content of the youthful mind that did not elaborate upon its imagination! One would find that the child without some element of sin in his personality makeup would be as unresponsive to his environment and as devoid of human interest as the jellyfish." 136.

The danger from anger lies in chronic irritability and continued expressions which indicate satisfactions from them. If the child craves attention and gets a bribe he will continue to show anger. Parents and teachers should always seek the stimulating cause. It may be remote in play, or school, or may be deliberate display.

3. Obedience has to do with the relationships of children with adults. Socialization develops this into a respect for law, custom and official authority. The change is essentially one of a growing willingness and power to conform. Apparent disobedience may be a form of self assertion or a healthy natural reaction in the process of growing up. For the sake of safety and well-being children need to follow instructions literally in many things. These should be taught as specific habits. Any attempt to develop a general trait of obedience may stifle all curiosity, persistence, and aggressive

activity. In no case are parents justified in forcing obedience in order to give them a sense of personal satisfaction of authority. The psychology of obedience is interesting. Thom's statement indicates the problem for parents. Obedience is not provided for in original nature. It comes as a result of social experience.

"Not infrequently one finds adults with a tremendous resentment toward all authority, which represents a reaction to severe disciplinary methods of early life.

"We must keep in mind that in administering punishment we are always meeting the problem by appealing to the child's fear of bodily harm, and as such it has little effect in helping him to direct his activities along social channels and helping him to think of life in relation with those with whom he has to live. The child will be happier and more efficient if he learns obedience, even though very slowly, by planning his life about the demands of the group, whether it be at home, on the playground or at school." Thom 128-129.

"The value of obedience is not found in the ability of the child to respond explicitly to the commands of those who are in authority, but rather in his ability to conform to standards that he has acquired of fair play and good sportsmanship towards his parents, playmates, and teachers." Thom 131.

4. Shyness.

From all classes of homes, more often from among the older members of the family come the tragic cases of unhappiness due to timidity, fear and shyness. While this is not always a disadvantage it carries with it enough potential unhappiness to warrant its careful consideration by parents and teachers. It should be kept in mind that most children who

are markedly timid in the teens were shy at younger ages. Miss Jean E. Alger states the problems and summarizes some suggestions for prevention and treatment.

(Jean E. Alger: Does Shyness Handicap your Child.—Parents Magazine, June 1932, p. 26.)

"We consider as shy the child who is ill at ease and perhaps awkward in the presence of others; the child who says little, blushes and looks away from the person to whom he is talking, the child who peeks into a room, sees strangers and immediately disappears; and the child who prefers to play or work alone. It might be said that the greatest danger in a child's being shy is the possibility that he may be misunderstood. Some have been thought to be lazy, careless, stubborn, or stupid. In reality they were shy. Timid and apprehensive children, when competing with a group of forty in school may be thought retarded or lacking in ability. A boy may be called 'afraid' by others when he is really not afraid but does not know how to mix with the crowd. Perhaps the teacher may become discouraged with the child and feel that it is a reflection upon her ability to be unable to strike a keynote of interest. The shy boy or girl who wants to be a good fellow may be thought to be different, peculiar or unfriendly."

Suggestions for treatments

"To shy children of any age harsh or embarrassing methods are seldom successful, and this is especially true during the adolescent period.

"It is perhaps best not to push the shy child forward in order to eradicate his shyness or to cover up your own sensitiveness when there are guests in your home. If he is timid about expressing himself, allow him to talk to a small, more familiar

group first. In the presence of strangers let him say his 'How do you do' and be gone; and if your younger child makes a more pleasing appearance than his older brother or sister try to remember that here are two distinct individuals. To compare them may make the shy one only more retiring.

"Begin early to let him play with others outside of the home.

If the child does not early learn to play with others, yours will be a difficult problem if you try to help him to get along well with groups when he has reached the age of nine or ten or later.

"It is of primary importance to discover the shy child's interests and cultivate those interests so that in some situation—he is self confident and senses a mastery and security."

5. Ridicule and Socialization.

"Laughing at a child's sober attempts to cope with life as he finds it is one of the surest ways of making him withdraw within himself and keep his plans and difficulties secret. He reacts to the implied contempt for him and his undertakings by protecting himself from future exposure to derision. If his clumsy attempts to use new hard words, meet with laughter, he is embarrassed, and becomes loathe to experiment with fascinating new words, before his elders. His vocabulary is then limited during just those years when he cares most for words. The feeling of self-consciousness when using unusual words may persist into maturity, even throughout life.

"In like manner, the child who voices his deepest convictions, or painfully thought out conclusions, only to find himself discounted because he has fallen short of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, learned parrotwise by his scoffers, must retreat into the inmost recesses of

his own consciousness to pursue his individual thinking in peace. The patronizing adult cannot come nigh, for the child is sensitive and prizes his dignity." (Grove—Wholesome Childhood, pp. 127-128.)

6. Courtesy and Social refinements of manner.

Not "a child should be seen and not heard" but a child should be both seen and heard and taught how to behave as a regular part of his bringing-up. The harrowing scenes of childhood mis-entertaining guests or being warned what-not-to-do when going on a visit represent parental consciousness but not parental action. In a recent article is found the following bit of suggestion:

(Martha Pratt Haislip: *Is Your Child a Good Visitor*, *Child Welfare*—May 1932, p. 516ff.)

"I thought of the many children, of ages ranging from nine to sixteen, who had visited in our family. Many of our visitors had been charming youngsters, well-bred, pleasant, and delightful additions to the household."

The Child should learn a few practical lessons to practice while visiting.

"Make himself at home—be ready to conform to the general routine of family life in the home where he is a visitor.

"A good visitor eats what is set before him. If he does not, he makes no mention of the fact that he does not like certain foods.

"He must be sufficient unto himself for a part of each day. He should read or rest—so that his youthful host or hostess may feel free to pursue his or her amusements without feeling burdened by the visitor's company every minute."

Small duties assumed by him are appreciated.

Tact and kindness should be shown

to older members of the family.

Appreciation should be shown by unaffected enthusiasm.

7. The basis of the socialization is essentially imitation and guided participation. How people act the general social elements of the environment, and the chance to take part naturally are the elements that effect the results. The chief models are living ones, although literature and history may help.

In early childhood the stages of development of courtesy are outlined as follows:

(Pyle: Training Children.)

Courtesy habits.

As early as possible:

Greetings.

Introductions.

Thank you.

If you please.

4th year or before:

Not to interrupt conversations without apology.

Not to pass in front of another person.

As early as possible:

Rising when guest or older person enters room.

Removing hats in room or church.

Giving girls and ladies precedence.

Apology—pardon me—accidental occurrence.

American flag—national anthem.

Visiting manners.

Obedience.

“Little by little, month by month, the prompt, willing and cheerful helping of others can be developed. During the third year some progress can be made, more during the fourth and still more during the fifth. By the sixth birthday the habit of willing helpfulness should be fairly well fixed.”

Our Privilege

By Edna J. Gardiner

AS the beginning of a New Year dawns, the thought of every Relief Society member turns toward her annual dues.

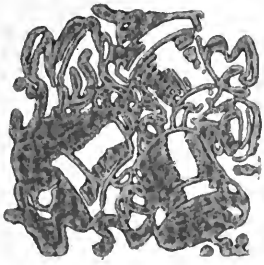
We are of earth, “earthy” so it is only natural that we should complement our spiritual sustenance with the temporal, in obeying this one law of our Relief Society organization.

Many, many years ago, at this same period, Joseph and Mary in their journey to Jerusalem sought to obey law. And at this time, the greatest blessing that has come to humanity, was given to the world.

Let us, too, rejoice that in obeying this one law of our “dues” the doors of the Kingdom are opened to us as Relief Society women, and knowledge and power and spiritual guidance will be ours through all the ensuing year.

As ours is a national organization, its scope is a broad one. It is marvelous to feel that, whether at home or abroad, so small a requirement can entitle us as members to all the Relief Society has to offer.

The Glory of God is Intelligence, and the Relief Society sends out its plea,—“Come, let us study and serve together.”



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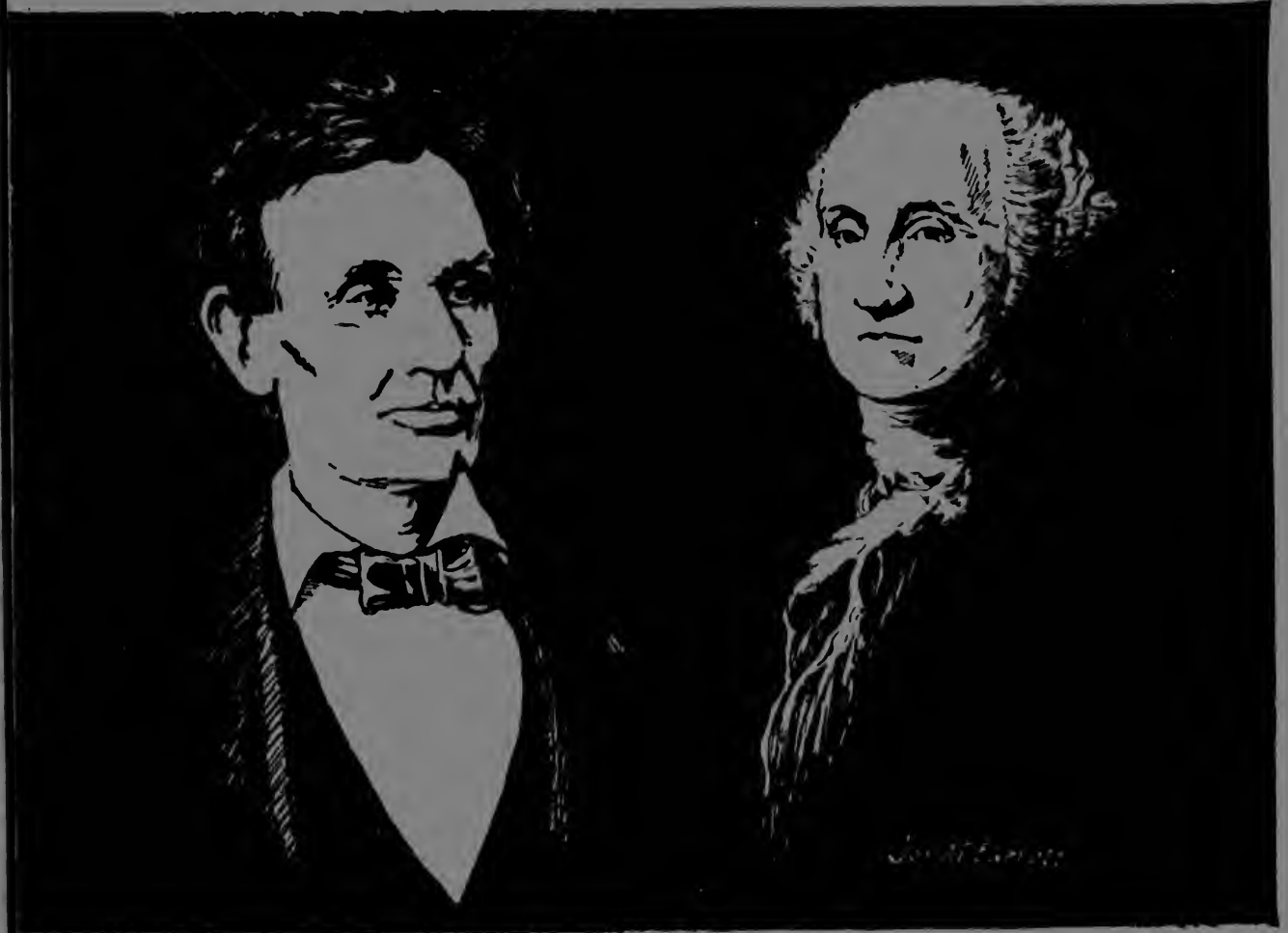
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
Magazine

Volume XXI

FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 2



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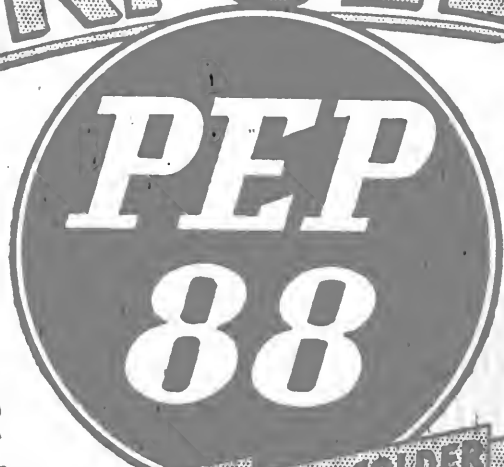
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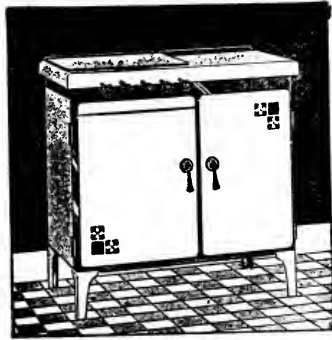
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. 21

FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 2

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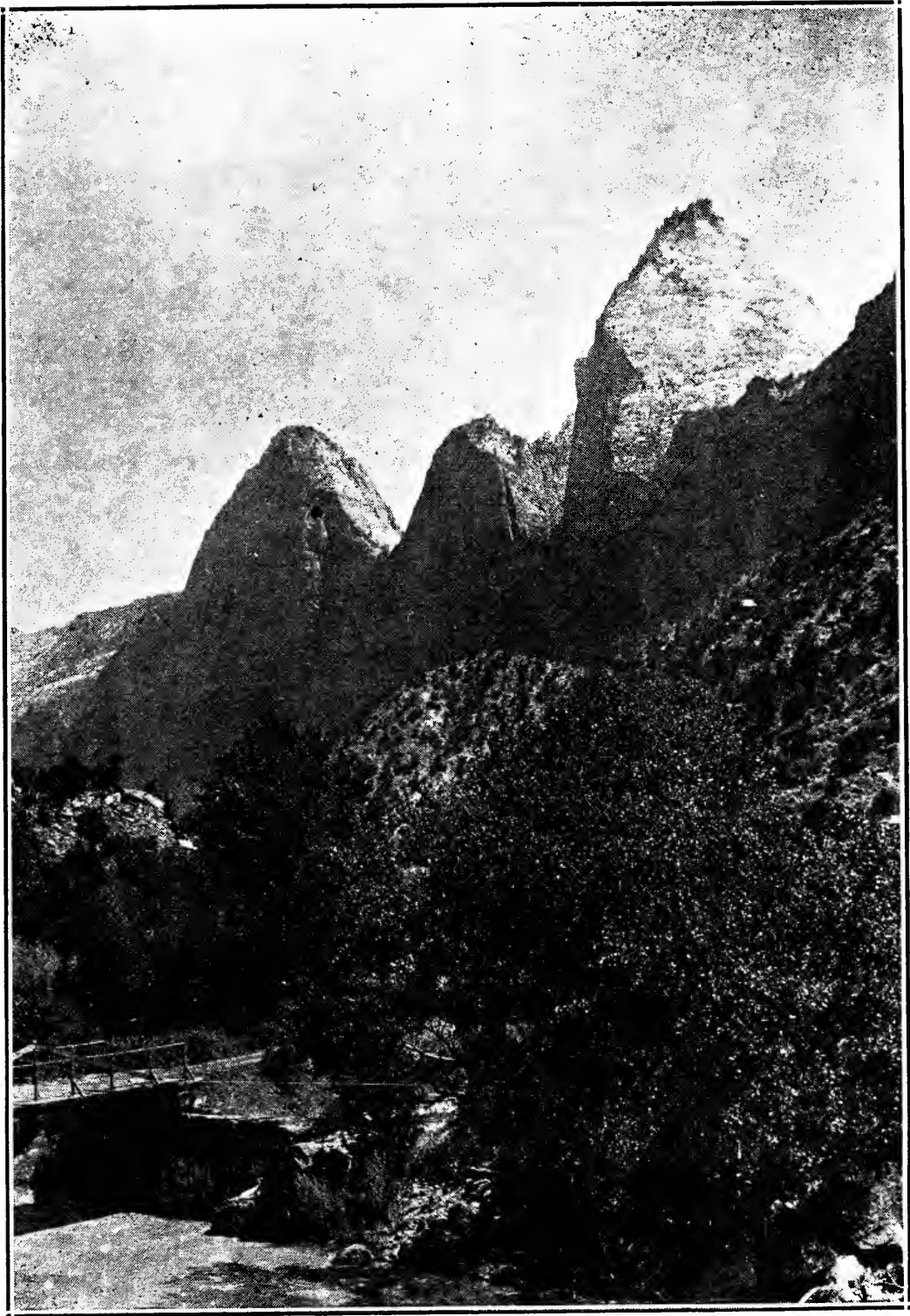
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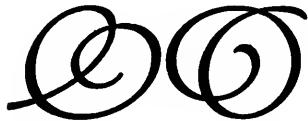
By Bertha A. Kleinman

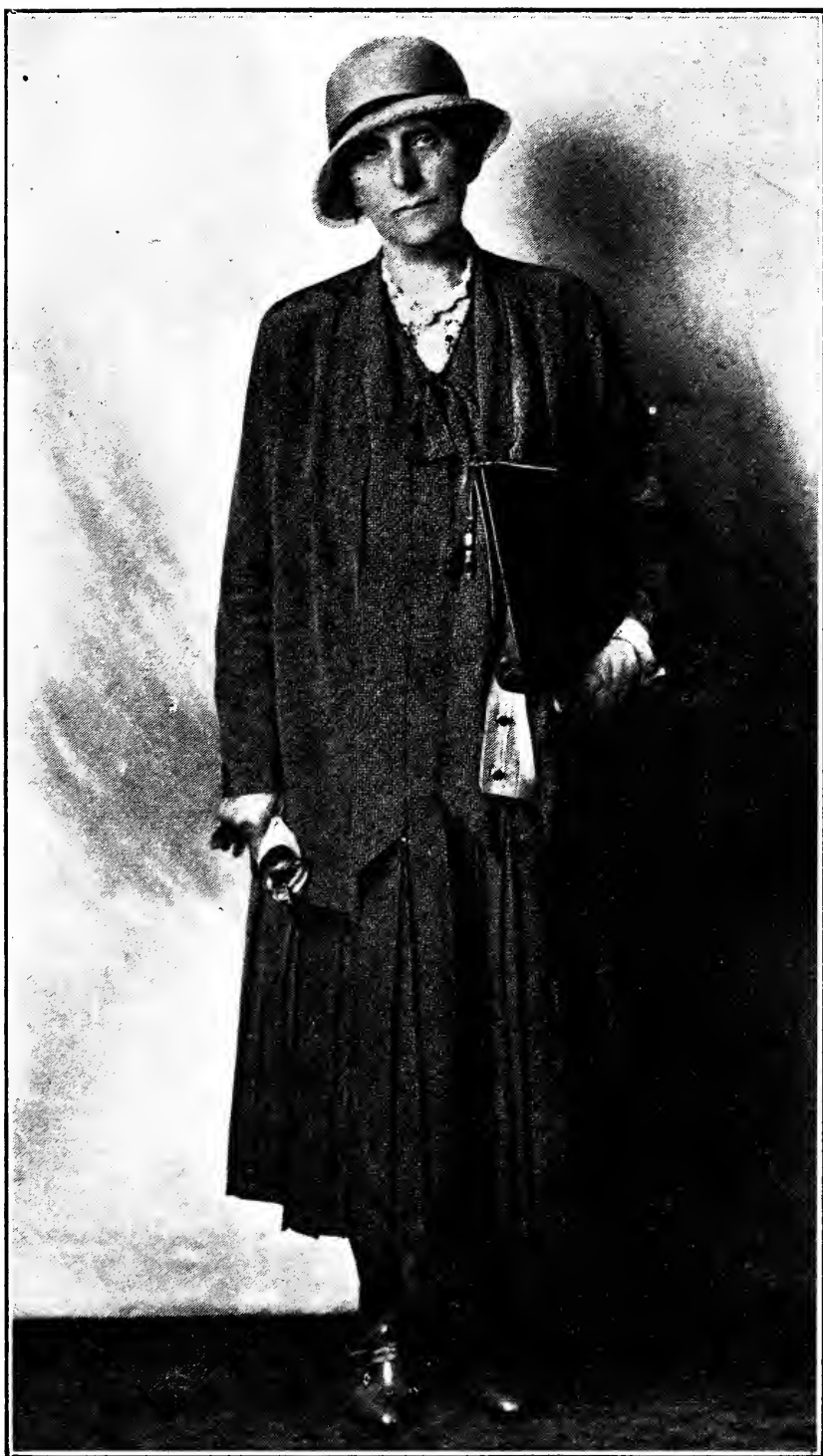
The weighty tasks of power and endurance,
I am not called to shoulder every day,
These I shall meet with courage and assurance,
When little things have fortified the way.

The ensigns lifted over spire and steeple,
The hero strokes that blazon land and sea,
The sacrifice for kindred, tongues and people,
Are not for toilers of the soil like me.

For me the little wearisome exactions,
The grilling, drilling hourly demand,
The duty filled and beauty drained transactions,
That over yet and over must be planned.

Tis thus the threads are felted into cable,
The timbered coil that harnesses the sea ;
To do at best the little I am able,
I shall not fail when big things summon me.





DR. GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI

FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 2

A Path-Breaker in Woman's Activities

By Lorene Pearson

WE THINK of pioneers as those brave men and women who took household goods, weapons and a plough and trekked out into the wilderness to establish homes. But there were others, quite as fearless and as tenacious of purpose as these frontiersmen. They were the trailmakers in the fields of activity for women—brave pioneers in a new world.

Among these women there are none, perhaps, more worthy of the name of "pathbreaker" than Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard. A child of rugged pioneers she had trekked her way courageously into new fields for the fairer sex, step by step, to the head of the Department of Political Economy, Finance and Sociology in the University of Wyoming.

It was with this knowledge of the distinguished woman that I drew near Old Main Building on the University campus. Students were hurrying to classes, tripping up the old stone steps with the enviable enthusiasm of youth. Then I noticed a woman, walking along at the same rapid pace, a familiar brief case held firmly under her arm. She was as eager in attitude as the students but there was a difference; every movement spoke of accomplishment, of the joy of extended determination

in spite of obstacles. Only this aspect of ardent life-long activity set her apart from the younger men and women hurrying to eight o'clock classes.

Carrying her seventy years very lightly upon her shoulders Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard ascended the steps and disappeared into Old Main Building.

Climbing the stairs to her rooms on the second floor, I reviewed what I knew of her life. At the age of nine she was left fatherless on the frontier of Iowa. And although she had the advantage of an unusual spiritual influence, her father having been a minister, she also had the disadvantage that attends a family of a missionary—little remuneration for services. By dint of much management the mother and her four children moved to the University town of Iowa where the children were educated.

AT a very early age Grace Hebard recognized the limitations set upon the activities of women; it was an unheard of ambition that a girl should want to or should even be able to compete in the economic world with men. But here was a vast field, a wilderness to women, why not strike out and break a path for others to follow? Once her mind was made

up nothing could deter her from fighting the thing through to its conclusion—a necessary attribute to the successful pioneer.

Her first definite step in this direction was to register in the University in the College of Engineering. This action was attended by the usual doubts and admonishings that attend every new movement. But without swerving in the least from her purpose the young woman graduated in 1882, receiving the first Bachelor of Science degree ever given to a woman by that institution. She was employed immediately in the Capitol of Wyoming at Cheyenne, as a draftsman in the Surveyor General's office.

But she was not content—pioneers never are—with just one new achievement, not when there were so many things that needed doing in the new state. Gradually her interest became active in educational affairs. She was appointed a trustee for the University of Wyoming and removed to Laramie, having completed nine years of service as a draftsman. She was the first woman to be a trustee of Wyoming's institution of higher learning; another break into the wilderness of activities for women.

Miss Hebard received a Doctor of Philosophy degree from Illinois Wesleyan in 1893 in preparation for her future services to the University. She has been with the University to the present time, first as trustee, then as librarian, teacher and professor and finally as head of the Department of Political Economy and Finance.

Standing on the landing for a moment out toward the Snowy Range glistening in the morning sunlight 12,000 feet above the tides, I recalled the numberless activities she had

undertaken in addition to her teaching and executive work. In 1898 she was admitted to the Wyoming bar, the first woman to have the privilege of practicing law in the state; in 1914 she was accorded the right to appear before the Supreme Court of the state. And not all these activities were confined to serious fields; she was the first woman to hold golf and tennis championships in the state.

NOT long after her arrival at the University she turned her interest to the undeveloped field of Wyoming and Western history and Government, with special emphasis on their educational value. There was obviously a great need for histories and Civics to provide the school children and students with lore of their own west and state. Perceiving this need Dr. Hebard set out upon the tremendous task of alleviating it. Indefatigably she continued her research, here and there wherever a clue led her. She traveled to interview people, to locate diaries, letters, pictures for her books. As a result she published *Pathbreakers From River to Ocean*, which has gone through its sixth edition, testifying to the gap it filled in the educational world. Other texts on Civics and Government of Wyoming, and references for teaching history by counties in the state were added to her lists.

A story is told of a trip she made to the town of Lander, Wyoming, a long trip in the time of teams and wagons. Dr. Hebard maintained that Thomas Fitzpatrick was the first white man to cross the Rocky Mountains, South Pass, near Lander, is not obviously a low point and might easily be crossed without the realization that the back-bone of the mountains had been reached. Clues in her research led Miss

Hebard to the conclusion that Fitzpatrick had gone over South Pass without realizing it. To test this theory out for herself, she hired a team and buggy and was driven over the Pass. Even when she was looking for it she did not know when the high point was reached and descent begun on the west slope. Her theory was entirely tenable. This is a sample of her thoroughness in investigation.

HER later years have been employed, outside the heavy schedule of teaching, in preparing books of research on early western history. Her latest and ninth book, *Sacajawea*, has just come off the press. The story of the Indian woman guide to the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804-06 is one of thrilling interest. Practically nothing was known of Sacajawea after she left the employ of the Captains until Dr. Hebard disclosed her later years, her burial place in Wyoming and her unknown record of service to the United States in the second half of her life, in this unique book.

I recalled as I came to the door of her office an interesting story connected with her earlier life. Her publisher, wishing to confer on certain problems in connection with her text books, came one day to her Laramie residence. Dr. Hebard answered the door. "I have come," said the gentleman, "to see Dr. Hebard. I wonder if he is in."

Even when told he could not believe that a woman had been writing the books on American government and civics, or that a woman should have a Doctor of Philosophy degree, nor that one so young could have either distinction. It was a commentary on the unusualness of Dr. Hebard's achievements.

I could readily understand the

publisher's incredulity as I opened the door and faced this woman pathbreaker. But once inside there seemed nothing at all unusual about the matter. Dr. Hebard "belonged." The unusual aspect lay in her own determination and hard work.

She was busily at work on a new book, her shoulders still erect, as I came in. Her plain, neat suit suggested that her major interest was in other things than self-adornment. On a chair nearby lay the brief case that is familiar to all who meet her on the street or on the walks between the Campus and her home. On the walls were innumerable maps, some of her own drafting. An old ox-yoke, relic of the great westward migration, took its place against the wall with rows of books. Out of the windows could be seen the rugged mountains that border the high Laramie Valley on all but one side. It was significant that Dr. Hebard should be connected with the University placed highest in altitude in the United States; beyond the edge of the town the country had a wild, unconquered aspect, quite the setting for a woman who welcomed struggles as necessary to any career of distinction.

DR. HEBARD rose from her work, a straight, wiry woman, energy in every movement. In a crisp, concise voice, used so long to command attention, she asked my mission. Many years of interruptions had left no irritation to my request for an interview. We were seated immediately ready to begin our talk.

I realized almost instantly that here was no dreamer. Her hands were long and capable, the hands of the craftsman, handling the instruments of the engineer. Her features had the keenness of the practical people who pioneered successfully as the

frontiers moved westward. Seven generations ago an adventuring forefather landed at Salem, Massachusetts. The ruggedness and perseverance of the successive generations of frontiersmen were all written in the face of Dr. Hebard.

When I ventured that the doors of most professions had been closed to women when she began her career, she replied in that delightful vein of humor that runs through her conversation, "The doors hadn't yet been pushed open by women, that was all."

BEHIND this facetious remark I caught a glimpse of the indomitable spirit that makes for greatness. No man or woman has had distinction come to them without infinite labor, great sacrifices and above all the determination to accomplish a task set out to do. And added to this the courage to branch out into new fields. She said to me,

"Many people today think there are no more opportunities to pioneer since free land has all been fenced in. The fields of thought and science and history have scarcely been scratched; education has much to offer for the person interested in the improvement of teaching; I could go on indefinitely in almost any direction and point out new things to be done."

Confronting her there behind the manuscripts and notes on her desk I felt the truth of her words; when she was young there must have been many people who could see no opportunities. And although my first impression of Dr. Hebard—that she was no dreamer—, still seemed true, I could see that she had vision; only foresight could have guided her to so many distinguished accomplishments.

I asked, "What has been your

guiding principle through your life?"

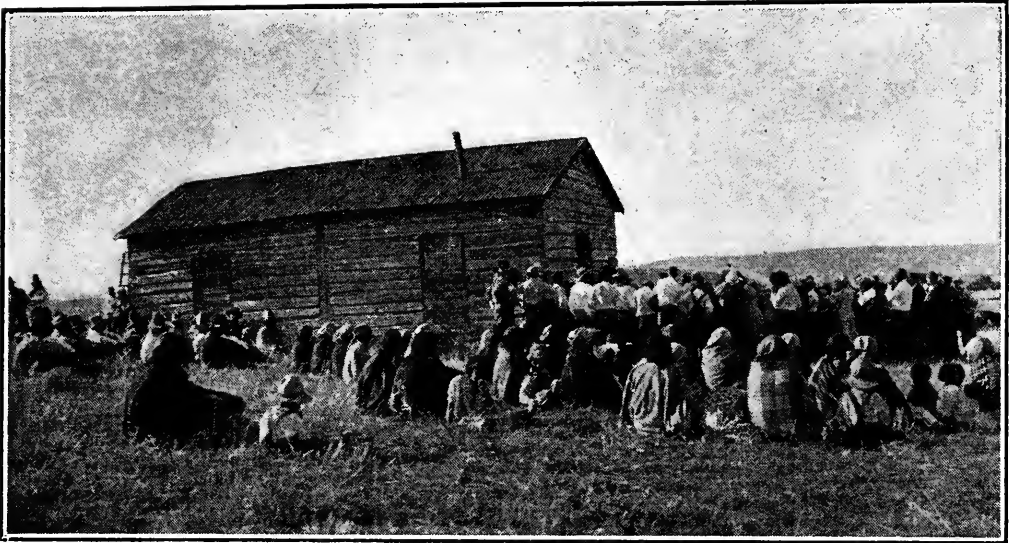
"Investigation," she said. "I have believed nothing until I have worked it out for myself."

Her alert expression, her capable hands lying restlessly among her papers combined to give substantiality to her words. How many people, I thought, accept the dictates of others without questioning the advisability of following them. She continued,

"As long as you imitate someone else you are not progressing. If you want to get ahead and do something worthwhile, you will have to use your own initiative. I suppose it has something to do with faith in the validity of your own ideas." After a moment's reflection she added, "But don't think branching out for yourself is easy. The paths through primeval forests have usually been laboriously hewn out with a hand ax."

We were interrupted by one of her students. He had come in with a clipping which carried information he thought he might like to work on in the historical field. Dr. Hebard encouraged him, as inspired teachers can, to go on with his interest. He went out afire with a vision of his project. It cannot be adequately reported how much enthusiasm for work comes from association with this woman. To be in her presence for a few moments is to leave, potent with stimulation to set out on a new path with zeal and joy. It was evident that here was no ordinary teacher; here was an urgent force that inspired better effort.

Later I had the rare privilege to be admitted to Dr. Hebard's house. It is a quaint roomy structure painted in a soft gray with a bright rust colored roof; symbolic, I thought,



The Shoshone Indians gathered to hear Dr. Hebard give the dedicatory address at the unveiling of the tablet for the Bishop Randall Chapel (the log building in the picture) in commemoration of the day in 1873 when the famous Bishop himself baptized four of Sacajawea's grandchildren.

of the beauty and wisdom of her years of work, gray—thoughtful, and of her never failing freshness and eagerness of the student just beginning life, bright—visionary.

Inside the house there is the instant atmosphere of repose, the comforting quiet of a refuge. On the walls are rare pictures of historical value, and works of art. Bright Indian rugs are scattered on the floor before easy chairs that invite the beholder to pause and read the rare books in the bookcases by the door.

I KNEW that every Christmas the house became gay with the laughter of young girls. It has become a tradition that all the girls in the dormitories who are unable to go to their own homes for the holidays are to have Christmas dinner with Dr. Hebard. After the feast there is a picture show and then candy-making in the kitchen of the gray house with the bright rust-colored roof.

But the real heart of the house is Dr. Hebard's study. Here, in what her housekeeper calls "the jungle," are the multitudinous notes of the book she is engaged upon. Here, in the mellowed late afternoon light, you sense the sweetness of the hours of patient work she has devoted to the saving of historical treasures.

On her desk lay a volume of *Sacajawea*, just from the publisher. It was the result of thirty years of work and many of the hours spent in its preparation were consummated here, in the heart of her house.

From the window of the study is a view of her lovely garden, cultivated with great difficulty in this high altitude, but flourishing, as everything that she has touched.

It was obvious that all these accomplishments, the books, the active interests in suffrage, the garden, the tireless and endless help given to students, came not from an idle life. She must have spent tremendous effort every day of her existence to have realized them all. "Yes," she admitted, "I've wasted no time sleeping in the mornings."

She showed me some of her most priceless historical treasures. Turning the leaves of the remarkable diary of John Hunton, a man who was directly connected with Fort Laramie on the Oregon trail for many years, a glow of satisfaction colored her face. "There is great happiness," she said, "in knowing that you have saved something of value from obscurity. Perhaps that is the chief reward of the path-breaker, because, of course, he is a discoverer."

The Mirage

By Roxana T. Hase

Awarded Second Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

Around me miles and miles of trackless sands,
Glistening, sifted, wasted, desert lands.
My throat grows parched, death stalks my weary wake
When through half-blinded eyes I glimpse a lake.
A lake! God grant that I may reach its brink
And in its cooling depths my hot face sink
To wet my lips, my throat, my red-rimmed eyes,
I summon flagging strength to gain the prize
But ever just ahead it beckons me
Elusive as the white-caps of the sea.
Baffled, I fall; Dear God, must I die so?
Never again a cooling draught to know?
Shall desert vultures feed on me ere night?
In fancy now I see their circling flight.
I, who so love this life, I cannot die
Here on these wretched wastes alone to lie
And bleach until white phantom hands
Stretch forth and cover me with drifting sands

I clutch at glistening grains, desperately crawl
Till flesh can stand no more, blindly I fall.
Is this the end? I feel my senses reel
Crazily, like a ship with broken keel.
This then, is death: Oblivion wraps me 'round
My blanket, blazing sky, my couch, the torrid ground.
Then suddenly a cry, and someone tips
A canteen to my parched and swollen lips,
Cools my hot face; my throbbing, aching brow,
I struggle slowly back from chaos to the now
Still thinking of that lake, then as my senses clear
I know: 'Tis the mirage, the desert traveler's fear!

How like mirages are the things of life
So near and yet so far, so filled with strife.
Success seems brightly glittering just ahead
But when we reach that spot we find it fled.
Passions, fortunes, pleasures, mirages all are they
Vain hollow nothings beckoning us astray
Until we quaff that all-sustaining draught—
Salvation's Truths—all else must come to naught.
The worthwhile things are added when we've learned
To follow Him whose teachings once were spurned.



ROXANA T. HASE

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie C. Carroll

III

ANNE spent a sleepless night after Suzanne's special delivery letter came, but in the morning her mind was made up. She must go to Boston at once. She must get there before the evening of September first when the Anaconda was to sail—with Suzanne and that professor who had made her believe that companionate marriage was the only kind in which one could keep the individual soul "free and inviolate."

The letter had said:

"Mother this is the only time in my life it has ever been hard for me to write to you. You have always been so understanding I could feel sure you would know what I meant even if I didn't know how to say it. But I can't feel sure that I can make you understand what I must tell you now. But I want to make you understand, Mother, for I don't want to hurt you and Daddy.

"I have told you something about Hugo—Prof. Loring, the exchange professor who has been teaching here the last quarter. I wish you knew him, Mother. He is wonderful! He sees life in such a big, broad way—not in the petty, personal way most of us look at it. He realizes how important it is for the growth of the individual, for one to rise above the restraints of the little conventions and traditions that choke and smother most lives, and keep them from reaching the heights they might attain.

"If you could only hear him talk, you would thrill to the new outlook he gives to life, as I do. He has made me want to be true to my highest possibilities. He has made me determined to keep my soul and my life free and he has helped me find the strength to meet the consequences of my convictions.

"Mother, I am going to Europe with Hugo. We have been drawn to each other since the first time we met. We have discovered that we are soul mates; that we can stimulate and each help the other in the career that will bring our fullest development. He will bring me in con-

tact with the great artists of the old world, and I will have opportunities I have never dreamed of.

"That is just what you want for me isn't it? You and father have worked and sacrificed to give me this year in Boston, and I do appreciate it. Without it I never would have known what my possibilities are. I would never have found Hugo nor the courage to be a free soul.

"This is the part that I am afraid will hurt you and Dad. We are not going to be married in the ordinary way. That would cheapen a love like ours. It would bind and hamper our freedom. Our love is our marriage bond. We don't need any other, and if we imposed one upon ourselves, it would destroy some of the beauty of our complete trust in each other. Ours will be the most sacred of all ties because it will be free.

"We will sail on the Anaconda, September the first at 10 o'clock in the evening. I am sending this airmail, special delivery, hoping to receive your blessing before I go. You *will* try to understand, won't you Mother, and help Dad to see that it is all right.

"I love you all and I don't want to make you unhappy, but I must be true to myself—and to Hugo.

"Give me your blessing mother, and tell me it is all right

"Suzanne."

All right! Those words had taken the form of a great chasm into which Suzanne was about to fall.

Anne had paced her room trying to decide what to do.

She couldn't explain a thing like that in a telegram to Peter. If she merely wired for him to come home, what good could that do? If she waited for him to come, it would be too late to do anything.

But how she needed Peter. She needed the strength and the calmness he always commanded in times of crises.

Her mind went back across the years since they first discovered Suzanne's gift. How they had plan-

ned and saved to give her her chance! And it had led to this.

Why did life play such queer pranks on people?

At times during the long night, Anne would feel hysteria coming upon her. She couldn't endure the thought of her little girl three thousand miles away on the brink of this ruin. Then she would force herself into calm thinking. She must decide what was best to do.

She composed telegrams and feverish letters. But she tore them up. There seemed to be only one thing to do. That was to try to reach her girl before it was too late; to see her and talk to her, to make her comprehend what she was doing.

As soon as it was morning, Anne began making her preparations. She called Jim Harker, the manager of the store, and told him she must have some money, that Suzanne—was not well and she must go to Boston. She phoned for a reservation on the train and arranged for her ticket. She packed her traveling bag. She made out a schedule for each of the children—things for which they must be responsible.

When Gloria and Quint came down, surprised at being called earlier than usual, she made the same explanation that she had to Jim, "Suzanne isn't well. I am going to Boston."

"And she seemed so happy in her last letter" exclaimed Gloria, "raving about her French professor. What's the matter?"

"I hope it isn't as serious as it seems," Anne answered evasively.

ALTHOUGH most of Anne's mind was employed with her anxiety about Suzanne, there was a little corner of it still worrying about Quint. Would he have added temptations with her and his father

both away? Would his bed be empty at three or four o'clock in the morning? Anne sometimes thought that the joys of parenthood were pitifully outweighed by the anxieties and worries. At other times, however, she was sure that the pride and satisfaction derived from an outstanding accomplishment of some member of the family, or the happiness of the every-day companionships within the home walls was greater than anything else in the world.

When she was ready to start to the station, Quint, who was to take her in the car was being hurried so they would have time to call at Jim Harker's for the money. "I really should have asked Jim to have a little more," Anne said. "One never knows what unexpected expenses may arise on a trip like this."

Quint hesitated a moment in the hall, then said, "Wait a minute" and dashed up stairs. When he came down he handed a worn purse to his mother.

"Maybe this will help if you get in a tight place. There's seventeen dollars and a half in there." Then noting the quick look of alarm that leaped to Anne's eyes, his face colored and he explained awkwardly. "It's all right, Mom. I earned it—nights. Judge Thomas got us boys the job of watching old lady Doak's place. I nearly always had my shift from eight to nine so I thought I wouldn't even tell you till I had enough to buy—maybe something nice for your birthday." Anne's heart was pounding with relief and tenderness.

"You said you *nearly always* watched from eight to nine. Was it later sometime?"

"Gosh, once Tom was sick and his mother came to the store to see if I'd take his shift—from two to four. I

thought sure you'd hear me and I'd have to explain."

Anne's arm went around the boy and she wiped her eyes.

"You don't care, do you Mom? What's the matter?"

"I'm just happy, that's all, son. This money will make me feel safe. If I don't need it you shall have it back."

When she bade Quint goodbye at the station she said, "If you *should* have to take a late shift at Mrs. Doak's while I'm gone, I believe you had better explain to Gloria."

AS the train speeded Anne across the continent, she tried to maintain an appearance of composure. The first night she slept from sheer exhaustion. But the next day she was in a fever of anxiety. During the night there had been a delay of four hours due to a cloud burst somewhere ahead. Her train was scheduled to reach Boston shortly after noon on September the first. Now it would be five o'clock. What if there should be more delays?

And on the morning of the last day her fear was realized. The train ground to a stop where there was no sign of a station, and after a half hour's wait, the conductor came through and explained that there had been a collision on the track a few miles farther on and they would have to wait for the track to be cleared.

Although part of the previously lost time had been made up, Anne was frantic with anxiety.

The minutes dragged into an hour; then into another. Finally she sought the conductor. "I must get to Boston before ten o'clock. It's most urgent," she said. "Isn't there some way I could go on?"

"Not that I know of, lady. There's an airport about fifty miles back. But if we wired for a taxi to take you

there, you would likely have used more time than we'll have to wait here." He promised to telegraph again to see how much longer they would be.

Anne tried to hold on to herself, but she kept wondering what she would do if she did not get there until after the boat had sailed. She wondered, too, what she would do if Suzanne defied her; if that terrible man scoffed at her and carried her girl away before her very eyes. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare.

At last the train moved again. As the distance shortened, Anne tried to determine just what she should do, what she should say when she stood face to face with her girl. She couldn't treat Suzanne as a child. She must not antagonize. What *should* she do?

At last she gave up trying to plan. Maybe God would help her when the moment came.

She dreaded the professor. He must have some unusual power to have swept a girl like Suzanne off her feet. She had always been so steady and sensible. Too sensible, Anne sometimes thought, to get as much pleasure from life as Gloria would get.

THE train pulled in at the Boston Station at 8:39. Anne was slightly bewildered by the strangeness of the place, but she put aside her feeling of timidity and incompetence and found a taxi. As she gave the address to the driver, a new fear clutched her. They might have gone already to the boat. Perhaps even yet she would continue this mad race and arrive at the dock only to see the ship sailing away.

When she reached the boarding house and asked if Miss Suzanne Brent was in, she was informed that she was leaving in a very short time to sail for Europe.

"I'm her mother," Anne explained

and she was led to the stairway and directed to Suzanne's room.

She paused at the door. One hand was gripping her purse and small traveling bag. The other she pressed against her pounding heart.

From within came the sound of voices; a man's voice and Suzanne's

clear laugh.

"God please tell me how to do it," she breathed as she knocked at the door. "Help me save my girl!"

The door opened and she stood looking into the questioning eyes of a tall, handsome, stranger.

(To be continued)

Not Too Late

By Beatrice Tolman Gardner

It has been said that at forty
 One's best years have passed by,
 But that Milton, Goethe, Dante and others made good
 In later life we cannot deny.
 Instead of picturing life as a hilltop,
 Where we slowly climb up, then descend;
 Why not call it a series of terraces,
 Each higher than the last to the end.
 Make it true by the fine art of living,
 With effort and insight for growth;
 Youth is for faith, old age for trust,
 And to reach the ultimate goal we must have both.
 Youth is dogmatic, exclusive, intolerant,
 And satisfied only by deeds;
 While age has learned pity, patience, charity,
 And is interested in humanity's needs.
 Then let us not feel that life's best work is over
 And that we are on life's hopeless decline;
 We are older, richer and better,
 Experience has made us sublime.
 Let this richness of knowledge and understanding,
 Help us to serve the whole race;
 To make the world better and kinder,
 A blessing that time can't efface.

Your Home Beautiful

By Mabel Margaret Luke

XI—SLIP-COVERS AND DECORATIVE TEXTILES

WEAVING is perhaps the oldest of all arts. This is evidenced in the very ancient textiles that are preserved in museums and art galleries, and in the paintings in Egyptian tombs at least five thousand years old which depict weavers at their looms. Indeed we also have abundant proof in the Bible that Egypt, Palestine, Assyria and other countries of the East were all famous for their linens, many handsomely embroidered, at least one thousand years before Christ. Silks are very ancient in the Orient, and over a thousand years ago they were made in Europe. A little later Italy and France began the manufacture of wool tapestries and velvets. The most famous Gobelin and Flemish tapestries came from this period. From this time on weaving advanced rapidly and damasks, brocades, linens, and other fabrics were produced until today there is a marvelous array of textiles available, both in Europe and America from which we may choose, governed always by appropriateness and most of us more or less by price.

Can you realize how cold, barren and harsh our homes would be without the use of textiles—curtains, rugs, drapes, upholstery? Textiles soften hard lines, they enliven a room and add warmth and grace. They have a vitalizing influence. More than this they deaden or absorb sound. Have you ever noticed the noise and resonance of a room at housecleaning time when all the rugs were out and curtains down? It has an empty sound. This is noticeable

to a smaller extent even when the curtains are down. With them all back in place we can breathe easily once more, the charm and homelike quality have returned. Home decoration would be impossible without textiles, and their correct employment is one of the most important single factors in interior decoration.

TEXTILES have certain qualities which must be taken into consideration when choosing them for your home. These qualities are texture, scale, movement, pattern and color. Texture comes from the Latin and means weave, and is certainly the most outstanding characteristic of any textile. It refers to the roughness or smoothness, or to the feel and appearance of the material. Next in importance is scale because the design must not only harmonize with the character of the room, but to the size as well. Large patterns must not be used in small rooms nor on small articles. The weave of the material also gives it a certain weight-scale, making it heavy or light in appearance and this weight effect must be taken into consideration when selecting textiles. For instance, a deep pile weave looks heavier than one of smooth surface. Therefore, a small room should contain very little, if any deep textured material or it will appear stuffy—the texture would be out of scale with the size of the room. If the material is patterned the pattern should agree in scale with the texture, that is, if the pattern is large there should be a heavier weave, or a small close weave suggests a small pattern. It

might be said in passing, however, that a design will appear larger on a smooth, close weave than on a rough, or open weave. Weave, to a certain extent, modifies the value of a pattern, it seems to sink into the weave and is not so apparent. Close weaves such as satin, because of the smoothness and compactness of its surface, reflect the light while loose weaves absorb it. This fact must be taken into consideration in the use of textiles in rooms without much light.

If there is design in the textile be sure that the movement is in the right direction or that there is not too much movement. Often a design, distracting in itself, will look very nice when hung in folds so that the eye is not pulled in any one direction.

In color one, of course, is governed principally by the scheme of the room and the suitability to period. If you have no definite scheme in mind for your room many suggestions may be secured from the textiles themselves—a yard of cretonne, a square of Chinese embroidery, an Oriental prayer rug, or a beautiful tapestry may be magnified into a fine room scheme by following the suggested combinations of hues for your room's furnishings and accessories.

THERE are three fundamental weaves—plain, twill and satin. The first is one in which the weft threads go over and under the warp, as in scrim, burlap, muslin, etc., or a ribbed effect is produced by coarse wefts and fine warps as in rep and poplin. In a twill weave there are three sets of warp threads which show in diagonal lines. In a satin weave there are five or more warp threads which are the only threads shown on the right side.

Velvet is woven in such a way that there is a high standing pile above the ground of the goods. Trade names have been given to fabrics coming under this classification to distinguish the different weaves: Velvet is a closely woven fabric, with a short-standing pile, either cut or looped. Velour has a more open weave, short pile, and usually contains little silk. Plush has an open weave and deeper pile than velour, but contains no silk and is the least expensive type. Frieze is a velvet weave, made of linen, wool and other yarn in which the pile is looped and uncut. It is very suitable and smart for upholstery, being used on fine furniture to a greater extent than mohair, a material made from the hair of Angora goats, and very similar to plush.

Damask is a fabric in which the lines of the weave in the background run in one direction and the lines of the pattern in a contrasting direction, usually at right angles. The pattern on both sides is alike but the colors are reversible.

Brocatelle is a damask weave woven in such a way that the figures stand out, resulting in an embossed design.

Brocade is woven embroidery in which the threads of the design are floated over on the reverse side.

Hand blocked linen can be recognized by the unevenness of color, or by irregularities—the edges of the pattern are very seldom even. Hand-blocked linens require much time and skill in the making and, therefore, are very expensive. One can, however, frequently secure machine-blocked linens that are very lovely.

Chintz is a printed cotton fabric of close weave and usually small pattern. It is of Hindu origin and means "many colored." Cretonne is

a printed cotton, linen and cotton or linen fabric, usually of coarse texture and larger scale pattern. It comes from the French word *Creton*, a French village noted for its weaving. The terms are often used interchangeably. The original *cretonne*, however, usually contained linen in some part of its composition, and the pattern was larger than the English *chintz*. *Chintz* may be glazed, *cretonne* never is.

Toile de Jouy is a linen or cotton closely woven material on which are printed landscape scenes. The figures are usually set far apart a great deal of the background appearing. It derived its name from the town of *Jouy* in France where it was first manufactured. It is very lovely in Colonial interiors.

When referring to a piece of goods it is called by its weave no matter of what material it is made. For instance, *damask* refers to the weave and it may be of cotton, linen silk or wool, or any combination of them.

OWING to lack of space it is impossible to take up in detail distinguishing characteristics of every type of material. However, a few suggestions on buying might be given:

When buying materials for glass curtains draw out a thread or two. If they will pull out in either direction it is *scrim* or *voile*. *Grenadine*, *gauze* or *marquisette* differ in that threads can be pulled out in one direction only, and *nets* are locked in both directions and are the firmest and strongest of the group, will last longer and launder better. They are most expensive so be sure you get net when you pay for it.

In buying *chintz* or *cretonne* caution should be observed. The cheaper fabrics are apt to fade quickly,

and if of stiff texture will not hang gracefully. Do not be misled by the name, for instance, *tapestry cretonne* refers only to the pattern; *linenized cretonne* will provide a satisfactory substitute for linen if it is bought at *cretonne* prices. Guard against *jute-filled cretonne*.

Sunlight is injurious to most silks. They should, therefore, be lined. Soft textured silks will wear better than the stiff, or filled silk. Again, do not be misled by assuming a material is silk if called *damask*, *velvet* or *taffeta*.

Tapestry is a heavy, hand-woven ribbed fabric in a plain weave, alike on both sides. On the wrong side it may have an occasional loose thread. *Tapestry* may be made of wool or cotton and if chosen with care will become a heirloom in your family. Many fabrics are called *tapestry* because of their design, not weave. When buying avoid the common type in which the background is loosely woven from soft yarns and will not wear with the body of the cloth. Always in selecting *tapestries* the furniture and room in which it is to be used must be considered.

Before buying textiles it is wisest to try out several pieces in the place where they are to be used, in both artificial and natural light. What looks well in the shop may not be at all suitable to the article on which it is to be used or to the room. It is always advisable to experiment.

THE best upholstered furniture is sold with *denim* covering, the finer covering to be chosen by the buyer to suit himself and his home. In the home, too, we must often meet the problem of recovering old furniture. In choosing a material with which to do this one must consider, form, style and wood of the article to be covered, the amount of

wear it is to have, the sort of room in which it is to be used, and scale, color and texture. It should be selected because of its beauty, harmony of color and appropriateness of design, and the quality of texture and its ability to retain its luster and beauty through years of wear. For example, a Louis XVI chair in ivory enamel and gilt would be incongruous if covered in a rough tapestry in dark, rich colors. Such a chair would call for a brocade in light, delicate tints, or a thin-striped silk, or a light colored satin, and would, of course, be used in a drawing room or boudoir. The tapestry would be more suitable on a sturdy chair of English Oak. Common sense will guide one in choosing material for use. One would not choose a lovely damask of delicate coloring in a room which has constant and hard usage.

Anyone who is handy can do upholstering or recovering work at home. A few directions might be of value. To upholster a chair seat the first thing to do is to remove all the old upholstery and web strongly crossing over so that there are at least four strong strips, stretched tightly. Cover with canvas and tack. Loop a string from one tack to another. Lay on the cleaned stuffing evenly, under the strings and in the center. An under covering the proper size should be tacked over, the back corners cut to fit the uprights, and pulled down as tightly as possible. Then the final covering is tacked on. It may be finished with a banding and studs if desired. Loose seats are handled in the same way except the final covering is tacked on the under side of the seat, beginning at the center and working toward the corners which are doubled and tacked back.

In covering an easy chair the

front of the chair back is covered first and tacked the shape of the chair, the wings, if any, being covered in the same way, then the arms, the material being tacked on the under side, the back of the uprights and round the polished wood, using fine gimp pins. The back of the wings are then covered and tacked to the back upright. The seat is next covered, the material being tacked close to the moulding, then a piece is pinned to the outside back and stitched on. The tacked edge at the moulding is covered with a banding of the material long enough to go around the chair.

Time was when slip covers were strictly utilitarian affairs, bulky in fit and drab in coloring, whose only purpose was to protect the furniture from dust and dirt during vacation time. Now, however, brilliant in hue and interesting in pattern they lend a decidedly decorative note to any room. They furnish color, conceal worn upholstery, unify odd pieces, provide variety in furnishing, restore to use furniture worn or discarded because of unpleasing design, and finally protect the furniture. Cheerful new slip covers provide a spring tonic for tired rooms and will change the spirit of the entire house, giving it an air of coolness and freshness. Although they are especially suitable for summertime dress some people very successfully keep furniture in slip covers the year around. This should not be done if the chair or couch frames are very lovely.

The material chosen should be close in weave so that dust will not penetrate readily, and firm so it will not stretch or pull out of place. Color fastness is desirable. Glazed chintz is a particularly suitable fabric as dirt cannot penetrate the glazed finish. Other materials suit-

able for slip covers are Belgian linens, either natural or with stripes, cretonne in floral and modernistic designs, sateen (in some rooms black sateen with bright colored piping and cushions is very smart), cotton mohair, rep, block-printed linens, Toile de Jouy, rayon taffeta, checked or plain gingham, white linen (bound in black) or mixtures of linen, cotton and silk are all good. They may be bound in contrasting colors, and may have flounces, box-plaited or ruffled, or plain—the latter is really the smartest.

All furniture need not be covered with the same material unless it needs tying together. It would prove monotonous in a large room and overpowering in a small one. Harmony there must be, but always harmony without monotony. The use of two or more materials which will combine well is best. For instance, in a small room individuality might be introduced by using a plain material on the davenport and perhaps one chair, with two or three small chairs or stools in decorative materials. In a room that needs pulling together it is often satisfactory to have the slip covers of the couch or chair of the same material as the drapes.

TO make slip covers take accurate measurements before buying materials. Pre-shrink the material before cutting. Then cut and fit them on the furniture. If the material has a large design be sure to center it accurately on the back and seat of the piece being covered. If a narrow material is used join piecings on a lengthwise thread and match designs carefully. Selvedge edges should be snipped to prevent drawing. Press open. Place lengthwise thread vertically on back, and from front to back on seat. Place material on chair or couch and pin, allowing at

least one inch for seams. Be sure to allow plenty of material to tuck in under cushions and side arms so it will stay in place. Narrow tape or ribbon may be used for binding. On upholstered chairs and sofas slip covers may be made without fastenings or have snap fasteners at one side of the back. Side chairs are often covered, especially in summertime to give an appearance of comfort and prevent clothing from sticking to the varnish in hot weather. They are best made with black and seat covers fastened separately, with snap fasteners or tape. Slip covers to fit tightly over the tops of the tables are very smart for summertime. Out-of-door furniture, tables and chairs, may have covers of waterproof material. Small seat pads of gingham, chintz or oilcloth may be made for kitchen, bedroom or breakfast nook chairs and fastened by means of tapes tied at the four corners.

Portiere curtains are a means of introducing textiles into a room, providing variety and interest, and of relieving the bareness of an opening. All arches or openings do not need them. If rooms are small an effect of spaciousness will be gained by their omission as they tend to divide, rather than unite rooms. Portiers should be made of two thickness of material, back to back, preferably with an interlining of outing flannel. They should have a double heading to conceal the pole. They may be suspended within the opening, or from the face of the casings. In the latter case it is desirable to have two pairs, one for each room, each lined with the color of the other. This method is used where there are folding doors. The coloring of the portiers should be the same as that of the window drapes or related. One may be patterned, the other a

solid color of one of its principal tones. Materials suitable for portieres are moires, failles, velours, linens, damasks, chenilles, crewel cloth, shikii silk and other similar fabrics. Portieres should be pulled back to either side when not in use so as not to obstruct the passageway.

COVERING the walls with fabrics is entirely appropriate in certain rooms. In a room where texture is necessary coarse or irregular weaves may be used. Elegance is given by the use of velvets, brocades and damasks. Such materials are used above a dado. To tack them on batten strips which are then fastened to the wall is a better method than to fasten them directly on the wall. Fabrics with oiled finish which are now available in many delightful designs, and Japanese grass cloth are very durable and attractive. Wall coverings and the appropriateness of different designs to particular rooms were discussed more fully in a previous lesson. Wall hangings will be discussed in connection with pictures.

Textiles, of course, should be used in moderation. There should be enough of the natural wood and enough of the architectural lines evident to give firmness and strength to the room. Pattern too, should be used with discretion. Contrast in texture, color and pattern is most desirable, although that contrast must be harmonious and suitable.

Some suggestions for combining

materials in rooms are: In a Colonial room with mahogany furniture of the Georgian type we might use damask on one chair, brocade or satin, on couch, another chair might be covered with needlepoint. In a bedroom, curtains of Toile de Jouy in violet would harmonize with coral moire on bed and chair. Drapes of Old India prints in cream, red, blue and green would be harmonious with rose damask, brown satin, blue frieze and green taffeta in the upholstery. In either case the floor might be covered with a wool rug of heavier and deeper texture, yet if a rough or rugged texture rug were used, or one of cheap cotton introduced there would be immediate conflict.

The study of fabrics is a never exhausted one. It is a story that is romantic and intermingled with the history of the world's civilizations. Many delightful things have been left to us from the ages that have passed to furnish inspiration for those of today. There are also many modern designs that are unsurpassed for loveliness. But there has been a demand for cheap things and this demand has been supplied at the expense of quality. It is better to go without than to use a cheap, tawdry imitation. Again let me repeat—use cotton, which is real and only what it pretends to be, rather than a cheap silk that is only a poor imitation of a fine brocade or damask. Be as honest in your decoration as you are in your character. Let your home really reflect you.



A Working Plan

By Mildred Tobler

IN this era of plans and plans for helping other folks, three stakes in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have an unusually efficient "way out" for the dependent. These are Utah Stake, Kolob Stake, and Maricopa Stake.

The objective of the work is to build the morale of the needy, to make them self-supporting, by giving them temporary aid and furnishing them with employment if possible.

The plan has all the advantages of ordinary charity work; with none of its disadvantages.

The work in Utah Stake is under the direction of President T. N. Taylor and Sister Achsa E. Paxman, president of the Utah stake Relief Society. Under Mrs. Paxman is a corps of enthusiastic workers, who, through their desire to help, have eliminated nearly all the overhead cost usually necessary to such an organization.

The Community Welfare organization takes the place of the regular Relief Society charity work in the wards except that it is centralized as a stake institution. In a sense, its effects are more far-reaching, for it serves both members and non-members of the church.

One would never dream, when visiting the little office in the Utah Stake Administration building with its sole occupant, Mrs. Emily Nielsen, distributor of help, that such a complete work is being carried on. Mrs. Nielsen also takes care of the Burial Clothes and this department practically pays the expenses of the

Community Welfare organization.

Last year, \$5,600 was distributed from the office to those in need in Utah Stake, however, this amount included some funds distributed for the county. In the last seven years an average of sixty families a month have been either completely or partially taken care of by the Community Welfare. Some of these cases have needed only temporary aid, as the temporarily unemployed and the seasonally unemployed; while others have required permanent help—orphans, children without parents, or children with disabled parents.

THE money for these enterprises is obtained from voluntary contributions from members of the stake. The stake stages a drive for funds every six months, and each ward is assessed a certain amount, the amount being determined by the membership and their ability to pay. These funds are sent to the Community office so that every needy family in the stake is uniformly cared for. This provides for a standard distribution among all the wards. Bishops and Relief Society Presidents cooperate in all the plans of this Community Welfare organization.

The Community Welfare work is very well organized.

EVERY ward in the stake has a Social Welfare Aid who makes investigations. A complete record of their findings is made and filed at the central office. This includes the names of those in the family who are capable of helping to support

the family, physical and mental condition of the father and mother, and any relatives who might be able to help them.

No help is given without an investigation, except in extreme cases, when people are without food, or fuel. In these instances an emergency order is sent and an investigation made after.

Whenever possible the Community Welfare provides opportunities for work, a chance for a member of the family to go to school and learn a vocation by which he may earn a living, thus increasing his confidence in himself and in his ability to help to better provide for his family.

Jobs for School boys and girls are usually filled upon recommendation of the Community Welfare organization.

Red Cross clothing materials and flour were distributed by the Dept. last winter. The county cooperates with them in all ways, giving aid on their recommendation, and supplementing their funds, because their efficiency and dependability in distributing money, food, and clothing to the right people is well-known. When families are known to be lax in managing their incomes appropriated by the organization, their groceries, fuel and clothing are sent to them instead of money.

The central and final objective is to reclaim the individual's ability to earn, to make him feel responsible for filling his niche in the scheme of things.

ONE of the most unusual and helpful divisions of the work is taken care of by a health program. When operations are needed, patients are sent to the hospital without charge, the welfare organization paying for

the materials and hospitalization, the physicians cooperating with their time and skill.

One little boy was eight years old and still in the first grade. He was a teacher's problem, disinterested, slow, unwilling to learn. A community welfare worker sent him to a physician to be examined. It was found that his tonsils were very badly diseased. They were removed six months ago. Now, he is at the head of his class, confident, ready to work, and very interested. His teacher's greatest problem is to find something for him to do.

Several children with defective vision were furnished with glasses, which increased their interest in school and their standard in classes.

A man with a large family had been unemployed for several years. His personal appearance was seriously affected by very bad teeth which he hadn't had money enough to have fixed. Upon being sent to a dentist and furnished with new teeth, his enthusiasm and his desire to work returned. He searched for work incessantly, something he had given up finding years ago. Finally, he got a respectable job at a living wage and is back in the harness and happy again, with a new lease on life.

Mothers are being given prenatal care so that children are being brought into the world without the handicaps caused from undernourished and worried mothers. "Maternity bundles" are distributed to the mothers who would not otherwise be able to clothe their infants nor furnish proper bed linen.

In the first nine months of 1933, \$683.09 has been spent for health work. The money was obtained as interest on money for grain sold by the Relief Society to the United

States government during the World War.

Children whose homes are unsuited for their growth and development as good citizens are placed in private homes and surrounded by a wholesome environment, the county cooperating with the Community Welfare to pay the small board bill.

FREE lunches at schools are provided by the Parents and Teachers Association and assisted by Community Welfare workers.

Begun sixteen years ago when Sister Inez Knight Allen was president of the Utah Stake Relief Soci-

ety, and Brother Joseph B. Keeler was president of the stake, the work has expanded every year to fit the increasing needs. In the depression years since 1929 it has been one of the most potent factors in providing employment, furnishing necessities of life, and looking after the general welfare of the poor of Utah Stake.

It is a plan that might well be followed in any stake that wishes to care for its dependents in the most efficient and encouraging way. Through it, many are brought to realize their possibilities for living with others as independent members of society.

Pioneer Sugar

By Ezra J. Poulsen

IN one of the pioneer settlements of Utah, many years ago, a unique method of obtaining sugar, or at least its equivalent, was made use of by some of the women.

As thanksgiving time approached, the settlers, like the original pilgrims, felt the urge to celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner. Accordingly the men took their guns, and with little difficulty secured an ample supply of rabbits, sage hens, and other small game.

This, together with the products of the new gardens and fields, promised a rich repast, since vegetables and meats go well together. Still, there was something lacking. Everyone agreed that without pies and cakes the feast would not be entirely satisfactory; and as there was no sugar,

these pastries were evidently not to be had.

The women, however, feeling that the responsibility was theirs, undertook to solve the problem. Taking a large number of ripe pumpkins, and cutting a hole in the top of each, they drew out all the seeds and pithy matter, then set the pumpkins, with the cavities up, out doors during several cold nights. At the end of this time the frost had caused the juice of the pumpkins to run down into the hollow cavity inside of each.

This was finally poured out and boiled down to a thick syrup, after which it was used as sweetening. So the feast included pies and cakes, and the women proved their ability to meet a perplexing situation.



Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

FEBRUARY—Short, but gay with patriotic oratory, fancy dress balls, and sentimental valentines!

MRS. HATTIE CARRAWAY of Arkansas is the only woman Senator in the present Congress but there are six women Representatives, Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, Florence Kahn of California, Edith N. Rogers of Massachusetts, Kathryn O. McCarthy of Kansas, Virginia Jenkes of Indiana and Isabella Greenway of Arizona.

RUTH BRYAN OWEN, United States minister to Denmark, was given the honor of being the first envoy to appear before King Christian X during the ceremony of his New Year levee. Among men resplendent in diplomatic and military uniforms, she was beautiful in a black gown embroidered in silver and a black velvet hat interwoven with silver cloth.

KATHERINE HEPBURN is voted the greatest find of 1933. either for cinema or the speaking stage. She is distinguished for charm and personality.

GRETA GARBO back from Sweden with her surprising play "Queen Christina" has again won the movie fans.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, monologist in her latest play "The loves of Charles II" opens each scene with a tableau which duplicates a painting of the period.

MARIA JERITZA of Vienna, appeared at the reopening of the Chicago Opera this season in the title role of La Tosca.

HARRIET CHALMERS ADAMS, noted woman geographer is in Palestine turning a 30 years experience of exploring into books. In her travels she has pene-

trated many lands where no other white woman has ever been.

MARION TALLEY after seven years retirement, has come back to the stage with the revival of the Chicago Opera. She shows more poise, finer voice, and a deeper feeling for her art.

ANNE LINDBERGH has been awarded the cross of honor of the United States Flag Association for her courage and efficiency as navigator and radio operator in the survey of transatlantic air routes.

EVERLYN FROST, Aviatrix while piloting a plane enroute from France to Egypt, collided with high tension wires and perished in the wreckage.

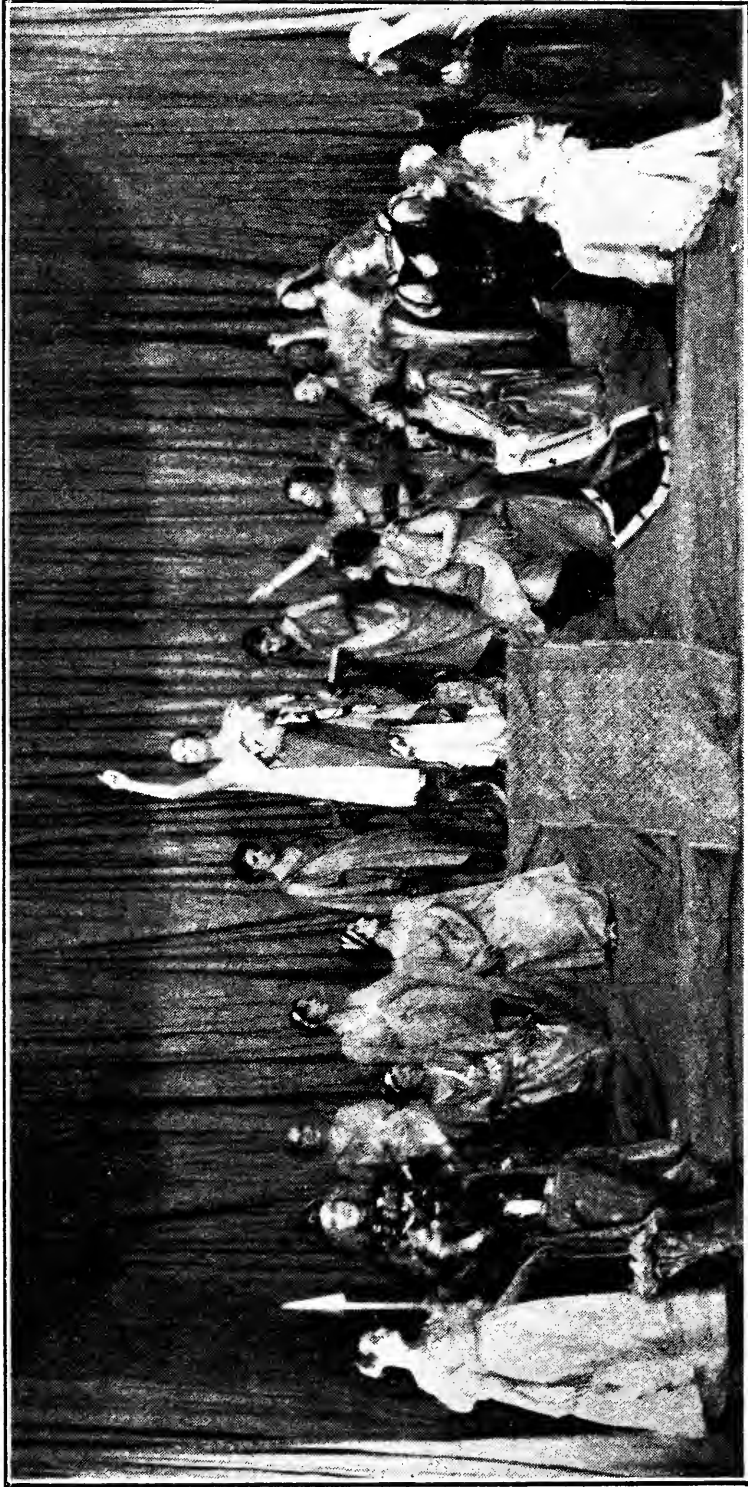
HELEN JACOBS, tennis champion, was voted at the annual Press Sports Poll, the queen of sports of 1933.

MRS. MAUD CHEGWIDDEN of Utah, has been elected a fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society of London in recognition of her outstanding work in flora culture.

AGNES RAPPLIER has written a series of pioneer stories. "Junipero Serra, Pioneer Colonist of California" is the latest.

MARGARET AYERS BARNES' new novel "Within the Present" covers the period of 1914-1933. Rather a 'close up' for fiction, but its pages have abundant interest.

BERNADETTE SOUBISOUS, a French peasant girl, who years ago, it is claimed, had visions at the lake of Lourdes, was recently proclaimed a Saint, by Pope Pius XI. amid all the color and magnificence of which the Catholic officials are masters.



RELIEF SOCIETY PAGEANT BY ANNIE WELLS CANNON
Presented at the Relief Society Conference October 7, 1933 in the Assembly Hall.

Building a Diet

By Lucy Rose Middleton

THE housewife who has become more or less familiar with technical terms such as vitamins, proteins, calories, minerals, etc., will naturally inquire how she may select foods to cover these fundamental nutritional requirements.

In recent years entirely too much propaganda has been circulated about certain dietary theories which have caused unnecessary and even foolish adherence to temporary fads. Radio health talks, usually given for advertising purposes, often prove a source of misinformation. The relative value of a product to be sold is overstated. No effort is made to distinguish proved facts from speculative theories. Laboratory experiments on food requirements are of great value, both from a scientific and a practical standpoint, but we must beware of drawing too many conclusions from them. This is illustrated by the tremendous and revolutionary changes in nutritional dogma from year to year. Who would have dared twenty years ago to give a baby orange juice, spinach, or tomato juice? Our grandmothers would have been horrified to see babies fed in this manner. Even today, infant feeding is by no means an exact science and doubtless coming years will see further changes.

In the same household there are generally persons of widely different food requirements. The baby cannot be fed like the five-year-old boy, nor the five-year-old like his football playing brother. The dainty fare which is best suited to a school teacher would be scorned by a farm laborer whose energy requirement is very much higher. These divergencies

are more in quantity and mode of service than in kind. With a few adjustments it is possible to keep the family well and happy on a meal composed of practically the same ingredients, if suitably cooked and apportioned. Infants and children young enough to require specially prepared foods are best cared for by themselves.

AS is well known, the energy value of foods is measured in terms of calories. All foods when burned in the body yield a definite number of calories. It is said that some large establishments now purchase coal in terms of the number of heat units a ton will yield, but we have not yet reached the point of buying food by the calory. Nevertheless, when we prepare a meal the caloric values should be kept in mind. In addition, we must not neglect any of the components of a scientifically adequate diet.

Our biggest source of foods is grain products, which are primarily valuable for the production of energy. Foods from this group include bread, corn, crackers, macaroni, and rice, as well as breakfast foods. They are our most economical part of the diet. From one-third to one-half of the total calories of an adult may come from this source. Emphasis should be placed on the use of the grains with the bran and germ retained, since they contain minerals and vitamins.

Milk is a great protector in the diet. It is important for its supply of calcium, phosphorus, and other minerals. Even in the adult diet a liberal amount should be included at

all times. A pint a day for adults and a quart for children is a good rule. Milk also contains protein and may serve as a partial substitute for meat, which is an expensive protein food. Eggs, too, are rich in protein, and in this respect are the equivalent of meat.

All nutrition experts stress the importance of a plentiful supply of fresh fruits and vegetables because of their richness in vitamins and minerals, and also because of their laxative properties. Green vegetables, carrots, tomatoes and citrus fruits are particularly valuable, and should be used frequently. At least ten per cent of our total calories should come from this group, and more if the cost is not prohibitive.

Fats and oils are by far the richest foods in the number of calories per pound. They are so nutritious that most persons are satisfied with relatively small amounts. They include butter, cream, suet, bacon, and oils. Fats usually contribute ten to twenty per cent of our daily caloric requirement.

Sugar serves as a fuel food only. It adds greatly to the palatability of the diet without supplying vitamins, mineral ash, or other building material. Not more than ten per cent of our calories should come from sugar.

The following are 100 calorie portions of some common foods:

Milk	5/8 cup
Bread	2 thin slices
Butter	1 scant tablespoonful
Sugar	2 tablespoonfuls
Eggs	1 1/3 eggs
Oatmeal	1/3 cup
Potatoes	1 medium sized
Bananas	1 large
Lettuce	2 large heads
Apples	1 large

Peach Dumplings

1 1/2 cups flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 5 tablespoons shortening
 1/2 cup milk
 6 peaches
 6 tablespoons sugar

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together; rub shortening in lightly. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Roll out to 1/8 inch thick on slightly floured board. Divide into six pieces and lay pared fresh peach or two halves of canned peach on each piece of dough. Sprinkle with sugar. Moisten edges of dough and fold up around peach; press tightly together. Place in buttered baking dish, sprinkle with sugar and top each dumpling with a piece of butter. Bake 40 minutes if fresh peaches are used and 20 minutes if canned ones are used. Oven temperatures should be 350 degrees F. Serve with a hard sauce or plain cream.

Crusty Apricot Puff

3/4 lb. dried apricots
 3/4 cup light brown sugar
 5 tablespoons butter
 1 cup flour
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 1/3 cup milk

Soak the apricots over night or several hours in warm water to cover. Rub two tablespoons of softened or creamy butter over the bottom and sides of a pie plate or baking dish. Spread half of sugar evenly over the butter and lay the apricot halves in circles to cover dish. Sprinkle the remaining sugar over them. Make an ordinary dumpling mixture and spread in a thin sheet to cover the apricots. Dot plentifully with butter. Put into a hot oven, 400 degrees F. After 5 minutes reduce the heat to

325 degrees F. Bake until brown, and serve with hard sauce or plain cream.

Graham Cracker Pudding

½ lb. graham crackers
 ½ lb. marshmallows, cut fine
 1 cup chopped nuts
 1 cup chopped dates

1 cup thin cream or top milk

Mix crackers (rolled fine), marshmallows, walnuts, dates and cream slowly until the mixture is moist enough to form a roll. Wrap in waxed paper and place in refrigerator and allow to stand for several hours. Slice and serve with whipped cream or a thin custard.

One Eventful Night

By Isabelle Blake

OH! It's cold tonight, Mother," said Anna Macdonald, as she took off her coat in the "lobby" before entering the warm kitchen.

"Aye, March has certainly come in like a lion. Come in, lassie, there's a good fire"

"We've visitors," she added, as the girl entered and smiled at the two men standing by the fire.

"Oh! good evening, President," exclaimed Anna, "Hello, Andrew, why so gloomy?"

"Your hands are like ice, dear," Andrew Lorimer said drawing her to the fire. "Come and sit down." But Anna stopped him and said to President Smith. "Anything wrong, Brother Smith; You look very serious."

"Nothing exactly wrong, Anna, but I went up to administer to Margaret Pirie and she was asking for you. They think it may be tonight and Donald is very low spirited."

"I've told you she can't go up to Pirie's tonight," interrupted Andrew angrily. "She is coming with me to our staff dance and it will take her all her time to change and go."

"Come awa' and get your supper and then talk," said Mrs. Macdonald firmly, "The lassie's hungry and

you lads have had nothing since dinner."

Andrew said he wasn't hungry but President Smith sat down with an air of eagerness and Mrs. Macdonald's hot scones started to disappear with amazing rapidity. Meanwhile Anna ate on the run.

"We can go along with President Smith, Andy, and I'll run up to see Margaret before we go to the dance."

"I don't see why you have to go at all. The nurse and doctor will be there and probably her folks."

"Well," said President Smith, "Margaret's folks have not been near since she joined the Church and as Relief Society visitor Anna has been there a great deal and Margaret has come to depend on her a lot."

"She's not the only one," said Lorimer rather savagely. Half the members of the Branch seem to be that way."

"She's a good lassie," said Mrs. Macdonald, "And she will no shirk her duty."

"And in this case duty and inclination meet," cried Anna emerging from the bedroom in her pretty dance frock, a warm coat on her arm, "And if you think I won't be in at the finish after these long hours of watchful waiting well, you're all

wrong. If you two men are ready we'll be going. Mother don't sit up for me dear."

"All right, lassie, if my leg wasna so bad I'd go along to Margaret. Tell her sorrow and pain endure for the night but joy cometh in the morning."

"And a wee son we'll hope," answered Anna cheerfully. "Come on boys."

It had stopped raining but a cold wind was blowing as the three emerged from the "close" into the street.

"Scotland forever" laughed Anna, "You can aye depend on a wet night whatever you plan. But spring will be here soon. I saw some crocus spears today and the shop windows are full of daffodils."

"Must be grown under glass or come from the channel islands," murmured Andrew, while President Smith thought longingly of a Utah farm where sometimes it was dry and daffodils grew in the open yard.

In a few minutes they came to the "close" where Margaret lived.

"I'll wait here, dear," said Andrew, "Don't be long."

The other two went silently up stairs and in a minute were in the little two roomed house that was the Pirie home. Margaret threw her arms around Anna.

"I'm so glad you've come. You're the only real woman friend I've got, and Margaret Pirie clung to her friend.

"Mother says" whispered Anna through trembling lips, "Joy cometh in the morning, Margaret."

"Yes, but it's a long time till morning—You won't go will you, Anna?"

Anna glanced at the clock ninety—thirty—a long time till morning.

"Yes, I'll wait. I'll tell Andy."

"Tell him I'll—do as much—for

you," gasped Margaret as Anna ran away.

"Yes, she's pretty bad. Probably not before morning," whispered the nurse and Anna sped downstairs.

Andrew stared at her whitefaced. "You know this isn't the first time but I thought tonight seeing it was to meet my sister and my boss you'd show a little consideration for me. It comes to this, Anna, if your Relief Society work means so much to you and I so little I'd better go now."

"Margaret is my dear friend, Andy, but it is more than that. She gave up her home and her people for a principle and as a sister I must stand by."

"Then you are willing to say good-bye now."

"As well now as later," Anna's voice was crisp but her eyes were full of tears. "If a dance is going to spoil our love story the sooner we end it the better."

"Goodbye, then," said Andrew grimly, "You've made your choice." Anna leaned against the wall a minute before she entered the room again. Her heart hurt so.

MMARGARET was talking rapidly and constantly now. Only for a few minutes was she silent while her husband and Elder Smith administered to her. Anna heard them as from a great distance—"Mother in Israel, a son or daughter—God bless thee and keep thee." Why! the balm was falling on her heart, too.

An hour sped by—two hours. At midnight Donald was sent running for the doctor. When he returned he was sent out again to pace the wet street back and forth—back and forth.

At three o'clock Anna caught a warm bundle from the nurse's arms and wept over the wee red face,

"It was grand of you to stay," whispered Margaret, "Send Donald up and go on home to bed."

Anna went down stairs slowly with a heavy step. She was so tired. Then she saw Donald's bowed head and shoulders and laughed aloud.

As he turned she said gaily, "Unto you a son is born, old friend."

"Is it really true? Oh Anna! how's Margaret?"

"Fine, go on up."

"Bless you, Anna, go on home, Andy'll take you."

"What do you mean, 'Andy'll take you'?"

"What would he mean," asked a voice from the shadows of the close.

"I thought we had parted forever," she exclaimed.

"I went to the dance and stayed long enough to make our apologies and came back just as Donald came down. So I've been walking up and down with him ever since. A nerve wracking business."

"What did your sister say, Andy?" asked Anna.

"Said I was lucky to get a girl that thought more of her friend than a dance and wants me to bring you to see her on Saturday. I'm sorry I was so selfish. I got a different slant on things from poor old Donald. Maybe we'll be glad of a Relief Society visitor ourselves some day.

And so they walked home through the rain.

A Prayer

By Elsie E. Barrett

Help me to judge the acts I see
With kindness and charity;
I may not know the true intent,
I may not know just what is meant.

For some may think their motives clear,
Though some may seem a little queer;
While righteous anger I may feel,
And score my brother with much zeal.

Let me laugh off the bitter word,
Deceitful smiles that seem absurd;
Let me have pity in my heart
For those who send a piercing dart.

Let me not nurse a lasting scar,
But from my heart all sin debar;
Let me keep silent, watch and pray
Until the hurt is worn away.

Then, if I can, may I inspire
Within those souls a great desire
To make the world a better place
Illuminated by The Love and Grace.

For Young Mothers

By *Holly Baxter Keddington*

WHAT is the temperature of your home? A stake president recently asked this question, at a Relief Society Convention. He said "The Mother is the thermometer in the home. It is she who has in her power the tempering of the mental and moral atmosphere." Isn't it very true? Are you radiating warmth with laughter, happy conversation, corrective uplift, a wholesome composure and a friendliness that makes others happy to be with you; or do you promote storms of protest, irritability, sulkiness, and the attitude of "you go your way and I'll go mine." Are you changeable like the month of February? We all need the uplift, the smile, the handclasp of the other fellow. Let us temper our personal atmosphere in our homes so that our friends and family will feel our influence. Bring real warmth to these drab, wintry days by keeping the temperature in the home at a comfortable level.

Many mothers may stand aghast at the showing of selfishness and rudeness of the child who formerly was gentle and generous in his play. This negative disposition may sprout at any age. A child is naturally "not nice in his attitude toward others" says Mr. Patri. Only by early training in the joy of sharing, and understanding others rights can this be overcome. The child may be very young when he first makes known that he doesn't want a guest to use his property. There ensues a free-for-all. This tension can be aggravated materially by the mother if she scolds. But if she takes just a few minutes to show both children that fine game of sharing, many unpleasant situations may be avoided. After a time you may see them exchanging toys and finding any share

desirable; since the bone of contention has been divided.

Older children may have real reasons why they dislike sharing their toys. A playmate may be rough, selfish or unfair. If you would have your own child considerate of the other fellows property he must first learn to care for his own. And every mother I know says "How long will it be before I can be sure I won't have to remind John or Jane about picking up and putting away?" All I can say is that we must just hope and work for that day to come. The child who has learned to be fair, honest and considerate, who has earned the comradeship of the play ground, has learned much. "Learning to play is as serious a problem for the child as earning a living is for the adult." I quote Mr. Patri.

"St. Valentine's Day is another of the joyous days for children. Party, pastry, candy and decoration suggestions are found in every magazine. My only suggestion is that mother should help the children create little remembrances instead of buying everything. I know a mother who made plain cookies and wrote names in icing on each one. These were not only a novelty but were—oh!—so good too.

February always reminds us of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's life was very hard. Few living now could have lived as he lived. He was sad, worried and harrassed beyond our understanding, but he could be a wonderful friend. On one occasion when there was talk of a poor man without friends, he said, "If he has no friends, I will befriend him." Later an old man from the highlands of New York said, "Up there we believe in God and Father Abraham".

Notes from the Field

OUR "Magazine Program", in the Springville Third Ward, sponsored by our magazine agent, Charlotta Black, was very interesting and successful. It was carried out as stated below.

1. The song, as outlined in the September magazine, was sung by our ward Relief Society Ladies' Chorus. They were dressed in large cartons decorated to represent covers of the magazine with an open magazine tied with a ribbon for a bonnet.

2. An interesting stunt was put on by twenty-one ladies, each bearing a letter of "R e l i e f S o c i e t y M a g a z i n e". Each lady, in a hat and dress of some member borrowed without the owner's knowledge, recited a comical bit about the lady whose name began with her letter.

3. The five editors then posed in

a frame (see accompanying picture) and short biographies of each were given.

A member read "A Little Friend of Mine" from the September 1931 magazine.

Two tiny girls in Halloween colors passed slips to the members which read as follows—

We, the members of the Third Ward Relief Society of Springville, resolve to read the Magazine from cover to cover and repeat the reading of each lesson, before the day on which the lesson is given.

Are you a subscriber?.....

Will you subscribe?.....

Name

This accompanying picture taken of the ladies who represented the past five editors, are as follows:

1. Susa Y. Gates—represented by Mary Ellen Sumsion McKenzie.



LADIES REPRESENTING THE
FIVE EDITORS OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

2. Emmeline B. Wells—represented by Sophia Packard.

3. Lula Greene Richards—represented by Adrian J. Gore.

4. Alice L. Reynolds—represented by Grace Baker.

5. Mary Connelly Kimball—represented by Charlotta Black.

RECENTLY I attended the Salt Lake Stake Union Meeting. It was a joy to see how the supervisors of each department had so many helpful suggestions for their teachers. One wished she could divide herself and go into each section.

Each year this Stake selects an aim on which it labors. In various ways it puts it over. On Work and Business Day, this aim is featured. The aim for this year is "We believe in progression through the learning and living of Gospel principles." For the nine months when the Relief Society holds meetings, they have what they call nine stepping stones that develop this aim. I visited the Activity Department and the following helpful things were given.

1. We believe in progression through activity.

2. We believe in progression through study—
Magazine,
Textbooks,
General material.

3. We believe in progression through faith—
Deity,
Self,
Fellow-man.

4. We believe in progression through service.

5. We believe in progression through self-expression.

6. We believe in progression through obedience to law—
Land,
Church.

7. We believe in progression through appreciation—
Membership and calling in the Church,
Friendships gained,
Opportunities provided.

8. We believe in progression through developing Motherly virtues.

9. We believe in progression through cultivating a love of the beautiful.

A ten-minute talk is given each month on Work and Business Day on these topics. Helpful suggestions and outlines are presented at their Union Meeting to aid the speakers. Collateral music is given, a poem is read, seasonable recipes are given, and for the month following my visit, toys for the kindergarten were shown.

This Stake has urged every Ward to have a Kindergarten so that young Mothers may attend. One Sister reported that they did not have any babies in their Association and hence needed no Kindergarten, but conforming to the wishes of the Stake Presidency, they established a Kindergarten and now have many children in attendance. The little folks so love the work given there that some of them ask if they cannot come even when their mothers do not attend Relief Society.

The next month "helpful hints in housekeeping" will be presented in this department.

The recipes given were for eggless squash pie, green tomato mincemeat, and a Thanksgiving menu that would serve twelve people for \$2.90.—K.

El Paso Ward: The following report has been received from El Paso Ward, in St. Joseph Stake: "We are happy to report the work and activities of our Relief Society at El Paso, Texas. Our Annual Day was stressed by the presentation of the playlet contained in the March, 1932 issue of the *Magazine*, entitled 'The Organization of the Relief Society in Nauvoo.' This well rehearsed playlet, under the direction of Sister Zeretta Harris, was well received by the membership of our Ward, who were the guests of the Relief Society for the entire evening, which was devoted to drama, dancing and refreshments."

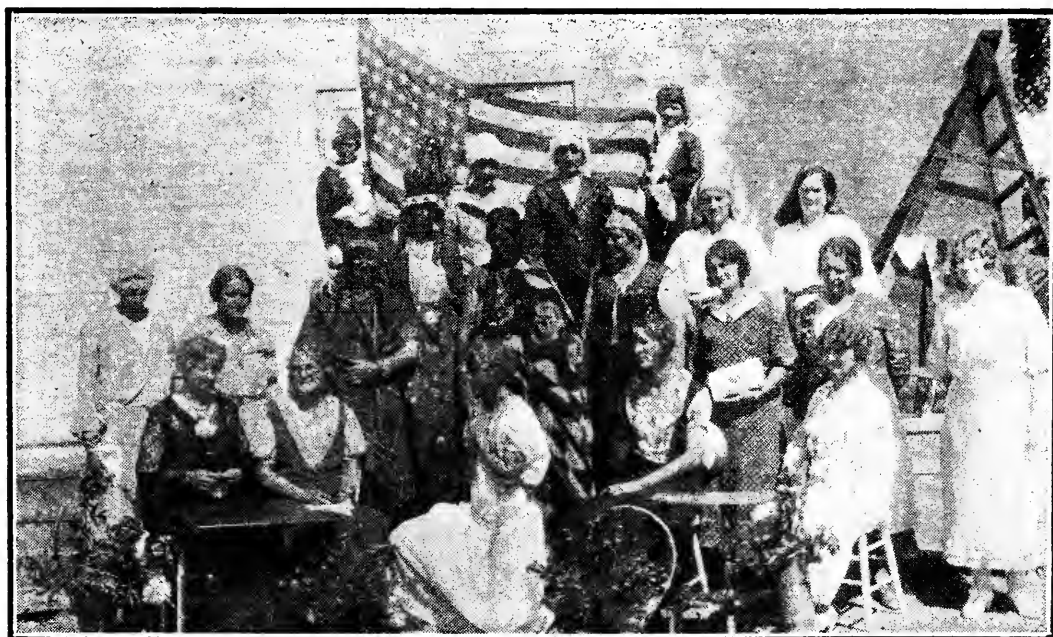


President of Parker Ward, with her two counselors—typical Relief Society women

Yellowstone Stake (Parker Ward):

THE picture of the pageant "College of Opportunity," is expressive of the enthusiasm and resourcefulness of Relief Society women. This group is a picture of women who successfully carry on the program of education in meetings,

homes, vacation camps, everywhere the occasion offers.



COLLEGE OF OPPORTUNITY, PARKER WARD, YELLOWSTONE STAKE.

Teton Stake:

THOSE who have had the privilege of meeting Sister Susannah Sheets Wilson will be interested in the following note, which comes from Teton Stake: "The passing from earth life of Sister Susannah Sheets Wilson, April 1, 1933, caused a sadness among the members of the Relief Society of the Teton Stake. Mrs. Wilson has been connected with this organization in some way ever since the beginning of the stake. She was born in Salt Lake City in 1858. She was married in the old endowment house in 1881, and came to Teton Valley a pioneer in 1887, with her husband, T. R. Wilson. She was chosen first counselor in the Relief Society in the first ward organized, also first counselor in the first stake organized, a position she held for nine years, after which she was chosen stake president. This position she held for thirteen years, when she was released on account of ill health. Mrs. Wilson was well known throughout the Teton Valley, and was loved and admired as a woman of deep faith. She was a true gentlewoman, and took a pride in home-making. Mrs. Wilson is survived by five children, twenty-three grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Her husband, T. R. Wilson, preceded her to the grave in 1929."

IN the Thirty-first Ward of Liberty Stake, a very fine piece of

cooperation between the mothers and daughters is told. This was held on the Work and Business Day, when a very great effort is made to have especially attractive features in addition to the regular program. One particular meeting of this type was held on March 14 of this year, where a splendid opportunity was given to bring the mothers and daughters into closer companionship of interests. The Gleaner project for the past two years has been, "I will gather Treasures of Truth." The purpose of this is to stimulate the girls to gather the history of their ancestors with interesting and faith-promoting stories of the pioneers. This vital material is compiled by each girl in a book of her own making, and it is called "Treasures of Truth." In order to accomplish this extremely worthwhile effort, every girl must have the helpful cooperation of her mother. This was very successfully done on the day indicated, and some of the mothers brought articles of historical value, and many interesting and valuable stories of pioneer life were related.

This Ward is working on a plan which will include many mothers who do not have daughters of Gleaner age, but who will be able to contribute stories and experiences which are most valuable. These will be compiled in a Ward Book together with a history of the Ward, and will be accessible to all.

Notes to the Field

To Our Music Leaders

Suggestions for February, by Margaret Hull Eastmond of Utah Stake.

Theology:

"Love At Home",

"Who Are These Arrayed in

White", sing to the tune of "Jesus Lover of My Soul".

"Beautiful Zion Built Above".

Work and Business:

Spend a few minutes singing the songs of one of our L. D. S. composers. For example—

Evan Stephens

“Go When The Morning Shineth”
Sun. School Song Book—No. 63.
“Zion Prospers, All is Well”
Sun. School Song Book—No. 153.

Literature:

(Hebrew music given in Jan.)

Songs—

“Captain of Israel’s Host” Songs of Zion, No. 189; Psalmody, No. 95

This can be sung by a Relief Society Chorus if desired.

“The Song of Ruth”.*

Read it if you cannot get the music. (Book of Ruth, 1:16-17).

*This can be secured at the Beesley Music Company, 61 So. Main, Salt Lake City, for 40 cents.

Our Magazine

WE deeply appreciate the effective work that is being carried on in the interest of our magazine.

We would like those who go over the top or who do some unique things to further the subscribing for and the reading of the magazine to let us know of their efforts and successes.

Wards should report to their Stakes and Stakes should report to the magazine office when they have 75% or more magazine subscriptions. The information should in-

clude the Ward membership, the number of subscriptions, and the names of the Ward agents.

The Second Ward in Brigham City has 100% magazine subscriptions.

Many are sending it to their friends.

One Sister from Roberts, Rigby Stake, came to the office recently and subscribed for 16 magazines.

Some Wards have sent the magazine to every widow in their Wards.

Wells Stake

ON Sunday, Dec. 31, 1933, the Church added another Stake to its roster. Wells Stake was organized from the northern division of Grant Stake. This will call into ser-

vice many people and will strengthen the work and give opportunities for development to a host of new officers.



THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor	MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL
Manager	LOUISE Y. ROBISON
Assistant Manager	AMY BROWN LYMAN

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EDITORIAL

A Valuable Practice

MATHEW ARNOLD'S daughter records that her father each year kept a narrow little book in which he would jot down his engagements and any short or striking sentences that he came across during his daily reading or which he recalled as suitable to his mood. This practice continued for 37 years.

The quotations from each fifth year have been printed and they reproduce the portrait of the mind that selected them. Nevinson in his "Books and Personalities" tells us that these quotations came from books universally recognized as containing the best that has been thought. The greatest number came from the best books in the Bible. Extracts from the Psalms and St. Paul's letters are very numerous. There are many from Plato and the Tragedians. From writers after Christ, Goethe's wise sayings are probably the most numerous.

The quotations are largely exhortations to definite and constant labor, to work that "fills and moralizes the day." A favorite was the Latin precept, "Always set before yourself some definite aim." The two essentials of good work—isolation and limitation, are emphasized. Again and again do the quotations urge one to disregard the transient and trivial and serve the Eternal alone.

The same passages are often repeated after an interval of fifteen years. In later life sentences stress cheerfulness, amiability, patience and the way of peace. One of Arnold's favorite maxims was Goethe's "He that would do good work must never scold, must never trouble himself about the unfitness of things, but simply go on doing good work." Another was, "Oh that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river."

Constant reference is made to "Thy Law."

WOULD it not be a good practice for us to invest each year in a little book that would fit into our handbag and jot down some of the most stimulating and beautiful passages we read? This practice has many things to recommend it. Writing the sentences impress them upon

the mind. It tends to make them more our own than a casual reading does. We could look over them again and again until we would know most of them. This would enrich our lives, stimulate worthwhile thinking, give us food for thought and for conversation. In after years these books could be brought forth to remind us of thoughts we had treasured through the years.

1933 a Record Year for Women

IN 1933 women achieved honors in politics and science never attained before by members of their sex. One writer says, "In 1920 women gained the right to vote, in 1933 they obtained appointments to major governmental positions."

Secretary Frances Perkins is the first woman in the Cabinet and Ruth Bryan Owen, Minister to Denmark, is the first woman diplomatic envoy to a foreign government. Phoebe Umlie, a member of the national advisory board on aeronautics, is the first woman to ever hold a government post in connection with aviation. Nellie Tayloe Ross is the first woman director of the mint. When Mrs. Blair Banister was made assistant treasurer of the United States, she became the first woman to hold that position.

1933 saw Kathryn McCarthy O'Laughlin, an attorney from Kansas and Virginia E. Jenckes, a farmer of Indiana, and Mrs. Isabella Greenway of Arizona added to the roster of Congress. Law enforcement opened its doors to a woman when Mrs. Elizabeth Bass was made head of the Chicago narcotic bureau.

Rose Schneiderman is on the national labor advisory board. Mrs.

Mary Harriman Rumsey is chairman of the consumers' advisory board, and Mrs. Ellen S. Woodward is in charge of the women's activities for the federal relief administration.

Marjorie K. Rawlings of Hawthorne, Florida, won the 1933 O. Henry memorial award. Cecelia Beaux of New York was admitted into the exclusive membership of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Maude Slye of the University of Chicago is outstanding in the battle waged against cancer. Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh as navigator and wireless operator on the aerial survey made by her distinguished husband, has won a high place in navigation of the air.

To Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, it is said, more than any other one woman goes the credit for focussing public interest on women's activities so sharply in 1933. It is likely that she will continue to do much to place women in the forefront of achievement. She is deeply interested along many lines and puts her heart and soul into the progress of women, the welfare of children, and to all movements looking to the betterment of mankind.

New Books

"AMERICA SELF-CONTAINED"

By Samuel Crowther

IN his volume, "America Self-Contained," Samuel Crowther strongly, clearly, forcibly urges that the United States stand alone, working out its own destiny untrammelled by foreign alliances. He says that we can depend upon our own resources, that there is scarcely one important commodity we need import, that we have the inventors and research chemists, the machines and the raw materials that will enable us to compete with all nations.

We have the highest purchasing power of any nation. We have "One hundred and twenty millions of people speaking a common language and striving to find a common ideal; natural resources of almost infinite extent and variety; human technical resources which can put to use these natural resources and also create for us by synthesis the few materials which we need and do not possess; ample means to exchange and diffuse such wealth as we may choose to create."

He calls attention to the fact that we must, "choose whether we shall take what we have and, making our isolation more complete, shape our own destinies, or whether we shall break down our isolation, abandon the principles of the founders and accept a standard of life fixed by the lowest common denominator of the world's standards."

He says we must decide whether we shall deliberately control our own destiny in the light of science or whether we shall drift on trying somehow to be out of world affairs and still in them.

A new freedom is being born, not political but economic "and, just as it was given to the United States to begin a new era in political freedom, so it has come to pass that today the United States, for long the most nearly self-sufficient of nations, has through the labor of her scientists become wholly self-sufficient and hence able to take the leadership in developing a new political economy of freedom. No nation has ever before been given the opportunity to have and to hold a complete liberty and no nation has ever before had the opportunity wholly to shape its own destiny. even Rome at the pinnacle of her power had to depend on far-flung provinces for the necessities of life.

He points out that today, owing to the World War, the United States has no friends among the nations, but rather bitter enemies. "This and only this have we accomplished by dint of nearly two decades of insistent meddling into the affairs of other nations." * * * * "We are back from our crusades richer perhaps in experience, poorer certainly by upwards of twenty billions."

He says, "Fortunately we have escaped tangling our affairs with those of the World and have almost achieved isolation." "We have returned—or have been returned, to the posture which George Washington held as prerequisite to perfecting our freedom."

"Now we have to decide whether we shall deliberately control our own destinies in the light of science or whether we shall drift on, trying somehow to be out of world affairs and still in them."

The book is most stimulating and

is well worth reading.—Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Price \$2.00.

"BLACK"

By *B. F. Gardner*

IN "Black", a collection of poems written by B. F. Gardner, whose parents were born under the yoke of Slavery, one reads of the longing and heartbreak of those who feel they could do so much were they

not hindered by color. The book is really the voice of the Negro race calling for equal opportunities with the White race and feeling that they should be treated as though they were white.

The volume contains many lovely poems voicing a longing to be of service, to uplift the sorrowing, and to scatter sunshine.—*Published by the Caxton Printers, Price \$1.50.*

Our Handbook

WE learn through questions that are asked from time to time that many are not using our Handbook, for the questions asked are answered in that volume.

Every officer should peruse it repeatedly and every member who can should add it to her collection of books. It gives the history and regu-

lations of the organization and reading it will be delightful and profitable to all members.

TO OUR WRITERS

Stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany manuscript.

Sorrow

By *Carrie Tanner*

O grief, thou burden on the human heart!
 Oh would that at a word thou could'st depart!
 Like cloud that hides the warmth of sun's bright ray
 Thou art. But clouds forever cannot stay.
 The darkest cloud oft brings the sudden rain;
 And thirsting flowers, grass, and tree, and grain
 Receive their need, and give in swift return
 Their beauties rich in garden, field and urn.
 Thus shadows in our lives bring shock and fears,
 And clouds of darkness oft bring sudden tears.
 But who doth know that clouds in life are vain,
 And that beyond there's not resultant gain?
 The tears, like rain, our dying flowers give
 Refreshing life, and nurtured faith doth live.
 And strength of heart through sorrow's pain endured.
 Then comes a vision sweet, no more obscured,

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in April)

GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT

1. *How Obtained.* Concerning the manner in which gifts are obtained from Him, the Lord has said: "All who will have a blessing at my hands shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the conditions thereof, as were instituted from before the foundation of the world." (D. & C. 132:5.) Thus the Lord never gives a blessing to those who have not obeyed the requisite law. In other words, the condition of an individual at any instant is the sum total of his previous attitude toward law. There is no fortuity or caprice in the operations of God's law or in the distribution of his blessings. Before man came to earth, he accepted a given plan and agreed to abide by its provisions. There is no other way by which he can return to the presence of the Father. His blessings are commensurate with the degree of his obedience.

2. After this plan was accepted, man was a long time in the presence of the Father before he came to earth. Thus the state of his development at the time of birth is the product of a long line of pre-earthly attitude. Man does not have his beginning at the time of birth; he is already a partially developed individual, comparable to the student who has been at school for some years. He is not a beginner, and he is not a graduate.

3. It is a widely recognized fact that at birth some individuals are much more advanced than others, and that thereafter they progress far

faster than the group. These are commonly spoken of as the "gifted" ones, seemingly with the thought that their superiority is derived from some extraneous source, as an unearned and unmerited blessing. This, of course, is a mistake.

4. It appears that some progress had been made by the spirits of men even before the council in heaven, as witness the following: "The Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; and God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born." (Abraham 3:22, 23.)

5. It is not unreasonable to believe, therefore, that the condition of man's spirit at the time of birth is the product of his various reactions to the laws with which he has come in contact. Aside from his own wilful responses, he is doubtless also influenced to a considerable extent by the acts of his parents, and probably others. It has been said that the sins, likewise the good deeds of the parents are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations. Some children, for example, are handicapped from birth by disease, such as syphilis, arising from parental sin. Others

are blessed with strong bodies, unimpaired by parental misbehavior or neglect. Thus, as already said, the condition of the individual at the time of birth is the product of his reactions to the various agencies affecting it.

6. *Variety of Gifts.* The Lord has said that, "The Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit." (D. & C. 84:46.) No one, therefore, is neglected; every one receives light, doubtless in different degrees, as the following statement declares: "There are many gifts, and to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God. To some is given one, and to some is given another, that all may be profited thereby." (D. & C. 46:11, 12.) Moreover, considering the matter of degree, it is easily conceivable that there are as many gifts as there are individuals.

7. *Nature of the Gifts.* Here is the Lord's enumeration: "To some it is given by the Holy Ghost to know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that he was crucified for the sins of the world. To others it is given to believe on their words, that they also might have eternal life if they continue faithful. And again, to some it is given by the Holy Ghost to know the differences of administration, as it will be pleasing unto the same Lord, according as the Lord will, suiting his mercies according to the conditions of the children of men. And again, it is given by the Holy Ghost to some to know the diversities of operations, whether they be of God, that the manifestations of the Spirit may be given to every man to profit withal. And again, verily I say unto you, to some

is given, by the Spirit of God, the word of wisdom. To another is given the word of knowledge, that all may be taught to be wise and to have knowledge. And again, to some it is given to have faith to be healed; and to others it is given to have faith to heal. And again, to some is given the working of miracles; and to others it is given to prophesy; and to others the discerning of spirits. And again, it is given to some to speak with tongues; and to another is given the interpretation of tongues. And all these gifts come from God, for the benefit of the children of God. And unto the bishop of the church, and unto such as God shall appoint and ordain to watch over the church and to be elders unto the church, are to have it given unto them to discern all those gifts lest there shall be any among you professing and yet be not of God." (D. & C. 46:13-27.)

8. *Developed by Use.* It was pointed out earlier in this lesson that the superiorities possessed by certain individuals at the time of birth are the result of reaction to law. It is equally true that after birth these gifts will improve with use, and deteriorate with disuse. It is unfortunate that the gifted person is widely regarded as especially favored of the Lord. The fact is, of course, that he has complied more closely with the law, and therefore has received greater blessing. So far as known, Deity has provided no means of improving a gift except by righteously using it. And conversely, he has provided that unused or neglected gifts shall decline and eventually disappear. The writer of this lesson once asked an authority of the Church, who possessed marked prophetic ability, how he acquired his gift. He replied that from early

manhood he had prayed to the Lord for its development and had used it whenever so prompted by the Spirit. It is doubtless true, that many individuals suppress their gifts through failure to use them as the Spirit directs. "He that asketh in the Spirit asketh according to the will of God; wherefore it is done even as he asketh. And again, I say unto you, all things must be done in the name of Christ, whatsoever you do in the Spirit; and ye must give thanks unto God in the Spirit for whatever blessing ye are blessed with." (D. & C. 46:30-32.)

9. *Purpose of the Gifts.* Gifts are given for the benefit of not only those who possess them, but of others as well, that all may be benefited thereby. Gifts are not given for ulterior motives or for the benefit of those who seek for a sign to consume them upon their lusts. The Lord says: "They are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my commandments, and him that seeketh so to do; that all may be benefited that seek or that ask of me, that ask and not for a sign that they may consume it upon their lusts." (D. & C. 46:9.)

10. Perhaps God's greatest condemnation of those who possess gifts and seek to hide them, is that he takes the gifts away. Latter-day Saints should remember that their talents are intended for the benefit of others as well as of themselves, and, moreover, that they are intensified through proper use.

11. *Variety of Gifts.* It is great wisdom that God should give a variety of gifts to his children. If this had not been done, all would not profit thereby, and symmetry of development would be unknown. Ordinarily in a council of Latter-day Saints there are nearly as many gifts

as there are individuals. This promotes strength and solidarity. The decisions of such a body are the fusion of a variety of gifts—hence their strength and worth.

12. In an effort to explain the importance of the various gifts and the unity of purpose for which they exist, Paul the Apostle wrote the saints at Corinth as follows: "All these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will. For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole body were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? * * * The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. * * * There should be no schism in the body. * * * Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular" (I Corinthians 12:11-27.)

13. *Seek earnestly the Best Gifts.* The Lord is doubtless more ambitious for his people than many of them are for themselves. He has repeatedly urged them to search for the higher things of life, and has

promised that he will not turn them away. "Draw near unto me and I will draw near unto you; seek me diligently and ye shall find me; ask, and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name it shall be given unto you, that is expedient for you." (D. & C. 88: 63, 64.)

14. The Lord has warned his people that the evil one is attempting to imitate his gifts, and says: "Wherefore, beware lest ye are deceived; and that ye may not be deceived seek ye earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given; for verily I say unto you, they are given for the benefit of those who love me and keep all my

commandments, and him that seeketh so to do; that all may be benefited that seek or that ask of me." (D. & C. 46:8, 9.)

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Why is it necessary to obey law in order to obtain blessing?
2. What, then, is your conception of the term "gift" as used in this lesson?
3. Why is it impossible for gifts to improve without use?
4. What responsibilities does the possession of a gift entail?
5. Why are gifts withdrawn when they are not used?
6. Is it possible to obtain something for nothing in nature? Explain.

Teachers' Topic

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF—TRUST YOUR FELLOW-MAN— HAVE FAITH IN GOD

"Hold on to your self-respect." The most destructive fear is that which destroys confidence in one's self. It kills the "try" in him. It is so much better to take a chance, than to do nothing at all.

No one is defeated until he admits it.

Women can and will succeed in the task that lies before them.

Women have always put the heart into every great human battle. Woman's confidence protects the ray of hope in each member of her family. She trusts each one, she believes each one will rise to the needs of the hour. Our confidence in the future and in one another was many times demonstrated during the bank holiday. We were refreshed by the sense of equality and the feelings of universal confidence.

In all the lives of all God's children is much, not measured by worldly success.

Wm. Lyon Phelps said, "The world counts only things done and not things attempted because the world's standards are too coarse. . . . One cannot weigh diamonds on hay scales." Sincere effort though followed by disappointment must count for something. Enduring universal values make up our standard of measurement.

Confidence in one another and in a new and better era is essential to success. We are encouraged to fight our way through because we believe ultimately evil will be overcome with good.

New hope was aroused when the president of the United States said in his inaugural address: "In this dedication of a nation we humbly ask the blessings of God. May He protect each and every one of us. May He guide me in the days to come."

Let us put our trust in ourselves and in one another and in God.

Literature

(Third Week in April)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

THE ROMANTIC SPIRIT

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"
"The Bugle Song"—Tennyson

Books are dream children. To all men comes the chance to dream. Some in dreams are eternal vagabonds, roaming the world at large; some in dreams are rulers and potentates, holding mankind in their power; some in dreams are reformers, seeking to refine the lives of men; some in dreams are creators of symphonies, maintaining the things of the spirit in a material world; but all dream of Love because it is the way of Happiness.

The Way of Romance.

The voice of Youth is the voice of Romance. Youth, whether of an individual or of a race, is a time of emotional reaction rather than of philosophic reflection. Much of the youthful expression of the world has been lost because it existed orally. When we can trace the expression of the youth of a race, we find songs of war, of worship, and of love. Western Europe enjoyed its youth when the world was no longer young, and thus recorded in permanent form its youthful expression. The Middle Ages was the youth of Western Europe.

The master spirit of Romance in Europe was the Celtic race. The Celts were young when Greece and Italy were young. They were vagabonds for ages, wandering on and on to the West. Coming to the ocean

they settled in France and Britain. The Celts were a childlike people with a happy, radiant view of life. To them the world was but a fragment of a more beautiful world of eternal youth, where those who have lived honorable lives in this life dwell in perfect happiness. He was a wanderer because life to him was an endless quest, a profound sense of the future ruled him. Driven to the fringes of the British Isles by Romans, Angles, Saxons, and Danes, they lived in comparative freedom for many centuries maintaining their racial temperament. To the Celts we owe a large body of charming tales, from which we know that they had a high sense of personal honor and that they held women in great respect. From them the world first received the stories of Saint Brendan's marvelous voyage, of King Arthur's passing to Avalon, and of Sir Tristram's love for the beautiful Iseult. These stories have permeated many literatures and have delighted readers young and old of many lands for nearly a thousand years.

Christianity and Feudalism were the forces that brought about the emergence of Western Europe from the Dark Ages. Feudalism was a practical form of government of peasants and overlords swearing allegiance to a ruler. A system of chivalric behavior evolved which embodied with government ideals of nobility derived from Christian principles. The supreme figure of chivalry was the knight. The romance of chivalry found expression in

songs of valiant knights and courtly love. On the other hand Christianity with its spirituality and its monastic life was the source of the moral influence brought to medieval life. The saint was the supreme figure of Christianity. The priest was a librarian, copying the manuscript records, also was he a teacher instructing the common people in the principles of Christian life by reciting and reading to them Bible stories, saints lives, and sermons. Medieval literature is marked with the same vigor, beauty, and spiritual aspiration as is found in the tapestries from feudal halls and in the sculpture in the Gothic cathedrals of Europe.

Medieval Romance.

National heroes and knights, priests and saints, lords and ladies, make up the body of medieval romance, created first by troubadours and minnesingers and recorded later by national poets. The songs of the romancers may be grouped as follows: first, songs of great deeds, expressing loyalty to one's lord and delight in combat in his defence; second, songs of spiritual struggle and exaltation; third, songs of romantic love and courtly honor.

Arthur of Britain and Charlemagne of France are the central figures of cycles of heroic narratives. "The Song of Roland" presents in epic splendor the French national hero, Roland. Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, was the hero of the great conflict between the French and the pagan Basques of Spain. The romance makes Roland a Christian hero defending his country against the pagans, and gives to the hero a faithful friend, Oliver; a wicked enemy, Ganelon; an invincible sword, Durendal; the

love of a beautiful maid, Aude. The poem as it records the critical struggle of France against its pagan enemy, recounts the treachery of Ganelon, who to satisfy his deep-seated enmity against Roland, betrays the rearguard of Charlemagne's army, the details of the great battle at Roncevalles, and the loving devotion of Oliver as he faced death with his friend Roland. The romance does more than merely record heroic details; it reveals the basic elements of the spirit of the French-aristocratic idealism, loyal vassalage, fearlessness of thought, comradeship, and a love of pageantry and formality.

The richest and deepest symbol of the religious exaltation attained in medieval life was the Holy Grail. The Grail was the cup used by Jesus and his disciples at the Last Supper. According to tradition it was brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea and deposited at the abbey at Glastonbury, where it was committed to the keeping of the Knights of the Grail. Upon the failure of that group to live up to its holy vows, the Grail disappeared. Going in quest of it constituted the highest adventure of medieval knighthood. In French literature the Grail romance is told by Chretien or Troyes making Parceval the hero of the quest. In German literature the romance of the Grail has for its hero Parzival, a saintly knight. Thus we have the heroes of the two chivalries, one earthly and one spiritual. Sir Thomas Malory in the English version of the Grail romance makes Galahad a spiritual hero worthy of the quest because of his emancipation as an earthly hero.

To medieval romance must be attributed a significant literary development, that of creating women

characters. How different are Guinevere, Iseult, Enid, and Deidra than Helen, Penelope, and Cleopatra? They are so very human and so very real. During the Dark Ages woman was not only the inferior of man but she was his evil genius. With the coming of Christianity and the reverence given to Mary, the mother of Jesus, by the Holy Roman Church, woman was elevated and love was spiritualized. These ideals were appropriated by society and became the ideals of marriage. One of the many beautiful stories exemplars of courtly love which grew in this period of romance is the story of the love of Tristram and Iseult. Chretien of Troyes is responsible for the French version of the romance. Gottfried von Strassburg for the German version, and Thomas of Britain for the English version. It will be recalled that Wagner, the great German composer, utilized the themes of these medieval romances in his music dramas "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde".

Tristram and Iseult.

The story of the love of Tristram and Iseult is one of the great love stories of all time. The origin of the story was veiled in mystery until Lady Gregory gave to the world the beautiful translation of the Celtic saga. "Cuchulain" (kū hū lān), which contains the tragic struggle of an uncle and his nephews for the love of the most beautiful woman in Ireland. Knightly romance makes Tristram the hero. An orphan trained in knightly accomplishments, he becomes the favorite at the court of his uncle King Mark of Cornwall. Suffering from a mortal wound Tristram seeks healing from the magic powers of Queen Iseult of Ireland.

Upon his return Tristram sings the praises of the beautiful Princess Iseult, daughter of the Queen of Ireland. Tristram is dispatched to obtain the beautiful Iseult as a bride for King Mark. The young people become lovers. Finally, Tristram is banished to Brittany. After many years he marries Iseult of Brittany. Again being near death Tristram sends for the Queen of Cornwall. The jealousy of Iseult of Brittany keeps from Tristram the news of the queen's arrival with the messenger. Tristram dies of a broken heart. When Queen Iseult finds her lover dead she expires by his side. The bodies are sent to Cornwall and the king knowing the truth of their tragic love for one another had a beautiful chapel erected for their tombs. Medieval literature, tapestries and carvings recorded the story of Tristram and Iseult in many forms; modern poets have used the theme frequently; today the romance takes its place with the loves of Helen and Paris, of Lancelot and Guinevere, of Romeo and Juliet, of Abbeard and Heloise.

The Princess—Alfred Tennyson.

The Princess, a romantic medley, is a delightful romance as well as a beautiful poetic creation. It is the work of Alfred Tennyson, the poetic genius that created "The Idylls of the King," a masterpiece of lofty thought in exquisite poetic style, and "In Memoriam" with its soul-stirring power.

The poem has for its theme the emancipation of woman, a great problem, one causing great diversity of opinion ever since its definite formulation with the co-education of the sexes. At the time Tennyson wrote it, 1847, it was a new one, the University of London had opened its

doors to woman for the first time and the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, was preparing to follow suit. The poem is not a philosophical treatise abounding in lofty argument or emotional persuasion, but it is a delightful exhibition of a very natural chain of circumstances glorifying the traditional conception of the spiritual place of woman in the scheme of life. The incidents depicted, the playful mood, and the poetic expression blend harmoniously in an exquisite tone picture. There is so much tenderness, such simple dignity of expression, that so long as the English language is loved and spoken "The Princess" and its songs, "Sweet and Low," "Ask Me No More," "The Bugle Song," will hold a revered place.

The Prologue.

The broad acres and stately old mansion of Sir Walter Vivian are crowded with guests, the peasants of the countryside and the personal friends of the family. The host had provided all that entertainment could provide for his guests. The poet is the college friend of the son of Sir Walter. As he strolls through the halls he is interested in the curios scattered around. He is particularly attracted to an old family chronicle containing a glowing account of "the feudal lady of the family" who armed and led her followers against a foe threatening her domains—"O miracle of noble womanhood!" said the chronicle. The poet is carried away by a group of merrymakers to join the family at the Abbey. There the conversation drifted aimlessly until the feudal ancestress is mentioned. At recital of her bravery Walter, playfully patting his sister's head asks, "Lives there such a woman now?"

"Quick answered Lilia, 'There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down
.....O I wish
That I were some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's
And I would teach them all that men are taught;
We are twice as quick!'"

Then and there, says the poet "we planned a 'summer's' tale," as Walter suggested Lilia was the heroine and each in turn added his chapter:

"So I began
And the rest followed; and the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind."

Episode I—The Prince's Story.

The prince of an ancient kingdom was betrothed at an early age to a neighboring princess. At his maturity his father sends ambassadors with appropriate gifts requesting that the compact be filled. The Princess denounces the arrangement because she has other plans for her life. The prince attended by his friends, Florian and Cyril, presents himself at the neighboring court. They are received graciously by the king, Gama. He is enthusiastic still to have the betrothal compact enforced, and is embarrassed at his daughter's obstinacy. The headstrong princess assisted by two older women, Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche, has founded a university for women. The prince and his friends disguised as "three ladies of the Northern empire" present themselves at the uni-

versity requesting the privilege of enrollment.

Episode II—The University.

The new students are first received by the College Portress, who sees that they are fittingly robed in academic silks. They are then taken to Princess Ida. At her request the statutes of the university were read by an officer which included the rules:

“Not for three years to correspond
with home;
Not for three years to speak to any
men:”

Then followed a lecture by Princess Ida on the lives of such women as Semiramis, the legendary founder of Babylon; Artemisia, the brave assistant of Heres on his Grecian expedition; Rhodope, the Egyptian princess reputed to have built a pyramid; Agrippina, Cornelia, and Celia, famous Roman matrons. Upon being assigned as pupils of Lady Psyche they listen to a lecture praising the legendary Amazons, Elizabeth of England, Joan of France, Sappho of Greece and concluded with the prophecy for the future of women:

“Everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside
the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the
world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.”

Talking to the new pupils after the lecture, Lady Psyche recognizes her brother Florian. At first she is indignant, reminding him of the inscription on the gate, “Let no man enter in on pain of death.” Finally, she yields to the entreating arms of her brother pouring forth a torrent

of questions about home showing that her heart is hungry for “sweet household talk” and “phrases of the hearth.” Melissa, Lady Psyche’s little daughter, enters to witness a scene very foreign to the atmosphere of the university. She is sworn to secrecy. Still in disguise the visitors stroll about the campus until the organ of the chapel peals forth its melodious call for assembly. Then six hundred maidens clad in purest white assemble to hear the psalms and litanies as Princess Ida invokes the blessings of heaven on her labors for the cause of women.

Episode III—The Princess.

A song is sung—one of the most exquisite of Tennyson’s songs, “Sweet and Low.” In contrast to the scene just pictured is that of a mother crooning a prayerful lullabye to her babe as they await the sailor husband and father.

Melissa meets the new pupils at the fountain as they are enjoying the morning splendor, and beseeches them to fly. At the request of Florian, Melissa relates in detail the university scheme and its administration. Melissa reveals that there exists a definite rivalry between the two women, Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche. Cyril acting upon this information gains entrance to Lady Blanche, and pleads the suit of his friend. Later all participate in a geology trip, and by design the prince and Ida are much together. Pleading for himself the prince suggests:

“Might I dread that you,
With only fame for spouse and your
great deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain,
and miss,

Meanwhile, what every woman
counts her due,
Love, children happiness."

The Princess answers giving her preference for deeds that cannot die. The prince listened and wondered if this strange poet-princess could ever be won. The scene closes with the evening shadows and the echoes of "The Bugle Song" resounding the message:

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

Episode IV—Tumult.

The beauty of the evening lures all. At the command of the Princess, a maiden takes a harp and sings the song "Tears, Idle Tears." To the song's message the princess is disdainful. The prince is asked to contribute to the evening's pastime, and in an aping treble sings "O, Swallow Flying South." Cyril, then, is asked to sing a song of his country-women. With a show of humor he sings an old ballad of two indelicate creatures, "Moll and Meg." The indignant women call "forbear," and the prince smites Cyril on the breast. Tumult reigns and the prince and his companions are discovered. At this point dispatches are delivered to the Princess, one is from the king acquainting her of the fact that he has been taken as hostage for the safe keeping of the prince, the other is from the father of the prince demanding the fulfilment of the betrothal compact before the aged Gama can be released. The prince pleads his cause and is scornfully refused by Princess Ida. A conference of students is called to decide whether the university scheme be continued or not. Lilia now sings "Thy Voice Is Heard Through Roll-

ing Drums," flinging anger against the raillery thus far spoken against her idea.

Episode V—The Combat.

The prince and Florian return home to find Cyril and Lady Psyche already there. King Gama is freed but is ordered to make his daughter yield or war will ensue. The prince consults the king but to no avail, so he goes to consult Ida's brothers. The three brothers of the Princess decide to fight the prince and his two friends rather than to throw the country into war. On hearing of the intended combat, the king in wrath declares:

"Man for the field, and woman for
the hearth,
Man for the sword and for the
needle she,
Man with the head and woman with
the heart,
Man to command and woman to
obey.
All else confusion."

The combat is held as arranged, and the prince and the sons of Gama are wounded.

Episode VI—Conquest.

The song "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead" is very fittingly placed here. Princess Ida hearing of the combat leads a train of maidens across the park to where her wounded brothers lay. By chance, she passes the king bent in grief over the motionless form of his son. Yielding to her heart she orders the prince to be moved to the college along with her wounded brothers. The king refuses, demanding that his son be removed to the tents for safety. Now the Princess pleads her cause:

“O Sire,
Grant me your son to nurse, to
wait upon him
Like mine own brother, for my
debt to him.”

The injured men are removed to the college.

Episode VII—Submission.

The last scene of the romance opens with the exquisite song “Ask Me No More.” The college is turned into a hospital and kindness and sympathy take the place of cold logic. The Princess is sad with a sense of shame at her foolishness. Love in the sacred halls holds carnival when the Princess yields to her lover. As the random story closes, Walter exclaims, “I wish she had not yielded.” Lilia remained silent for the tale had touched her.

Tennyson made the woman problem solvable by love; he had an abiding faith in its spirituality. The romance implied that women do not want less emotion but larger emotion; they need more love not less, more universal love and less selfish love; more sense of beauty, art, and right. The work of the world lies open to women for “The woman’s cause is man’s; they rise or fall together.” Each must contribute their diversity to be combined harmoniously. The heart of the problem remains unaltered in spite of the years that have passed. In the lines that follow the poet pays tribute to his mother as he expresses his ideal of womanhood:

“Not perfect, nay, but full of tender
wants,

No angel, but a dearer being, all
dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and
men,

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in
womankind,
Beats with his blood, and trust in
all things high
Comes easy to him.”

The spirit of Romance is the spirit of Love.

Suggestions for Study.

A. Materials:

1. The Story of the World’s Literature—Macy. Chapters 13-16.
2. The Princess—Tennyson.
3. Old Fashioned Tales, Hero Tales, Folk Tales—from the Harvard Junior Classics. Volumes 6, 7.

B. Program:

1. Music
 - a. Songs from “The Princess”—by Tennyson.
2. Discussion
 - a. The Romantic Spirit.
3. Review
 - a. The Princess.
 - b. The Love Story of Tristram and Iseult.

C. Method:

This is a lesson of interesting significance to women. Make it Delightful.

Note: Select from this lesson the part that you prefer. The whole of the lesson cannot be covered.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

PLAY AND PLAY FACILITIES

LESSON XVI

Two changes have taken place in the parental point of view regarding play. The industrial conditions have been modified so that there is little place for children as workers. The time of the child must be occupied in other ways and play has become more important. Parents no longer think of play versus work in the life of a child and strive to reduce play as the evil contender. The second attitude has been caused by the psychological demonstrations of the developmental value of play in child care. It is no longer considered evil to play. Even governmental agencies plan to support play programs and places for recreation. The aim of this lesson is to make this change in point of view more prominent in the minds of the class members and to give them some practical suggestions for directing play as a part of child care. The lesson should be taught in such a way as to answer the following questions:

How can play be made to contribute most to the health of children?

How can play be made to contribute most to the socialization of the child?

How can play itself be kept most happy for children?

What provisions for space and equipment in the home and the community are possible for the members of each class?

Suggestions for Procedure:

1. Have each class member prepare a list of the places available for her children to play both at home

and in the community; the type of play equipment at each place; the sanitary conditions of each place; the accident hazards that are there; and the safeguards provided against accident. With these lists as bases discuss the healthfulness of play in the community. Stress especially freedom from accident, proper amount of fresh air play; and games, etc., suited to the children. Have a class member report on the Physical Education suggestion given in White House Conference Report, pp. 177 and 218-220.

2. Discuss the material outlined in the reading guide in order to make clear the socializing problems connected with play.

3. Have the class define "leisure." Have them see clearly that training for the worthy use of leisure is essentially training in play activities. To learn to use leisure properly children must learn what play activities are possible; they must learn to use all of the available facilities, and the process must be so happy that they will want to repeat these wholesome activities when they are free to choose and when enjoyment is their chief aim.

Have a class member report on the material found in the White House Conference Report pp. 253-262.

Have a special report on how reading may be made into happy play based on the White House Conference Report pp. 262-265.

Happiness at play depends upon the adaptation of the activity to the stage of development of the child. Have a class member make an interpretation of the quotation from Miss

Harrison's story "Jack and the Alley Boys" given in the supplementary material. Have a similar report made on the quotations on play from Faegre and Andersen: "Child Care and Training."

Happiness at play depends on the possibility of a wide variety of activities—not just physical. When children or primitive people use leisure they create. Read to the class the short extract "What is recreation" from the supplementary material.

4. In studying the problem of equipping for adequate recreation discuss first the reading guide. Then have a report made on the effect of economic status as discussed in the White House Conference Report, pp. 141-145.

Topical reports from the White House Conference Report might be made as follows:

Place and Play pp. 216.

The school Age pp. 218-221.

Outside the School pp. 221-228.

Study the lists of playthings given in the supplementary material as suggestions for homes.

Reading guide for class members: Personality, pp. 21-30.

Play is not formally defined. There is an implied relationship of play with "new experience," "growth," "adventure," "group life," "widening interests," "leisure time opportunities," "play interests." Take time to work out these relationships as you read.

The positive development values of play are listed on page 22. A pencil and paper will help you in isolating and learning these.

There seems to be implied a special fear of the "gang". Do you share this fear? Is it possible to prevent the formation of gangs? What positive safeguards are sug-

gested for avoiding the evils of gangs?

What is meant by "natural impulses for physical and mental activity?" Is a "natural impulse" more difficult to control? What is the relation of this idea of naturalness to the last sentence in the quotation from the Committee on the Socially Handicapped as given at the top of page 4?

Is the discussion on commercial types of amusement designed to do away with these, to urge more community centers, to urge more attractive community centers, to urge a different program in community centers, or for some other reason?

How can children be led to "know other kinds of leisure time activity"? p. 25.

The attitude expressed regarding the influence of companions is rather revolutionary. Have you thought the same way? Do you agree now? On page 27 is a quotation from President Hoover. What does he mean by "imaginative surroundings?" What does the author mean by "children's lives are lived constructively" in the next sentence?

Some definite suggestions on things to do are given. These will be of no value if you just read them. What can you do about any of them in your community?

Supplementary material:

1. Harrison: "Jack and the Alley Boys."

Jack went to play with the boys in the alley, took part in throwing rocks and was arrested. He was just seven years old. His mother came for help.

"I don't see why Jack can't be satisfied with his toys and his picture book," she continued; he used to like them and to play with me in his

nursery. But now nothing seems to satisfy him but to be with those horrid Sloam boys." Then she wished the Sloam boys would move out of the neighborhood, or that she could persuade Jack's father to sell their home and move into a neighborhood where there were no bad boys. Her helplessness appealed to me. I tried to explain to her that Jack was no longer a little child; he was a boy now, and needed a larger world than his nursery and the back yard; that he was longing for larger and more varied experiences, and that this longing was perfectly natural, in fact, it would show a sad lack of mental growth if he did not want a larger world.

"She gazed at me with big, childish eyes filled with surprise. Seeing that she did not understand my generalities I began to particularize. "I would suggest," I continued, "that you so arrange your housework that after school on pleasant days you could go with Jack for a long walk, or take a tramp to some unfamiliar locality or a street car ride to the next suburb. Send him on errands to the grocery store," I added. "Take him into the city with you on Saturdays, occasionally. Get his father to take him out on Sunday afternoons. In such ways enlarge his little world yourselves, so that he will not seek the Sloam boys for a change or new experience. "Perhaps it might be well," I suggested, "to invite some of his nice schoolmates in to take tea with you. This would probably result in his being invited to eat in some of their homes. This, too, would help to satisfy his hunger for new experiences." We talked on for a while longer and she thanked me for the suggestions I had given. When she rose to go I followed her to the door and saw Jack and Ger-

trude coming across the lot, both warm and flushed by their rapid walk. They were chattering merrily together, evidently they were just returning from one of their long walks together.

"Today is Saturday, and just after our noon meal I chanced to see Jack dressed in his best suit with a stiff collar and a big bow necktie (how he hates those babyish big bows), starting from his home, tugging in a sullen sort of a way at a pair of kid gloves into which he was striving to thrust his hands. Following a short distance behind him were his father and mother, both dressed as for an entertainment. All three seemed out of mood and in a hurry of unpleasant excitement. As they disappeared in the direction of the railway station I surmised that they were going to town, and the thought of them dropped out of my mind.

"Tonight, however, Jack's mother came in to see me in quite a flutter of pleasure. She said she had told Jack's father what I had said about Jack's needing a change. "And," she added triumphantly, "he took Jack and me to a vaudeville show this afternoon, and he has promised to take us, or to send us, every Saturday! Won't that be fine?"

"Gertrude was right, we must get hold of Jack himself!"

(Misunderstood Children by Harrison, pp. 96-98.)

2. "If we recognized the nature of the child's play and its importance in developing his life attitudes, this would not so often happen. The child's play is, first of all, serious. He puts into it his whole power, is absorbed and intent, lost in his pursuit, whether it be that of building a block house, loading sand, or pushing his engine up an incline. The play of the child is full of meaning to

him, because it is something he has initiated, it is an activity of which he sees the purpose. The child learns largely by means of the satisfaction he derives from an activity; hence the educative value of spontaneous, self-induced activity which is a satisfaction in itself, quite apart from any benefit the child's habits receive.

"Play at this age, two years, should aim to give ease in motion, freedom for great physical activity, and opportunity for much absorption through the senses. There must be stairs, boxes, chairs for experimental climbing. A small, stout chair will be used more often to push, to climb on, or to carry, than to sit on. There should be wagons to pull, ropes to swing on, so that arm and back muscles, as well as leg muscles, may learn quick adjustments. Big balls to roll and catch, sand and water for mud pies, utensils to bang and pound with, furnish appeal to several senses. The manipulation of objects fascinates the child. He likes to drive nails into soap, to pour beans from one receptacle into another, to turn the handle of the meat grinder, or put together the separator.

"How often he is expected to gain sensory and motor experience in a home where he is constantly told "not to touch"! The two-year-old who climbs on the polished dining-room table is not wantonly mischievous. Providing something to climb on is easier and more constructive than trying to check the child every time he infringes our rules, which, after all, are arbitrarily laid down for the convenience of adults.

"The mother who provides opportunities for the child to help in opening and closing drawers and cupboards, in carrying dishes, in hunt-

ing for articles—in short, who makes use of instead of trying to thwart the child's impulses—will be rewarded by fewer vexatious occurrences. Mothers often complain, "How can I interest my twelve-year-old in doing her share around the house?" In the same breath they admit that they could never put up with the child's early efforts at helping because it took so much more patience and time "to show the child how than to do it myself."

(Faegre and Anderson: *Child Care and Training*, pp. 205-206-207.)

3. "What is recreation? Even under the most primitive conditions of existence the whole of man's time and energy is not consumed in those activities directly related to the maintenance of life and the satisfaction of family, economic, civic, and religious interests. After these needs are met a margin of leisure remains. In periods of plenty the savage may have opportunity for giving expression to those impulses which but lightly condition existence; and during the inclement seasons, when the ordinary routine of life is suspended, he may turn his mind to the pursuit of congenial interests. In these moments of leisure man may elaborate the common life and weave into it meanings and appreciations which are not derived from external necessity. Thus grow up in the life of every group the recreational arts—songs, stories, games, dances, ceremonies, and festivals. Among the earliest of human records are the crude drawings of animals scratched on the fragments of bones, or painted on the walls of caves. These were the diversions of the primitive huntsman as in moments of leisure he relived in imagination some exciting adventure of the chase or con-

templated the thrills of future exploits. Through activity as well as through rest the re-creation of life proceeds."

(Chapman and Counts: Principles of Education, pp. 294-295.)

4. Materials for Play:

a. "As much as possible of the child's play should be carried on out of doors. We know that in providing play materials for children we must include two types: things which exercise the large muscles, and things which stimulate mental activity. The outdoors is 'the true home of childhood, in this wild, undomesticated stage from which modern conditions have kidnapped and transported him.' But 'for very many children, the pasture and the woodlot have long since been sold, the climbing tree has been chopped down, the barn, even the woodshed, has disappeared.' Facing this change in community life which has brought about the apartment and the neighborhood playground, we must provide substitutes for those things which were before a natural part of the environment. If there are not any trees to climb we must have ladders, ropes, horizontal bars. The modern child has no sandy creek in which to play; but the narrowest city lot is roomy enough to include a sand box. Every child should have packing boxes to clamber into, or use for store or house if there is no place for a "shack" or "dug-out."

"Indoor play space is as important. The mother who prepares to sacrifice for a few years some of her ideas of orderliness and beauty, in order that the child may have freer surroundings, may be rewarded by a calm child with good muscular coordination. In the household where polished surfaces and bric-a-brac are

of immediate importance an unstable, irritable child is only too likely to result from the clamor of "don'ts". A punching bag or a trapeze, fitted up in a doorway or on a cellar beam, furnishes an outlet for energy which oftentimes spills over into behavior annoying to adults. If there is no attic or basement to be converted to the children's use, the furnishings of their rooms must be so simple that no qualms will be felt when they get hard use. This does not imply that a child should be encouraged in rough or destructive play. His energy and interests may be building up either good or bad habits, depending on the selection of materials and toys, and the place where he uses them.

"It is important that we keep in mind when selecting or planning for toys, the growing and changing needs of the child. Too often the eye of the adult is caught by playthings which are of only passing interest to children. To be of value, equipment and materials should be of permanent and lasting nature, and should be readily adaptable by the child as he develops. Blocks furnish a splendid basis for developmental play because they lend themselves to so many uses. Wooden animals, which can be used in building up a farm, furnish a nucleus around which the child may gather interesting and constructive material. Parents are sometimes discouraged because their children fail to use expensive equipment, not realizing that the fault lies in their selection rather than in the child. To a boy of seven, a Meccano set has fascinating possibilities; to a child of four, it is a combination of odds and ends, which he juggles about a bit, and then loses piece by piece."

(Child Care and Training: by

Faegre and Anderson, pp. 208-209-211.)

b. Play becomes work when it is made into a competitive program or the goal made more important than the activity of playing.

Popular Playground Projects—Recreations, April, 1932:

Traveling theater; puppet shows; children's folk theater; reading; handcraft; stories; travelogues—with construction work; music; hikes; flowers and gardens; pets and pet shows; holiday celebrations by children; festivals; wagons; kid-

die cars; tricycles, doll carriages; sand boxes; rope jumping; lawn games; ball games; checkers; chess etc.; neighborhood square dances; folk dances; return to the imitative—tools, musical instruments, etc.; parties; socials; art hobbies; nature activities; nature notebooks; photography; building blocks; fishing; outing; horseshoe; sewing of various types.

c. Jessie C. Fenton: (A Practical Psychology of Babyhood; Houghton Mifflin, gives the following suggestive list of toys, chapter II p. 54.)

Ready made toys

Home made toys

One to three months

Rattles, strings of beads, celluloid and rubber rings, small animals of rubber or celluloid.

Spools, strings of buttons, light spoons, chains made by linking large safety pins together.

Three to six months

Floating celluloid toys for the bath, bells.

Small lids and covers, a cup and spoon, clothes pins, rattles, made of aluminum salt shakers, tea-balls, etc., with small pebbles inside, sheets of clean crisp paper.

Six to nine months

Light wooden blocks, dolls, toy animals, picture books.

Various kitchen utensils: egg-beater, potato masher, wooden butter paddle, etc., hard fruits and vegetables of different shapes, such as oranges, cucumbers, small gourds and squashes.

Nine to twelve months

Nests of hollow blocks or boxes, blocks, books to use in turning pages as well as to look at, ball, all sorts of manipulative toys: an abacus, small game of quoits, etc.

Sets of pans, cups, cans, boxes, etc., which will fit one inside another, jars, bottles, etc., with removable lids to take off and put on, boxes or baskets containing a number of small objects, which may be taken in and out.

*Home made toys**Ready made toys**Twelve to fifteen months*

Primers with simple stories, toys to drag or pull about, a small wagon or wheelbarrow, a bell mounted on wheels, toy animals set on wheels, etc., (such toys should be solid and not too easily tipped over. A two-wheeled cart or wheelbarrow is better than a four-wheeled one because less liable to upset in turning corners.) toy replicas of household articles: iron, broom, shovel, dolls, furniture, etc., toy chair to sit on.

A cylindrical can or carton impaled on a string or wire so that it will roll as it is dragged about is often even better than toys with wheels at this stage, because it turns in any direction readily without upsetting, pebbles, a bell, or something of the sort, may be put inside to make a noise. Empty boxes and cartons.

Fifteen to eighteen months

Toy trains, autos, etc., more miniature household articles, crayons and pencils to mark with, toy blackboards, slates, etc.

A box to climb upon (an apple box of a good size to climb into and out of. Care should be taken that there are no nails, splinters, etc.) a plank raised at one or both ends to walk on and bounce on.

Eighteen to twenty-four months

A sand pile, bucket and shovel, shells, various toys for digging, etc., toys which enable the child to re-enact his own real experiences, such as toy airships, farm implements, trains, doll carriages, whatever he has encountered and enjoyed in real life, a swing, more elaborate blocks.

Scrapbooks, made by pasting pictures cut from magazines, etc., in blank books or books made of heavy butcher's paper, blocks made of left-over lumber, etc.

Arlitt: (The Child from One to Six) makes the following suggestions:

*Blocks**Toys for House Play*

Nest of blocks, large cubes and bricks, architectural blocks, large maple blocks: cut to order.

Doll beds, carriages, stoves, wash tubs, wash boards, clothes pins, chest of drawers containing doll clothes, brooms, sweepers, unbreakable dishes, kitchen utensils: egg beaters, potato masher, flour sifter, screen play house: tea party, chairs and tables.

Toys for Block Play

Toy animals, a set of trees, Noah's ark, doll house families.

Dolls

Unbreakable, rag dolls.

Arts and Crafts Materials

Modeling clay or plasticine, paints: non-poisonous water colors—provide paper and rubber aprons, crayons and drawing paper, scissors, paste and construction paper, hammer, large nails, and soft wood.

Toys for Active Play

Pulling toys: carts, wheelbarrow, toy animals on wheels, wagons, riding toys: velocipedes, kiddie car,

trains, trucks, autos, etc. Horse reins, balls, several sizes.

Outdoor Playthings

Sand box and sand toys, see-saw, slide, climbing ladder, yard blocks, boxes, swing.

Manipulative Material

Wooden beads for stringing, large size one inch in diameter.

Treat the Members of Your Family Like Strangers

By Vera L. Plant

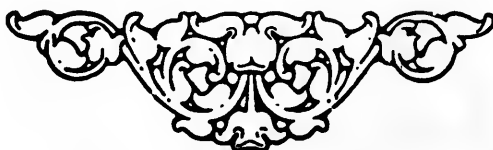
SOMETIMES I wonder, as I look about me and see the harshness of the world, what causes it. Is it because the human race is really unkind? No, I think not. I would rather lay the blame on thoughtlessness.

We surely do not mean to hurt those we love most; yet invariably when something irritates us we bring all our ill feelings home and heap them upon one or more members of our family.

Ofttimes we have such perfect confidence in the patience and forgiveness of dear ones, that we in-

fringe upon their good nature. We speak more sharply to them than we do to others, thinking they will overlook our faults; and we do not extend the courtesies to our own brother or sister that we do to someone-else's sister or brother. We know we will still be loved but if we are cross with someone who loves us less we would create an enemy in place of a friend.

Is not the fact that our own family is more tolerant, patient and forgiving, the more reason for us to show more consideration and courtesy to them, thus winning their appreciation and holding their love?



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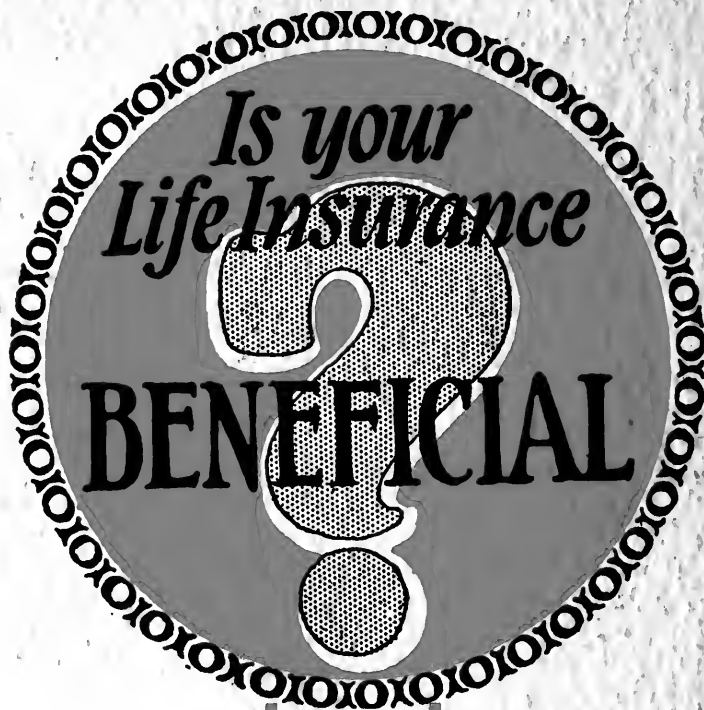
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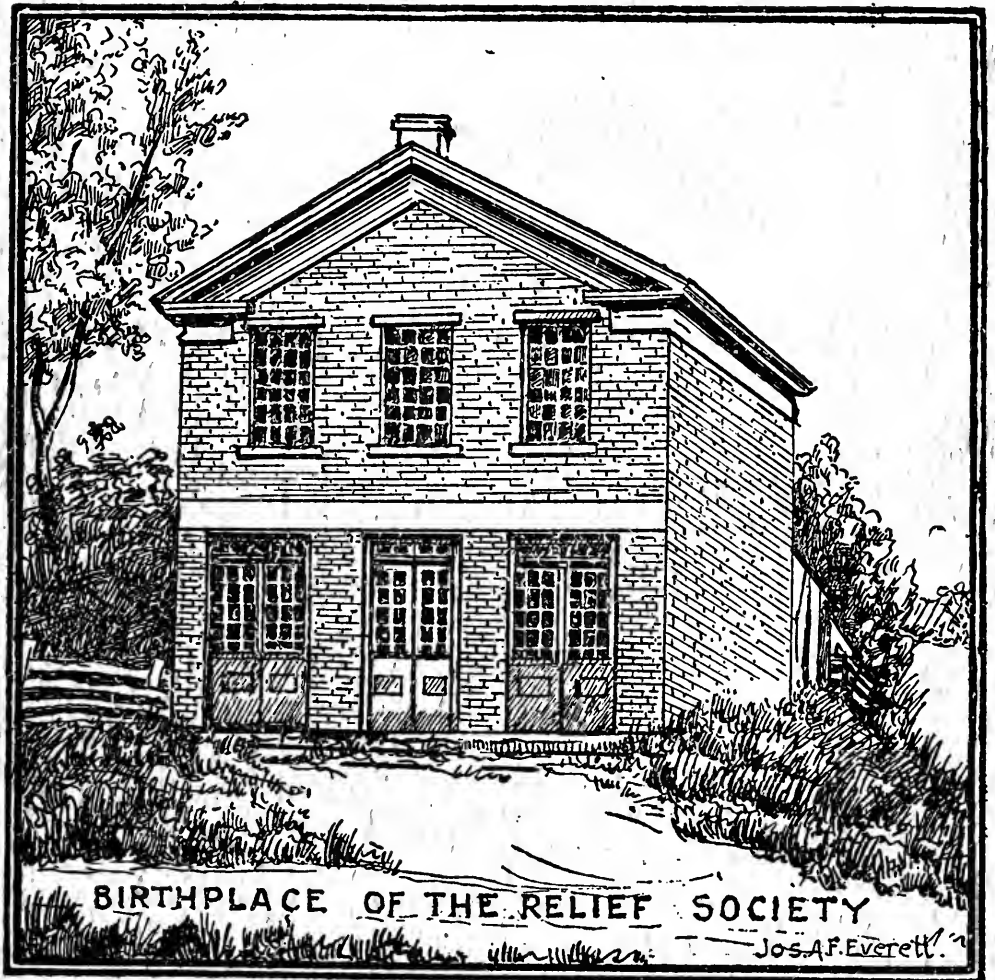
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. 21

MARCH, 1934

No. 3

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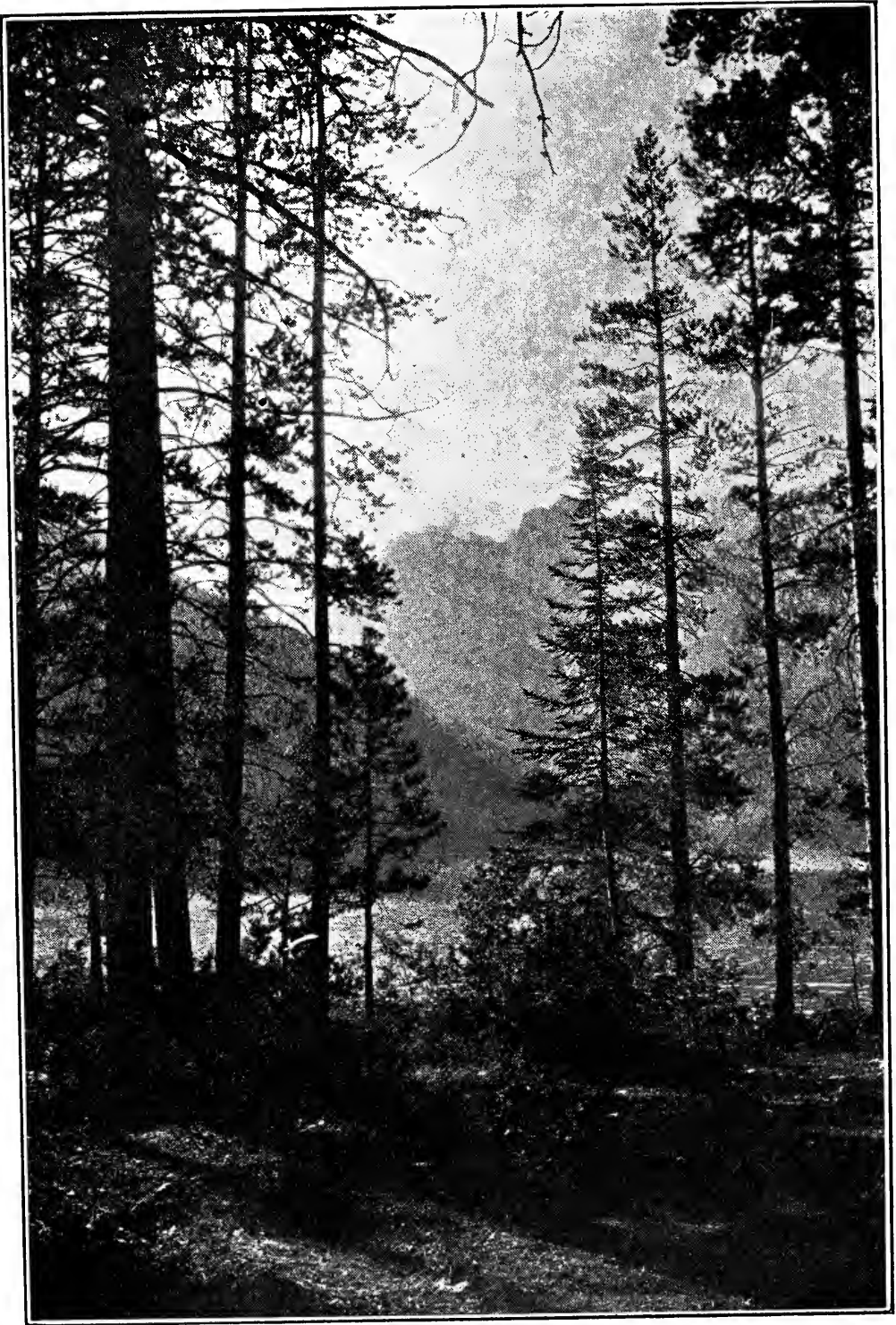
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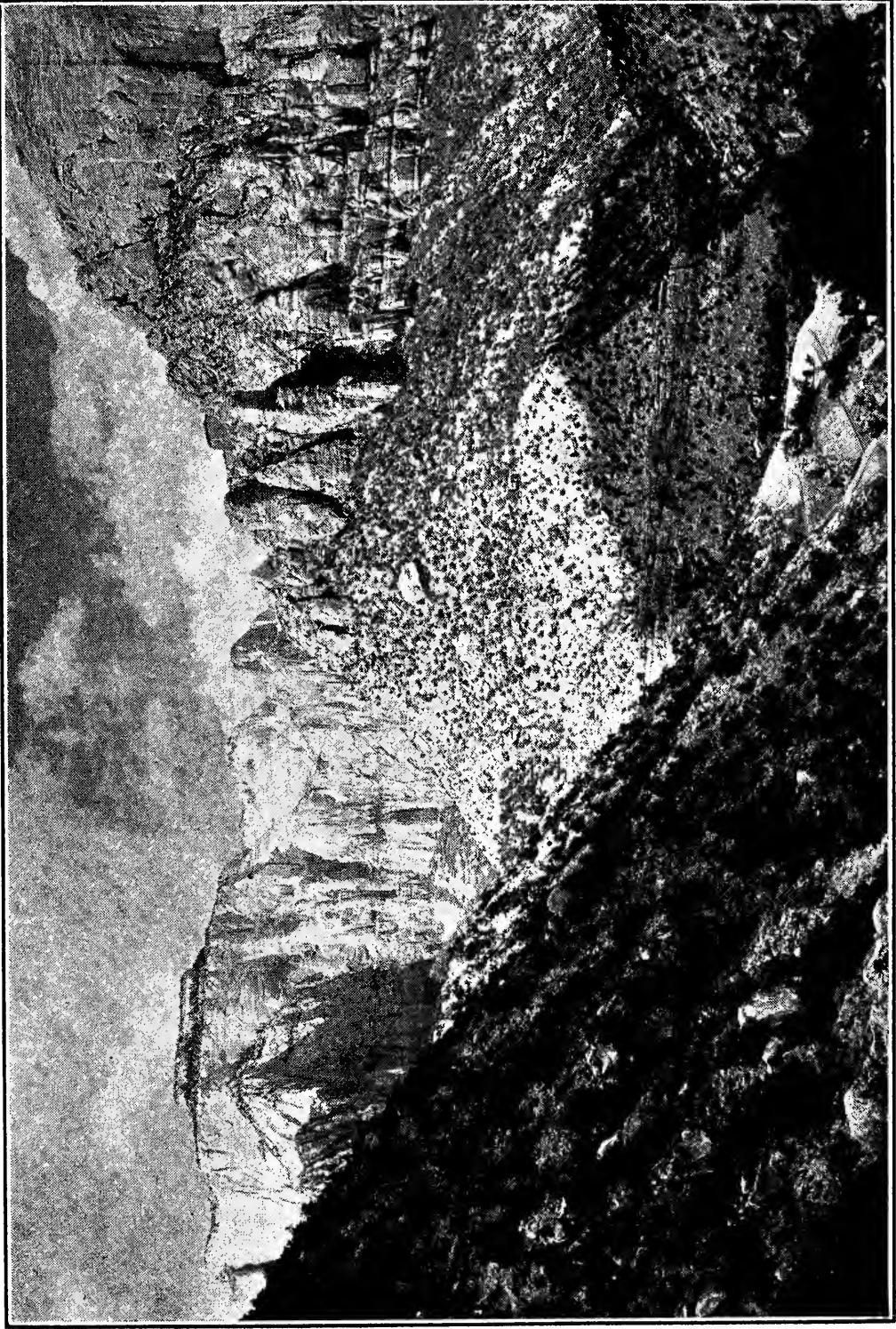


To March

By Arthur James Bowers

March, thou art a vagrant, flurried thing
That harries yonder clouds' tempestuous flight;
That animates all youth, with kite on wing;
And clothes, with shrieking sounds, the somber night.
Vent thy seasonal, pent-up wrath—
How sweet and placid the after-math!

Loose thy trumpet blasts, oh March!
Steel thy reckless breath with biting edge!
Thou toucheth not the glow of my warm hearth
Nor ire yon geese above, in sweeping wedge.
Dost think thy raucity a boon?
I shall be avenged in quiet June.



IN SCENIC SOUTHERN UTAH

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI

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No. 3

Glancing Forward

By Kate M. Barker

“As we gain the loftier eminences we see the snowy summits before us touched by the light of the moral ideal, transforming themselves before our eyes into what appear to be the ramparts and spires of the Golden City. We climb still higher, and the vision travels with us lighting on the next succeeding range. And so on and on as we ascend.”—*Adler*.

PROGRESS is effort stimulated by ever truer sight of new and finer outlooks. Each new age has a double duty to perform. It has its own special problems to solve and it must keep its eyes to the future for ever brighter visions.

An organization for social uplift must not only function for the conditions under which it was created but it must have elasticity to meet new needs or solve new problems as they arise. If it is kept in mind that the world has created and perfected its social machine slowly and with great difficulty and that some of its best and most tried social machinery seems now to be breaking down, the inspiration of the prophet in organizing the Relief Society is at once apparent.

“There are other kinds of service to be rendered. New conditions will continue to arise. But Joseph Smith, the founder of the Relief Society, though he gave fundamental principles to guide, had the vision to leave it unrestricted to grow and ex-

pand to meet the changes in the social world.” *Amy W. Evans,*
Radio Talk.

That the women of this organization were so well prepared to meet the emergency in relief work of the past three years was due to the vision of their leaders in preparing for this very need. This seems to be the special problem of this age and nobly are the women meeting their responsibility. But the work must not stop with giving material relief. These measures must be only temporary. The big job is yet to be done—the bringing about of fundamental social improvement. Human beings have the right to be freed from the crushing fear of want and they also have the right for future growth a hope or opportunities for richer and more satisfying lives.

“The old standards that had to do with money and success are gone. Now human happiness, not privilege, must be the test of everything.”

—*Frazier Hunt.*

In a world so abundantly blessed with the necessities and even the luxuries of life, surely there is enough intelligence to find such means of distribution that no one need suffer for the lack of necessities. Are we not beginning to glimpse the future when the order of society will be—not “Some will work, and get and share,” but “all will have the joy of working and getting”—when each one can have joy in some creative work and share in the opportunities for education, health and recreation.

SOME one has stated a new commandment thus—

“Thou shalt build an economic system and a social order in which it will be possible for people to love their neighbor as themselves.”

To attain this vision of a better future will require far reaching changes in our whole social and economic structure.

Anything dealing with human welfare is the province of the church and is woman's special work as outlined by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Women must do their part in this social re-construction work and it is the opportunity of the Relief Society to help its members to understand the changing social problems, to arouse them, from the passive attitude too many take, to a sense of responsibility and to awaken in them the impulse to find out how best they may meet it.

LEISURE time has always been a problem and is becoming increasingly so. The way it is spent may determine in no small degree the future of civilization. It is a problem for which the mothers must prepare. The culture of the home depends more upon the mothers than upon anyone else. And it is in the

home during the formative, impressionable years of childhood that the foundation for future ideals is laid.

WILLIAM SLOAN COFFIN, president of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, says—

“At the present we have plenty of leisure for culture but little culture for leisure.”

And George W. Alger in “Leisure for What?” says—

“The great problem before us today is to create a civilization that does not degenerate under leisure. This can be done only by setting in operation forces working for a culture that recognizes as no civilization since the fall of Rome has been required to do, that leisure is and must be a means, and not an end; that its true value is measured by what we do with it—by whether it lifts or lowers us in the great world of intangibles, the world, not of material, but of spiritual values.”

THE self-denial recent years has forced upon us has resulted in re-awakening our idealism, the mind and spirit have assumed new importance and new beauty. We realize we have not lived up to our possibilities as children of God, that our way of life has been too small for the capabilities we inherit. In “glancing forward” we need to look deep into our minds and souls and ask ourselves wherein we have failed. We have not been left to struggle in the dark. We have been given the fundamental laws of right living in the gospel, of which all truth and beauty are a part. We need a broader understanding of its principles and their application to present problems, we need a greater appreciation of its worth in our lives and a broader culture to help us see its real beauty and above all we need to have

our knowledge vitalized. We need impelling ideals to give enthusiasm, strength and inspiration, to put the breath of life into our beliefs, to give us the Will to do as we know that belief and action may be in harmony.

"To lift us in the great world of spiritual values," is the aim of our educational work. To achieve the result we must strive to improve our methods of teaching that our work may become really creative.

One of the great needs of the world today is more friendliness. Human sympathy and helpfulness are among the most beautiful things in life. There is so much suffering and sorrow, each one has special problems and needs, yet too often we have to say, "If I had only known," or "why didn't I remember?" Every one longs for friendship, sympathy and understanding, yet we live our lives so apart and in the real difficulties of life we understand each other but little and help each other less.

In our ordinary social contacts we touch but the surface, there is little expression of our real selves, little soul contact. It is only in spiritual contacts that real understanding comes. In our Relief Society organization where we focus our energies on the finer things of life, where all our lessons are coordinated and animated by the spirit of the Gospel, giving all a spiritual significance, this mutual understanding and helpfulness should grow and from the contacts we should discover new and deeper meanings and richness of life.

It is only within such a social medium that persons can realize themselves.

Each person has something he can contribute to the good of the whole something probably which is found only in himself. All have equal obligation to give their best but they need help, encouragement and opportunity to give this best and to make their best still better. The Relief Society should give this help, this opportunity to each of its members.

If we can create this generous and vital friendship cemented by a testimony of the Gospel to give perspective and set standards, can we not look forward to the time when every adult woman in the Church will be drawn into the group? A group, intelligent, alive to its social responsibility, realizing each has a contribution, each eager to assume the responsibility. A group which realizes that no activity, no cultural course is an end in itself but the means to a more complete life which will show itself in the kind of human relationships the members maintain in the home, in civil life, in the Church, wherever they go and whomsoever they meet.

If we pass on to the next generation the best work we have been able to achieve and the loftiest visions we have been privileged to behold as a result of our strivings, we shall make it possible, for them to do their work better, to behold visions still grander than ours and with a clearness excelling our own.



Religion in Action—The Relief Society

By President Hugh B. Brown

“This is my commandment that ye love one another”

THE best story of “Religion in Action” is the story of the Good Samaritan: he did no preaching, he gathered no statistics, did not ask if the unfortunate’s sad plight was the result of his own folly; he saw a man who needed help and he took time to serve his neighbor, a stranger. He who needed help was not embarrassed by publicity. The Good Samaritan did not advertise himself.

While other organizations foster activities, teach theology, and train the youth of the Church, the sisters of the Relief Society—modern Good Samaritans—interpret religion in terms of service.

Some estimates of the value of the service rendered by this organization may be made by a study of its activities in any of the Stakes or Wards of the Church. For example, one Stake has the following yearly average during three years of the depression:

27,659	visits made
261	days spent with the sick
3,853	special visits to the sick and home bound
18	bodies prepared for burial
10,086	articles of clothing renovated, remodeled and given out
583	families completely outfitted with clothing
156	children provided with shoes and stockings
\$13,500	total disbursements, exclusive of clothing

Similar activities are being carried out in all parts of the Church. This

service is the very essence of Mormonism, combining as it does the qualities of love, loyalty, devotion, faith, hope, justice, mercy and truth. No one can measure the results or extent of these daily acts of helpfulness.

Without publicity and without causing embarrassment, this army of mothers goes out into No Man’s Land and feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, buries the dead, and mends the broken hearts of thousands of casualties on life’s battlefield.

But more helpful even than the providing of material comforts is the atmosphere in which these sisters work where the souls of the needy are fed and mended. One who returns after the funeral service of a loved one and finds them in his home, cooking, mending, cleaning, bringing sunshine and hope, will appreciate what is meant by the “Relief Society Atmosphere.” They give of themselves and not only of their goods. They carry blessings of which they themselves are unaware, as Henry Ward Beecher said:

“Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, of helpfulness, hope and understanding, causes one to carry blessings of which one is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such a one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners.”

Surely there is no more central interest in the Church than the winning of human life to the principle

of love and brotherhood—reminding men that God is not dead, but living. Seeking ever for more efficient methods; keeping pace with the times and changing conditions, our sisters shed the radiance of that eternal spirit of love, most ancient yet ever new, which shone in the Master's ministry. They never substitute well-wishing for well-doing; but with aprons on and sleeves rolled up, they meet the need of the occasion. Here religion is a living compelling fact and not a mere theory.

With a membership made up of the mothers of the Church no organization could be better fitted for its mission, i. e., to respond to the heart hunger of the shut-ins and the bereaved, to minister to the sick and the broken hearted, to provide for the needy and to train new members

in the Divine art of self sacrificing service.

Here is opportunity for each member to serve in the capacity for which she is best fitted. Here are departments for the Sunshine Workers, Welfare, Literature, Art, Household Duties, Theology. Here it is learned that none is so weak as not to bear the relationship of strength to someone weaker still, and that none is so strong as not to bear the relationship of weakness to someone stronger yet.

Much honor is shown to the Priesthood of the Church, and properly so; men hold responsible positions and are praised for their service, but when it comes to efficiency, devotion to a cause, self-less service, true religion, hats off to the ladies, God bless them.

The Cultural Side of Relief Society *

By Janet M. Thompson

THE word "culture" meant originally and still means—the cultivation of the soil. But in the course of time men and women found that the mind might be cultivated as well as the soil; they realized that mental as well as material crops could be sown and garnered—so a second definition was added to the first—this second—higher culture—covers all training, development and strengthening of mental and physical powers. It stands for the fruitage of enlightenment of civilization.

One authority says culture is the systematic improvement and refinement of the mind, especially one's own. In connection with our Relief Society work I like to think that culture is the acquainting of ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world.

We know that the religion embraced by the L. D. S. people is a religion of improvement, and seeks higher culture and also prompts us to search diligently after knowledge. The Doctrine and Covenants says—"And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom—yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom—seek learning even by study and also by faith." When the Relief Society was organized, the Prophet Joseph Smith, in turning the key over

*When the Ensign Stake Relief Societies held their annual ward conferences last November, one of the Ward Presidents asked that the cultural side of Relief Society work be presented, and the following embraces some of the thoughts discussed at this particular ward conference.

to the Relief Society sisters said, "And this Society shall rejoice and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time." Our Relief Society Hand Book tells us that the Relief Society was first organized for human service, but other aims of the organization were to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life—to raise human life to its higher level—to elevate and enlarge the scope of women's activities—to foster love for religion, education, culture and refinement.

EDUCATION at any age is necessary for intelligent living in this rapidly changing world. Whatever makes people *think* is valuable intellectual training. Cultural development comes to us through well-directed energy. We may raise our thinking to a higher plane—but force and energy must maintain it there. One of the greatest factors in our cultural development is our social contact and our Relief Society gives us this social contact and helps us to develop the character and quality of our refinements.

We might ask—Does the knowledge we gain in Relief Society have any cultural value in the home? The children of today are daily challenging our intelligence. We are faced with obligations we should strive to meet. Just recently one mother said, "My children come home and ask me questions far beyond my intelligence and I surely feel the need of more education." A short while ago a young girl came home from High School complaining about the English she was studying. When the mother inquired what the trouble was, she said, "Oh, we are studying all about Chaucer and I don't see why we are." It was evident the young girl knew nothing of the

wonderful contribution to literature that Geoffrey Chaucer had made and it was also evident she was of the opinion her mother knew nothing about the matter under discussion. But this mother, by exercising her membership in the Relief Society was fortified to make an immediate adjustment of her daughter's complaint. This mother had had the opportunity in the Relief Society of studying all about Geoffrey Chaucer, in "The Delight of Great Books" by John Erskine. Then, too, she was familiar with the course of study being used in the Literary Department this year—"The Story of the World's Literature," by John Macy. The mother happened to have both of these books in her library and immediately furnished the daughter with all the information and material she could possibly use regarding this particular English lesson. So, I would say, the knowledge we gain in Relief Society has a definite bearing and value in the home. The lessons prepared by our General Board of Relief Society offer great stimulation for cultural thought and development and it seems most fitting, if we are seeking a more abundant life, that we should take advantage of every opportunity our Relief Society offers in helping us attain higher levels in education, culture and refinement.

Ansulus de Insulis said, "Learn as if you were to live forever and live as though you were to die tomorrow." And Brigham Young said, "If we wish to be taught, to receive and understand, we must train ourselves—we are in a great school and we should be diligent to learn and continue to store up the knowledge of Heaven and earth and read good books. It should be our labor and our business to seek continuous education."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

MARCH.—Hope and joy are reborn in the heart of the world as the earth awakens to the sounds of spring.

THE 1934 modes for women's wear are fashioned on 18th century lines in color fabric and style. Velvets, satins, and silks, set off with fine laces and ribbons therefore are they gay, attractive and extravagant.

HER Majesty Queen Mary accepted a lift on the highway from one of her humble subjects, her own car having broken down. Will he be knighted for gallantry?

ANNE LINDBERGH has been awarded the Hubbard gold medal by the National Geographic society for her brilliant accomplishments as radio operator, aerial navigator and co-pilot. She is the first woman to receive the medal.

PRINCESS NUR HAMIDA of Damascus, founder of five women's social and political organizations in Syria and India is in the United States on a lecture tour.

MISS FLORENCE LOCKE has chosen for her recital pageants this season, "The Triumphant Women of Shakespeare," by Ellen Terry.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT was given a party by her many noted friends on her 75th anniversary. She still carries on for equal rights for women, the work she started as a proto ge under Susan B. Anthony.

MARINA YULONA, Cossack soldier and concert dancer has written her life "Cossack

Girl." The pages of the book are full of thrills and hairbreadth escapes which seem incredible and the illustrations are even more horrifying, but her publishers declare the story to be "authenticated by documents."

MADAM HELENA PADEREWSKI, wife of the great pianist, died early this year at her home in Switzerland. She was born Baroness Van Rosen, daughter of a Russian nobleman and her influence and fortune as well as devotion were strong factors towards the success of the great artist. In 1916 Madam Paderewski launched a plan to care for war brides of Poland and established a Warsaw asylum for the care of 500 women and children.

ROSE MARIE BRANCATO, though raised in Kansas City, is an Italian girl with a marvelous voice. She is singing with the Chicago opera company this season in leading roles.

OCTAVE THANET was the pen name of Miss Alice French who died recently at the age of 84. Her authorship of novels and short stories extended over a period of many years. In 1911 the Iowa University gave her an honorary degree in literature.

ROXANA FARNSWORTH HASE of San Bernardino, winner of the Second prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Contest has just written a successful pageant for the P. T. A. This pageant was presented at the San Bernardino, Calif., City Council of P. T. A. for their Founders Day Program, and has been sent into the National Council at Washington, D. C.



ELSIE L. PARTON



From Out of the Ruins

*This poem is one of the two poems declared equal winners
in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.*

By Elsie L. Parton

*The world's aflame: aflame with lust and greed!
Great Nations plan and scheme, the weaker plead.
No peace is found midst earth's tumultuous din,
The dice is thrown—what is there left to win?
Man led by power of man doth blindly grope;
Fast fleeing time each moment robs of hope.
Men's hearts are failing fast with hopeless fear,
And far off heights more distantly appear.
But lo! from out the ruins bravely stands
A woman, holding in her upraised hands
A burning light and by its leaping flame
Across her breast engraved is shown a name.
The name a watchword through the ages long,
'Tis courage—and she makes the weakest strong.
Aloft she stands for every eye to see—
All is not lost—Rise, man, to victory!*



Anne Brent, Helpmate

By *Elsie Chamberlain Carroll*

IV

FOR a moment Anne stood speechless looking into the questioning eyes of Hugo Loring. His form almost filled the door, but soon she caught sight of Suzanne before a mirror, slender and distinctive in a white suit, fastening a bunch of orchids at her waist. For an instant the mother felt complete isolation from that beautiful creature with soft waves of brown hair, flushed excited face, and an air of self sufficiency. Suzanne seemed as strange to her as did the man who confronted her. All this passed in a flash before Anne's mind. Then she knew that the man was speaking.

"Did you want something?" She detected annoyance in his cool grey eyes.

"Yes," Anne's voice sounded unfamiliar, "I want to see my daughter."

Suzanne whirled from the mirror and brushed past the man with a quick, glad cry, "Mother!" The next instant Anne's purse and bag clattered to the floor and her child was sobbing in her arms.

Presently the cool, deep voice of the man who had retrieved the luggage and set it inside the room, said:

"Hadn't you better come into the room. People are wondering at the commotion."

Suzanne pulled Anne inside. "I can't believe it's really true, Mother. Last night I kept dreaming and dreaming about you and it seems that this must be just a part of my dream. This is Hugo. Forgive me, darling, for being so upset. But you know how I felt about going with-

out seeing Mother—and now I won't have to. I just can't believe it's true. Anne detected a plea in the girl's eyes for him to understand and forgive her emotion.

"I had to come when I got your letter."

"Suzanne was just telling me that she'd written you of our plans." Loring was clearly trying to conceal his irritation. He walked to the other side of the room and began to adjust a strap on a suit case. Then he looked at his watch.

"Our boat sails shortly after ten. We were just ready to leave. Would you like—I suppose you would like to go to the dock with us. It is now a quarter after nine."

Anne's brain had been whirling in a bewildering maze, but now it cleared like a flash. She looked steadily into the man's cool grey eyes. "I have come three thousand miles to see my daughter. I ask you to give me fifteen minutes with her—alone."

He flushed. A determined glint shot into his expression.

"Is that necessary? Suzanne has explained to you the importance of what she is doing to her future development and happiness. You haven't come, I hope, to try to interfere with our plans."

"Her happiness is all that I want," Anne said. "Will you let me talk to her—alone?"

"Why of course he will", said Suzanne. "What do you think Hugo is, a kidnaper? Paul Hennig is going to take us to the boat. You could wait down stairs with him a few minutes, darling".

Loring picked up the suit case and another bag and left the room, turning at the door to say,

"It can only be a few moments. Boats leave on schedule."

Anne closed the door. Could she do it? She must!

"O, Mother, it's wonderful of you to come. I felt that I just couldn't go without seeing you. I wanted to *know* that you understood."

"Suzanne, I came because I *do* understand much better than you do what this thing you are planning would mean. I couldn't let you step off into a chasm without trying to snatch you back."

"But, Mother darling, it's really all right. We love each other and our love is as sacred—as yours and Dad's."

"If you love each other, why can't you be married? When people love each other, they want to marry."

"That's the old fashioned idea—of binding together by vows and promises to someone else. We want to keep our love beautiful and sacred by keeping it free. The individual is—"

"Tell me, Suzanne, would you be as happy today if your father and I had ignored the tradition of marriage? Doesn't it matter to you that we've given you an honorable name to face the world with? Doesn't it matter that we've stayed together because of that marriage ceremony when sometimes without it perhaps the hard places in life might have driven us apart? Even if you are blind now to what such a step as you want to take would ultimately mean to yourselves, can't you see what it would mean to your children?"

"But Mother, nothing in the world is so important as the freedom of individual personality. If—if—we have children they would respect us

—for the courage it takes—to—be true to—to—our convictions."

"Would you respect *me* more if I had brought you and your brothers and sisters into the world without a name or any definite family ties, just because I had some far-fetched idea about personal freedom; if *your* father had been one man and Morris and Gloria's maybe another? Where would family life where would society and civilization be if the world had gone like that? Such individual freedom would end in individual disintegration. We can't be our best selves and reach these highest possibilities you talk about without recognizing our responsibility to others—to those who love us, to society. Can't you see that, my girl? Can't you see it?"

"O, Mother—I don't know how to talk to you when you look so white and worried—when you talk to me like that. But it *is* all right. It's just the new generation demanding to live its own life. Times are different from what they used to be. Parents can't live their children's lives for them."

"No one knows that so well as parents themselves. But they can and should try to help keep their children from shattering their lives. Do you think I rushed to you for anything else than that I want you to be happy? You say times are different. Yes, some things are different, but my dear, the fundamental things never change—the necessity for self respect, the necessity of feeling responsibility for others, the soundness of the ideals that have crystallized out of the experience of the human race."

Suzanne's face was troubled. Her soul was torn between two powerful emotions.

"But Hugo—he explains it all—

so simply. If there were only time—”

The door opened, and Loring, watch in hand, entered. Anne's heart fell. There was no denying the magnetism of the man's personality. She felt blundering and inadequate in the sophistication of his mere presence.

“We have barely time to catch the boat. Hennig will bring you back, Mrs. Brent, and take you wherever you wish to go.”

Anne wanted to pour out all her pent up resentment upon this suave, sleek man who had poisoned her child's mind; but she managed to control herself and answered quietly,

“No thanks, I will not go to the boat. If Suzanne is going with you, I must go home at once—and tell her father and brother and sisters what—

“I'm sorry. Come darling, we haven't a moment to spare.” He crossed the room and adjusted the white fur which had fallen from Suzanne's shoulders.

The girl stood rigid, looking from the man to her mother. The atmosphere of the room seemed throbbing with the drama of the situation.

“Come on, dear, you can write to your mother when you get on the boat.” He would have drawn her toward the door, but she pulled away from him and rushed to her mother.

“No. I am going home with Mother. I love you Hugo, but I can't go and leave my mother looking like that. I don't know what is right and what is wrong, but I can't go.”

“Then you haven't the courage to live your own life? To demand your own happiness? Won't you come?”

“Not now, Hugo. Things are all mixed up. I can't go.”

“Then I'll say good bye”, and he left the room.

Anne steadied herself from the feeling of faintness that swept over her and caught Suzanne in her arms.

Most of the night they talked. Suzanne had had an offer of a position as art teacher in a mid-western private school. Her teachers thought the experience would be wonderful before she went on with her course.

MUCH as Anne wanted to take her home, she advised her to take the position. Perhaps in the quietness of Layton Suzanne would find it too hard to adjust and would repent her decision and resent her mother's interference, Anne told herself. The girl must be busy and interested.

So the next day Anne started home and Suzanne made preparations for her new work. Suzanne's goodbye was comforting to the mother. The girl looked white and stricken. Anne knew that her love had been genuine and that she was suffering, but she said,

“I'm so glad you came, Mother; I'm beginning to see already what a terrible thing I was about to do.”

WHEN Anne reached home, she found general confusion. Quint was calsoining the kitchen. Gloria was washing windows in the dining room. The twins were having a swimming party with the neighborhood children in the old vegetable cellar they had filled with water.

“Why, what on earth are you doing?” she asked as she came into the house. “What's going on?”

“Dad sent a telegram that he was bringing six men home for dinner tonight. The men who have something to do with that business he went to see about, I suppose,” Gloria explained. “We know how you always clean house when company is coming, so we thought we'd better.

But just everything has gone wrong. We're so glad you've come. How is Suzanne?"

"She's better," Anne said, surveying the disorder. "Six men—din-

ner tonight? And it is now fifteen minutes to eleven."

Anne went to her room to change her dress.

(*To be continued*)

Old Hands

By Estelle Webb Thomas

They spoke of the peace in her waxen old face,
Her thin, silver hair like a halo about it,
How lovely she looked in her white flowing robes—
She had loved finery, but was cheerful without it—

But all I could see was the weary old hands
That someone had folded with decorous care
Above her flat bosom. How quiet they lay,
Relaxed and at rest, as if glad to be there!

How often had they the same service performed
For others, or welcomed some wee, wailing dear
But newly arrived—bathed fever-flushed temples,
Or clasped failing fingers while Death waited near.

I saw them again—more graceful and shapely,
Dispense hospitality so graciously,
Or into small garments, exquisitely fragile,
Embroider sweet dreams of the bright days to be!

I saw them at tasks, unending and homely,
Willing and deft, with an unflinching skill:
Serving and giving—so seldom receiving!
Unmasking servants of unselfish will!

I saw them outstretched to grasp the soiled fingers
Of one who has fallen—nor flinch at their touch,
And tendering mercy to needy and helpless—
Tired old hands can accomplish so much!

O, veined old hands, so worn with loving service,
Folded so sweetly above the still old breast,
Mayhap He needs your gentle ministrations,
Until He calls—lie still, dear hands, and rest!

Studies in Vocabulary

By Florence Ivins Hyde

"A good vocabulary is the golden key to many a successful life. It gives access to higher levels in the social, professional, and business world. There is no limit it offers to the student, man or woman, young or mature."—(*Josephine Baker.*)

THE building of a vocabulary is one of the most interesting types of study. It holds the same fascination which, inevitably, comes from discovering something new. Such studies are, comparatively, rare for the reason that the task is unusually difficult and arduous making it unpopular with the average student. When Prof. Gillette of the University of North Dakota attempted to determine the size of the average vocabulary, he succeeded in persuading only two students to carry out the project. In justification of his effort to make an original study, Prof. Gillette explains that "culture is the medium on which beings depend for getting a living and adjusting themselves to others. Not the academic culture boys and girls get in college, but rather the totality of all ideas, inventions, plans, ways of doing things, customs, codes, sciences, institutions and arts." By the use of this culture of which Prof.

Gillette speaks, the work of the world gets done, and it is significant that the avenue of access to this culture lies in the use of words—vocabularies.

The Bible and the works of Shakespeare and Milton furnished the subjects for the first studies. The method used in measuring these vocabularies was that of counting the number of different words used in their writings. Following this method, students assigned to Shakespeare a vocabulary of 24,000 words, a number said to be unequaled by any other writer. To Milton they assigned 19,000. All the writers of the Bible together, used only 7,200 words, but they are primitive and cannot be judged by our times. Some one, recently, tested 75 speeches of Woodrow Wilson and found that he made use of 6,221 different words, from which his vocabulary was estimated to be 62,000. The editor of the *Literary Digest* then suggests that he probably knew twice that number.

Tests of primitive people have developed some most interesting facts. Dictionaries of their words have been compiled from which has been drawn the following table:

The Aztec Nahuatl made use of.....	27,000 words
The Central American Maya made use of.....	20,000 words
The Plains Dakotas made use of.....	19,000 words
The Navajos of the South West made use of.....	11,000 words
The Klamath of the North West made use of.....	7,000 words

A dictionary of Mexican Aztec language, dated 550 contained 13,000 words. An explorer counted 30,000 words used by the Yaagans, a race which he says knows neither

coats nor trousers. We are told that the vocabulary of the Arab is fabulous: that they have hundreds of words for the camel, 500 for the lion, and 1000 for the sword.

A few years ago, the statement was made in an educational meeting that the best educated person in the room would use no more than 600 or 700 words; that an ignorant man would not use more than 300 or 400. Having heard this statement, the editor of the *Indianapolis Journal* made a study of himself. He took at random an equal number of words from each page of the dictionary, multiplied the number of pages by the number of words he understood, and computed his vocabulary. His study and others similar to his, seem to warrant the conclusion that: Every well read person of fair education, will be able to understand 50,000 words. The same person in conversation or writing will command not fewer than 15,000 or 20,000 and if literarily inclined can easily add 5,000 or 10,000 to his vocabulary. The plain people according to this standard, use or read, understandingly from 8,000 to 10,000 words, according to general intelligence and conversational power. It is understood, of course, that as we take on more culture, the number of words increases. According to an estimate made by Mr. Karl Voghts, we have added 250,000 words to the English language since 1900.

In recent years, different studies have been made in an effort to work out some standard by which to judge this problem of vocabulary building. Some exceedingly interesting information developed.—All knowledge is presumably a product of two vari-

ables; Intelligence which is our innate capacity and experience; or the kind of environment that has been acting upon us. Which has the greater influence in building up our vocabulary is still an interesting question. Mr. A. R. Taylor, in his "Study of the Child," says, "Children's knowledge and vocabulary grow at approximately, the same rate and reveal, also, the function of language in knowledge getting."

TERMAN and Brandenberg found that general vocabulary correlates very highly with general intelligence. Terman, indeed, felt that except in rare cases, verbal ability indicates the level of intelligence. He emphatically maintains that vocabulary is entirely a matter of intelligence; that it is much less influenced by culture than one would expect. In his studies he found that the backward son of a college professor, 14 years of age, tested at a mental age of 11 years. He must have had exceptional language environment, yet it did not raise his vocabulary score. A Portugese boy with poor environment tested in his vocabulary test, 18½ years when he was only 14½ years old. Terman's test consists of 100 different words from a dictionary containing 18,000 words. If the subject defines 40 words correctly his vocabulary figures 40x180 or 7,200 words.

The following table has been compiled by Terman's method of measurement:

The average person 8 years of age knows.....	3,600 words
The average person 10 years of age knows.....	5,400 words
The average person 12 years of age knows.....	7,200 words
The average person 14 years of age knows.....	9,000 words
The average adult knows.....	11,700 words
The superior adult knows.....	13,500 words
Prof. Gillette, in his test, knew.....	16,833 words

Terman's method of measurement was used on a group of college students with the following results:

BOYS

Freshman	9,240	words
Sophomores	10,860	words
Juniors	12,700	words
Seniors	13,040	words

GIRLS

Freshman	8,860	words
Sophomores	9,325	words
Juniors	10,130	words
Seniors	10,700	words

IT will be observed that throughout this test, boys rated higher than girls. In the tests made upon young children, it was learned that up to 5 years of age, girls rate higher than boys. After that, boys surpass them. Whether girls are slower in developing their native intelligence or whether the difference can be accounted for in the greater opportunity boys have of mixing in the affairs of the world, is another interesting question.

Terman's claim is born out by the studies of Gerlach who claims that vocabulary is a better indicator of intelligence than are college grades. Through recent studies, it has been found that those ranking high in scholarship, on an average, know 5% more words than those ranking low in scholarship.

In the light of still other studies, Terman's method of measurement is regarded by some scholars as falling short of the results such a test should attain, due to the fact that a dictionary of 18,000 words is too restricted. Webster's unabridged dictionary contains 408,000 words, and phrases.

The department of psychology of one of our universities made a study which disclosed the fact that the average child of 4-5 years makes use of 1,700 words. In its first year the

child acquires from 10 to 12 words. During the second year this increases to 300 or 400 words, depending upon environment. This seems to discredit to some extent, Terman's contention that it is solely a matter of intelligence.

Still another study made of adults, leads to the conclusion that the average person commands 10,000 words. Educated persons know 60,000. Others without college education but readers of magazines, know from 25,000 to 35,000. A few, as many as 50,000. All of which are much above Terman's estimates.

Very recent tests made at Columbia University by Kenyon, tend to indicate that the vocabulary of an individual correlates with his intelligence and school achievements.

In view of all these facts it is impossible to reach any definite conclusions as to the size of the average adult vocabulary. One thing is apparent; it is much larger than it was first thought to be. Yet some interesting observations have been made as a result of these investigations, viz.; That there is a difference between reading, writing, and speaking vocabularies; that the ordinary writing needs are much smaller than was ever supposed; that the vocabulary of individuals differ according to their habitat and social relationships; that no matter how great the vocabulary may be, even the most educated, when writing, use but a small percentage of the words he knows.

If, as we are told, the only depositories our minds have for knowledge, are words, the subject of *increasing* our vocabularies is of vital importance to us. It is a thing we have to do for ourselves. What we pick up from our associates and our reading is the thing that counts. Not cheap reading, for that doesn't get us anywhere, even though it may be a

relaxation. Fine literature can be found dealing with every theme and at the same time doing it beautifully. The matter of always using the correct word is worth studying. "Choose your words as you would your

clothes, selecting some for their beauty, others for their richness, and others for their general utility, always bearing in mind that, like one's garments, the words should be appropriate to the occasion."

Your Home Beautiful

By Mabel Margaret Luke

PICTURES AND BRIC-A-BRAC

THERE is no surer way of expressing your personality than in the minor details, the accessories that are added after the furniture is placed, the rugs are laid and the windows draped. These are the accents—the highlights—of the room picture. They are the little things that distinguish our homes from mere lodgings. We often hear the expression "a woman's touch," and if we stop to analyze it we will find that this feminine touch consists of such things as pictures, books, cushions and objects D'art. They not only give an intimate clue as to the personal tastes of the members of the household, but may give a distinctive and compelling charm if correctly chosen, or, if not, will mar an otherwise perfect room.

William Morris says "Do not have in your home anything that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." One may legitimately excuse a person who uses a thing through necessity, even though it is not beautiful, but the accessories of a room if not beautiful have no other excuse for being, and the use of bric-a-brac and pictures, and other objects of questionably beauty, or outright atrocities has no excuse decoratively and only results in an expression of vulgarity, destroying any claim a room might have to charm and dignity.

PROBABLY the most important of these accessories are pictures and yet more decorative crimes are committed in choosing and hanging them than in any other single medium. Our tastes, ideals and culture are revealed in the choice of pictures which go into our homes. It might be said: "Show me the pictures you hang on your walls and I will tell you what you are."

In choosing pictures for any particular room it is better to wait until the room is finished before deciding upon the pictures as the type, size and color will then more or less suggest themselves. Sometimes, however, our rooms are built around a lovely painting and so it should be hung first and from it the room scheme taken.

Pictures should be chosen for their intrinsic worth or decorative qualities and because of their suitability to the spirit of the room in which they are to be hung. If one does not know herself to be a competent judge of art it is safer to choose the works of the great masters (not originals for most of us, to be sure, but excellent copies and prints) which time and artistic judgment have set a seal upon and are of unquestionable and permanent beauty. Such are Medici and real old Japanese prints, copies of Holbein, Turner, Whistler and others. Real art will nearly always

fit in. It might be said in passing that there are now on the market reproductions of the old masters done on canvas, giving a very real effect which for purposes of decoration are as suitable as the originals.

ETCHINGS and engravings have a quality of strong accent that make it desirable that they be hung by themselves as in a man's room or library, and not in a room with water colors and oil paintings. Water colors if carefully chosen are charming, especially in informal rooms. Old Costume prints, flower paintings, framed pieces of old chintz, samplers maps and charts all find use in certain rooms. Landscapes and other cheerful pictures are suitable in dining rooms. One may often find excellent prints in some of the better magazines. Avoid pictures of dead fish or ducks and of harrowing sentiment, also calendar art. Many pictures which are really rather good have become so hackneyed and commonplace with over-use that it is well to avoid them for the sake of individuality. A stereotyped subject betrays a stereotyped mind. Do not hang amateurish attempts. Reproductions of good pictures are far better than poor originals. Family portraits unless of real worth as paintings should not be hung on the walls of your living rooms. Do not hang pictures that are neither beautiful nor desired in any other part of the house in the children's room. Far better to hang there copies of old masters so the children by constant contact grow to enjoy truly fine things.

BE careful in your choice of pictures that must hang in the same room. For instance, a Madonna or "Innocence" would not agree in spirit with "The Horse Fair", a sporting

print or a modern picture with its splash of colors. You must decide the type that agrees with your room. If it is of strictly period character then you must choose pictures of that period and frame them to agree with the type of decoration chosen.

In framing pictures be sure the frames are suitable to the picture and in harmony with their surroundings, e. g. a small quiet picture would be absurd in a wide gold frame. In general it might be said oil paintings require heavier, wider frames than do water color prints, etc., which should have simpler, narrower mouldings. The weight of the frame should balance the weight of the picture, that is, pictures with dark masses and contrasts need a wider frame than those lighter in effect. Oil paintings need gilt (not bright, shiny gold) frames, while etchings and engravings have narrow black mouldings, or black with a gold inner line. Many prints, especially Japanese, are good in painted frames, or narrow gold ones. Usually the more simple the frame the better it is likely to be. Groups of pictures, which should be similar in size and subject, should be framed in a uniform manner.

Pictures should be hung at eye level, or nearly so, for a picture that is hung too high to be seen is of no use. Of course, when hung over a piece of furniture a picture must be hung so that together they form an agreeable group. They should be hung flat and parallel with the walls, never tipping forward. Hang with two cords to the picture moulding, or by invisible nails, never with one cord from one nail, which makes an ugly triangular space above the picture, at variance with the structural lines of the room and so attracting undue attention. Heavy pictures should be hung from strong nails

and cords so they seem to have a visible means of support. The wires may be toned in with the general wallcolor. It is highly appropriate to set oil paintings in the panels of a room, using the panel moulding as a frame. This is especially so above a mantel.

Pictures, rather than be hung alone should be grouped with furniture. Usually the focal spot for a picture in the living room is above a mantel. Over a chest of drawers, sideboard, groups at each side of a secretary, highboy or dressing table, or above a couch or bookshelves—all offer themselves as suitable places for pictures.

Be sure the picture is not too large or small for the furniture with which it is grouped or for the space it is to occupy on the wall. In hanging a picture on a panelled wall be sure it fits well within the panel and does not overlap at the side, and it should be of the same general shape. That is, a wide rectangular picture should not be hung in a long narrow panel. Observe, too, the principle of balance, remembering that pictures may be used to help balance furniture. Groups of pictures should be hung with their tops even or directly underneath one another, never in "steps." They should be hung about two or three inches apart so they seem to form a decorative unit.

Pictures should be hung so they get the best light possible, and that from only one direction. Light from two ways as on a picture hung between two windows only detracts and confuses. Oil paintings may have special artificial lighting, either at top or bottom which throws the light on the picture. Practically the same effect may be secured by putting shields on candlesticks and lamps placed in front and side of pictures.

Before leaving this subject let me repeat the rule given in a previous lesson: If the walls are decorative never hang pictures or any other embellishments upon them. If this is done they are forced to compete with each other and both lose their importance thereby. If a picture is worth hanging it is worth open spaces and freedom from competition.

Do not attempt an art gallery effect. Too few pictures are better than too many. It is better to use none at all than those that have no artistic merit, and if too many are used, even though good, they detract one from another until they lose their effect. A good rule would be to follow the Oriental idea. They hang only one picture at a time and enjoy that to the utmost and change it from time to time. They use this rule also with their bric-a-brac.

Family photographs are, as a rule, better in bedrooms and boudoirs than in living rooms as they are of interest only to the family circle. However, one or two photographs of real worth, properly framed add a personal touch to a living room and may be set on a table, low bookcase, etc, but seldom is it permissible to hang them on the wall.

ONE of the most valuable decorative mediums, yet one perhaps most seldom employed is the use of wall hangings. They have been used in nearly all great art periods and they should not be overlooked in present day decoration. To be sure the wall on which they are hung must be a background wall, and too many of them should not be used in the same room. Only the very wealthy can afford the antique tapestries and embroideries, but there are many fine reproductions. However, caution should be used in buy-

ing the machine-made tapestries, most of which are so obviously common and cheap looking. Be on the watch for the very fine and unusual. A Chinese embroidery, a length of damask, velvet or brocade, a batik, or hanging of hand-blocked linen, Oriental, Persian, East Indian, Java and Egyptian textiles all adorn the wall in an excellent manner, providing always that they are appropriate in period, color and scale to your room. Such delightful pieces may also be used for table covers, scarfs, drapes for piano and even for bedspreads. Peasant weaving and embroidery are very delightful for small homes and informal rooms. Unless the hanging is of sufficient size to nearly cover the wall so it seems to be a part of it there should be some article of furniture or structural fact with which it may seem to group. Wall plaques, carvings, flower pockets and plaster bas reliefs are all charming wall decorations when used with discretion and care.

MIRRORS are of great decorative usefulness. They may be used in practically any place a picture can, and it is wise decoration to use them in place of pictures to a large extent, especially in a small house or apartment where the use of mirrors will give a sense of spaciousness, open out your walls and give perspective and depth to your room. Above the mantel a mirror set in a panel is an especially happy device.

Screens are very decorative and make charming backgrounds, and are of much use in preventing drafts and hiding ugly corners.

ONE of the most admirable developments in the modern home is the elimination of the innumerable bric-a-brac that formerly cluttered up every available space. Now to a large extent utility goes hand in

hand with beauty and the articles that adorn have a definite use and the articles one requires for daily use have a note of beauty. However, one still finds many people who make museums of their rooms in their use of accessories,—cluttered up with calendars, sea shells, cheap vases, artificial flowers, statuettes, photographs, cushions, souvenirs, dried grass and cattails, tidies and others too numerous to mention, cheap, un-beautiful articles that rob a room of its dignity. Small articles can, if correctly chosen and displayed play a real part in the decorative scheme. But restraint in their use must be a guiding principle, and until one is very sure of her ability to choose an article for its beauty and artistic value alone it is better to choose for use. Ornament for the sake of ornament is vulgar, and it is far better to eliminate even to a condition of bareness than to have anything which is not useful or which is not absolutely essential as a decorative note in the general scheme so that the room when finished is a unit, a harmony in color, form, texture and spirit.

Bric-a-brac should be placed so that they balance and are in scale, but following this general principle you can use your own instinct in placing them. Don't be a copyist. They must agree in texture with the articles on which they are placed, e. g. a piece of peasant pottery would not be suitable on a table of fine mahogany. They must agree also in color. Pairs of anything give formal balance and dignity if set on either side of a center object. Interesting balance may be secured by two unlike articles of the same weight-effect. Make one article of a group the center of attraction—do not scatter interest too much. For instance, if the over-mantel decora-

tion is a fine painting then on the mantel have only subordinate articles, nothing that will take attention from the focal point. Never use draperies or hangings of any sort on the mantel.

Chinese bird cages at a sunny window lend a homelike atmosphere. Rare porcelains and china, such as Spode, Wedgwood, Spanish Morisque, Chinese powder blue pottery, Gonda ware from Holland, Sèvres from France, Dresden, etc., and old and new pewter look well in a corner cupboard or cabinet, or set on tables or mantel. A large pottery vase is suitable as an umbrella stand. Book ends of solid material that will really hold up books, cushions made to be used, single odd and lovely tiles as Maiolica, old and rare glass as Bristol and Venetian, incense burners, small lacquer boxes, workbaskets and flowers (real, never artificial) are some examples of what might be used. The field is unlimited as one can easily see in any department store, decorator's shop or even in the 10 and 15 Cent store. We are limited by our ability to choose the right thing and we cannot always be guided by its expensiveness or by its age, but by its fundamental beauty and agreement with the place it is to occupy. Never buy a number of things which are capable only of collecting dust. And never, for the sake of "sentimental foolishness" use as decoration articles which have been gifts from some loved one, if they have no artistic value. You can store them away, out of sight without in any way affecting your feeling toward the giver. There is an opportunity for fine distinction in the selection and arrangement of bric-a-brac. Do not be afraid of plain spaces, however. Overcrowding minimizes the effect of each separate object.

Look at your sideboard and mantel, two pitfalls. Are you making an ostentatious display of silver, glass and china on your sideboard? Is your mantel the catchall for baby cups, photographs, and souvenirs? Three good pieces, at most five are all that are necessary, and none at all if they are not good. Concentrate on a few choice things rather than many of a mediocre sort.

NOTHING will give that homelike air to a room as much as books. They give a lived-in look suggesting the presence of those who are never lonely. Books in your home give evidence that the inmates come in contact with other minds. Nothing so suggests a home of culture as good books, and books constantly at hand will have an influence in cultivating in children a love of good literature. American homes are lavish in their use of books, suggesting our national ideal, education of the masses.

But books have a decorative value as well. They are so companionable we do not to a large extent need to worry about the colors of their bindings and if they are old and worn they may be covered with dark oilcloths and the titles painted along the back.

Books should be properly housed. Shelves on either side of the fireplace seem particularly suitable. Bookshelves set below a window seat, at one end of the room, and above doors, in an unused door, in wall niches, on either side of a large window, in tall narrow cabinets for narrow spaces, hanging shelves—all are suitable places. The shelves may be painted to match the woodwork and lined with a predominating color in the room. Movable bookshelves now come in many attractive styles to harmonize with your style of dec-

oration. A few books set between bookends on an occasional table, chest or desk or in a book trough keep current books within easy reach, and with books we must not forget magazines, which add greatly to the comfort of a fireside. It is sometimes a good device to break up a row of books with a fine bit of pottery, copper or pewter or a lovely figurine, or to use the top shelf for a vase or a bowl of ivy. Flowers grouped with books are always good.

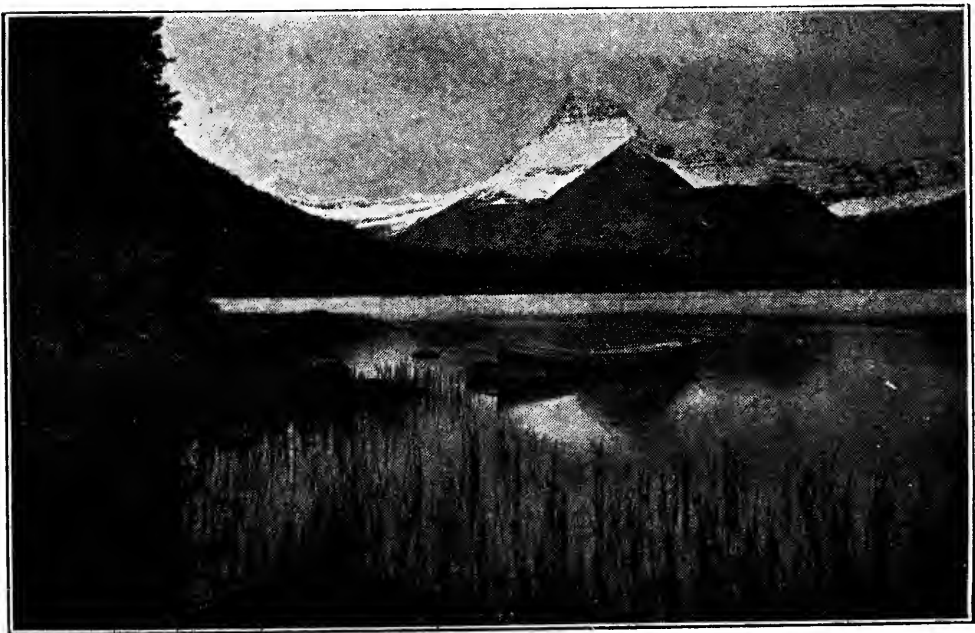
They seem to have a natural affinity for each other.

To summarize, then. Do not put too many things in one room, even though lovely, for no amount of individual beauty the objects possess in themselves will permit this mistake. "Any work of art, regardless of its intrinsic merit must justify its presence in a room by being more valuable than the space it occupies." And judging from this standard we may say that a good book always justifies its presence in the home.

Remembrance

By Claire S. Boyer

Regrets are the thorns on the stem of life,
 No matter the rose's grace,
 No matter the bloom
 Nor its rare perfume
 As you lift it to your face ;
 Regrets are the thorns that prick and burn
 And the hurt will never cease,
 For your blood will run
 Till the day is done,
 And the rose will bring no peace.



Bread Upon the Waters

By Annie Wells Cannon

"Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccl. 11:1.

SITTING one evening under the spell of the twilight hour the thread of memory slowly unwound, and numerous pictures of experiences connected with Relief Society work through many years of service came before me.

Service not of my own, but of many with whom I have been closely associated.

As time passes more and more am I impressed with the fact that every act of our lives is recorded in the heavens, as that events are registered on the human mind and stored away to be recalled at will or flashed like electric sparks as occasion requires. The pictures thus brought back to me were many and they were beautiful. Would it were possible to pass them on for others to see, especially those experiences relating to that band of humble women, who labor as ward teachers; devoted women who contact every class of people, and learn as no others can, every condition of life.

Out of the many pictures that illustrate the thought of this writing let one stand as a symbol, for well I know that thousands of teachers have had similar experiences; going as they do among the people like angels of mercy.

ONE of my first Relief Society trips was in company with Sister Emma Woodruff to the Uinta Stake. There were also representatives from the Young Ladies' and Primary Associations.

The occasion was of more significance than usual, as a new

Stake Tabernacle was to be dedicated and at this Stake Conference all the organizations were to be represented.

The time was before good roads and automobiles. President Joseph F. Smith and his party in their own carriages took the route through Summit and Wasatch Counties while the delegates from the auxiliaries went by train to Mack, Colorado, on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad; changing there to a small train on a narrow gauge track which rocked and whirled like a ship high on the sides of the Uinta Mountains to a place called Daggett. After a night there we went by stage over a desert country, stopping at a very lonely ranch house for dinner and then on to Green River to be ferried across that picturesque stream, stage and all; then off again by stage to Vernal.

A trip full of thrills but interesting with all, save for the fact of the crowded stage whose occupants were all men with the exception of the four women delegates.

Three of us had the second seat in the coach but it fell to my lot, I being the youngest in the group, to sit in front with the driver, the other occupant of this seat was a man, who had been quite courteous to us, especially to Sister Woodruff, who had great difficulty in mounting on and off the high steps of the stage and in other ways found the journey difficult.

DURING the three days of this trip conversation was at times general, and naturally we learned something of each other. I do not recall the name of the man who sat by me in the stage, perhaps I never knew, but he, very much surprised me after we told him of our mission, by remarking, "I know something about the Relief Society of the Mormon Church, and have a very high regard for your organization."

"Indeed," I answered, "how does that happen?"

"It touches one of the saddest but sweetest memories of my life, and though I seldom speak of it, I will tell you. I am connected with the Denver and Rio Grande railroad company. It is in their interest I am taking this trip. When I first came West I was located at Provo, my young wife and little son, not quite three years old, came with me. We had never been in a Mormon community and had our prejudices, so we did not make friends.

"This little boy was his mother's only companion during the hours I had to be at the office and she idolized him; in a man's way so did I. One day he became very sick and when the doctor came, to our horror, he pronounced the illness diphtheria. My wife young, inexperienced, alone, and frightened was in despair, when two women came to the door. Even the step on the porch and knock at the door that broke the silence was a relief. Mary (my wife) told me, afterwards, that never had she heard such gentle voices, such welcome words as came from those two women.

"We were passing," said one of them 'on our way and we saw the doctor come out of your house.

Knowing you were strangers, we thought we would come in and see if we could help you. Is it the little curly haired boy we have seen you playing with that is sick?"

"My wife answered, 'Yes, it is our baby. He has diphtheria and my husband will have to stay from home, until some one comes to relieve him at the office. Perhaps you know some nurse you could send me?'"

"Just then, the little fellow cried out and the mother rushed in to him. One of these women followed her to his room telling the other one to go on, and she would see what she could do to help. She proved a wonderful comfort and knew everything to do, at least it seemed so to us. She stayed with us during that week and when the baby died she prepared him for burial. When we offered to remunerate her she told us that she was a Relief Society teacher and it was her mission to comfort and help wherever she could, but she hoped we would always have a good word for her people.

"We could never forget such kindness. It was more Christ-like than anything I ever knew. After we took our precious baby home to bury him, we were stationed in Salt Lake, but such kindness made my wife and this good lady lasting friends and, of course, changed our attitude towards the Mormon people altogether."

How far-reaching this kind deed of one ward teacher became she will never know and when one contemplates, that daily, hundreds of those engaged in this good work are in some similar way "going about doing good" surely the bread cast upon the waters will come back after many days.

Culture in Entertainment

By Emma A. Empey

THE success of social entertainment depends largely upon the culture associated with it. Culture is the practice of good manners. Good manners are the result of unselfishness, a kind considerate heart and careful home training. As a guide to culture, rules of behavior have been formulated and handed down and classified as etiquette. While unselfishness, a love of our fellows and a genuine desire to please are the greatest stimulant to real culture, still it is important to know those simple and sensible rules of etiquette which have proven a great asset in our social intercourse. For example one might wonder why the rule was made that waiters at table should pass food at the left; but the convenience resulting from this custom was the basis for the rule. The inconvenience of a person trying to take food from a dish at his right is readily apparent, as is also the reason for placing the knife at the right of the plate.

What is lovelier than a well managed home entertainment? Take a dinner for example—The steps to be taken are as follows:

First decide on the personnel of the guests inviting at a given time only those whom you know will be congenial to each other, reserving other friends for another occasion.

Second, decide on the menu which should be done at least one day previous to the dinner.

Third, make a plan of your table indicating where each guest shall be seated. Guests of honor should be

placed at the right of the host and hostess who are seated at opposite ends of the table.

On the day of the dinner the house should be put in perfect order early in the morning, so that no later thought need be given to the matter. The table should be completely set long before the time of serving, this will leave the hostess free to either cook her dinner herself or direct the cooking of it. As the dinner hour approaches the hostess will be calm and confident and ready to receive and properly welcome her guests.

Other home entertainments should receive the same careful consideration. She can put aside all thought of how the house looks, whether all is running smoothly in the kitchen or dining room, as all of this has received earlier attention, also the thought of how she looks, she is then free to anticipate an evening of pleasure with her guests. Many dinners and other functions in the home are spoiled because of a lack of planning and preparation.

ALL social entertainment such as our Relief Society parties should also receive the same careful attention.

First step in such entertainment would be the appointment of committees. For a reception three committees are suggested—decoration, reception and refreshment. These committees should meet jointly at first to make complete plans and divide responsibility. Afterwards meeting separately to arrange details.

The decoration committee should

first see to it that the rooms to be used are immaculately clean and that the work of decorators and all evidence of it is out of the way well in advance of the time of gathering.

The work of the reception committee also needs very careful attention and planning for the success of a social gathering depends largely upon the reception committee. It is therefore important to choose women of tact, refinement and resourcefulness, women who are willing to devote their entire time to the comfort and enjoyment of their guests, women who understand that to introduce strangers is but the beginning of their responsibilities to them. The reception committee creates the atmosphere of an entertainment which will immediately be felt by the guests on entering the building. The reception committee should be at the place of entertainment far in advance of the guests. Where there is a receiving line those who stand in line should also be early. The receiving line may be composed of executive officers, distinguished visitors, past officers, some senior board members, or it may consist of an entire board; however, it seems preferable not to have too many in a receiving line as this restricts the activities quite often of some of the most clever entertainers who could give better service scattered among the guests. Special attention should be given to people who are inclined to be shy or backward. It is a good idea sometimes to solicit their help in entertaining for often when once the ice is broken a wealth of understanding and kindness will be found to draw upon in making successful interchange.

It is the duty of the refreshment committee to plan the refreshments

and arrange the service. Most of our churches are equipped with kitchen and dining room. The use of these rooms will depend on whether the reception is large or small, simple or elaborate. If light refreshments such as punch and wafers, candy, etc., are served from one or more tables, they are usually partaken of while standing and people rarely stand long in one place, so the service is not difficult. However, if somewhat more elaborate refreshments are to be served, the guests should be seated the while. There should be a comparatively large room with chairs close together around the walls, a center table with beautifully laundered (linen table cloth or a lace and linen if possible) decorated with a center piece of flowers and room sufficient for side dishes and the silver, which should be attractively arranged. Soiled plates etc. should not be put on this table but should be taken immediately to the kitchen and washed for use again. The use of attractive paper plates, doiles, napkins, etc, is permissible, but the nicest of food can be spoiled by the use of ill kept iron forks and spoons. The standard in dining room service can be raised by the use of silver, a high grade silver plate is really not expensive when you consider its years of service, but it must have good care in order to look well. Use always a good silver polish for cleaning, and never mix knives, forks and spoons, either in collecting, washing, wiping or putting away for use again. One of the greatest attractions in the dining room will be a bevy of prettily dressed, intelligent young girls to serve, girls who are delicately sensitive to the needs and enjoyment of older people.

In large gatherings it is well to begin serving early in order to accommodate any who must leave early. Crowding in the doorway of the refreshment room should be avoided and the reception committee should make an effort to see that this is not done. A little patience exercised on the part of the guests will also be appreciated by those in charge. At a large reception it is important to have plenty of help in the kitchen and each person there should have a definite understanding

of her duties. Those appointed to serve and assist in the dining room should not loiter in the kitchen, as this is most confusing and makes progress difficult. All unnecessary conversation among those assisting should be avoided. As indicated in the beginning, our entertainments should represent the best that we have in the way of culture and refinement and the Relief Society women who are the mothers in the church should set the pace for high standards.

Neighbors

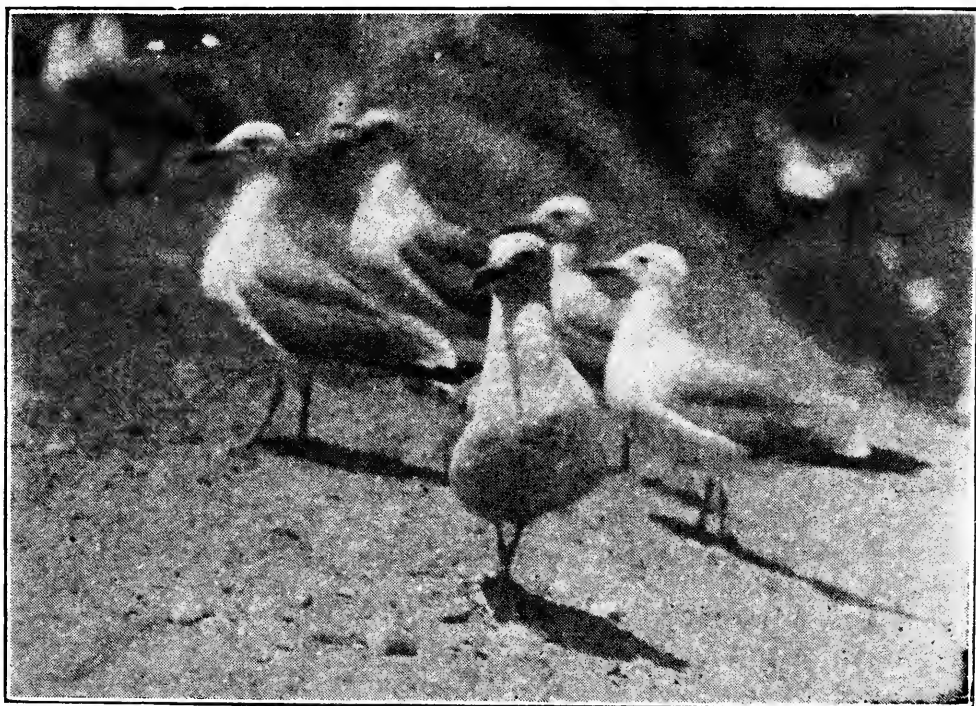
By Merling D. Clyde

A neighbor is the greatest gift
That God can mortal send,
When others pass unheeding by
On her we can depend.

When sadness comes she stands close
by
With words that comfort bring;
And in the midst of happiness
Her friendly laugh will ring.

Though Life's routine may chain us
fast,
The day grow dark and drear.
Yet in the very darkest hour
We feel her presence near.

There is no gift so great as this.
As through life's hours we labor,
The God-like counterpart of Love—
The friend, who is our neighbor.



Seeking to Discredit Religion, the Bible and Deity

By Bishop Edwin F. Parry

THERE seems to be an attempt with some writers to destroy confidence in religion and the Bible, and to deny that God has anything to do with human affairs or has any place in the universe. Uninformed or misinformed writers rush in print, evidently feeling that they have a message for mankind that ought to be sent broadcast to the ends of the earth as a warning against what they consider superstition. When examined, their claims are found to be nothing but bare assumptions without proof. And yet they speak in tones of authority, making dogmatical statements which no doubt they expect their readers to accept for solemn truths.

The world has had such pessimists before to contend with. More than one hundred and fifty years ago a celebrated French writer said that in one hundred years from the time of his writing the Bible would be forgotten as a thing of the past! And yet more Bibles have been printed and sold since his day than during all time before, while the man and his writings are forgotten long ago!

A very prominent American writer of the past generation blasphemously criticized the Deity for being so vain as to demand the worship of his creatures. Had the writer considered the matter more seriously or sought advice from wiser men he might have learned the true purpose of worship. Worship is deep admiration. When a person possesses estimable qualities, people admire him, and that is the leading step

towards acquiring those qualities. The Lord desires his children to cultivate his attributes and become like him, and by worshiping him they will be led to do this.

PEOPLE who sneer at religion are ignorant of what religion really is. Honesty, playing the game of life fairly, moral cleanliness, the love of God and fellow-man are the most prominent or essential parts of religion. Can anyone ignore any of these virtues? Men may differ as to the forms and ceremonies of religion, which are helps and safeguards to the worshiper, but the consciousness that men and women have that they are responsible to God for their conduct, and that some day they will have to give an account of their acts is what preserves civilization intact. Remove religion out of the world and civilization will cease.

Religion has furnished the highest incentives for achievement tending to the betterment of man in every branch of endeavor. Most, if not all, the great benefactors of the race have been religionists. Men have devoted their lives in medical and surgical lines to lessen the sufferings of their fellows through love for them; and love of neighbor is next to love of God. Scientists and inventors have spent their lives and fortunes in contriving scientific and mechanical improvements for the comfort of humanity. And this has been done through love of mankind inspired by religious impulses. Hos-

pitals and homes for the aged and afflicted are sponsored mostly by religious societies or through the influence of religious people.

THE Bible has furnished inspiration for artists, musicians, poets, dramatists and others. From it the foundation of the laws of civilized nations has been derived. Many of the laws of hygiene have been gathered from this wonderful book. The foremost nations of the earth are believers in the Bible and have attained their high enlightenment through its influence. It has done more good in the world than any other book, then why speak disparagingly of it? To reject the Holy Scriptures, the source of so much of the good in the world, is like denouncing a true friend and benefactor.

AS to God directing the destiny of man and of the universe, the words of the late Thomas A. Edison might be quoted:

"I know that the world is ruled by infinite intelligence. It required infinite intelligence to create it, and it requires infinite intelligence to keep it on its course. Everything that surrounds us, everything that

exists, proves that there are infinite laws behind it."

Mr. Edison also said, "I believe in the teachings of our Lord and Master. There is a great Directing Head of people and things—a Supreme Being who looks after the destinies of the world."

The *Literary Digest* for November, 1931, has this quotation from an unnamed author:

"Religion affirms a God.

"Science is coming to that assumption. The purpose and plan scientists find in the cosmos require it. It is the key to the puzzle of the universe.

"In other words, scientific research has been swinging away from the notion that the universe is a vast piece of mechanism controlled by purely mechanical laws. Leading scientists are asserting, rather, that the universe has purpose and direction."

The "infinite intelligence" by which Edison says the world is ruled and the force which gives the universe "purpose and direction," as scientists assert, is the same as what we call the power of God, the Creator. It is infinitely superior to that of mortal man in knowledge and intelligence.

Poverty

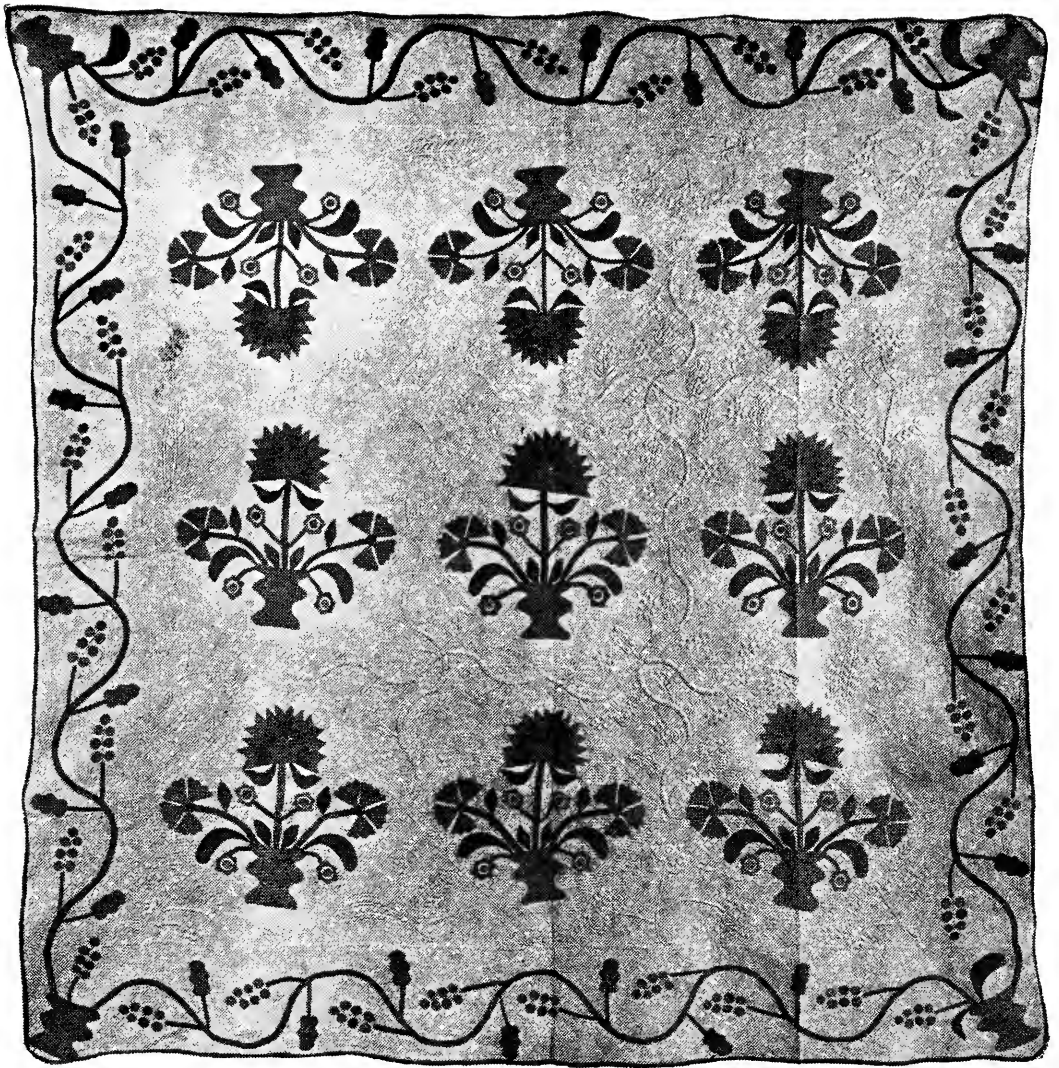
By Clara Horne Park

I know, they say it's poverty;
It may be of a kind,
I haven't much that looks like wealth,
But I don't seem to mind.

For roses bloom around my door,
And far as I can see,
Trees and flowers are everywhere,
And robins sing to me.

And one day as I wrote my lines,
I had a taste of bliss,
A child peeked in my open door
And wafted me a kiss.

And I can hear and laugh and feel,
And think and talk and see,
And walk a mile of highland, so—
It can't be poverty.



FIRST PRIZE FOR MODERN QUILT

One Thousand Quilts

By Arthur M. Richardson

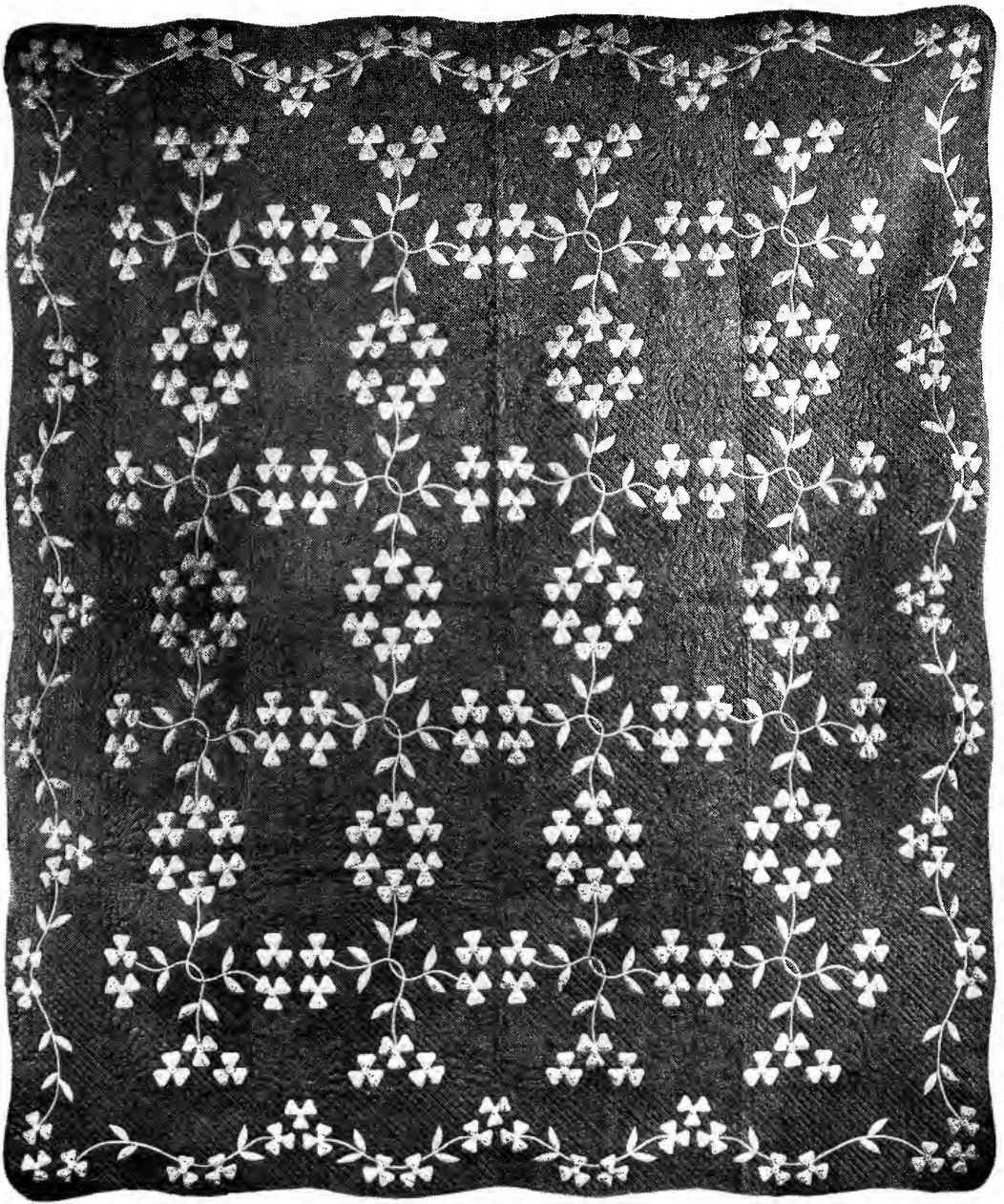
ONE Thousand Quilts! Did you ever see that many hanging from the same rack and awaiting your attention?

That's the number there were at this year's Eastern States Exposition held in Springfield, Massachusetts. Quilts from every state in the Union except Nevada. There they hung, just out of reach, but close enough to permit careful inspection. For the plain simplicity of geometrical design to those more gorgeously decorated, each bore its silent tribute to the deft fingers that created it.

The prize winning quilts were

hung on the first floor of the town hall in Storrowtown. This old New England village is the home of the "Home Department," which sponsors the quilt exhibit, and is a section of the fair grounds made up of a group of early New England buildings brought from their original settings and placed around a village green and appropriately furnished.

Those quilts which received honorable mention together with all the others were in the Industrial Arts Building. One of the antique quilts exhibited by Mrs. Lucy Lust of Marion, Ohio, was a monument to



FIRST PRIZE FOR ANTIQUE QUILT

patience and patriotism, containing 10,436 red, white, and blue pieces and 1600 yards of thread. It was 60 years old. This one received honorable mention.

The cash award of \$50.00 and a silver trophy, denoting first prize, in the antique group was taken by Mrs. John H. Smith, 40 Shepherd Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The charm of this quilt lies in its colors, softened by age; its close padded quilting; and its prim, quaint applique design. As can be seen from

the illustration the date and name of maker of this antique prize winner are incorporated in the body of the quilting. It was made in 1854.

The first prize for the modern quilts, \$50.00 and silver trophy, was awarded to Clara T. Post, Tyndall, South Dakota. This quilt ranks highest in workmanship of any quilt in the contest. The conventional flower motif, which is developed in egg-shell color, lends itself to any favored pastel background. The

use of only two colors gives quietness and serenity.

Quilt making is an art, and one with which many of the Relief So-

ciety members are familiar. It would certainly be nice to see a member of the Society receive recognition in next year's exhibit.

My Pretty Patchwork Quilt

By Ada Wootton

Yes, it surely seems a crime
Thus to spend such precious time,
Piecing silks and satins gay
Night and morning, all the day,
Just to make a cover fine
For that old-style bed of mine:
Pieces all of *this* and *that*
Placed to fit so nice and pat
My pretty patchwork quilt.

Cutting, basting, fitting all
Into space that seems too small,
But they all are placed at last
On the block secure and fast
Strips of yellow, bands of green
Held by stitches, quite unseen:
'Till I think I'll surely wilt
Working on this patchwork quilt.
My pretty patchwork quilt.

But *each* piece a story tells,
Buddy's blouse—a dress of Nell's:
And this dainty ribbon scrap
Was from Grandma's Sunday cap.
So each block does thus remind
Of someone dear, someone kind,
Some-one far, and some-one near
Some-one gone and some-one here.
My pretty patchwork quilt.

So, I sit and piece the while
Sometimes sad, sometimes I smile:
Memories of things that were
All my thoughts and feelings stir
But altho' I do get tired
With ambition still I'm fired
Just to see my work complete
And all finished nice and neat
My pretty patchwork quilt.

Adventuring

By Agnes Just Reid

Today I'll go adventuring
Along life's cheerful way:
I'll sweep the floors and make the
beds

And put the toys away.

I'll bake the lightest loaves of bread
With brown and crispy crust:
I'll pause to watch a fleeting cloud
Then run along and dust.

Perhaps I'll sew a little bit,
I think I'll make a shirt
And put a patch on Bobby's knee
To keep out cold and dirt.

Then I must make a "ginger man"
For curly headed Ted
And let him put the raisins in
About the creature's head.

And there is "Mother Goose" to
read,
Small Jimmie wants his share,
And after that, I'll make a cake
If there is time to spare.

And night will find me tired, perhaps,
But full of sweet content,
So I'll keep on adventuring
Until my life is spent.

Hard Times

By Mabel S. Harmer

BARBARA greeted the knowledge of the coming of her child with a feeling something akin to panic. It had been entirely different with the other two. Small Joan had been welcomed with the ecstasy accorded a firstborn and when Bobby arrived, two years later, Barbara had airily announced to the nurse that she intended to have at least half a dozen. She remembered now, with a smile of amusement, the 'you-poor-benighted-thing' look the nurse had given her.

But this time it was different. Paul's salary had already suffered two cuts and there was always the fear lurking in the background that he would lose his position altogether. It had been months since they had been able to save anything.

Barbara had figured until her head ached. Well, there was no other way out—they simply must dispense with things which she had long regarded as necessities.

First the telephone must go—it was practically the same as cutting yourself off from the world; next the new winter coat she had been planning on. At any rate she wouldn't be going out much and the old one would do. She hesitated next between Joan's music lessons and Mrs. Fisher's day with the housework and then finally decided that they would both have to go. It was too bad—Joan was getting such a good start with her music and Barbara would really need help more than ever now—but it couldn't be helped, there was only a few months

left in which to save the two hundred dollars that would be the least they could expect to get along with.

She pushed her pencil and paper aside and decided to take a walk. There was no use in getting morbid about it. They would have to manage somehow.

Putting on her hat and a light wrap she started down the street in the direction of Aunt Emmy's. When her mother had left for California to spend the winter she had said, "Now, do look in on Aunt Emmy once in a while—the poor soul gets so lonely"—and Barbara had tried to walk down there at least once a week.

She found Aunt Emmy deep in her photographs and other relics of the past, in which she seemed to live to a greater extent now than in the present.

"Come in, dearie," she called, on catching sight of Barbara. "It's so kind of you to call on an old lady."

Barbara cleared some space on the sofa and sat down.

"By the way," said Aunt Emmy holding up a paisley shawl, "did I ever show you this? Jim brought it to me when he came from his mission."

Barbara had seen it at least a dozen times but she smiled politely and said, "Yes thank you, Aunt Emmy, I have seen that one, but what is this?" holding up a small white silk one, "it looks like a baby shawl."

Aunt Emmy beamed. Doesn't it seem strange? That was my own baby shawl. It's nearly eighty years

old now." The wrinkled hands caressed the bit of silk lovingly. She looked up at Barbara. "Shall I tell you the story?"

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Barbara, whose mind had been dwelling rather intently on baby things.

Aunt Emmy toyed with the silken fringe a moment and then began. "My parents were living in a little town in Illinois at the time and built a very comfortable home. It was November and the crops had been harvested. A right nice lot of corn too, they said. Mother and Father had left one home two years before and hoped now for a little peace, but they were constantly being threatened by the non-Mormons. They hoped for the best however, and had worked hard to secure themselves against the coming winter.

It was now late November and the weather had turned rather cold. There was a two year old boy in the family and a new baby was expected in January.

One cold evening after the family had gone to bed, my father was awakened by a light outside. He ran to the window and was shocked to see his barn and haystack in flames. At the same time there came a knock at the door and a harsh voice said, "The house goes next and ye've just got time to hitch up your wagon and join your crowd down the road."

Father opened the door and pleaded with the men outside. His wife was ill. It might kill her to take her out in a night like this.

The men laughed and said he should have thought of all that before he joined the Mormons.

Sorrowfully the little family dressed, gathered up a few clothes and a small amount of food and went

out to their wagon—now their sole possession.

They joined the rest of their friends in a little grove of trees outside of the town. They had built a bonfire and were doing their best to keep up each other's courage.

During the night, I was born in the old wagon and destitute as those people were, they gathered up a scrap of clothing here and there for the new baby. One good woman gave this shawl. No doubt it was a prized possession since they had only time to gather up a few things. I have always loved it. Perhaps it helped to save my life."

"And such a useful life," said Barbara with a loving smile as she patted the old lady's knee.

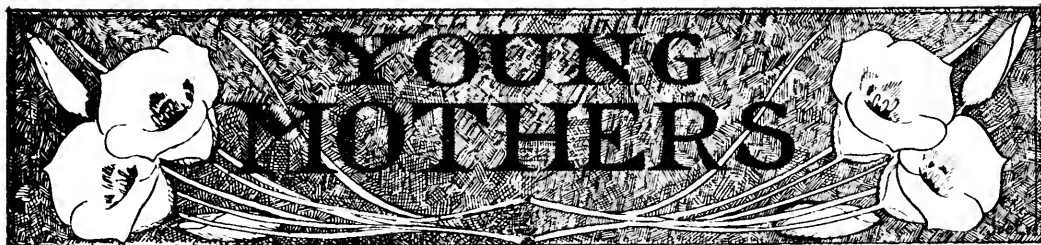
"Well, I've had my ups and downs—but my parents—they were the ones who had the hard times."

"Yes," echoed Barbara, with tears in her eyes, "those were the hard times. I must run now," she said, standing up, "and thanks for the story. You don't know how it has helped me."

She walked home with light feet. The odors of Autumn were in the air. Ripe apples, chili sauce cooking and burning leaves. "How good everything is," she thought.

As she entered her pretty home she looked about with an almost guilty air. She was surrounded by every convenience that modern science had invented. And she had been afraid! Afraid of losing some of her luxuries. After all, they really were that.

She went to her cedar chest and opened the lid. In neat piles were the partly worn baby garments of Joan and Bobby. "Almost enough of everything," she thought, "how lovely."



By *Holly Baxter Keddington*

IN like a lamb; out like a lion." Do you have a person in your home with a March disposition? Who is as fickle and changeable as March weather? He can be gentle and agreeable if everything goes his way and yet he will fly into a fury for almost no reason at all? This person invariably disrespects the rights of others; he fails to consider that it is "difference of opinion that makes the world go around." The sooner this fact is made part of his daily life the better for him and his associates. This explosiveness is more easily corrected in a child than in the adolescent or adult, therefore, if you have such a problem in your home, now and tomorrow and until you have succeeded is the time to teach this child self control, fairness and generosity.

The March Social Service lesson is on "Socialized Conduct." Much can be learned by attending this class. It may be that your own problem will be discussed and the class leader will be very pleased if you find help. I know the satisfaction of a friend saying, "your lesson helped me so much; it seemed to be given just for me."

Everyday Problems of the Every Day Child by Thom is a splendid reference for child behavior problems.

Misunderstood children by Harrison is a book every parent should read. Again I suggest taking notes—unless your memory serves you better than mine serves me.

* * * * *

I WANT you to meet the lowly ten-pound sugar sack and her relatives that contain corn meal and other cereals. A display of articles made by a busy, thrifty young mother was made entirely from such sacks. Baby's and Children's bibs, small slip aprons (made from two), child's dresser set, bed spread and quilt, dust cloths (made from the less desirable ones) covers for quilts and blankets for summer storing, baby pillows (with dimity and print hems), backs for print and voile pillows and last but far from least was a luncheon set (a boon to any mother of a small family), all of these made from good material that might ordinarily be thrown away.

The luncheon set consisted of a center cloth the full size of the sack and place cloths for each place. All were bound with bright orange binding and the youngsters had added a bit of bright embroidery. Have more place cloths than your need at once and if a child spills at his own place the whole cloth is not ruined and a fresh place cloth may be substituted. Your girl can learn to embroider and iron on this set of small pieces. All of these articles were well worth the binding and time put on them.

* * * * *

A man recently said of his wife, after many years of the struggle and stress of rearing a family, "I think I love my wife more for her ever-ready smile and her sense of humor than anything else—she's needed them too, I tell you."

Avoiding Obesity

By *Lucy Rose Middleton*

MOST women still desire the slim figure, so how to keep slender is as timely a topic as ever. This is no wonder since modern feminine modes in dress make it practically impossible to conceal excess weight.

Until one is thirty-five it is better to be slightly overweight than underweight. Tuberculosis is the chief cause of death among the young adults and ample nutrition is the best safeguard against this disease. Doctors say the desire to be slender has endangered the health of many young girls since their obesity cures are undertaken not from the health standpoint but for esthetic reasons. With no reserve in the form of fat for the body to draw on, the vital tissues suffer. Furthermore, a little excess fat helps toward buoyant rather than merely passable health.

Excess weight after thirty-five, on the other hand, is conducive to degenerative diseases such as high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, heart failure, and diabetes, which are the chief causes of death in elderly persons.

It is stated that fifty per cent of the cases of obesity is of hereditary origin, while the rest may be due to disturbances of the glands of internal secretion, unbalanced diets, over-eating, or lack of exercise.

A thorough examination into the lives and habits of those who wish to reduce should be made to be sure that dieting is the solution of the problem. If the doctor says "go ahead" then it is safe to make the attack on corpulence.

Fat people usually claim to be small eaters, but a strict record of the food consumed daily would doubtless show that they are eating more than their age, weight, and mode of living require.

In following a reducing diet there are certain daily nutrients necessary but aside from these the body should be forced to use some of its stored energy. There will be hunger pains but these can be partially relieved by eating bulky foods of low caloric value. In subtracting calories from the diet foods with high caloric value, such as white bread, cakes, pastries, puddings, cereals, candies, fat meat, butter, cream, and fried foods, should be cut low and many of them eliminated entirely.

Our daily requirement is for foods rich in minerals, vitamins, and roughage. The caloric-poor foods we select should supply these needs.

Every day plan to use:

One egg

One pint milk

Skimmed milk or buttermilk is preferable.

Fruits:

Oranges, grapefruit, lemons, strawberries, and apricots are of lower carbohydrate content than figs, dates, raisins and bananas.

Vegetables:

Asparagus, brussel sprouts, spinach, celery, lettuce, cabbage, and tomatoes may be eaten in abundance, while carrots, sweet potatoes, corn, onions, and winter squash must be eaten sparingly.

Lean meat—one serving a day.

The amount of food cannot be

given exactly because the caloric needs of each person are different. One may gain on the same diet that causes another to lose. There will be a trial-and-error period before you discover just how much you can eat and still lose weight.

Reducing Diet for One Day

BREAKFAST:

- 1 medium size orange .78 calories
 - 1 poached egg75 calories
 - 1 thin slice of whole wheat toast50 calories
 - 1/2 cup skimmed milk (hot)45 calories
-
- 248 calories

LUNCH:

- 2/3 cup cream of spinach soup100 calories
 - Asparagus on toast . . .135 calories
 - 7 stalks asparagus 35 calories
 - 1 slice toast 50 calories
 - 1/2 tablespoon butter 50 calories
 - Salad 90 calories
 - Lettuce—1/4 head 15 calories
 - 1 medium size tomato 15 calories
 - 6 slices cucumber 10 calories
 - 1 tablespoon french dressing—50 calories
 - 1/8 cup apple sauce . . 97 calories
-
- 422 calories

DINNER:

- Jellied boullion 15 calories
- Broiled lamb chops . .100 calories
- 1 baked potato100 calories
- 1/2 tablespoon butter . 50 calories

- String beans 34 calories
- Salad170 calories
- 1 slice pineapple 130 calories
- 1/4 head lettuce 15 calories
- Boiled dressing 25 calories
- Lemon snow 1/2 cup. 75 calories
- with 1/4 cup custard. 75 calories

619 calories

Total for the day1289 calories
 Ordinary requirement .2200 calories

SALAD SANDWICH LOAF

- 1 small loaf sandwich bread
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 cups salad
- Lettuce
- Mayonnaise or cheese

Remove crusts from bread and cut in 4 slices lengthwise. Cream butter and spread on both sides, top and bottom slice on 1 side only. On bottom slice, buttered side up, arrange layer of lettuce and salad. Cover with slice buttered on both sides. Arrange another salad layer. Repeat and put on top slice, buttered side down. Press under light weight. Spread surface with mayonnaise or cream cheese, mashed and moistened with cream or salad dressing. Garnish as desired. Cut in 1-inch slices for serving.

One salad may be used for all layers, or a combination, such as vegetable salad and chicken salad, may be used.

SARDINE SALAD LOAF

- 1 large tin sardines
- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- 1/2 cup shredded lettuce

Stiff mayonnaise
1 small sandwich loaf
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
Pickles

Remove skin and bones from sardines. Slice 1 egg, chop others, and add to sardines with lettuce and mayonnaise to moisten. Arrange bread as for salad sandwich loaf, put mixture between slices of bread. Spread entire outside with mayonnaise. Garnish with sardine, sliced egg, and pickles.

FRUIT AND GINGER ALE SALAD

2 tablespoons granulated gelatine,
soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup boiling water

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
Few grains salt
1 cup ginger ale
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup skinned grapes, seeded and
cut in halves
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup each diced apple, pineapple
cubes, diced celery
2 tablespoons chopped, candied gin-
ger.

Dissolve soaked gelatine in boiling water. Add lemon juice, sugar, salt, and ginger ale. When mixture begins to set, fold in other ingredients. Turn into border mold and chill. Unmold, garnish, fill center with mayonnaise. Other fruit combinations may be used with this ginger ale jelly foundation.

God's Gifts to Mankind

By Camilla C. Nuffer

SPRING! What magic has the word! The reawakening of new life.

Each thing from the smallest bud to the great earth, throbs with the expectancy of birth. Man's soul soars away on the wings of hope. New ambition swells in his breast as he turns over the moist brown soil—his heritage. The earth kissed with sunshine and spring rain, gives forth her bounteous gifts to man. Streams unleashed from their winter prisons, splash gaily away to water the valleys below that man might reap a golden harvest. God's gifts are ever before his children; the music of songsters, magic of growing things, the breath of scented breezes at twilight.

BUSINESS depressions and panics may sweep the earth, causing people to feel that they are sorely afflicted. But let us think for one moment: If the sun should cease to shine, the rains cease to fall; if the seasons each with their numerous blessings should cease to visit the earth; if all nature's gifts were suddenly lost to us—then indeed we should know real panic.

How good is God! how blessed is man!

To Our Visiting Teachers

By *La Rene King Bleecker*

Who shall declare the joy of the Service,
Who shall tell of the pleasure's in sight?
Singing and serving—the spirit, God-given
Sweeping, wide-winged, through the blue dome of light.
“Everything mortal has moments immortal,
Sweet and God-gifted, immeasurably bright.”
So with the joy of the cheer-spreading teachers,
Harbingers always of hope and good cheer.
Hearts that were sad no longer are shadowed,
The sunlight of hope dissolves through their tears.
Joy in the hearts of the visiting teachers,
Angels of Mercy throughout all the years.

Sonnet of Friendship

(Inscribed in tribute of friendship to my many friends of Relief Society)

By *Bertha A. Kleinman*

Before I lose the beauty of today,
And night shall pencil out the horizon,
Let me respond with something brave to say,
Some song to linger when the day is gone,
Before I lose the glint of this sweet hour,
While friends and friendships spur me to my best,
Let me some message with its worth empower,
Some thought that shall my gratitude attest,
Before I lose the theme of life's sweet song,
And twilight shall obscure my Perfect Day,
Let me some note of harmony prolong,
To last, to linger in the Far-away ;
Thus shall I strive an oracle to be
And friendship live and speak because of me.

To a Friend

(Inscribed to President Louise Y. Robison)

By *Lovinia M. Wood*

Friendship is like a garment
So fine and so strong
You may keep and use it, your whole life long.
But it differs from garments as everyone knows
It gets finer and stronger, the older it grows.

Notes from the Field

European Mission.

DURING the summer of 1933, Nettie L. Woodbury and Ileen Ann Waspe, two young women missionaries from Utah, made a tour of the European missions, in the interest of the auxiliary work of the Church. During that time they met and worked with the local mission auxiliary boards, which at present consist of a president, two counselors and a secretary. In their report, the work of President Widtsoe is in evidence, and a good beginning has been made toward strengthening the work and building up Zion in the world. In most of the missions visited the local sisters are in charge, under the supervision of the Mission Mothers. The following missions were included in this general survey: Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, German-Austrian, Czecho-Slovakia, Swiss-German, French, Netherlands.

The Relief Society work is progressing very satisfactorily in most of the missions. The women on the boards are all full of faith, and are anxious to do whatever is asked of them.

The Mission Mothers are wonderful women and certainly have a heavy load to carry—supervising the mission home; supervising auxiliaries; many of them caring for their own small children and giving help and counsel to their husbands, to say nothing of looking after the welfare of the missionaries.

Elsie F. Parton.

THE wide extent of Relief Society, and the interest taken by

women in all parts of the world, is well demonstrated by the results of the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Alberta Huish Christensen, whose home is in New York, and Elsie F. Parton, who lives in far off Australia, tied for first place in the contest, and both submitted poems of very great beauty and deep spiritual appeal. Sister Parton writes: "I have had two great ambitions in life, one was to secure first place in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, and the other is to go, with my husband and two sons, through the Temple of the Lord."

Sister Parton has been a very active member of the Church since her baptism in 1922. She and her husband were at that time residents of Tasmania. Their hearts were touched by the truth of the everlasting Gospel, and each year Sister Parton says her "faith has grown firmer." She has been very active in the Church and Relief Society, serving as visiting teacher, theological class leader, and a counselor to the Relief Society President of the branch. She writes: "I thank my Heavenly Father for the success I have had. I sent my first entry in the poem contest in 1928, and secured third honorable mention, and have entered every year since without success, until 1933, when I tied for first prize."

Australian Mission.

IN the Fall of 1933, a very delightful letter came from Mrs Hazel B. Tingey, President of the Australian Mission Relief Societies. To quote in part from the



AUSTRALIAN HAND WORK

letter: "During the past year a wonderful work has been done to relieve distress and to bring cheer and comfort to a large number of our members, also to many who are not of our faith. Food-stuffs, clothing, bedding, shoes and even new suits for men have been distributed. Really it is surprising the amount of help that has come from our own little organization. Just last month the Hurstville Branch Relief Society presented to that branch ten pounds (ster-

ling) as the very first contribution towards the building fund for a little chapel. This is our youngest branch, and is not yet a year old until January next, and of course we are now meeting in a little rented hall. How happy these sisters were to be the ones to make the first contribution. We now have eight fully organized Relief Societies and hope soon to organize the ninth.

"I am very happy to report that all our sisters engaged in the work

enjoy it very much and are most faithful. We would like to see more of our sisters enroll, but the distance most of them live away from the church makes it rather impossible to do so. We do appreciate the lessons and other readings in the Magazine."

The picture shows the beautiful handwork which was sent from far away Australia. Every one of the enterprising branches sent in some articles which were placed on exhibition in the General Board room in Salt Lake City.

Hawaiian Mission.

THE picture is of the Kapaa Branch on the Island of Kauai

received a very delightful and novel gift from the Relief Society in Hawaii. The picture indicates the exhibit of beautiful native work, which was arranged in the General Board room in Salt Lake City. The following account of the exhibit here in Salt Lake appeared in the "Salt Lake Tribune," December 25, 1933: "Not often do Salt Lakers receive so novel a gift as arrived for Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, president of the National Woman's Relief Society, and other general officers, recently.

"Members of the L. D. S. Relief Societies in Honolulu, T. H.,



KAPAA BRANCH

was taken upon the 32nd anniversary. The president of this enterprising branch is Sister Benjamin Ohai; herself the mother of six small children, she is doing a very splendid work among the sisters in the organization in Kapaa.

Early in December, 1933, the General Board of Relief Society

decided to send a gift which was within their means and yet which would be appreciated.

"So they sent a variety of luncheon accessories woven expertly from the leaf of the hala tree, one of the most useful trees growing in the Hawaiian Islands.

"Included is a set of four small

luncheon covers; a large beautifully designed center cloth; a fruit basket; three fans, also of unique pattern and workmanship; four flower cones with artificial flowers showing several varieties of the Hibiscus of which there are 1,500 varieties; a pillow; six leis or necklaces, one for each of the Hawaiian Islands; a coconut with the outer shell colored and figured, also a tapa cloth made by Hawaiian

members of the church at Laie.

"Accompanying the gifts was a greeting from Mrs. Verna F. Murphy, president of the mission Relief Societies, and wife of Castle F. Murphy, president of the L. D. S. Hawaiian mission."

The enthusiasm of the faith and spirituality of the sisters of Hawaii have long been a source of inspiration to the general organization.

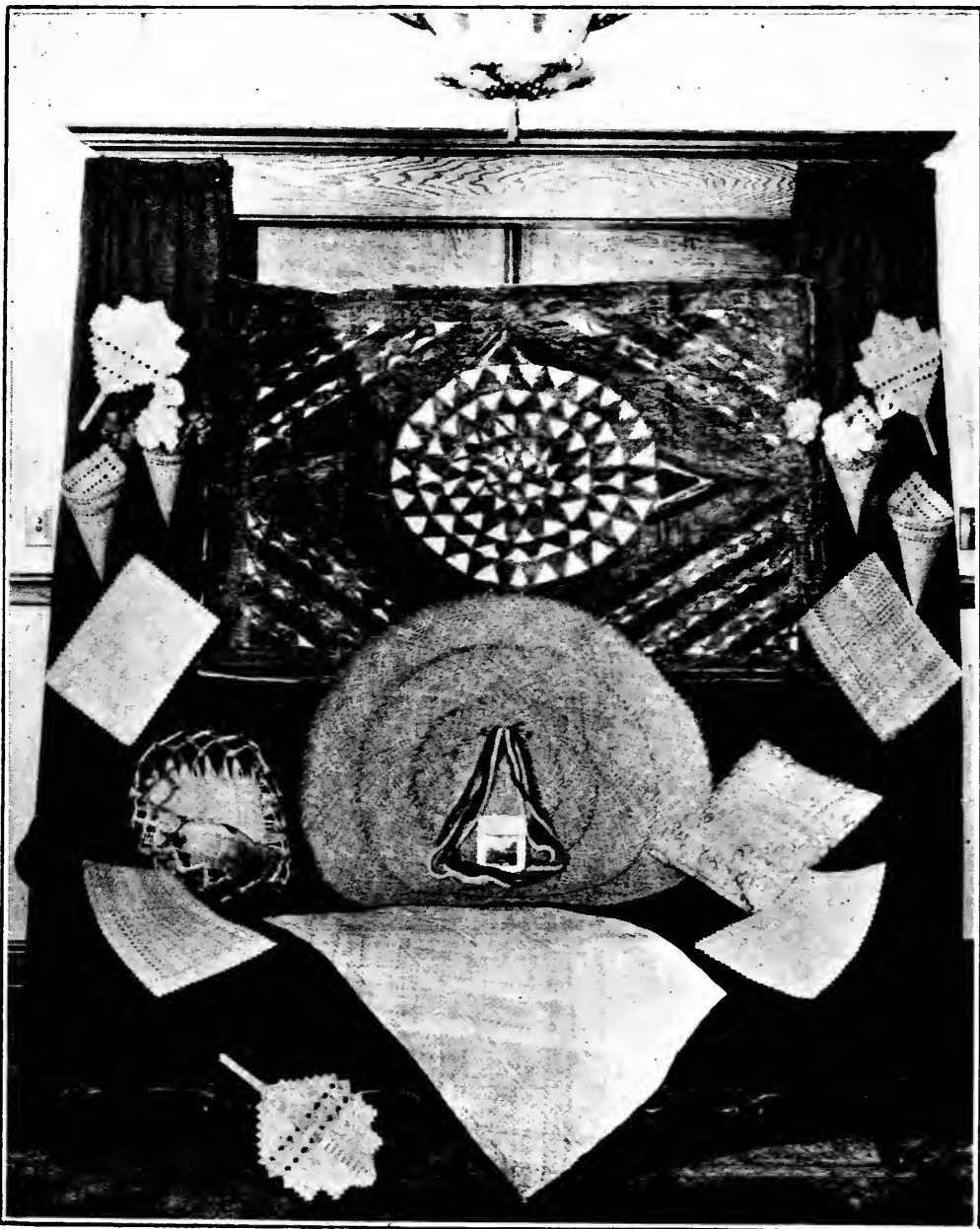


EXHIBIT FROM HAWAII

Tableaux Featured in Liberty Stake

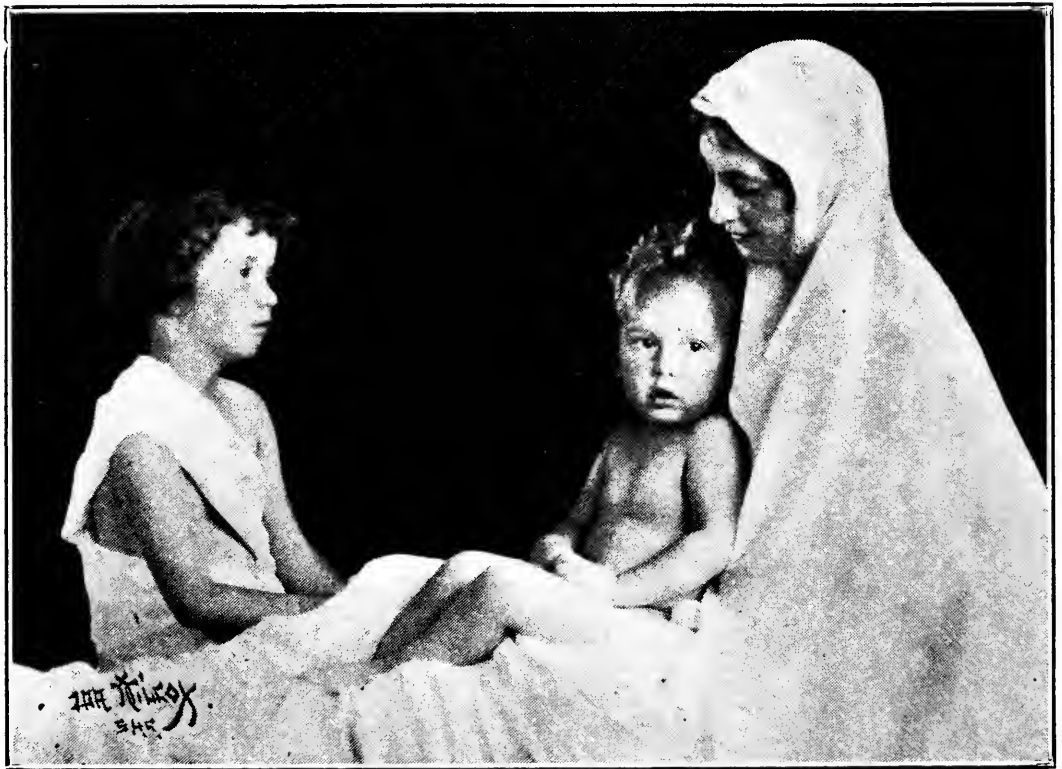
ONE of the most delightful features of Liberty Stake Relief Society work was the tableau review of the Sermon on the Mount with a poetic prologue and postlogue, and a musical background, the eight beatitudes were portrayed in modern

dress and manner. Such features as Sunshine workers and the campaign against intolerance brought the beatitudes close to life today.

In the picture of the Pure in Heart, motherhood and childhood accompanied by a lullaby made an impressive scene.

THE PURE IN HEART

In pure delight God made His perfect earth,
 And moulded harmony into its ways:
 Clear skies, translucent waters, then He prayed
 And human hearts more pure were given birth:
 The mother heart that in its purity
 Hallows all life with love divinely spun,
 The child's, whose innocence and piety
 Make daily earth and heaven strangely one!



MOTHERHOOD AND CHILDHOOD

Edna Mathews Gessel and her grandchildren, Ardet and Stephen.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

March 17, 1934

ANOTHER year has winged its way into history and our anniversary comes to bring forth the ingenuity of the officers, to challenge the associations to prepare and carry out programs that shall be worthy of our great organization, and to call us to contemplate the history of past achievements and to voice our gratitude for the opportunities the Relief Society offers and the inestimable blessings it confers.

The past year has been outstanding in accomplishments. The work and business display, that was Church-wide in its scope, held in connection with our April, 1933 Conference, gave the most concrete example in our history of what the Relief Society women are doing in this department. Leading brethren expressed themselves as delighted and surprised that such things were being accomplished in the organiza-

tion, and many non-members of the Church came again and again to see the beautiful things displayed and to voice their appreciation. Someone said it was the most encouraging thing she had witnessed since the depression began.

The intimate contact with the National Council of Women in preparing for the Exhibition at the Century of Progress Exposition and the presence of executive officers at the International Council of Women's sessions from July 16th to 22nd, 1933, at the Palmer House in Chicago, Illinois, was most illuminating and broadening. The display of photographs in the Council books of the Relief Society activities compared very favorably with those of any other constituent organization. The beautiful music rendered by the Singing Mothers and transmitted from the Taber-

nacle in Salt Lake City to the Exposition in Chicago by the Columbia Broadcasting Company, was thoroughly enjoyed.

The dedication of the Relief Society Monument in Nauvoo was a fitting tribute to the Prophet Joseph, who organized the Relief Society in 1842 in that beautiful City on the bend of the Mississippi River, and to the first officers who carried on the work. It was a great pleasure to the Executive Officers to meet so many descendants of the Prophet and his wife, Emma Smith, and to enjoy their cordiality. Friendships were cemented that we believe will last forever, and the Monument will stand there to tell all passers-by of Joseph Smith's foresight and appreciation for the work of women.

The convention of class leaders during our October conference was helpful and stimulating to our educational work.

During the year the welfare department was moved to the Young Building where most commodious quarters are enjoyed. This has relieved the cramped condition in the Bishop's Building and has made it possible to set aside a room for our Stake Presidents where they may

meet each other at conference time, telephone, write letters and rest during their visit in the City.

The General Board Members have found, in their annual visits to the Stakes, that the organizations are in an unusually strong condition. They are delighted with the fine work being done throughout the Church.

We are pleased to note the innovation Liberty and Ensign Stakes have been carrying out during the past year on their work and business days. They have increased their attendance very materially through the programs in Vocabulary Building and Correct Speech. While it is expected that all organizations shall carry out in general the work as outlined by the General Board, it is praiseworthy to see the Stakes exercise their ingenuity and meet the particular needs of their women. Very often some of the fine things tried out in Stakes later get Church-wide adoption.

We congratulate every woman who belongs to this great organization. We urge each one to let the spirit of love and good will actuate all that she does and to make the most of the opportunities for service and education offered by the Relief Society.

Leadership Week at B. Y. U., Provo

Leadership Week has proved so valuable that all over the Church thousands turn their thoughts to the B. Y. U. and wish they could avail themselves of the wonderful opportunities the school offers. No one can tell how

far-reaching are the effects of this week of intensive work. New thoughts are planted, new vision is enjoyed by those who attend and they give uplift to others when they return to their homes.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in May)

ZION, THE NEW JERUSALEM

1. *The Term Zion.* The term "Zion" as it appears in the scriptures is variously applied, chiefly as follows:

(a) To Mount Zion, a hill in the city of Jerusalem, and in a less definite way to the city of Jerusalem itself.

(b) To the City of Enoch. (Moses 7:18-21.)

(c) To the people of God, called the "pure in heart." (D. & C. 97:21.)

(d) To the entire North American continent. (*History of the Church*, Vol. 6, pp. 318, 319.)

(e) To the location mentioned by Micah from which the law shall go forth in the last days. (Micah 4:2.)

The Zion with which this lesson is concerned is the one mentioned by Micah.

2. *Scriptural Predictions.* The scriptures are replete with predictions concerning the establishment of Zion in latter times. Micah of old said: "In the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." (Micah 4:1, 2.) Micah's statement thus

plainly indicates the existence of two holy cities in the last days, namely, Jerusalem in the land of Judea, and Zion, the location of which he does not mention.

3. *Location of Zion.* The Nephite prophets were much more definite concerning the location of Zion, the New Jerusalem. Ether, the last of the Jareditic prophets, plainly foretold that "a New Jerusalem *should be built upon this* (the American) *land*, unto the remnant of the seed of Joseph, for which things there has been a type." (Ether 13:6.) On the occasion of the Master's visit to his people on the American continent, he spoke concerning Zion as follows: "I will establish my people, O house of Israel. And behold, this people will I establish *in this land*, unto the fulfilling of the covenant which I made with your father Jacob; and it shall be a New Jerusalem. And the powers of heaven shall be in the midst of this people; yea, even I will be in the midst of you." (III Nephi 20:21, 22.) Speaking of the repentant Gentiles, the Master said further: "They shall assist my people, the remnant of Jacob, and also as many of the house of Israel as shall come, that they may build a city, which shall be called the New Jerusalem. And then shall they assist my people that they may be gathered in, who are scattered upon all the face of the land, in unto the New Jerusalem. And then shall the power of heaven come down among them; and I also

will be in the midst." (III Nephi 21 : 23-25.)

4. *Exact Location Revealed.* In March of 1831, a few weeks after his first arrival in Kirtland, the Prophet received a revelation that contained the following: "Assemble ye yourselves together ye elders of my church; go forth into the western countries, call upon the inhabitants to repent, and inasmuch as they do repent, build up churches unto me. And with one heart and with one mind, gather up your riches that ye may purchase an inheritance which shall hereafter be appointed unto you. And it shall be called the new Jerusalem, a land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the saints of the Most High God; and the glory of the Lord shall be there, and the terror of the Lord also shall be there, insomuch that the wicked will not come unto it, and it shall be called Zion." (D. & C. 45:64-67.)

5. A month or so later the Prophet himself journeyed from Kirtland to Independence, the last three hundred miles of the distance on foot. When he reached his destination, tired and footsore, he was evidently not favorably impressed, particularly with the people. He said: "Our reflections were many, coming as we had from a highly cultivated state of society in the east, and standing now upon the confines or western limits of the United States, and looking into the vast wilderness of those that sat in darkness; how natural it was to observe the degradation, leanness of intellect, ferocity, and jealousy of a people that were nearly a century behind the times, and to feel for those who roamed about without the benefit of civilization, refinement, or religion; yea, and exclaim in the language of the Prophets: 'When will the wilder-

ness blossom as the rose? When will Zion be built up in her glory, and where will Thy temple stand, unto which all nations shall come in the last days?' " (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1, p. 189.) The Prophet records that the Lord did not keep them waiting long for an answer. Here it is:

"Hearken, O ye elders of my church, saith the Lord your God, who have assembled yourselves together, according to my commandments, in this land, which is the land of Missouri, which is the land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the saints. Wherefore, *this is the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion.* And thus saith the Lord your God, if you will receive wisdom here is wisdom. Behold, the place which is now called *Independence is the center place*; and a spot for the temple is lying westward, upon a lot which is not far from the court house." (D. & C. 57:1-3.)

6. *Immediate Preparations.* With characteristic energy and dispatch, the Prophet proceeded immediately to carry out the instructions of the Lord. He wrote a long letter descriptive of the country now called Zion, for distribution among the saints everywhere; (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 197, 198.) He encouraged the saints to purchase land in the neighborhood; and he appointed brethren to have charge of the proceedings. The Lord cautioned, however: "Let the work of the gathering be not in haste, nor by flight; but let it be done as it shall be counseled by the elders of the church at the conferences, according to the knowledge which they receive from time to time." (D. & C. 58: 56.)

7. The Lord further said. "My law shall be kept on this land. Let no man think he is ruler; but let God rule him that judgeth, according to the counsel of his own will, or, in other words, him that counsel-eth or sitteth upon the judgment seat. Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land." (D. & C. 58:19-21.) Doubtless all these were timely instructions.

8. *Foundations of Zion Laid.* Within a few days after the exact location of Zion was revealed, the Colesville branch of the Church, consisting of about sixty souls, arrived at Independence. On the second day of August, 1831, the Prophet assisted these people in laying the first log for a house, as a "foundation of Zion," in Kaw township, within the present limits of Kansas City. The log was carried and put in place by twelve men, in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel. The place was then appropriately dedicated as the land of Zion by Sidney Rigdon and accepted as such by the voice of the people. After the prayer had been offered Sidney Rigdon arose and said: "I now pronounce this land consecrated and dedicated unto the Lord for a possession and inheritance for the Saints, and for all the faithful servants of the Lord to the remotest ages of time. In the name of Jesus Christ, having authority from him. Amen." (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1, p. 196.)

9. *Forebodings of Sorrow.* Much was expected of the saints who gathered at Zion. They were regarded as the chosen people of the Lord. All who were strong enough were expected to give the United Order and otherwise keep all the commandments of God. On the

other hand, they had been in the Church but a short time and therefore did not possess the maturity that many of the saints possess at the present time. Moreover there were a few among them who were not truly converted to the faith. In consequence of these and other conditions, the members of the Church as a whole did not fully comply with all that was expected of them. The Prophet foresaw this condition as early as January, 1834, and in a letter to Wm. W. Phelps, then in Missouri, wrote in part, as follows: "The Lord will have a place whence his word will go forth, in these last days, in purity; for if Zion will not purify herself, so as to be approved of in all things, in his sight, he will seek another people; for * * * they who will not hear his voice, must expect to feel his wrath. Let me say unto you, seek to purify yourselves, and also all the inhabitants of Zion, lest the Lord's anger be kindled to fierceness. Repent, repent, is the voice of God to Zion. * * * I say unto you, hear the warning voice of God, lest Zion fall." (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1, p. 316.)

10. *Expulsion from Jackson County.* The saints were expelled by mob violence from Jackson county—in which Independence "the center place" is situated—in the early winter of 1833, scarcely two and one-half years after its settlement by our people. The details of this inhuman affair need not be related here. When word of this calamity reached the Prophet at Kirtland, the Lord gave him a revelation containing the following:

"I, the Lord, have suffered the affliction to come upon them, where-with they have been afflicted, in consequence of their transgressions;

yet I will own them, and they shall be mine in that day when I shall come to make up my jewels. * * *

There were jarrings, and contentions, and envyings, and strifes, and lustful and covetous desires among them; therefore by these things they polluted their inheritances. * *

* In the day of their peace they esteemed lightly my counsel; but, in the day of their trouble, of necessity they feel after me." (D. & C. 101:2-8.) Again: "I speak not concerning those who are appointed to lead my people, who are the first elders of my church, for they are not all under this condemnation." (D. & C. 105:7.)

11. *Redemption of Zion Postponed.* While enroute to Missouri with Zion's Camp, in June of 1834, the Prophet received a revelation in which the redemption of Zion was postponed "for a little season." Here are the Lord's words: "In consequence of the transgressions of my people, it is expedient in me that mine elders should wait for a little season for the redemption of Zion, that they themselves may be prepared, and that my people may be taught more perfectly, and have experience, and know more perfectly concerning their duty, and the things which I require at their hands." (D. & C. 105:9, 10.)

12. *Project Not Abandoned.* The redemption of Zion is only temporarily abandoned, and in course of time will be resumed. Touching this matter, the Lord says: "Zion shall be redeemed, although she is chastened for a little season." (D. & C. 100:13.) Again: "Zion shall not be moved out of her place, notwithstanding her children are scattered. They that remain, and are pure in heart, shall return, and come to their inheritances, they and their

children, with songs of everlasting joy, to build up the waste places of Zion—and all these things that the prophets may be fulfilled. And, behold, there is none other place appointed than that which I have appointed neither shall there be any other place appointed than that which I have appointed, for the work of the gathering of my saints—until the day cometh when there is found no more room for them; and then I have other places which I will appoint unto them, and they shall be called stakes, for the curtains or the strength of Zion." (D. & C. 101:17-21.)

13. The Latter-day Saints are looking hopefully forward to the time when the Lord will see fit to begin again the work of Zion's redemption. Zion, however, will not be redeemed by individuals who disregard the word of God, for, "Zion cannot be built up unless it is by the principles of the law of the celestial kingdom; otherwise I cannot receive her unto myself." (D. & C. 105:5.)

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Under what conditions was the exact location of Zion revealed? Give in as much detail as possible.

2. In what respects is Jackson County, Missouri, ideal as the "center place" of Zion?

3. Why was it necessary that the saints at Zion be unusually strict in their attitude toward the law of the Lord?

4. What conditions will prevail in Zion that do not prevail among us at present? Enumerate them.

5. When and under what conditions will Zion be built?

6. Describe the character of the individuals who will assist in building Zion.

Teachers' Topic

BE OF GOOD CHEER

The center color in life's bouquet is cheerfulness. With a bowed head one sees only the ground, and we must look up.

Rupert Hughes says: "We are actors in one of the most exciting dramas of all history. Each one has a part to play and is entitled to a thrill. We get it if we have the right attitude."

History will record many heroic deeds done during this glorious battle. Cheerfulness will keep the sparks of courage glowing, and help us to look up and ahead.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox well said: "The one worth while is the one who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

Not just what one does and says, but what others do because of his influence is worth while.

What happens to us matters less

than how we take it. Our own attitude conditions the weight of our load. This is illustrated by the boy who was overtaken carrying another child up a steep hill. When the passerby said, "Too bad you must carry such a heavy load," the boy retorted, "Oh, it isn't very heavy, he's my brother."

When facts or circumstances are met squarely and cheerfully, the battle is half won. Cheerfulness overcomes fear and self-pity; it fills the humblest home with peace and sunshine.

Consideration of other's happiness helps one to be of good cheer. "Tears dry soonest in the eyes that see another's pain."

The President of the United States requests that a "united nation banish all fear and face the sunrise of a new day." We shall not fail him.

Literature

(Third Week in May)

THE MESSAGE OF A GREAT MASTER

THE TEMPEST—SHAKESPEARE

"What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

—*Hamlet*.

The desire and struggle for Happiness has brought about Man's highest development. Through a succession of experiments, mistakes,

and penalties he has learned to know the laws of his own being, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, also the great universal laws.

Above the ancient world soared the mysterious import of human life. Philosophers and priests strove to find an answer to the mystery. The accumulated wisdom of the Greeks offered to Man the philosophy "Know Thyself" for "Man is the measure of all things." The prophetic wisdom of the ancient He-

brews exhorted mankind to "Know God"; later Jesus issued the injunction "Be Ye Perfect," for "You are also His offspring."

The master spirits of literature have striven to understand the divinity of man and to find the meaning of life.

The Great Problem

William Shakespeare, who learned to understand human nature because as a man he felt and thought, rejoiced and suffered, brooded and dreamed, recorded "perhaps the richest and most varied creation from the genius of one man in the history of the world." This "giant of Parnassus' hill, the pride, the monarch of mankind" who has molded the spiritual hues of thinkers, writers, and poets since his day, is still a problem to those who try to read him aright. Matthew Arnold in his sonnet on Shakespeare voices the problem:

"Thou are free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and
art still,
Out-topping knowledge.

* * * * *

And thou, who didst the stars and
sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-
honor'd, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at."

What self-schooling and self-security made Shakespeare the creator of literature that has influenced the intellectual life of the whole civilized world? This is the great problem.

The reader of Shakespeare, who is anxious to understand the human spirit concealed there, declares, "I will not let you go until you have confessed to me the secret of your

being." For almost three centuries it was the custom to say, "We know nothing about Shakespeare." There are today many literary scholars who have sincerely and reverently sought to understand their great master. Among these reverent scholars the outstanding are: Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Edward Dowden, and George Brandes. Their method was to look at the poet's life work as a whole in order of sequence and to discover, if possible, the life experience that prompted the different creations.

Mystery surrounds the details of the life of William Shakespeare. His early life at Stratford-on-Avon, England, was marked by adversity—his father's loss of property, the suffering of a debt burdened family, the disgrace of his own public whipping at the command of the lord of the manor, his early marriage at the age of eighteen to a woman eight years his senior. So the young man left Stratford for London to make a name and a fortune. Of the name we shall have much more to say; of the fortune, in little over ten years the debt-burdened father was made a landowner and a gentleman with a coat of arms, while the actor himself became the owner of New Place, the largest manor in Stratford.

Shakespeare arrived in London when the Elizabethan glory was at its brightest. Religious freedom, political power, cultural aristocracy gave a zest to life. It was the spring-tide of a great nation's spirit. Social activities were marked by a splendor and extravagance hitherto unthought of. Wealthy noblemen became patrons of bands of entertainers for private and public revels. It was to this Bohemian splendor that the young Shakespeare became attached

as a member of the Earl of Leicester's company of players. Shakespeare soon attracted attention through his ability to revise old plays, and by his own personal charm. The complex life of the period contributed much to the poet's growth. In the first period of Shakespeare's dramatic growth, we see the zest for life and love—the conceit of the age being “a man is master of his liberty”—reflecting the life of youth, life without any serious purpose. This period of literary beginnings over, the genius of Shakespeare began to assert itself. The first great masterpiece was “A Midsummer Night's Dream,” a festival play or masque, a whimsical play of faries and clowns, a triumph of lyric grace. In it we see Shakespeare eager for recognition as a poet, a higher honor than that given to a mere playwright, an honor such as the age had conferred on the great poet Edmund Spenser.

The growth of the national spirit of the Elizabethan period reached its climax with the supremacy of England over Spain by the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The expression of patriotism by the dramatists took the form of historical plays, the lives of the great kings of England. Shakespeare's voice soared above his contemporaries in patriotic enthusiasm:

“This royal throne of kings, this
scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty,

* * * * *

This blessed plot, this earth, this
realm, this England.”

The historical plays of Shakespeare were not merely chronological studies, in them we see the elements of weakness and struggle as revealed by the behavior of men given power and

authority. With almost sympathetic touch Shakespeare makes Richard III one of Nature's victims, deformed of body and chaotic of soul. Henry V is a presentation of English patriotism, also Henry V represents Shakespeare's ideal of manhood, heroic and practical. Looking at the material world of events and things Shakespeare is purely objective, evaluating the qualities of leadership in men—sources of power and weakness, causes of success and failure.

The events of Shakespeare's life now led him to be his own Romeo. He abandoned himself to love, the love of a dark lady of the Queen's court, highborn, beautiful, and accomplished. This love first brought a joyous quickening to his life. Then he was wronged by his friend. The drama “Romeo and Juliet” and the sonnets are a record of this love, first the beauty of love, and later the bitterness of the realization that passion is not love. During the period of love's happiness, Shakespeare's brilliance of expression reaches great heights. It seems as if his whole life was bathed in sunshine; then it seems as if the joy of life is suddenly blotted from his being. The laughter of comedy gives way to the gloom of tragedy—Romeo becomes Hamlet.

From the period of storm and stress Shakespeare emerged as Hamlet:

“For who would bear the whips and
scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud
man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the
law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the
spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy
takes.”

Penetrating deeply into the facts of life, he saw but darkness—"wordy morality, double-tongued falsity, perpetual hypocrisy." The problem of the relation of good and evil in the world was a mystery, and Shakespeare's thought no less than Hamlet's "beats at the locked door of the mystery." The tragedies followed, "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear," "Anthony and Cleopatra," and the others—dramatizing ambition, jealousy, ingratitude, sensuality as tragic elements in human life. "King Lear" is the most imposing and the most extensive tragedy. It has been called a world tragedy, because it is the tragedy of the ruin of the moral world: "When he who is noble and trustful like Lear is rewarded with ingratitude and hate; when he who is honest and brave like Kent is punished with dishonor; when he who is merciful like Gloucester, taking the suffering and injured under his roof, has the loss of his eyes for his reward; when he who is noble and faithful like Edgar must wander about in the semblance of a maniac, with a rag round his loins; when, finally, she who is the living emblem of womanly dignity and filial tenderness towards an old father who has become as it were her child—when she meets her death before his eyes at the hands of assassins! This is the titanic tragedy of human life."

Out of the gloomy sky the sun shone again for Shakespeare. The tragic note ends in the last frenzied shout of indignation in "Timon of Athens," and a new note is struck in the last plays "Pericles," "Cymbeline," "Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest." There seems to be no evidence to help us to find a direct cause for this change. This is the last period of Shakespeare's dramatic activity—autumn with its clarity

of atmosphere and its variety of hues. Shakespeare, master of himself, his emotions and his thoughts, accepts the fact of a moral order in the universe. He now knows of a surety that the divine presence is never absent in the world. In the last dramas we see the new world of the poet, a world of infinities. He saw life with increasing clarity, "the ethical relation of the individual to society and to his environment, the significance of character as a product of the will, and the gradation of qualities in a scale of spiritual values." In this new world we have altruism and reconciliation instead of selfishness and revenge, love is a beautiful thing, and the true freedom of man lies in service. The last plays are the testimony of a great philosophy of life. In the last dramatic work of the master, "The Tempest," Shakespeare became Prospero, a priest, teaching to all the harmony of life.

What then is the reward of the reader who has sought to solve the problem of Shakespeare, who was in turn Romeo, Hamlet, and Prospero? In the words of that great scholar of Shakespeare, Edward Dowden: "Shakespeare does not supply us with a doctrine, with an interpretation, with a revelation. What he brings to us is this—To each one courage and energy and strength to dedicate himself and his work to that, whatever it be, which life has revealed to him as the best and the highest and the most real."

The Tempest

This drama has been called Shakespeare's "Book of Revelation." It is in reality a poem cast in dramatic form and as such is one of the most beautiful creations in English poetry.

As one reads the fairy-like fable of the poem, there is a haunting sense of a spiritual significance. The play is a wedding play, similar to "The Midsummer Night's Dream," written for the celebration in honor of the betrothal of the Prince Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth.

There is very little knowledge of any source from which "The Tempest" might have been drawn. It is possible that the legend of the banished Duke and his daughter was derived from an old play by Jacob Ayres of Nuremburg, an adaptation of a Spanish story found in "Winter's Nights" by Antonion Eslava. It has been suggested that the island setting of the drama was suggested by an account of the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers off the Bermudas in 1610. The wrecked sailors of the "Sea Venture" reported the "Isle of Devils" to be an enchanted place with heathen people and mighty tempests.

Prospero, the Duke of Milan, became so absorbed in his intellectual life that he entrusted the care of his realm to his brother Antonio. The brother in alliance with the Duke's enemies, Alonzo, King of Naples and his brother Sebastian, succeeded in deposing Prospero. The Duke and his three-year-old daughter, Miranda, were carried out to sea and placed on an old abandoned ship. A loyal friend, Gonzalo, supplied the outcasts with provisions, clothes, and the precious books of Prospero. The ship was driven ashore upon an island with one strange inhabitant, a primitive man, Caliban. Caliban is a strange creature, the son of a witch, Sycorax. He is a primitive creature, more of an animal than a human being, the essence of grossness. He yields to the kindness of Prospero, but serves always with

rebellion. Prospero, soon after his arrival upon the island, releases Ariel, a creature who has been imprisoned in a tree by the witch. This creature, more a spirit than a human being, with strange ethereal qualities, serves Prospero gladly on the promise of complete freedom in the future. With Ariel and Caliban to do his bidding Prospero lives happily on the island, devoting himself to the enjoyment of nature, the cultivation of his mind, and the education of his daughter. Twelve years pass happily on the enchanted island before the drama opens.

A storm is lashing the shore of the island. Prospero and Miranda watching the course of the storm see a noble ship wrecked. Miranda pleads with her father to use his magic powers to allay the waves lest some noble creature be dashed to pieces in the wreck. He does as his daughter requests. With the advent of strangers to their island world, it is necessary that Miranda should know the story of their banishment, because the storm has brought their enemies to their shores. Ariel now returns to report that he has done his master's bidding. The enemies are wandering about the island unharmed while Ferdinand, the King's son, has been left alone in an odd angle of the isle. Ariel proud of his accomplishment, requests the long-promised freedom. Prospero, reminding Ariel of his age-long imprisonment, promises the freedom after two more days of service. Ariel now takes the shape of a sea-nymph, invisible to all but his master. Caliban enters carrying wood for his master. He also is rebellious in his bondage. Prospero reminds him of the kind treatment he received until in his earthy vileness he sought to violate the honor of Mi-

randa. Until Caliban conquers his animal nature he must remain a slave driven by stripes.

Ferdinand, alone and brooding, hears the singing of the invisible Ariel. Following the injunction of the song "Come unto these yellow sands," he follows the invisible singer. The singer-guide tells Ferdinand that "Full fathom five thy father lies." Ariel takes him after much wandering to Prospero. Miranda is captivated by the brave form of Ferdinand, to her virgin innocence he appears a thing divine. Ferdinand, in turn, is entranced by the virgin beauty of Miranda. Prospero, seeing the result of the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda and not willing that love be too freely given or too lightly taken, treats Ferdinand with brusqueness and orders him to the menial tasks of Caliban.

Meanwhile, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and the sailors are roaming about the island. By gentle music Ariel puts all to sleep except Sebastian and Antonio. These men plan to murder their king so as to obtain his kingdom. In another part of the island two others of the shipwrecked party discover Caliban and learn his story. Telling the men that the Duke has cheated him out of his island home, Caliban plots with the men to dispatch Prospero, burn his books, and take the island for themselves. Somehow Caliban feels that Prospero's superiority is due to his knowledge; he hates him for this strange power.

Ferdinand, meanwhile, is occupied with the menial tasks assigned him by Prospero. Miranda comes upon him carrying logs, and sorrows at the task. She offers to bear the logs for him if he will but rest awhile. Ferdinand refuses the aid, explaining his willingness to be a slave for

her sake. Love brings a new beauty to life for both. Miranda in the marvel of the revelation gives herself to Ferdinand in a beautiful love scene. Prospero, satisfied with the outcome of Ferdinand's trial, bestows his daughter's hand upon him. The lovers are entertained at a betrothal feast. Prospero with his magic powers produces a fairy pageant in which Ceres and Iris bring useful gifts to the lovers, while Juno sings a betrothal song nymphs and fairies dance around the couple:

"Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you."

The entertainment is interrupted by the news of Caliban's conspiracy and the plot to murder the king. Ariel is dispatched to frustrate the plans. The conspirators are assembled before Prospero, they have suffered much through hunger and discomfort. Prospero has decided to be merciful to his enemies—"the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance." Prospero, clad in his magic robes, assumes his greatest role:

"Now does my project gather to a
head
My charms crack not; my spirits
obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage."

All his wisdom is to be displayed as he handles his enemies. Prospero reveals his identity to them forgiving them fully. Ariel attires Prospero in the emblems of his lost glory, ducal hat and rapier, as he sings the song, "Where the bee sucks there suck I." Miranda and Ferdinand, the betrothed, are presented to the King. By common consent Prospero is to be restored to his dukedom.

Life on the enchanted island is

closed. Prospero takes leave of the magic elves that have done his bidding:

"But this rough service
I here abjure, and, when I have re-
quested
Some heavenly music, which even
now I do.
* * * I'll break my staff,
And deeper than did ever plummet
sound
I'll drop my book."

The parting of the master spirit with his servant Ariel is touching:

"My dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,
Be free, and fare thee well."

Prospero has attained the highest level of attainment, the moral level. He is master of his own being. He will always maintain his dream rights, however:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our
little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

As a man now he goes to accomplish his duty, to promote the welfare of his kingdom.

Many interesting and curious interpretations have been given to this last play of Shakespeare. By many, Prospero is Shakespeare himself, the neglected dukedom is his home at Stratford, the enchanted island is the world of the theatre, and the magic art the dramatic power of Shakespeare. Like Prospero, Shakespeare "had sacrificed his position to his art, and like him he had dwelt upon an enchanted island in the ocean of life. He had been its lord and master, with dominion over spirits, with the spirit of the air as his servant and the spirit of the earth

as his slave. By his magic art graves had opened, and the spirits of the past had lived again." Just as Ariel had longed for freedom, the genius of Shakespeare longed for rest. With such an interpretation, "The Tempest" is Shakespeare's farewell to his art.

Another interpretation of "The Tempest" is most worthy of our attention. In the drama Shakespeare has represented mankind as he has come to understand it. Prospero represents the highest development of mankind, he is the product of a harmony of body, mind, and spirit. In Caliban we see an undeveloped man, a creature of the senses, almost an animal as he lives to satisfy his appetites and his passions. Ariel is a simple spirit, a body without a sense, subject to the bidding of a greater spirit. He longs always for freedom to become an individual and work out his own destiny. The events of the drama represent the conflicts of life in which man attains his highest development; man with his own being—physical, mental, and spiritual, man with society—the use of his powers for constructive ends.

Whether "The Tempest" be the message of a poet or a priest, Shakespeare or Prospero, its message brings a beautiful interpretation of the meaning of life, The Quest for Happiness.

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials.

1. The Story of the World's Literature. *Macy* Chapters 25-27.
2. Tales from Shakespeare. *Lamb*
3. The Tempest. *Shakespeare*
4. Shakespeare, His Mind and Art. *Dowden*

5. The Life of Shakespeare. *Lee*
 B. Program.
 Music:
 Songs from "The Tempest."
 Discussion:
 a. Shakespeare's Experience
 with Life.
 b. Shakespeare's View of
 Life.

Story:

The story of the drama, "The Tempest."

C. Method.

The purpose of the lesson is to bring an understanding of a beautiful philosophy of life as revealed by a master spirit of literature in his work.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in May)

CONSTRUCTIVE USE OF OUT OF SCHOOL TIME

LESSON XVII

Of schools in 1845—Caldwell & Curtis say:

"Schools were in session all the year round, but apparently there were many and frequent vacations, varying in length. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon throughout the year and all fast days were holidays. National holidays, like Christmas, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, Election Day, etc., were also observed, and there were many short special vacations. Specifically mentioned as vacations are the week beginning on the first Monday in June and the remainder of the week after the exhibit in August and the two succeeding weeks." (Then and Now in Education, p. 13.)

With such a program the use of out of school time is not so important. At the present time in most American rural areas the school season is from twenty-eight to thirty-six weeks in length. This leaves from sixteen to twenty-four weeks out of school. In cities the school term is generally longer and the vacation period correspondingly shorter. In most rural localities the

vacation period is scheduled at the time when the children can labor most profitably in raising or harvesting the crops. The city vacation time is almost universally the mid-summer.

The aim of this lesson is to point the way to parents for planning the non-vocational part of the activities of the summer. The lesson will set forth some aims and ideals. The class members will have the responsibilities of planning the concrete detailed expression of these.

The theme of the lesson is found in the following paragraph from the report of the White House Conference—p. 170.

"A progressive educational policy which provides an educationally and healthfully sound and complete program throughout the entire year, including the long summer vacation, which has become a major problem in child education. Rightly directed the vacation becomes an asset; but wrongly managed or neglected, a serious detriment to child health and development. Every school should assume leadership in securing for the child during the summer vacation, opportunities for healthful and creative activities."

In a recent article is found the following statement of the aim of the lesson:

"The objects to be sought are fourfold, relating to health, pleasure, the background of experience and the broadening of the child's horizon." (H. G. Bull: Vacations for Children—Hygeia, June 1932, pp. 534-536)

Suggestions for Procedure:

1. By discussion have the class members decide clearly whether their vacation problem is essentially one of providing relaxation from a term of formal, straining, uninteresting school life, or whether the school is modern, providing a variety of healthful activities so that the vacation problem is essentially one of carrying on in a constructive way. This analysis of the life of a child in the local school will point the way to the selection of proper vacation programs.

2. The material outlined for reading is interesting and complete. Take all of the time that is necessary to discuss the topics and questions given in the reading guide.

3. Use the supplementary material as helps in discussing these points.

Reading guides for the class members: Personality, pp. 31-39.

School seems to be taken for granted for part of the year.

Three problems are implied in the opening paragraphs. These should be carefully noted.

1. The value of the alternating program of school and vacation.

2. The temporary management troubles of the parents during vacation time.

3. The permanent educative value of the use of out of school time

Pages 32-33 give a detailed argu-

ment in support of this third point.

The educational objectives of vacation activity are listed as follows:

1. Physical welfare or health.
2. Teaching children to face the realities of life.
3. Teaching the value of cooperation.
4. Making life richer.
5. Developing wider interests.
6. Recapturing eagerness or "the thirst for life."
7. Integrating the personality.

A paragraph is written on each of these. After reading you may want further information about some of them.

The practical suggestions weave themselves around the idea that parental memories do not interpret the present child world but that social conditions of today call for a program of utilizing the facilities now available for vacation activities. The following questions are answered somewhat definitely:

What is a desirable program for summer play schools?

What educational activities are desirable for regular summer school classes?

What are the possibilities of summer camps?

What are the limitations of summer camps?

What is necessary to build a satisfactory neighborhood play organization?

Describe a "proper variety" of activities for a neighborhood or home program.

What are the special problems of the rural child?

Supplementary Material:

1. What is meant by "Integrating the Personality?"

"A man's personality is revealed

in the way he thinks, feels, acts with regard to his daily life situations. In truth, the way one meets life situations is a true index of personality for after all, one's personality is simply character in action.

"The way a child learns to respond to his many daily life situations thus determines his character or personality. Left unaided and unguided, he will often respond in ways that are socially desirable, exhibiting such traits as cooperation, sympathy, and service. In far too many instances, the clash between impulsive desires and duty is disastrous, developing such traits as loss of self-control, attitudes of failure, inferiorities, selfishness, and sullenness. Such maladjustments tend to make the child a misfit in group living. He is said to be abnormal, to possess a distorted or warped personality. He is doomed to failure and unhappiness. Guidance, then, at all those points in his experience where wrong choices are likely to be made is the child's birthright. He was not born for failure and misery.

"The crucial factor, then, in the building of the stable character, the integrated personality, is child guidance in all those experiences which cause him to respond in ways unwholesome either for himself or for society. These life situations may be classified into three groups: (1) work situations, (2) civic-social situations, and (3) leisure situations." (Germane: *Integration of the Personality*. Dept. of Superintendence of the N. E. A. 1931).

2. Releasing the creative activities.

Quotations from Cobb: *The New Leaven*.

1. "One evening, as I read scenes from a narrative poem that I had been writing, the scene of which was laid in ancient India, she sat on the

floor in the midst of the family drawing illustrative pictures as I read. Some eight illustrations were made within an hour and a half, wonderfully catching the spirit of the poem and its Oriental atmosphere, surprisingly correct in accessories of Oriental costume and physiognomy. How she got that Orientalism into the pictures, and the expression of rhapsody in some of them describing an Oriental saint, it is difficult to say; because one never knows how much of our creational expression in life comes from the subconscious memory and how much from inspirational sources beyond that." (pp. 132-3).

2. The following is quoted from a letter to a so-called progressive school which really states the purpose of well planned vacations.

"We keenly appreciate what the school has done during the past year for our three boys. The happy combination of freedom and skillful stimulus in an environment of well-chosen materials has aroused their eager interest and has developed their ability for independent and creative activity. We have been particularly delighted at the emphasis you have placed on esthetic expression for each child, regardless of age or special aptitude. The orchestra, the weaving, the modeling, the fresco painting, the gardening, the building, the play-acting, the singing, the dancing have done so much to enrich the children's outlook and capacity for enjoying life. We have been glad too that they have been getting the significance of everyday things in their walks and trips. Perhaps, above all, we have appreciated the love and understanding you have all given the individual development of these three quite different personalities. We have actually seen each

boy grow under it— Ben in interest and character, Jack in the assertion of his own personality, and Peter in observation and coordination.” (pp. 138-9)

3. “Creative desire on the part of the young child naturally expresses itself in handwork and crafts, in the arts of modeling, painting, music, poetry, drama, and rhythmic.” (p. 139)

4. “Also in other forms of art-expression using different mediums, such as paper cutting, clay modeling, ivory-soap carving, wood work, handicrafts of various kinds, children show marvelous courage, skill and creative power.” (p. 149)

5. “Of the value of music in the life of the child, Mr. Surette has this to say: ‘Music, it may be pointed out, is the one form of activity in which a whole school can take part while at the same time creating something beautiful. It is like play minus the exuberant physical activity but plus an exuberance of the spirit. It requires the most accurate teamwork, it is unselfish, it awakens sympathy, creates joy, frees the soul and subtly harmonizes the physical being. What school can afford to neglect it? What school can afford to offer its children anything less than the whole of it.’” (p. 144-5)

6. “Dramatic expression in the acting of plays is a very important factor in the emotional and esthetic development of children. In many of the progressive schools such expression differs radically from the ordinary form of school dramatics; first, in that here every child in the group takes part; and secondly, that the acting flows naturally and genuinely from the child’s own consciousness instead of expressing an artificial mode set for it by someone else.” (p. 151)

7. “Even in play— or one might say—especially in play, the child is creative. Here are no hampering forms, no technique or modes already established to which the child soul must adapt itself in order to express. In play the child finds utmost freedom to be itself. In play the child, furthermore, is satisfying only its own vivid desire. In play, therefore, more than anywhere else, the child shows those qualities of the true creator,—imagination, initiative, inventiveness, resourcefulness, persistence in the face of difficulties, and a marvelous power of adapting material at hand to an inner purpose. As I write, children outside are improvising a military camp. One boy had a vivid idea which came to dominate the group. First it was drill with wands; then mimic warfare from behind every vantage point; next a Red Cross unit sprang into existence and a stretcher was improvised out of two wands and a raincoat. There came up a rain. This, instead of putting a damper on the project, only heightened creativeness by suggesting the need of shelter. Raincoats spread over chairs furnished temporary shelter, but a more permanent form being desired the next move was to build a frame and stretch over it pieces of canvas, oil cloth, gunnysack—anything which came to hand. The next day a boy brought a pup tent. This has been set up in the back yard. Where and how will it all end? Such play of the imagination is bound by no external goals. In this fact inheres its charm; and this is the nature of true creation, that the end is not foreseen from the beginning.” (pp. 153-5)

3. A combination of work and play suggestions is found in the following plan suggested by Pulliam in his

"Extra Instructional Activities of the Teacher. (pp. 286-287.)

A Boy's Vacation Program

I. Work Activities.

1. A vacant lot and home gardening contest for which ten prizes are offered by the Rotary Club.

Division I for boys under 12.

Division II for boys between 12 and 17.

Last year 141 gardens were registered. Each one of these gardens was assigned to a member of the Rotary Club who was its sponsor. This sponsor made regular visits to the garden and gave the boy in charge advice and encouragement. Each boy was, of course, permitted to sell all he raised in his garden. The boy who won first prize in Division II. A fifteen-year-old living in the heart of town, made over \$75 clear on the garden that covered less than two city lots.

2. A bureau of employment where farmers and citizens may get in touch with boys to do odd jobs, pick berries, and similar work.

3. The organization of block clean-up squads of boys, to clean up the various blocks of the city.

4. Construction and maintenance of tennis courts and play equipment, and improvement work on the boy's camp.

No charge is made to any boy to go to camp in his turn but he is obliged to do two hours' work each morning for the good of the camp. This summer a dam to make a swimming pool at the camp was constructed entirely by the boys.

II. Play Activities.

1. Camping.

It is possible for every boy in town to spend several weeks at camp if his parents are willing for him to go.

He needs only to pay the actual cost of his food while there.

2. Baseball leagues.

Junior league, for boys under 15.

Senior league, for boys between 15 and 18.

The schedule of games and general oversight of the league are in the hands of the director, but each team is organized and managed by the boys themselves around their own natural play-groups. Last year over two hundred boys participated in the baseball games. An all-star team is picked to play in the National Junior Championship elimination contests.

3. Swimming, tennis, and other individual contests.

III. Development Activities.

1. System of recognition.

Medal for achievement of the Playground and Recreation Association of America for general athletic prowess.

2. The Boy Scout Program.

Already organized troops are encouraged to do as much work as possible in camp, and efforts are made to start new troops and to interest all boys. However, a boy does not have to belong to the Scouts to participate in the summer program, or even to go to camp.

3. Pictures and Lectures.

Educational pictures and inspirational short lectures by local men each Saturday afternoon at the City Hall auditorium free to all boys who want to come.

It is hoped that in the future some short courses in motor mechanics, airplane building, carpentry, and agriculture (in connection with gardens) may be offered to boys who will attend them voluntarily an hour or two a day, several days each week."

Supt. Willis A. Sutton of Atlanta,

Georgia, outlines the problem and a variety of programmed activities in the following quotations from a recent article (Sutton: *The Wise Use of Summer Vacations—Child Welfare*, April 1932, p. 478) A record of the summer activities is kept in points and is given a place beside the school record.

“The old idea of vacation is a relic of the past ages. It was all very well when children were needed to work during the summer, assisting their parents with the harvest and having other things to engage their time.

“I do not underestimate the value of the home training nor the home supervision, but I do say most emphatically that in the average American home today the period of vacation is a taxing, trying period for the mothers and fathers of our land; and for the majority of children it is a waste and an extravagance of time and a type of relaxation that often destroys the mental discipline and organization which has gone on in the regular school during the preceding months. The children of virtually every city in this nation return to school in September exhausted in body, lowered in vitality, and sometimes thoroughly disorganized socially and even morally.

“We have carefully thought out the plan and realize that if 400 points are really made, practically all of the time of the child will be occupied. We have made every effort to give

the greatest possible variety to these activities so that every line of work may be encouraged. The children may do such simple things as cutting out pictures and making a scrapbook. They may take care of the baby, set the table, wash the dishes, care for the lawn or automobile; they may look after the sick of their community, write letters, read books, and teach others to play games; they may learn to swim, study works of art or places of historical interest, and do a hundred other things for which credit will be given.”

School exhibits, etc., in the fall check up the summer work.

4. Social training in manners, courtesy, and entertaining is possible only in vacation when visiting and entertaining should be encouraged. This is possible on simple scales in the neighborhood and other small groups as well as in distant visiting. This point is especially stressed in H. G. Bull's article “Vacations for Children”—*Hygeia*, June, 1932.

5. Vacation is a great opportunity period for applying the learning of school. Planning purchases and figuring costs is a good child occupation. Provisions for general reading should be made so that the children may continue their quest for experience in the field of books. Picnics and trips furnish occasion for observing and identifying objects of nature. Telling to others offers occasion for natural language expression.



Divine Relief

By Wenonah M. Shirley

God spoke the word, His servant heard And turned the mighty key And opened wide the door which gave To women liberty.	Descend we unto cots of woe Or rise to congress hall. To homes of grief, we often go To carry hope and cheer And smooth the weary fevered brow When death's dark form draws near.
Oh, mighty seer, oh favored one, The spokesman of our Lord Thy name and calling we revere, And gladly heed thy word,	Our God, we thank Thee, for thy love, That guides men's destiny.
That set us free from tyranny, Ah, now we conquer all!	We'll prove our faith and gratitude By always serving Thee.

Home

By Alveretha S. Engar

Home may not be on lofty height, Nor a mansion by the sea, Itself not all of my delight, Yet a charming place to me.	Home may not ring with lofty strains Of music that's all divine, But harmony and love shall reign And the joy of peace be mine.
Home may not be a fortress tall To defend when foes assail, Yet 'twill safeguard me with loving wall That the best in me prevail.	Home may be just a humble place, But a spot of beauty still— A scene that Time cannot erase Nor with new scenes my vision fill.

Great Maker of the Perfect Home,
Send me of it just a gleam,
That I may from this earthly loam
Build the castle of my dream.

Holy Night

Elsie C. Carroll

No Mary; no manger; No star in the East Guiding shepherd's glad way To a shrine.	Just a form wracked with pain; A face that's a prayer; A fear-stricken mate Who waits for the morn; The shadow of Death Sent fleeing by Life.
No sages awaiting; No songs from the skies To herald the coming Of Ruler divine.	No night but is holy When a baby is born.

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The

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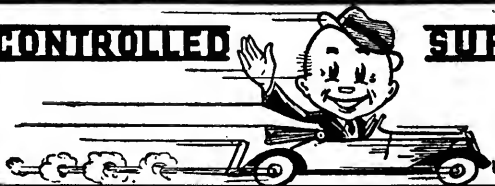
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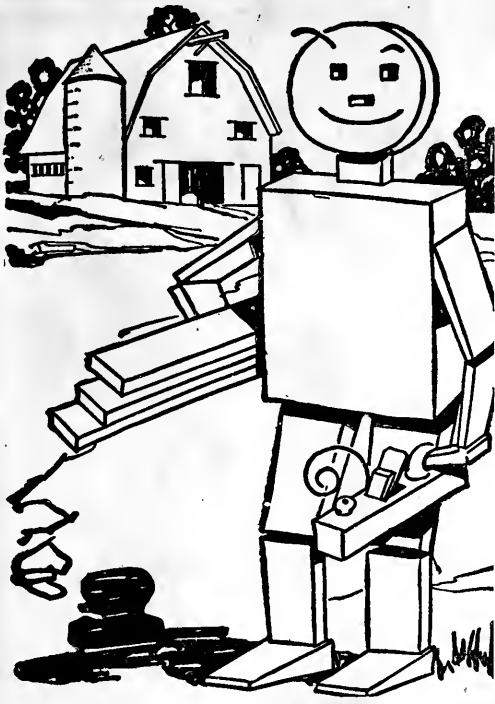
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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL XXI

APRIL, 1934

No. 4

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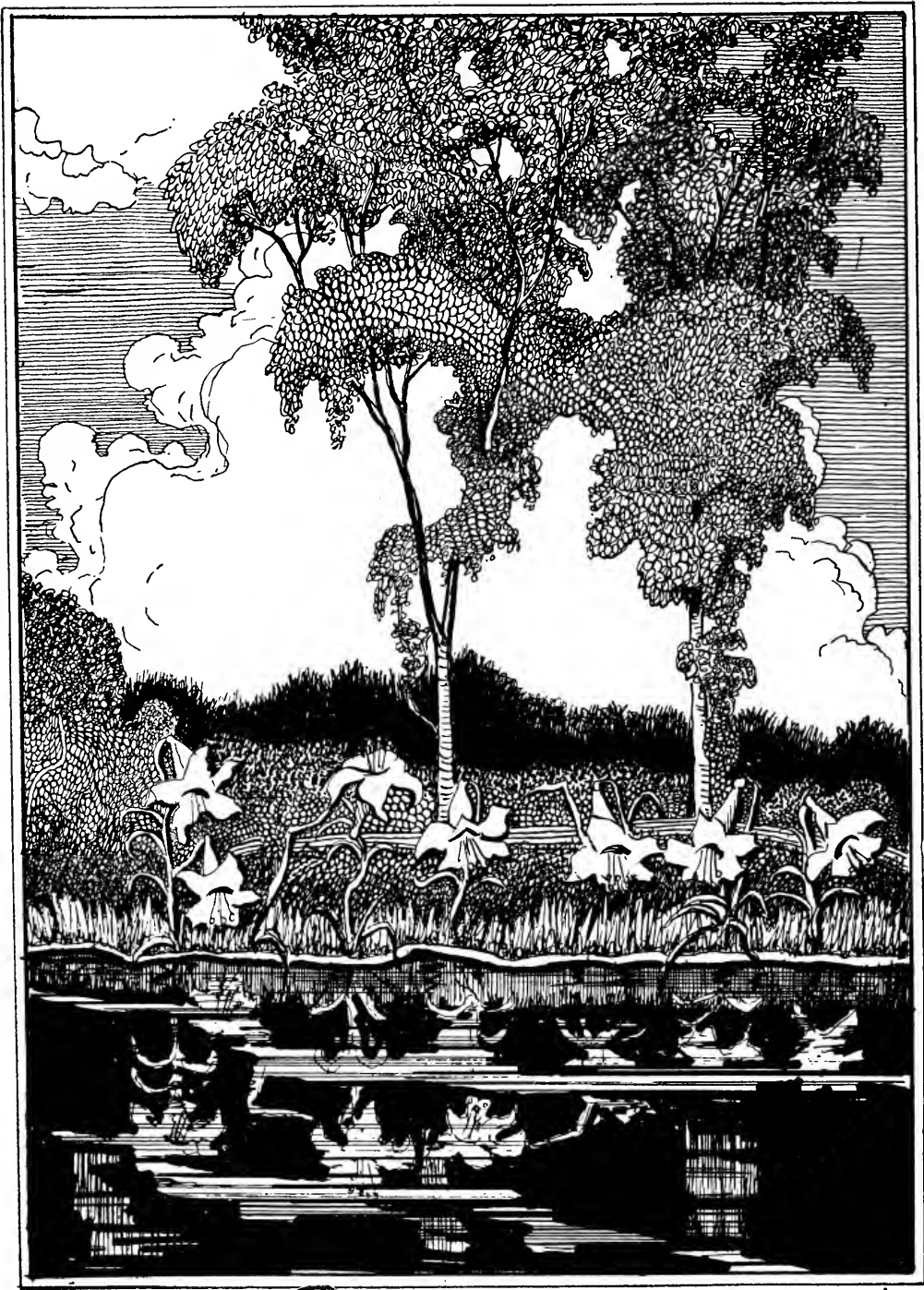
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Easter

By Elsie E. Barrett

Easter voices the cry—"There is no death,"
Busy Nature proclaims it in rhythmic breath
 And marvelous displays,
In renewal of life after winter's lament,
Bringing summer more charm for the season thus spent
 In preparation days.
Every flower and tree in the valley's broad sweep
Softly whispers with smiles "All will waken who sleep."



Joseph A. F. Everett
WHEN LILLIES BLOOM

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI

APRIL, 1934

No. 4

The Eternal Bridge

By Nephi Jensen

THE study of the visible world may be said to start with a determination to use one's eyes. At the very beginning there is something which may be described as an act of faith—a belief that what our eyes have to show us is significant." This quotation is not from a sermon. It is not the statement of a dogmatic theologian. It is the conclusion of a world famous scientist.

Arthur Stanley Eddington, the internationally known physicist makes faith the initial incentive in all seeking for fact or truth. The student in the laboratory follows the given formula, not because he knows it is correct but because he believes it is true. If he knew that the formula would produce the desired result there would be no need of experimenting. The student who uses a certain method in solving a problem is impelled by his faith in the correctness of the method. He would gain no knowledge by solving the problem after demonstrating the accuracy of the method.

The Botanist looks into the heart of the flower not to see what he knows is there, but to see what he confidently surmises is there. The Astronomer turns his telescope into the depths of space not to find what he has already found, but to find

what he confidently believes he will find. We not only "walk by faith", but actually learn by faith.

Doctor Benjamin Moore, an outstanding Bio-Chemist states the same truth in other words. In his "Origin of Life" he says, "It is by the imagination that science is led on from discovery to discovery." This is a most significant explanation of scientific advancement. And it is profoundly true.

Every advance in science is made by stepping from the known to the unknown. This step cannot be taken by the aid of absolute knowledge alone, for knowledge has not yet crossed the chasm. Nor can ordinary reason bridge the gulf. Reason only takes us to the outer edge of what is known. If we go beyond the outskirts of what we know, we must be led by a faculty that outstrips knowledge and reason. What is the faculty that ventures into the unexplored realm? It is the faculty that quickly infers the unknown from what is known without understanding the relationship between the two. Or in other words, it is the power to get a definite mental image of what has not yet been seen that guides to the unseen.

But it is not enough to merely imagine or surmise the existence of

the unknown. Unless the inference of the existence, of what has not yet come within the range of our knowledge awakens within us the belief that we can, by investigation or experimentation actually come to know what we imagine is a fact, we shall not be "led on from discovery to discovery". Imagination gives us the first glimpse of the unknown; but it is bold venturing faith that carries us across the chasm to new facts and new truths.

This power to get an inference or intimation of the unknown by a sort of quick intuition is the secret of all discovery. This sort of intuition is the lamp of faith that sheds its rays far beyond the frontiers of what has been discovered; and leads the way to new discoveries.

THE marvelous discoveries of M. Pasteur in the field of bacteriology furnish a striking illustration of how an inference of unknown truth intensified by an abiding conviction, urges the scientist onward in his ceaseless experimentations.

In 1859 there was a great agitation among scientists on the question of life. Most of the scholars of the time accepted the theory that life came into existence spontaneously from inorganic matter. Philosophers, poets and naturalists assented to this conclusion. Pasteur did not agree with them. He conceived that the discovery of the secret of fermentation would throw light on the subject. He surmised that fermentation was caused by the contact of living organisms with unliving substance. To start with, it was only a surmise. But back of that surmise was an intense conviction that the inference was true. That faith spurred him on irresistibly in his painstaking experiments. Learned associates tried to dissuade him. M. Biot told him that

he would never find the secret. But in spite of discouragement, and notwithstanding the illusiveness of the secret, he plodded on through the years. His faith triumphed gloriously. He verified his first intimation. He also discovered that putrefaction is caused by living organisms coming into contact with fleshy and other substances. Out of these simple discoveries came the whole splendid modern theory of the cause of disease. And the man whose faith and industry blazed the way from gross ignorance to enlightenment in the field of medicine, has come to be called the "most perfect man that has ever entered the kingdom of science."

While Pasteur was ardently experimenting with tartaric acids in the hope of producing racemic acid, he wrote, "There is an abyss to cross." There is an abyss to cross in all scientific research. It is the abyss that separates the known from the unknown. It cannot be crossed by mere half-hearted, aimless experimentation. The abyss is often so wide that years of industry are necessary to cross it. Only faith's foresight can give the courage necessary to accomplish the tremendous task.

IN the field of invention it is the same quick intuitive inference of the unknown, quickened into action by faith, that carries the inventor onward in his discoveries. In 1826 there were hundreds of men who knew that a current of electricity would instantly pass from one end of a piece of wire to the other. Knowledge of this simple fact, however, did not lead them to conclude that both ends of the wire at long distances apart might be made to record simultaneously the same characters or figures; and thereby become a means of instantaneous communi-

cation. They could not cross the chasm between what was known about electricity and the unknown fact of telegraphy. Why? Simply because they did not have the lamp of faith. But there was one man who had faith's marvelous intuition. His name is Samuel F. B. Morse. He quickly inferred from the known fact that electrical energy would make a piece of wire behave the same way at both ends at the same time; that it would be possible to make the two ends of the wire at long distances apart record the same ideas. He not only caught this inference, but with it came the confident belief that the inference was true. This faith impelled him to make innumerable experiments until in 1835 electrical telegraphy became an established fact.

THE light of faith has been the torch of progress in the realm of geographical discovery. In 1492, there were many book geographers who accepted the fact of the rotundity of the earth. But these cloistered students of the earth's form and size did not dare venture out on the trackless ocean. They were without the faith that boldly strikes out into the realm of the unseen and unknown. They could only reason about the significance of the known geographical facts. And timid reason always hugs close to the shore; it dare not set out upon the vast undiscovered ocean.

But at that time there was one most remarkable mariner. His name was Christopher Columbus. He was no more certain than the cloistered geographers that the earth is round. But he had something they did not have. He had something akin to vision. He had faith. By this faith his mind boldly leaped from the idea,

of the earth's rotundity to the conclusion that he could sail westward and reach the east coast of India. This was a most daring conception. It outstripped all that the geographers had ever dreamed of. This simple mariner was able to outreach all that these book students had conceived, because he was inspired and sustained by an all-seeing and all-comprehending faith. By this sublime faith he ventured out into the trackless and specter-invested ocean. By faith he was nerved with courage to sail on, even when his crew mutinied and insisted upon returning. By this faith a new world was given to the old.

“Oh! world, thou choolest not the
better part,
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the
eyes;
But it is wisdom to believe the
heart.
Columbus found a world and had
no chart
Save one that Faith deciphered in
the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible sur-
mise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky
pine
That lights the pathway but one
step ahead
Across the void of mystery and
dread.
Bid then the tender light of Faith
to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is
led
Into the thinking of the thought
Divine.”

IN the realm of the spiritual faith is preeminently the key that unlocks the door to the vast unknown. Between the finite and the infinite

there is limitless space. Who can cross this vast unexplored domain? The scientist cannot look across with his powerful telescope. One astronomer tried, and ended by saying; "I have swept the heavens and have not found God." The philosopher with his profound thoughts about the ultimate reality has not been able by reason to find God. Herbert Spencer tried, and ended his profound and exhaustive studies with the sad confession "God is unknowable." This is a pathetic acknowledgment of the futile search for the Maker of all, by one who failed to follow his own formula or the ascertainment of truth. In his "First Principles" Spencer says, "We only know things through phenomena." Translated into simpler terms, this great basic rule, governing the acquisition of knowledge might be made to read, "We only know things by the way they act, or by what they manifest." In his quest of knowledge of nature, Spencer followed this simple guide. He went direct to nature to see what nature manifests or reveals. But he never went direct to God, by faith, to see what God reveals to those who seek him.

ONE greater than Herbert Spencer, by simple faith bridged the gulf between man and God. In 1820, Joseph Smith, then a lad fourteen years of age became deeply concerned about the salvation of his soul. Revival meetings in which excited appeals to the emotions were made, accentuated his anxiety. The divided and distracted condition of Christianity, the fierce conflict of religious opinion, and clashing of creeds, added to the perplexity of his youthful mind. The din of disagreeing and clamoring priests, moved the boy to ask, "Which of all the churches is right?" This is a most

profound question for a boy of fourteen. While this puzzling question distressed his earnest soul, he took to reading the scriptures. One day he opened the Bible at the first chapter of James' Letter. His eyes fell upon the faith-stimulating text, "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." The words of this simple promise went home to the heart of that boy as the very words of the God of all wisdom. He believed God had actually made the promise; and that He would make it good.

Impelled by this simple abiding faith, he went into the woods near his father's home and there bowed his head and lifted his troubled heart in pleading to God. As he heroically prayed there appeared above him a beautiful pillar of light transcending in brilliancy the light of the noon day sun. Encircled with this glorious light stood two purified, glorified, immortalized beings in express and majestic human form. One of them pointed to the other and said, "This is my beloved son, hear him."

That day that boy saw the glorified form of the Omnipotent One, and heard the voice that spoke in the morning of time when quivering matter was organized to make a beautiful world

He is the greatest discoverer of modern times. He discovered for modern man the only key to the knowledge of God. He found that deepest and purest joy, of actual contact and fellowship with the Father of all, of which Emerson sang so beautifully.

"O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
And I mock at the pride of Greece
and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath
 the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy
 shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride
 of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the
 learned clan:
 For what are they all in their high
 conceit,
 When man in the bush with God
 may meet."

THE spot on which that boy prayed is a sacred shrine. It is the cradle of modern faith. Within that sylvan temple on that hallowed day, that boy discovered the lost key to the knowledge of God. The hope-giving story of his triumphant quest of certainty concerning the Most High has awakened in the hearts of tens of thousands of men and women the undaunted faith that actually seeks and finds; and asks and receives. The glowing light of this living faith has sent afar its rays in an age of doubt, and skepticism, and turned uncertainty to assurance and despair into hope. This faith-stimulating power has done more to increase the spiritual riches of our modern age, than thousands of volumes of speculations about God and His economy.

IN every field of scientific research there is the constant barrier of the unknown to surmount. All scientific progress is made by surmounting this enduring barrier. In the world of invention it is the same. The inventor makes his inventions by boldly venturing across the frontiers of the unknown. The discoverer sails upon uncharted seas, and travels over trackless wastes to give mankind a more extended knowledge of the world. In the spiritual realm, poets, philosophers and prophets have struggled, through the ages, for intimate knowledge of the unseen God. In all of these centuries of ceaseless research, endless inventions, startling discoveries, and eager quests of God, the torch of faith has led the way. It has lighted the path over the barriers of science; it has awakened the confidence that has guided the inventor in his painstaking experiments; it has kindled the ardor of the discoverer and sent him to the unseen corners of the world, and it has fired the prophets with the deathless zeal to reach out with undoubted assurance for intimate, conscious, loving fellowship with Him who is invisible.

Companionship

By Linda S. Fletcher

I thought how lonely God must be.
 Remote amid Eternity,
 Where on the shining, top-most
 throne,
 In grandeur dwelt He all alone.
 I felt His loving heart must yearn
 For Someone to whom He might
 turn,
 When, e'en amid the stars He
 grieved
 With pain which could not be re-
 lieved.

And then, my dear one, I met
 you—
 I gazed into your eyes and knew
 That I could lonely never be
 With one like you to dwell with
 me.
 Then knew I God dwelt not alone
 On the white marble of His
 throne—
 That solace is not Him denied,
 For His Beloved is at His side!

Many a Milestone is Marked With a Cross

By Caroline Eyring Miner

DID you ever contemplate the total aggregate of troubles in the world? Think of the numberless victims of flood, fire, earthquake, the toll of the stark visitor death, the countless unfortunates in our reform and penal institutions, the great army of the handicapped, the deaf, the blind, the lame. And now against this mountain of trouble place your own particular little trouble and rejoice in the mercy of God to you.

In one of our gayest summer resorts, seemingly sheltered with the umbrella of splendor and glamorousness from the rains of trouble and disaster, I chanced to spend several vacation seasons.

There were eight of us girls at the resort who "chummed together." We laughed and danced and sang in the artificial hilarious way that was expected of us and no one would have guessed that each girl guarded within her heart underneath her butterfly wings one of the world's troubles.

It is unusual the way in which these little trouble bugs that Pandora set free in the world have rested their wings and made their homes. They have not concentrated in any particular spot but have nested at random throughout the world.

On one particular evening after our work and entertaining was

over, we eight girl chums, as usual, gathered together in one of the dormitory rooms for a little light chatter. And many times after the cocktail of light talk was over, the main course was served and we chatted in a more serious vein. This night in question our main talk turned at last to what we called our "secret sorrows" and strange to say there was not a single one of the eight girls who did not bare her heart and produce a family skeleton. One girl had a brother who was born an invalid, one girl had been told by a physician that she could never be a mother, one had a sister who had been born deaf, one an aged father who was blind, one had no parents, one a family hereditary tendency to insanity, and another a brother who was in the Federal prison.

After the talk was over and we had all wept, we felt united in the common burden of the cross. Nature, or God, or whatever we wish to name the distributor of crosses on humanity is no respecter of persons and we who feel over-burdened and are harboring within our bosoms the venomous serpent, self-pity, need only to look about us to see our neighbors one and all laboring and straining under the load of even heavier burdens. And not a few "but many a milestone is marked with a cross."



Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

V

TO Anne it wasn't clear from what the children said nor from Peter's telegram just who the men were who were coming home with him. When he had left home nearly a month before, Peter had intended to complete the business arrangements of a merger of a number of general merchandise stores in the western part of the state which plan was supposed to work out to the marked advantage of each store. It was a scheme he had been interested in for years. The telegram, however, was from Draton in the northern part of the state. Peter had vaguely hinted in his last letter that if the merger went over as he was sure it was going to this time, he had another business idea which was even better.

Anne used to become discouraged over these numerous schemes Peter was always trying out with so few successes. She had thought many times that if he could settle down to making the most of the business his father had left him they would be much farther ahead than with all his efforts at bigger things which frequently cost them dearly. But she had learned that Peter couldn't be happy unless he was planning something new, something he thought would benefit not only himself but others, so she had tried to cease worrying about it. The store, managed by Jim Harker, with one or the other of the children to help, gave them a fair living, with her careful management.

There was no time, she told herself as she busied herself with the job of bringing order out of the

chaos she found the home in, to speculate as to what Peter's new venture might be.

"Whatever made you start a wholesale house-cleaning at a time like this?" she asked Gloria.

"That's what I tried to find out," Quint volunteered. "She got Jim to let both of us off from the store and then went at it tearing everything up-side-down. It's been bad enough finding enough to eat around here since you left without the house all tore up."

Gloria was looking at her mother in surprise and her answer to Anne's question was a startling revelation.

"Why, Mother, ever since I can remember whenever we've known important company was coming, you've cleaned the house—no matter if we've just got through cleaning the week before. I can remember once Suzanne said—It was the time the Tomilsons were coming from California—that it seemed funny how you always thought the house looked so terrible if anybody was coming—as if the family wasn't as good as company. I knew you'd clean if you were here, so I thought we had to. Of course we didn't count on old Cherry getting that potato in her throat yesterday just after Quint got started on the cal-somining and taking his whole evening. Nor we didn't know the twins were going to try their pet trick of hiding and making us think they were drowned or something and having us hunt them for hours. It has been awful.

"I thought a little while ago I'd have to have Quint stand out by the road and hail Dad before he got home and tell him to take the com-

pany to the hotel. I've decided that if I ever get married, I'm *never* going to clean house."

Anne smiled at the way her own weakness was catching up with her. She believed she had learned a lesson. It had never occurred to her that she really *did* have an obsession for cleaning whenever she was going to have company. And to make the children feel that things must be better for strangers than for themselves, well, she hadn't thought of that either.

"Well, we'll soon have things in order. It looks a lot worse at this stage than it really is," she said cheerfully: "Quint, you run over and see if Lon Avery won't come and finish the calsomining. He can do it so much more quickly than you can, and we will soon have to be getting some parts of the dinner going. Run on around by Lannings and get a quart of ice-cream. You children can stop and have a little lunch, then you'll both feel more like working." She sent Gloria to do the work upstairs and she herself set about to bring order out of chaos.

By five o'clock the house began to assume a natural appearance and Anne could talk to the children without breaking off to give directions concerning the work.

"Have Morris or Phyllis been over?" she asked as she rolled pie crusts while Quint was peeling potatoes and Gloria was setting the table. She couldn't help wondering how her advice to Phyllis was working out.

"Morris was here yesterday," Gloria told her. He was surprised about you being gone, and he acted awful nervous or something. He kept walking around and snapping his fingers and asking if we didn't know when you'd be back. He said Phyllis and Junior were in Castle Junction with her Aunt."

"Is there any other news?" Anne asked.

"Have you told her how many letters you've had from Hal Gillmore?" asked Quint.

"Who is Hal Gillmore?" asked Anne wondering if he might be another traveling salesman to worry over.

"You remember Ethel Gillmore who came home with Suzanne last Christmas. He is Ethel's brother. They stopped on their way to the Grand Canyon. Ethel thought maybe Suzanne was home. We were just having lunch so we invited them to stay and—"

"That was about the only decent lunch we had while you were gone," Quint complained, "and of course I had to say I didn't care for about everything there was on the table so there'd be enough for that pretty Gillmore boy. Gloria'd kick me under the table every time anything was passed to me."

"Well you know how he eats if there isn't much of anything," defended Gloria.

"Well, after lunch they invited us to go to a show. It was Sunday afternoon and we weren't working."

"And Glory shook her head at me so I'd say I didn't want to go," put in Quint.

"Hal asked if he could write, and I told him if he wanted to so—"

"She comes home twice every day to see if there's a letter."

"I do not," Gloria protested. "But Quint isn't telling the news about some of his pals, I notice."

Anne looked at the boy, but a grim look had come into his eyes and he didn't say anything. "They were pretending to help Judge Thomas guard old Lady Doak's place from grape and melon thieves. While they were doing that they stole one of her calves and sold it and now they're going to send them to jail."

"I'm sorry," Anne said, "Which of the boys was it?" She must be very careful, she realized, not to lose the ground she had gained towards Quint's confidence. He still was silent, but Gloria said,

"Well, they don't know who all was mixed in it, but they've got Tad Lawler and Bing Houseman and they're trying to make them tell which others were in on it. The Judge had a whole bunch of the wildest kids in town, they say, taking turns guarding. He thought he was reforming them, and that's the way it worked out. So far, Tad and Bing haven't told on the others, but I guess they'll make them tell."

"Make tattle-tales out of them," said Quint, red-faced and with a touch of bitterness. Anne tried to quell the old torturing question that sprang to her mind, "Could Quint be one of the boys?"

What a terrible thing it is, she mused, to have confidence in a loved one broken. Once shattered, trust is hard to be rebuilt.

WHEN Quint called from the front porch a little after six that Daddy and the men were coming, Anne was ready for them. She was still wondering what the coming of this delegation might mean. She hoped it wasn't an enterprise that would involve money. Already she was going to have difficulty making up for Phyllis' music lessons and her trip to Boston before the end of the year.

She wished she could feel more enthusiasm about Peter's ventures. Once her own wise mother had told her that it wasn't her business to try to make Peter over, but to help him to make the most of himself as he was. "Most wives," the old lady had said, "forget that they are *help-mates*. That means helping their

mates, first by doing their own jobs well, and next by helping their mates to do theirs."

Anne had thought a great deal about that little sermon. She had set up for herself certain definite standards which she thought would help her to be a real helpmate to Peter.

When he came in with his guests and had introduced them to Anne, he said casually, "These men have come to look over a new real estate proposition I have in mind." Anne's outward response gave no indication of the misgiving she felt. With two new schemes in hand at the same time, she wondered how far Peter might be carried into the realm of the impracticable—the impossible.

During the dinner, although one or two of the men made an effort to keep the conversation general enough that Anne might be included, most of the time was spent discussing the proposed new real estate venture. She could not, however, obtain a clear enough idea to justify a judgment on its merits.

When they were through eating, Peter said,

"I'll have to take these gentlemen out to look over the situation before their train leaves. I thought you might bring Suzanne home. Our daughter," he explained to his guests, "is studying art in Boston and really making quite a name for herself. The Missus has just been out to see her."

Anne was thankful she did not have to break the tragic news she had feared.

IT was nearly dark before Peter returned. Anne was sitting on the east porch with a basket of darning she had been working at. As he came up the walk she thought how handsome he was growing in his middle years. His form had lost

the lankiness of youth and the greying hair at his temples, and his short mustache gave him a look of distinction. He looked like a man to do big things. Anne felt ashamed at the way she had always doubted his ability. Perhaps he had felt her half-hearted support. Perhaps if she had been a hundred percent help-mate he might have succeeded sometimes when he had failed.

"I'm sorry, Mother, that I couldn't talk this plan over with you before taking definite action with these men, but I had to work at it while I had a chance to see them. Really Anne this is a wonderful proposition. At last it looks as though I'll be able to do some of the things for you I've always wanted to do. If this goes over as it should, you won't have to work like a slave, nor worry over every cent you spend. We can do things for the children—big things that will help them to be somebody without the grind we've always had."

Anne watched Peter as he went on with the details of the new scheme, and thought how magnificent he was

when under the spell of these great enthusiasms.

She wished she could keep from wondering if this new scheme was dependent upon the yet untried merger, and if there were any mortgages on the home or the store involved. Peter knew how she felt about mortgaging the property that gave them their living. Surely he would not take a chance on losing their home or the store. And yet the talk at the table had seemed to imply an outlay of capital.

Finally Peter said,

"I had to put a mortgage on the house and the store—just for a few months. You won't mind that will you? In less than six months it can all be cleared and we can be doing the things we've always wanted to do. You don't mind do you?"

Anne felt tears in her eyes burning to be shed. But she forced them back and put her arms around Peter's neck.

"I love you, Peter," was all she said.

(*To be continued*)

The Prodigal Son's Mother Speaks

By M. Bell

O! son, my son! didst thou come home again?
 Be glad dear heart, 'twas not in vain.
 Thy mother's eyes no longer run
 In tears for thee, O son, my son!
 Let's celebrate and make amends,
 Rejoice, rejoice, call all thy friends,
 Delicious things of earth we'll bring.
 He that was lost returned—let's sing!

And you, my firstborn faithful lad
 Wouldst't make thy mother's spirit sad?
 O! jealousy depart, depart—
 For all we have, we ever owned
 Is yours forever, yours alone.
 My son! thou art the pure in heart.

Life

Awarded First Honorable Mention in the
Eliza Roxy Snow Poetry Contest

By *Blanche Robbins*

If this be Life 'tis less I ask; not more;
Not more of all that crowds and stifles me;
Not more of all that thinks and feels
And almost lives my life for me;
Not more of this. I would that I
Could lift my hands and push it all away
And clear a space to pause and feel and live.

I smile and nod; you nod and smile;
We meet each other on our way;
We shop; We call on friends; We talk of clothes;
We dress in style; We comb our hair a certain way;
There's dinner here; a luncheon there;
A dollar to some charity;
"O, yes, we have our work to do
But soon are through."

We buy and sell; go here and there
See this and that;
We laugh and chat; are most correct
And settle all the problems of the world
With our small talk,
And all the days are filled with countless, nameless tasks
That never fill a need or win a race
Or mean a battle won.
'Tis not enough!
And through it all I go my untouched way
And Life is passing on.

No more than this! 'Tis true
This surface brightly shines to those
Whose hearts are there
Or those who enviously look on.
But underneath are tears and sighs and heartaches
And souls who need the kindly touch of someone caring;
The warmth of home; the cheer of friendship true.
Gray heads who need
The forceful hand of dauntless youth;
Young hearts, who need
The steadying hand of mellowed age;
Dimpled babes, who need
A loving mother's watchful care;
Empty mother-arms that fain would hear
The faltering voice of childhood's prayer.
And all the days are filled with countless tasks
That fill a need or win a race
Or mean a battle won.

'Tis true, my skirts were softly lifted, Life
As you were passing by—
But now, I hold you gently, Life
And draw you nigh.

“Gold is Where You Find it”

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

PEOPLE in California are going to the hills to pan gold. Out of work many of them can find enough of the precious metal to buy their food and barest necessities. They take with them their blankets, canned goods,—possibly a cook-stove that burns wood,—sometimes a tent. Only their utensils are conveyed to these modern gold fields via a flivver rather than on the backs of burros as in the days of forty-nine.

Unemployment and the present high price of gold is causing some of the old fields to be re-scratched. Mint canyon which lies between Los Angeles and Palmdale is a favored locality. Rumor has it that the first gold recorded in the “land of bright colors” was found here. An Indian, herding cattle for the Padres at the San Fernando Mission, dug up a wild onion root with his knife. With it he unearthed several good sized gold nuggets. But it wasn't till white men, some of them members of the Mormon Battalion, saw it gleaming in the water at Sutter's Mill, that it became generally known.

Small placer mines are scattered in the brown sand on the hills of the California side near Yuma, Arizona. These have been worked at a small profit for years. Miners are confronted with the dilemma of carrying their ore down to the Colorado river to be washed, or getting the water up to the higher workings.

Another prospective field is the desert beyond Barstow. Death Valley, despite its intriguing rep-

utation, has never produced rich mines. Death Valley Scotty recently invited the members of the fashionable Los Angeles Breakfast Club to hitch their horses at the posts of his million dollar castle. Some say that the money that built this picturesque domicile on the desert was put up by Scotty's Chicago partner, a Mr. Johnson. But it was a western myth that the spectacular host had a secret mine from which he drew vast wealth for his forays into civilization when he chartered special trains and threw gold coins to the people on Spring street. Certain it is, though Scotty has been shadowed and nearly murdered the source of his wealth is still undisclosed.

There is still gold in the hills, though California has produced more gold than any other place in the world. In 1848 five million was taken out of the soil. By 1863 production had jumped to sixty-five million. Subsequently it reached the staggering sum of one billion, twenty-nine million.

Midas-like stories of those frontier days outstrip the Arabian Nights. A widow, in 1850, bought a horse at Marysvale and went to Downeyville to open a boarding house. She put up a tent. While sweeping it out with an improvised broom of pine needles she unearthed a gold nugget which assayed at \$35. This spurred her on to digging and she acquired \$32,000, in four days. A man, armed with a knife, cut three and a half pounds of solid gold out of a hollow as big as a wash basin. Another man hired five Indians,

and took out \$80,000 from a wondrously rich ledge. A lone sailor got \$1,500 in two weeks. An early-day funeral offered a unique experience. An out-of-town minister had been imported to officiate. As the coffin was about to be lowered into the ground one of the mourners espied a good-sized gold nugget. The pall bearers and other spectators immediately began to spread out and lay off 25 foot claims. Only the minister continued with the services.

One industrious miner became ill. On leaving to hunt a doctor he carefully buried his cache. He located the place by figuring that the shadows of two pine trees would cross there in twenty-eight days. He was delayed with illness and convalescence for several months at Sacramento. Imagine his consternation on his return to find that a sawmill had been built there and all of the trees of the vicinity cut down!

NORTH SAN JUAN is credited with producing from five to six hundred million dollars. All of the ground around Downeyville has been worked. Only under the Court House, built in 1854, was virgin soil. An official heard a tapping noise under the floor. A miner had tunneled 200 feet, camouflaging his work, to reach the rich ground under the structure. A pair of gold scales still preserved in northern California has weighed out 55 million in dust and nuggets.

The Empire Star, world's deepest mine which measures 3,500 feet in a vertical line, has produced for seventy years.

Primitive mining was done by means of sluice boxes, tunnels, windlass and panning. As the ore got scarcer hydraulic mining came

into use. Great streams of water, under terrific pressure was turned on the cliffs. This caused silt to fill up the Sacramento river, and was deposited in San Francisco Bay. It interfered with navigation and covered up orchards and roused spirited opposition from agricultural California.

Justice then was promptly administered, a criminal often being tried and executed the same day. In the cruel frontier where the loss of horse or food frequently spelt death, robbery as well as murder was punishable by hanging.

The gambler was often a cold-blooded individual, not of the heroic type depicted by Bret Harte. At one joint twenty dollar gold pieces kept getting lost. One of the spectators was a German with a long beard which he wore tucked inside his collar. One of the men suddenly grabbed it and yanked it out. Several gold pieces fell to the floor. The gentleman, like the Outcasts of Poker Flat, was given three hours to leave town. At Aurora was a young man who was a failure at everything he tried. Samuel Clemens was offered a job as reporter on a paper at Virginia City. He walked 120 miles and subsequently blossomed out as Mark Twain!

FANTASTIC prices prevailed.

On news of a strike a burro might sell for \$500. Lacking that two miners would carry their grub-stake on a pole suspended from their shoulders. A pound of flour sold for \$1.50. Delivery of a letter cost a dollar. Two barrels of whiskey dispensed in two days brought \$7,000. Gold hunters traveled from Utah by ox team. They came up the coast by boat, but arrived in California, wheelbarrows

and pushcarts were requisitioned to get to the gold fields.

GHOST cities are the ruins of worked out mining claims. Their erstwhile inhabitants have departed with the bullion. Rhyolite is an example of these with its buildings falling into decay,—the haunt of the coyote and the jackrabbit. Even the railroad deserted it and the steel rails were pulled up and shipped to Russia during the war. The empty, handsome station house still stands. Here is the famous house built of bottles many of them colored lovely lilac with the desert sun.

Another form of monument to the gold seekers are a group of crosses erected in Sonora, over the line, in Mexico. A party from Arizona suffered terribly from the heat in crossing the bone-strewn El Camino Diablo (Road of the Devil). At Atlas Springs forty-five emigrants perished and were interred there in '49.

A party of bandits who held up

stage coaches for a living hid out in the hills for two years. While there they discovered a rich silver vein. They sold it to Senator Stewart of Nevada. Afterwards they hung thriftily around to lift the silver after he had mined it. He outwitted them by having the white metal smelted into 600 pound cannon balls (instead of the usual bars), which he shipped by freight.

The Bull Frog mine, so called because of its green speckled appearance, was discovered by Shorty Harris, dean of the old prospectors. Some of these ancient wanderers have found and lost several fortunes. Some still follow the elusive trail of fortune. They are often grub-staked by more prosperous copatriots who share in any find that they may make. These men travel with their pack mules from water-hole to water-hole. They are fast disappearing. Some only find the gold of the setting sun!



ERASTUS AND ANNIS POTTER CHRISTENSEN AND THEIR 7 SONS
AND 6 DAUGHTERS.

Shadows

Awarded Second Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

By Vesta P. Crawford

I love the time when shadows slant
Across the valley's waiting breast
And drape the world in loveliness
When night comes down to rest.

Though eyes of mine can never see
The places where the darkness goes,
The heart of earth is rifted wide
And the dusk-dimmed valley knows.

I hope to wear my shadows well,
With dignity and quiet power
For so the valley robes herself
In the evening's sentient hour.

Silver

Awarded Third Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

By Mabel Spande Harmer

You thought I envied you
Because I stood aside to let you pass
On to the walk that led
Through frosted shrubs up to the lighted house.

A servant drove your car.
Your gathered folds of velvet and rich fur
Close to your jeweled throat,
To keep away the chill of winter air.

You wore a rare perfume.
Upon your feet there gleamed two silver shoes,
Gleamed in the starry night,
But then—your hair was **silver** too!

While I on love's young arm
With zest of youth tripped gaily on my way
Over a myriad jewels
Left by the mad caprice of winter day.

My home was very small
Beside the mansion which your footsteps drew,
But in it slept a babe—
Ah no—you erred—I didn't envy you.

Your Home Beautiful

By Mabel Margaret Luke

THE PRINCIPLES APPLIED—CONCLUSION

DURING the past year we have considered the different phases of interior decoration and studied the fundamental laws on which they are based. In concluding this series it might be well to go over again some of these laws in their practical application, and to summarize other points in connection with this subject.

There is in every normal woman a desire to make her home attractive, inviting and homelike. Without a knowledge and strict adherence to the underlying principles that govern house decoration it is only by a miracle that we will achieve a satisfactory result. Therefore, it is not so much a question of doing as of knowing how to proceed—that is the important thing if we want to attain distinction and lasting beauty in our homes.

The basis of all good decoration is **plan**, well-selected and adhered to. An unsatisfactory result is usually so because the decorator lacked any real idea of precisely what the finished result was to be, and so it was assembled in a haphazard manner. A definitely planned interior may gain distinction and charm at even a small cost. By being able to visualize the finished room; by knowing just what sort of furnishings, colors, etc., will contribute the right note in the chosen scheme, a charming interior will develop eventually from the humblest beginning. Even though one is forced by circumstances to stretch

the home furnishing and decoration budget over a period of years, if one abides by a plan a home can be harmonious. On the other hand, if one buys a couch this year, a dining set next year, drapes, a lamp, chair or table later on, and has no well-fixed conception of the type of room or home it will finally be one is very likely to accumulate a number of articles, perhaps each one beautiful in itself, but not in harmony with each other nor with the rooms in which they are used.

By planning, and adhering to that plan one may spread the joy of furnishing over many happy years, for homes that grow are best. One might even say that to furnish in haste is to repent at leisure. To feel the need for a certain article, to long for it, wish for it, and then to finally secure it gives one a joy of possession that would not be possible in a hurriedly acquired houseful of furnishings.

If one furnishes a piece at a time then it stands to reason that one cannot follow "fads" in home decorating. Anything that is not artistically correct, yet the mode usually has one certain quality, and that is impermanence. Fashions of today are usually passe tomorrow. "Crazes are fostered by manufacturers and dealers for trade purposes. Art is a matter of sanity and equilibrium and worthy interior decoration recognizes no such thing as a fad." Decoration is both an art and a science and is founded on the best

work and thoughts of centuries of art and craftsmanship, and real art never goes out of style.

A final point in favor of decorating a little at a time is that one is then able to pay as he goes and is not forced to mortgage his future by buying on time. But let me repeat—before adding anything to your home be sure of its appropriate fitness to the whole scheme.

It is a good idea to make a model of your room. Take the dimensions, scale them down to one inch or one-half inch to a foot. Cut out of cardboard, first the floor, then the wall surfaces with projections (doors, windows, fireplace, etc.), always keeping the dimensions of each in proportion to the whole. Fasten the corners together with gummed tape. With this model you can experiment all you want. Try out color schemes, make small models of furniture (to scale) and try arranging them in different ways. In this way you can see your scheme in miniature before beginning work.

To summarize briefly some of points given in previous lessons the following dozen don'ts are given:

1. DON'T forget that the fixed background is the point from which to begin your decoration. Make that right first.

2. DON'T try to make your walls both decoration and background. Decide which, then never waver from this decision.

3. DON'T put large articles in small rooms, nor have large patterns on the wallpaper, rugs or draperies used in small rooms.

4. DON'T place furniture or rugs diagonally in a room.

5. DON'T have too much pattern in a room. Never should the

wall covering and drapes both have pattern.

6. DON'T use great spaces of bright color. Too much tires the eye and creates confusion.

7. DON'T overcrowd. Plain spaces add dignity and make for restfulness and relaxation.

8. DON'T clutter up your rooms with ornaments, pictures and other "sentimental foolishness."

9. DON'T mix unrelated and inharmonious articles.

10. DON'T group all heavy furniture on one side of room, or all pieces of one pattern and color. Place them in natural, usable but balanced groups.

11. DON'T over-decorate. Moderation, temperance and restraint are the watchwords.

12. DON'T live in a house which depresses you. Change it. Your home is your castle.

WE have a lot of rules, but like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle they do not make a picture until they are fitted into the right places. To help in the application of these principles, let us consider an ordinary living room:

The dimensions are 15 x 22 feet by 8½ feet high. The exposure is northeast. The architectural features of the room consist of a fireplace on the east wall between two windows. On the north is a bay window. On the south wall near the west corner is an arched opening to the hall. On the west wall, balancing the windows on either side of the fireplace are two built-in arched bookcases. The style of the house is late Tudor English, and therefore we will finish the room in the English style of the late Tudor and Jacobean type.

Because of the lovely outlines

of the furniture, because we want to hang a very lovely painting, and to lend a quiet dignified atmosphere we will decide on background walls-sand-finished plaster, painted deep cream. The woodwork will be painted the same. The floor is natural-finish oak. The exposure demands warm coloring, which is supplied in the cream and oak, as well as in the red tones which we will use for contrast. An analogous scheme will be followed out, with a complimentary, blue-green, for accent. At the windows are hung drapes of crewel embroidery, reds, yellow, orange, a touch of green and black on natural tan ground. They are hung from wooden poles, and hang to the floor. The glass curtains are of cream-colored, heavy square-mesh net. Portiers at the arched opening to the hall are of deep russet-red velour. On the floor is an Oriental rug with a deep russet color predominating. Because of the plain walls we can use pattern more freely elsewhere. The couch is covered in tapestry in tones of red, orange and rust on brown background. One chair is covered in brown upholsterer's satin, another in blocked linen, red, blue, brown and green on tan background. Two side chairs of Jacobean style have seats upholstered in red velet. Two lamp shades are of parchment and are used with wrought iron and pottery bases. Another lamp shade of apricot-color pleated silk is used with a base of pale yellow luster ware. Copper accessories and fixtures, brass candlesticks and books provide interesting notes. The complimentary accents are in a blue cushion on the linen covered chair, a blue-green vase on the table and blue in the oil painting above the mantel, also some

blue-green in the wall hanging.

To balance the fireplace, on the west wall we will place an oak chest, over which we will hang a piece of brocatelle in reds, aquamarine blue and gold. On the west side of the bay window we will place a desk, chair and lamp. On the east side an oak radio cabinet, and in front of this an easy chair. At right angles to the fireplace, at one side is the couch behind which we will set a small refectory-style table. Opposite the couch is an easy chair, and a table holding a lamp and books. East of the arch, on the south wall is the piano, bench and lamp. On the mantel (the fireplace opening is lined with dark brown brick) we might place a low clock and at either side brass candlesticks with shields to throw light on the picture. Nasturtiums in the blue vase on the table would complete the room.

In this illustration we have complied with all the rules, but we may remember that some rules may be broken on occasion in the interests of common sense, comfort and convenience. Mix practicalism with idealism. Use common sense. I once heard a lecturer say that the practice of interior decoration was the exercise of common sense in relationship to applied art. This common sense, however, must be acquired by experience and study.

We want our homes to be lovely and correct, but we do want to avoid that stiff "done" or decorated effect, as if one had made chalk marks where each piece of furniture was to stand. You want to have your home liveable, and there are three contributing factors to this result: comfort, convenience and beauty. To get a lived-in look it must be simple. Avoid ornateness and ostenta-

tiousness, remembering that simplicity is the keynote of good art. Have everything placed as it would be when in use. For example, if there is a desk, to make it usable there must be a chair and preferably a light nearby. Books demand a comfortable chair and a good lamp. Do not make it necessary for members of the household to move things about before they can be comfortable. Have them ready to be used always. Your home should beckon people to come in and impel them to linger.

Our aim is to secure an environment that contributes to physical health, to mental and spiritual growth, to artistic happiness—an air of harmony and an atmosphere of charm that will satisfy our finer senses. A happy combination of beauty and comfort should be the goal, that it will be a constant source of pride and satisfaction to those who call it "Home."

Before closing this series I should like to mention again for the sake of emphasis the importance of personality in a home. One of the greatest charms of living is the privilege of expressing our individual tastes in the way that suits us best.

Houses without personality are merely a number of rooms with furniture in them. Everyone who has gone through model homes will recognize this. While perfect and exquisite in detail we feel they lack something, there is an emptiness about them. They lack that personal touch, that homey atmosphere. A homelike quality is an intangible thing and yet the most vital of all the essentials of a good home. "A room has personality when it is so lived in that it appears to belong to one person or family." No two homes should be

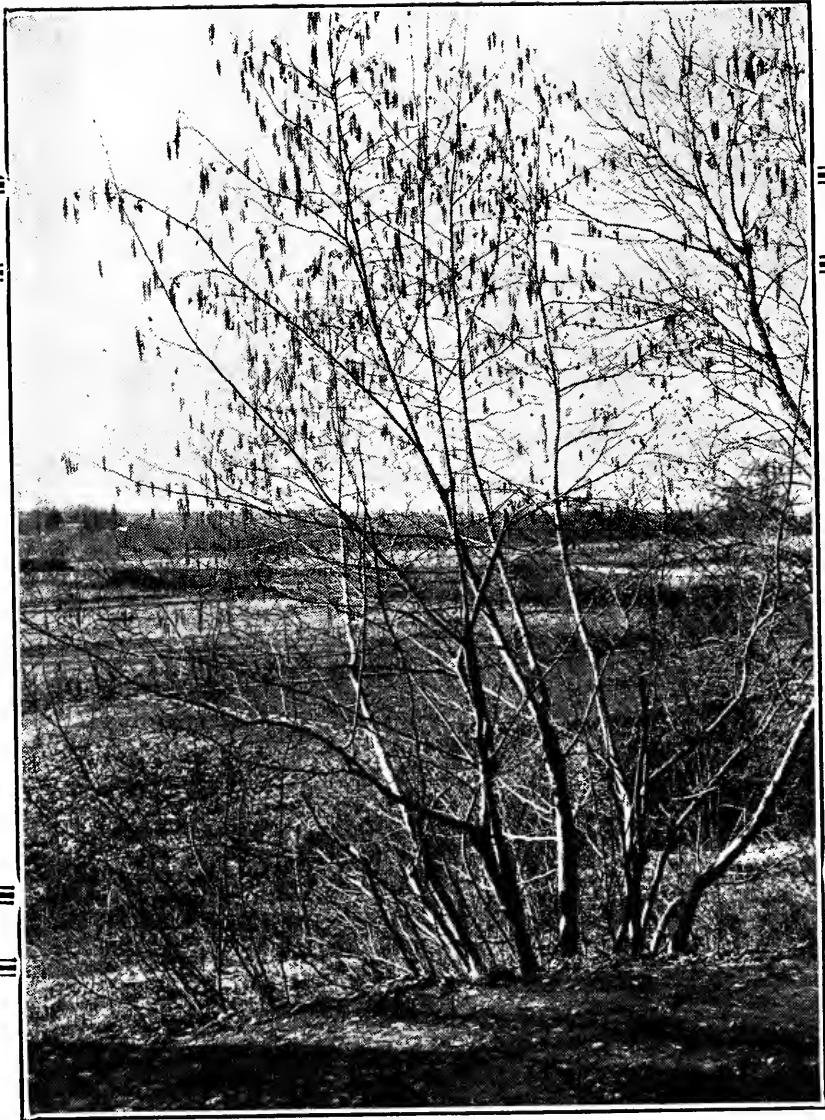
just alike any more than there are two persons alike. There are certain essentials of balance, proportion, scale, harmony, etc., that all must obey, but infuse in the working out of each a part of yourself.

Perhaps you think your old home is too far behind the times to bother with, but still hate to sell it or cannot afford to build. It is not necessary. Old homes are the loveliest. You can preserve all the priceless associations, the fine traditions of the home you love and still bring into it harmony and beauty by redecorating, rearranging, maybe remodeling, for fortunately home charm does not depend on newness nor on wealth but on the following of sound principles easy to learn and practice.

It is said that "A man may build a house, but only a woman can build a home." It is to us then this happy task is given. Let us make the most of this opportunity. Home is the world's greatest institution and home-making the greatest business a man and woman can undertake, and anything that lends to its success is very important. The beauty and sincerity of a childhood environment has a real and very certain effect on a man or woman.

It has been my privilege and pleasure to bring this message of home beautification to you with the sincere hope that I have contributed something to the advancement of better home building.

Mistakes are expensive in energy, money and time. Build your scheme, slowly if need be, but build well on a solid foundation of right principles and you will find you have achieved "Your Home Beautiful."



With the Rain

By Harrison R. Merrill

*Dear Love, when April comes again this spring
And lilac blossoms droop in weeping showers
Where lonely robins flit about and bring
Back memories of dear, lost hours
When our young loves were stirred—awakening—
Twin blossoms sweeter far than perfumed flowers—
Sweet songs far lovelier than birds can sing—
A melody made deep by all our powers—*

*I'll seek you where the old fence meets the stile
Beneath the catkined alders by the stream
Where in other days I've thrilled at your sweet smile
And in the dusk have seen your dear face gleam.*

*I'll tremble then at all the old sweet pain—
My pent up tears will mingle with the rain.*

We Need a Garden

By Afton Free Baird

TIMES like these we need a garden. I don't entirely mean a practical need, although a neat little vegetable garden might be a splendid help during a time of forced holidays and cut budgets; but there is a human need, also. Did you ever realize that? Of course all garden fans soon learn what a garden can do to strengthen them, not only physically but spiritually as well. Gardens are real soul builders.

It is said that the Japanese people have realized this fact and made better use of this knowledge, than any other race. Most every traveler will agree that the outstanding impression of Japan is "Gardens". There, they consider a garden a natural necessity, and, it is said, they respect them and make daily use of them much as they do their temples. One Japanese, speaking of his flower garden, said this: "I come here daily for a quiet hour. I look into my garden and become one with Nature, as it were; for long ago my garden and I became bosom friends. There is something in its quiet beauty, its simple and natural purity, its fulfilling of a plan and purpose, in its perfect growth, in its tranquility. All the virtues I cannot find elsewhere or in human companionship, my garden gives me. I come here to solve all my problems."

A simple little garden—a few flowering shrubs, a pool, plants covered with colorful bloom, a smooth green lawn—can do these things for you and me.

Gardens can do other wonder-

ful things for us, also. They bring us friends. Many people who otherwise would feel they had not time to visit us so often will come to see our garden, and soon become fast friends. Strange as it may seem, after moving into a new neighborhood, I lived for many months without even knowing the names of my immediate neighbors. Of course, when we happened to meet entering or leaving our homes we greeted each other with a nod, but it was not until spring, when I went out into my garden to see what havoc the late frosts had done, that I looked up to see several smiling faces on the other side of the fence. Within half an hour we were digging and chatting side by side. A few little frost-bitten plants had done what months of courteous greetings could not do.

There is one little woman who comes to the spring in my garden for water. She usually sits down on one of the large rocks and quietly rests for awhile. One day I walked down to speak to her. She looked up and smiled. "I hope you don't mind my sitting here," she said. "When the cares and anxieties of my home and family become almost too much for me, I use the spring-water as an excuse and walk over here. There is something about a natural little garden like this, that has a restful, soothing influence over me."

If these things are true, during these times of hurry and scurry, of anxiety and care, we all need a garden, that tranquility may not be a stranger within our hearts.

“Believest Thou This?”

By Helen Hinckley

READING out loud when one was trying to do something else, or think One's own thoughts, was an annoying habit of Father's. In his prosperous days he had read the newspaper in a heavy boisterous voice. "This is funny—well—well—" and then he would launch into an article which every member of the family had previously read. His dark head would nod vigorously in punctuation, and at times he would laugh heartily at something which seemed very dull to the children.

Since Mother's death and the boy's marriages Father had lost his grip on life. His business had drifted away to younger men. He sometimes imagined that the boy's babies were his own and that he had gone back fifty years. Elizabeth, his only daughter, now well past thirty, seemed as she moved about the house, to be the "Lizzie" of his young life.

In this world of dreams the newspaper had no place. He still read aloud, but every day literature was replaced by the Bible. Hour after hour he droned on in his querulous voice. "Ever think of this, Lizzie?" and he would read whole pages from the Psalms, or the New Testament or the Epistles. His gray head would nod over the pages and when the muscles of his wizened hand had relaxed she would take the book from him, and place it on the table near his chair.

She often felt then as if she would like to hide it. When one lost one's job through no fault, and was forced to putter about the house all day, the

Bible did not seem like suitable reading. One has time, under such conditions, to worry about diminishing fuel, leaking roofs, and closed banks. Father was Elizabeth's child, and the responsibility weighed heavily upon her shoulders. His Bible reading seemed to her to symbolize his slipping grip on realities, and the doleful passages which prophesied the end of the world came to be a refrain she could not banish from her mind. The constant flow almost maddened her, yet she discovered that she was beginning to agree with the old man, in expecting the "last days."

At such times she would shake herself vigorously and go for a stroll in the silent streets. She would return, with mind quiet, to the fussy demands of Father, to the worry about bread, butter and fuel, and the incessant flow of the quavering old voice, mouthing the phrases of the Holy Book.

APRIL came with none of its promise. The birds refused to sing in the chilly mornings. Even on sunny days the garden was wet under foot and Father could not be allowed out. Snow and drizzling rain necessitated a fire in the kitchen range and one in the base burner. To Elizabeth, who had been unconsciously looking forward to the change of season, the weather seemed an added leaden burden.

She came in one evening after a walk in the rain. "Who needs an Easter bonnet, anyway?" she called gaily as she shook the drops from her crocheted tam. But Father did not hear her—he was reading. She

dropped her tone of gayety as she dropped her frayed sweater. What was the use? What was the use of anything? And now came the old voice wheezing through the house—

"That you, Lizzie?" And then, "How's this? 'Jesus said unto her. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' And then He asked Mary, 'Believest thou this?'"

"You believe it, don't you Father?" Elizabeth enquired half heartedly.

"I do," Father answered, closing his eyes with a look of content.

Elizabeth went into the hall to hang her wraps. Father's voice was quiet. He was lost in thought, or dozing in the warmth of the stove, yet strangely the words continued in her ears, "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." It was Easter tomorrow, and of course the Bible was talking about the bringing forth of Lazarus, and yet wasn't there something else in that promise? Did Christ mean that her mind should die in this treadmill of anxiety, that her body should be brought to death by hunger and want, that her soul should perish in the shame of the begging and the receiving of alms?

"And whosoever liveth and believeth on me—"

Hurriedly she seized her sweater

and cap and crossing the side lot confronted a surprised neighbor.

"You know those bird nest cakes with the candy eggs I made for my brother's children? You admired them and said that you wished you had time to make some for Nada's birthday party Monday. * * * * I could make some for you tonight."

"You could!" The neighbor was genuinely delighted. "Of course I'd expect to pay you for them."

"Well, I kind o' hate to take money for a neighborly act—" Elizabeth faltered for a moment, "But you see—" and her lips straightened. "since I'm not at the office any more I figured I'd go into the pastry business."

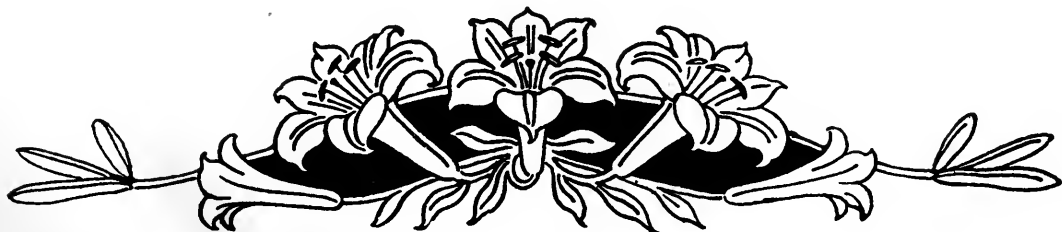
"That's fine! I'll—," but Elizabeth was already hurrying toward the store to lay in a meager supply of pastry necessities.

In a few minutes she entered the kitchen, the brown packages tucked under her arm. The slam of the door seemed to awaken Father. In a moment he began reading.

"'Jesus said unto her: I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

"And whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." Sort of gives you courage, doesn't it Lizzie?"

Elizabeth, laying her supplies out on the kitchen table, pulled her sagging lips into a determined line. "It surely does, Father!"



My Pick-pocket

(A Household Hint)

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

“WHERE’S my pencil?” wailed Nancy as she made a frantic search the last minute before leaving for school.

“I can’t find my history book,” called Bob from the library.

“Mother!” demanded father from the top of the stairs, “Have you seen my keys to the car?”

“No! Take mine, they are in my purse in my top drawer.”

“Mother, I can’t find my shoe,” wailed six year old Jean.

“Wear your new shoes. It is too late to hunt for the old ones now.”

After the door had closed behind the last departing member of my adorable but thoughtless family, I sank down for a short respite before attacking the morning pick-up. I could not help smiling as I looked about my attractive but untidy living-room. There was Jean’s shoe surreptitiously peeking out from beneath the davenport. It almost seemed to grin at me as I spied it in its hiding place. And there were Tom’s keys in plain sight on the mantle with his reading glasses. Here was Bob’s history book tucked down in the side of the very chair in which I sat. Delving deeper I retrieved my thimble and a spool of thread, and from still deeper down I brought to light Jean’s long lost ring and a shiny dime.

Gathering the booty from my treasure hunt, I placed it on the stairs to await my next ascent. No use in making any more trips upstairs than necessary. Then the telephone called me away for

ten minutes. But while I was gone, Tim—age two—discovered my cache and had ample time to scatter it from front door to back.

That settled the question of going up stairs. I gathered everything up again and made the rounds of the bedrooms, depositing each article in its proper place.

As I cleaned each room a similar array of misplaced belongings grinned at me from chairs, tables and floor. Four times that morning I chased upstairs putting things away. I decided that something must be done about it. Here, on this very busy morning I had spent no less than forty minutes of my precious time picking-up and putting-away. That was too much time wasted for my well regulated home.

I decided to stage a quiet rebellion.

That afternoon, I took a pretty piece of creton and cut out a tie-on apron with a huge pocket across the front of the entire apron. That evening at dinner I announced that I had a surprise for them all. Excitement ran high as I left the dining-room and returned wearing my unusual apron.

“Mother, what is it? What is it for?” demanded my surprised family.

“This is my Pick-pocket,” I announced. “Everything I find around the house out of its proper place will go in here. When I am through cleaning, each day, I will make the rounds of the house and put things where they belong—EXCEPT—” I paused for effect,

and all eyes and ears were attention. "Articles which I feel have been left in carelessness and neglect will remain in the pocket until the owner has paid a fine. The fine will depend upon the negligence in the case and the size of the allowance of the offender. If the owner of the imprisoned article chooses he may pay the fine by doing some task which is not already his assigned duty. The money accumulating from the fines shall be used to replace broken dishes or to buy some new

piece which we need. Is there any question on the matter?" I finished smiling.

The next morning I could not help chuckling at the scarcity of personal belongings out of place. Not one penny in fines could I impose. Of course, after a week their vigilance lessened, but a small fine justly asked and cheerfully paid was all the reminder that was usually necessary for another week. And so, the Pick-pocket has come to be a regular member of our family.

My Picture of Life

By Thomas Cottam Romney

I LIKE to think of life as continuous like a stream of water, deepening and broadening as it goes. Youth is represented by the stream at its source where the water expresses itself in its varying moods. Now it gurgles, now it moans and then it bursts forth into a boisterous roar as it dashes and splashes against the boulders and rockribbed banks that seek to keep it confined within legitimate bounds. Then come moments of calm when its surface is unruffled and the only noise to be heard is a tiny rippling sound reminding one of the gentle but prolonged laughter of a college girl. Maturity is symbolized in the ever deepening channel where the water has relatively ceased its boisterous moods and moves forward in graceful sweeps with now and then a splash, and an eddy, as some obstruction obtrudes itself to prevent its forward progress. Old age is reached almost unobserved except for the growing depth of the water which now has slackened its speed and a deeper silence broods over its surface, thus heralding its approach

to the regions of an unknown sea.

The dashing, rollicking stream might furnish sport for the adventurous angler but the great quarries of delicious trout are to be found in the deeper depths of the stream. Similarly, the prospector dredging for gold might enhance his values slightly from the rocky bottom of the swift on-rushing torrent but the major deposits are to be found in the sands deeply laid beneath the surface of the water.

Thus it is with human life. The greater depths of human emotion and life's richer meanings are to be found in the afternoon and evening of life when the hustle and bustle of youth have given place to a spirit of calm. It is then when the melodies and harmonies of life are expressed in their deepest and richest tones and when the materials of life's experiences are woven into a beautiful pattern, whose colors are deep and whose texture has become firm through the passing of time. Youth, maturity and age are thus blended into one grand symphony of color, sound and pattern with a peaceful benediction over all.

How to Choose a Birthplace

By H. E. Kleinschmidt, M.D., Director, Health Education, National Tuberculosis Association

I AM a baby about to be born. My shipping tag reads, 'Somewhere in U. S. A.,' which pleases me, for there the fields are green, the people alert, and progress marches on. But in what city, town or hamlet shall I be born? It makes a difference. Life is safer in some places than in others.

"If I die as a baby, I shall not taste life. Adolescence is fresh with promise; shall the tingle of youth be made bitter by sickness or death? When I am an adult, enjoying the sense of mastery and with children of my own—surely, to be interrupted then would be cruel. When middle age drops the fruits of toil into my lap, that is not the time to be snatched away by some needless disease, is it? Not until the mellow years fade into a restful twilight shall I have tasted life to the full."

So spoke the unborn baby. He wrinkled his funny little brow and went on: "I am told, too, that length of years alone does not bring out the satisfying flavor of life. I don't want to be handicapped, held down, or intimidated by disease. My wings of ambition must not be clipped by some vigor-sapping defect that might have been avoided or corrected in youth. Give me life abundantly; the kind that is measured in length by a full calendar and in breadth by a glorious vigor."

The Baby Sizes Us Up

"I am told that the hazards of entering some parts of the United States as a new baby are consider-

able. For instance, last year in one city 12 out of each 1,000 babies died, while in another only 3 out of 1,000 died. You see how important it is to select my birth place. Who is going to see to it that my mother is capable of bearing a healthy baby? Who is going to advise my mother how to nourish me while I develop into a baby so that my teeth, bones, muscles and nerves will not be starved of some essential element when I am born? Whose watchful care will assure me that I shall not suffer a brain injury when I am born and become a blithering idiot the rest of my life?"

The unborn baby might ask many more pertinent questions about what is being done to lessen the health risks of infancy, such as summer diarrhea, which claims about 7 out of every 1,000 births annually, the contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, and the deforming effects of unwise nutrition. Looking ahead to adolescence and early adult life, he might inquire as to the safeguards the community provides against tuberculosis, syphilis and other infections. He would investigate to learn if all that is possible is being done to prevent heart disease, kidney degeneration, malaria, typhoid, and other disorders common in middle age, to say nothing of scores of physical handicaps which can be decreased by intelligent and prompt action.

A Storehouse of Health

Medical science has made great-

er strides in the past 25 years than ever before in the world's history. The storehouse of health-conserving knowledge is vast. But it is useless unless it is put within reach of all. The business of public health is to bring this knowledge to the people. It has grown to be a specialty. The time has passed when an enlightened community may safely leave health protection to the mercy of politics.

To obtain the benefits offered by science today, and to prevent disease, it is necessary to act as an organized group. Typhoid fever, for example, is spread chiefly by polluted water and unclean milk supplies. Organized as we are, one family alone could hardly protect itself from this disease, but the entire community, planning together, does this very effectively. Moreover, disease germs recognize no boundary lines enclosing towns and villages; the area of disease control must be a wide one—state and nation-wide.

To carry out up-to-date measures requires a few specialists who know what is in the storehouse of knowledge, such as a trained health officer, public health nurses, a laboratory technician, some-

one trained in educational methods, and various others versed in the particular branches of public health science.

The days of the one-horse buggy have passed. No longer are roads maintained by villages, towns and individual farmers. All of our social interests are broadening. The obsolete system of public health, which consisted chiefly of emergency control of epidemics by well-meaning but inadequately equipped local officers, must give way to the modern, centralized supervision of health promotion and disease prevention.

Health is Purchasable

What will it cost? With the old system, the cost of health protection averages, in most communities, less than a cent per week, per person. A modern health department can be maintained for about \$2.00 per capita, per year. Schools cost about eight times as much and public roads even more.

"Yes," said the canny little rascal still in the Nowhere—"I'd like to alight in a county or city in which there is a sound health department." Would he choose your town?

Beloved

By Weston N. Nordgren

Your dark eyes draw me, dearest
girl—

Your lips invite me near!
Your even teeth of whitest pearl
Are dazzling and clear!

Your flashing smile enraptures
me!

You're full of joy and fun!
I thrill when'er I think of the
Proud beauty I have won!

Oh glorious bud of womanhood,
Just bursting into flower—

I love to feel your every mood—
To see you every hour!

To see your dark eyelashes close—
To watch your dimpling chin—
No slimmer hands are there than
those

You cup your young face in!

Rickets—a Deficiency Disease

By Lucy Rose Middleton

RICKETS is a disease of infants characterized by impaired nutrition of the entire body and alteration in the growing bones. It is a disease of the first and second years of life, rarely beginning before the sixth month. It comes on insidiously about the time the child is cutting teeth and before it begins to walk. The condition exists before it can be recognized and if the disease is mild the symptoms are often overlooked. There are, however, several very striking manifestations in most instances.

The normal process of dentition is much disturbed and late teething is a marked feature. The teeth may be small and badly formed. The bones of the arms and legs show signs of under-development. Often they are bowed from the weight of the child in creeping and walking. The fontanelles, or, in other words, the soft spots, are slow in closing. There are changes in the ribs. At the end of each rib a lumpy enlargement may be distinctly seen, and easily made out by touch.

These changes proceed slowly and the general symptoms are in proportion to their extent. The child may become emaciated or, if fat, will look pasty and flabby. Often nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness are conspicuous. There is frequently a very bad posture, large, protruding abdomen, rounded shoulders, and evidence of a misshapen spine.

Children who suffer from rickets are more prone to develop respiratory diseases, such as colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, and even tuberculosis.

Rickets is a very widespread disease. It exists in practically all colder climates. It is most prevalent in large, over-populated cities, and particularly marked among the less well-to-do who are improperly housed and under-nourished. There are relatively few cases in rural communities. This fact suggests the most important factor in the treatment and prevention of rickets. This factor is sunshine, or its substitute in the form of artificially produced ultra-violet rays. If the uncovered skin is amply exposed to the sun or to ultra-violet rays, rickets does not occur and rickety children rapidly improve. These rays are not effective through window glass. Direct exposure must be given.

It is well known that negroes and other dark-skinned people living in the temperate regions are more prone to rickets than the white race. When they are treated, negroes show less improvement and require correspondingly larger doses of sunlight to get beneficial results. The pigment of their skin is resistant to the sun. Rickets is practically unknown in the tropics where the sun rays are intense and people live out-of-doors.

Another important preventative and curative agent is cod liver oil. It is a curious fact that two such dissimilar things as sunlight and fish oil should be useful for the same purpose. Cod liver oil contains Vitamin D, the rickets-preventing vitamin. This substance is of great importance to the general growth and development of the body. It regulates the utilization of two most valuable bone-building materials,

calcium and phosphorus. In addition to cod liver oil, butter, egg yolk, and whole milk are our best food sources of this vitamin. Recently halibut liver oil has been found as effective as cod liver oil.

Care must be taken to protect all

babies and small children from rickets. Cod liver oil should be given regularly in ample amounts, at least during the colder months of the year. In the warm season, sun baths should be a part of the daily routine.

RECIPIES

Corn Omelet

4 eggs
4 tablespoons milk
1 cup corn
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Pepper

Beat eggs slightly, just enough to blend yolks and whites, add milk, corn, and seasoning. Put butter in frying pan, and when melted turn in mixture. When it cooks, lift with spatula, letting uncooked part run underneath until all is creamy consistency. Increase heat that it may quickly brown underneath. Fold and turn on hot platter. Garnish with parsley and serve with crisp bacon.

Finnan Haddie a la King

1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mushrooms
 $\frac{1}{4}$ green pepper
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups rich milk
1 cup finnan haddie
2 tablespoons butter

2 egg yolks
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chopped onion

Melt tablespoon of butter, in it cook the mushrooms, peeled and broken in pieces, and green pepper, chopped fine. Cook and stir five minutes; add flour and salt and stir until well blended. Add milk and stir until sauce boils. Set over hot water, add finnan haddie, cut into pieces, cover and let stand to become hot. Cream two tablespoons butter, beat in yolks of two eggs, then add onion juice and pepper. Add to the first mixture and stir until egg is set. Serve in sections of hot baked potato

Fresh Pieplant Pie

1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup quick-cooking tapioca
3 cups rhubarb, cut in one-half inch lengths
Plain pastry

Mix sugar, rhubarb, and tapioca well together and put into pie dish lined with uncooked pastry. Place pastry strips across the top, pressing them securely to the edges which have been moistened with cold water. Place extra strip around the edges.

Dumb

By Annie Pike Greenwood

Have all birds voices in this happy spring,
Or is there one, like me, who cannot sing?

Who listens, dumbly, for that last behest
When God shall make us vocal like the rest?

Looking Back Over the Years

By Sarah M. McLelland

IN looking back over the years I have been privileged to be in the service of the Master, I recognize and try to appreciate the many blessings I have received from His Spirit, that has been my constant guide while in his service.

Foremost among the blessings I have received are the friendships formed through the association in the homes of the representative people of the Church. In thinking of their hospitality and appreciation of our efforts to help them, I am reminded of the words of Oliver Goldsmith,

“Ill fares the land to hastening ills
a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men
decay.
Princes and Lords may perish or
may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath
has made,
But a bold peasantry, their
country’s pride
When once destroyed can never be
supplied.”

The President of one of our Stakes said the Relief Society was to the Church what the mother was to the home.

Many of those who travel in the interest of the Church have varied experiences. During the first years I kept a record of my travels I had many interesting and thrilling adventures travelling on the railroad also on stages that carried the mail and occasionally in farmer’s wagons.

IN 1911 the day before Thanksgiving, my companion and I were travelling in northern Arizona. We left St. Johns at five a. m. to attend conference in Snowflake, a distance of about fifty miles. The thermometer was below zero. Arriving at Concho, a small Mexican village, about ten a. m., one of our horses became sick. Our driver, a young boy, tried to get a horse but failed. We drove on slowly to Rock Point, made a fire and ate our lunch. After resting, the horse seemed better. We drove for a few miles, when the horse fell down, refusing to move. The day was fairly well spent. We were anxious to move on, as we were not prepared to spend the night camping out, having neither bedding nor food. Our driver suggested that he ride the well horse to Snowflake, but we would not consent to this.

After a time the horse recovered, and we moved on, but alas took the wrong road. Fortunately my companion had a compass, and we discovered we were going due east instead of north. We at last got on the main road about midnight. We heard the rumbling of wheels. Our rescuers had arrived, and we were thankful.

On a trip to Canada and Wyoming in August 1911, we were met at the station in Cardston by members of the Relief Society prepared with umbrellas, as it was raining. It continued to rain a steady down pour for five days. We decided Canada was wet. Meetings were held as scheduled and well attended. One Sister said she had travelled fifteen hundred miles to attend the meeting

and felt fully repaid. After a visit in Magrath, we travelled on to Billings, Montana. We spent the day there and took the train for Toluca, Wyoming, arriving at ten-thirty p. m. We were informed that the railroad track to Cowley had been removed and that we would have to spend the night in the station, as the hotel had recently been burned down. The first train that would take us back to Billings would leave at five-thirty the next morning. The outlook was not encouraging, no dinner, no breakfast, no bed. At midnight an automobile drove to the door and a man and woman with a valise and a quilt came in. The quilt was thrown in a corner and the woman laid down. The man opened the valise, took out a deck of cards, and asked us if we would join him in a game of cards. We declined. He then took a bottle from his pocket and offered us a drink of whisky, saying it would fortify us for the night. We refused. He said, "You must be W. C. T. U. women."

The wind began blowing and slamming the doors open. Lightning flashed and lit up our gloomy quarters. My companion said what would we do if hoboes came in and held us up. The man said I am prepared for that and put his hand on his hip pocket. We felt a bit more secure and rested until daylight. When the train arrived we were ready for breakfast, but alas the train had no diner on. Arriving at Billings we were hurried to a narrow gauge train that was leaving for Cowley. We arrived in Cowley in the after-

noon having had neither food nor sleep for twenty-four hours.

SOON after our people had been driven from Mexico, my companion, a young woman representing the Primary Association, and I left to visit Arizona. At this time the men were all busy building bridges and clearing away sagebrush and greasewood to make roads. A boy was asked to ride on horseback to notify the people of the time of the meeting and that visitors had arrived from headquarters. After dinner our hostess said the team was ready. We were to ride in a light wagon, with a board seat and two chairs. I was asked to drive—to tell the truth I did not know how to drive, but dared not refuse. Our hostess sat beside me holding her baby and a parasol, as it was very warm. When all were seated, I took the reins and whip, cracked the whip, and off they went. I heard a scream but dared not look back. The chairs had tipped over, but fortunately no one was hurt.

That evening we held a meeting in a private house that was used for public meetings. There were benches for seats and two kerosene lamps placed on a table furnished the light. We had a glorious meeting.

What wonders the years have brought—electricity, the automobile, the radio. The voices of General Board members have been heard by means of this modern miracle in many countries. We used to travel in white tops, we expect soon to travel by air plane.



Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

MISS FLORENCE E. ALLEN, appointed in March, judge on the federal circuit court of appeals, was born in Salt Lake City. She is the first woman to receive an appointment to that court, second only to the supreme court of the United States.

ELIZABETH PU-YI, the new empress of Japan, is noted for her beauty and modern ideas. She is the daughter of a Manchu business man and was educated by an American school mistress. Oriental tradition and occidental training make a unique combination for a queen.

ASTRID of Sweden, Belgium's new queen, has long since won the love and admiration of her subjects by her gentle grace and beauty.

PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, has found a new thrill. With her husband, the Earl and two friends she recently took a stroll on the floor of the ocean, exploring the wonders of the coral garden peopled with brilliant colored fish, near Rose island, one of the Bahamas.

SONJA HENEI, world skating champion, gave an exhibition of her grace before an audience of 15,000 people including the Swedish royal family at Oslo.

HELEN JACOBS, America's tennis champion, joined the world tournament at Kingston, Jamaica. It is rumored that both Miss Jacobs and Helen Wills Moody will go to commercial tennis after 1934.

VIRGINIA and Massachusetts have both turned down the Child Labor law. Only twenty have thus far ratified.

MISS HELEN HAYES was chosen by the dramatic critics in a poll taken by the Associated Press as the best actress on Broadway for the year 1933, while May Robson, Katharine Hepburn and Diana Winward received the screen's highest awards.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY was eulogized in Congress on her birthday, February 15, her 114th anniversary. That Congress at whose doors she knocked for over 40 years for recognition of women. Times have surely changed.

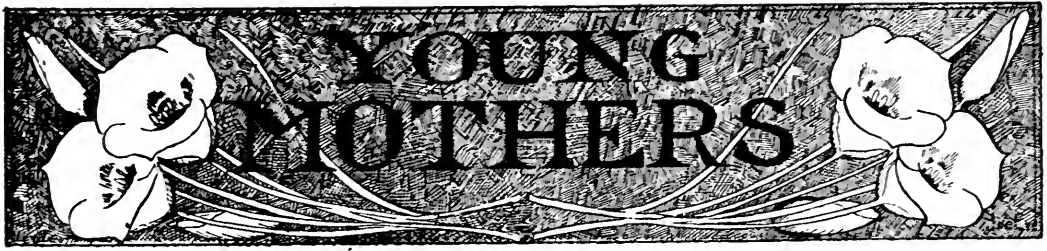
DR. LUCY L. W. WILSON of Philadelphia has been awarded the Bok trophy—a gold medal and a check for \$10,000. This makes her unofficially the "First Citizen" of the Quaker City.

JOSEPHINE DASKAMBACON has a new juvenile story out this spring. Mrs. Bacon won the first prize for an international hymn based on Beethoven's Ninth Symphony called the "Ode to Joy."

MR. P. V. CARDON of Logan, Utah, has written a book in verse on Indian legends to which Mrs. F. P. Champ has given a setting of music, the introduction is by Pres. Anthony W. Ivins.

LADY BURGHCLERE has edited and published the interesting correspondence of Lady Salisbury. Letters from nearly all the notables of the Victorian period are included.

CLARA GERBERT has edited a beautiful anthology of dedications and prefaces of Elizabethan literature, which is especially delightful reading for devotees of that period.



By Holly Baxter Keddington

A HOBBY is a favorite pursuit or object. Nearly everyone has a hobby of some type or other. One of the most common hobbies is gardening. This one activity can be divided into numerous interesting hobbies. For example, collecting various varieties of bulbs, shrubs, annual or perennial flowers, or collecting strange plants for indoor culture. Gardening seems to be a seasonal hobby but the real "hobby-ist" will carry his activity on through the seasons with plans and work preparatory to outdoor labor. April is the month when most of the garden preparation and planting is done. Try some new variety of shrub or annual this spring and give away the part of your perennials that crowd other growth. If you have a hobby would you write to me about it? Later we hope to suggest interesting hobbies to readers of this page. Possibly yours is just the one we want.

HAVE you read the book "One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs?" Whether you believe every statement in it or not, the book is most interesting. You and I are the Guinea Pigs of the book upon whom are thrust the myriad products on the market today. We are literally "April-fooled" by flowery, not-so-true advertising. We must admit that young mothers are "fadists." We really are sincere in our endeavor to do the right thing by our little one and we feel that we must be

up-to-the-minute on every subject be it vitamin or tantrum. Read about the Guinea Pigs and the risks taken when we buy over-advertised products. Mothers should be very careful about the products bought for their youngsters. When in doubt, that splendid friend of yours, your Physician who helped you through mumps, measles and other ailments is your most reliable consultant.

THIS little page does not intend to market or indorse any product, but I do give three cheers for linoleum varnish! I wasted 624 hours of time just scrubbing inlaid linoleum that needed linoleum varnish years before. This was over a period of twelve years of house-keeping during which time I put papers all over the floor as soon as I was off my knees (that looked awful), and next day the family could walk on the linoleum; but it was immediately in need of another scrubbing. Now, thanks to the varnish, I need scrub no more. The floor is done once or twice a week and it stays clean for days longer than before. I could have been 312 times to Relief Society meetings and think of the wasted energy and the spoiled dispositions when my floor was muddied.

Crocus and tulip by my path

I hear a robin cheer.

My heart is light with gratitude,

Fair April—April's here!

Notes from the Field

Granite Stake.

THE very remarkable results accomplished by the Granite Stake Relief Society is evidence of what can be done, and we are printing it in detail as it may be suggestive to other stakes who find the visiting teachers' work something of a problem.

Visiting Teachers' Program: Important indeed is the visiting teachers' meeting, held the first Tuesday of each month at one o'clock. After singing one verse of a song, prayer is offered and the Topic presented. Then comes a very choice period to the President, a time when she can get close to her supervisors and teachers, a time when she can have a heart to heart talk with them, an opportunity to present the right ethics of teaching in the home. The Teachers' Books are then distributed and the meeting adjourned.

The second Tuesday of each month at one fifteen o'clock the Teachers' Report Meeting is held. After singing and uniting in prayer, roll is called. The ward is divided into districts with a supervisor over so many blocks and two teachers are assigned to each block. The supervisor calls on one teacher of each group to report on the number of families visited and the percentage, this is of the homes assigned to her. She also reports as to what success she has had in presenting the Topic. While she is giving this report, her companion teacher hands to the President a written confidential report of homes or conditions that the President should know about. Her report book and contributions collected are then handed to the Secretary. The next month the teacher who gave the verbal report

will change places with her companion who has handed in the written report and thus each humble, timid teacher acquires confidence in herself as she stands to make this brief report.

Guided by the written report the President makes the first visit to the home and decides whether the case needs the welfare worker, the sunshine worker, or the aid of the President.

Through a systematic plan of procedure and well trained teachers, such results as increased attendance, renewal of friendships, a spirit of harmony and love, with advancement, progress and growth, may be enjoyed, making duty a pleasure. Thus bringing officers to a realization that "whosoever in the darkness lighteth another with a lamp, lighteth himself also."

The Sunshine Department: Happy indeed are the officers of Granite Stake for the achievements of the sisters in the various wards who work in this special activity. Some eight or nine years ago our dear President, Emmaretta G. Brown, saw what might be accomplished, or, in fact, caught the vision of a need in Granite Stake for a work to be done by this group, such as is now being carried on. To her, their work was not merely to minister to the homebound souls, but to carry good cheer, happiness and love, or in a word, "SUNSHINE," to any and all who might be prevented, either by physical or spiritual disability, from full enjoyment of the blessings of Relief Society work.

By permission of President Clarissa Williams, the name "Sunshine Committee" was substituted for "Homebound Committee," and the

field of labor of this activity enlarged. Thus the Presidents are relieved of much work which previously fell upon them.

The Department of Sunshine Work is maintained in the stake organization, with a member of the board taking charge at all union meetings. Care is taken to present helpful material for the guidance of the ward groups. We have an average attendance of forty-five women at these meetings each month.

From the beginning the department has been self-sustaining. A circulating library has been built up during the last three years. A Sunshine party was held in the Stake House, the admission charge being a book or its equivalent. A librarian is in charge and good magazines are circulated in addition to the books. This service is especially appreciated by the homebound in each ward. At union meeting, in addition to our own fine *Relief Society Magazine*, we have studied Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's appropriate work *Twelve Tests of Character*; also, we have discussed special articles by such current writers as Bruce Barton, Kathleen Norris, Marjorie Shuler, Angelo Patri and others. We emphasize the value of motivating human interest stories, and develop in our meetings the relating of interesting actual experiences of our Sunshine workers. These are highly faith-promoting. This has led to the compiling of our "Sunshine Gem Book." We have a "Good-Thought Exchange." Enough copies of these are brought so that each ward committee is supplied. In some cases these are being carefully preserved and filed, and no doubt, for some will become treasures.

There is a very live, active interest in this work, and the native initiative of the workers is manifest in the remarkable ways discovered for

usefulness and enlargement of the field of service.

Sunshine workers are the representatives of their President, and are delegated to bear her message of cheer, helpfulness, love and sunshine—the real Gospel message of "Good News."

As a result of this carefully planned department we are reaping the joy of seeing women who were indifferent, women where the spark of desire for the Gospel was burning at a low ebb, awake to a love of the work and become some of our finest and most earnest workers of today. The Sunshine workers in Granite Stake have become to the Relief Society what the missionaries are to the Church in the world. Positive reaction of the simplest, yet most powerful forces of religious life is the result.

With the closing of this year's work, Sunshine work is a beautiful part of Relief Society. It goes right to the heart and helps. It is a service simply and humbly done in the name and spirit of the Master.

Grant Stake.

FROM another one of our city stakes comes the report of the work and business for the year. Under the able leadership of Mrs. Winifred B. Daynes, Mrs. Amy E. Neff, and Mrs. Marie H. Tanner, very splendid work in the departments of the Relief Society was accomplished, but the work and business seems quite outstanding.

Activities of the Grant stake for 1932 and 1933: Most of the wards gave a bazaar, a dinner, a play and a flower show. Five wards reported mending, cleaning, pressing and patching for special families. Exchanging recipes of candy and other recipes. Twelve of our wards took up this group work, each ward reported increased attendance. One

ward formed a mothers' club and met one extra evening in addition to the meeting on the work and business day. Another ward had a kindergarten department. This cared for 16 to 24 children each Tuesday afternoon; 24 young mothers joined at that time. Another ward had 18 young mothers join. The stake has had some very excellent reactions from this group work.

Report from Young Mothers' Group: This is one of our groups that meet on our work and business days.

Our aim for the Society:

1. To increase membership.
2. To stimulate interest on work and business day.
3. To make a place for young women in our Society.

Our aim for Mothers:

1. To raise the standard of motherhood.
2. To encourage large families by showing value.
3. To enjoy our children more.
4. To prove that the home is the first and greatest institution for the development of men.
5. A mother's prerogative is to give the first and greatest training.
6. To relieve the over-burdened mother.

Our success can only be measured by our members. There is a steady increase in members.

Teton Stake.

THE Teton Stake Flower Show and Art Exhibit was held at Driggs, Idaho in the Fall of 1933. The ward officers loyally supported the stake board in its efforts and the day proved an overwhelming success. A fine array of needlework and novelties in the sewing line, canned and fresh fruits, vegetables, potted plants, rugs, quilts, oil paintings, etc., adorned the stake house. A large

and appreciative audience listened to a program of songs, speeches and a short play put on by Relief Society members under the direction of the stake board. Refreshments were served to all at the close of the day. The flowers and fruit were exceptional considering the unusual water shortage and prolonged heat.

Tintic Stake.

ON September 19, 1933, the Tintic stake Relief Society held a class leaders and visiting teachers convention at Eureka, Utah. The morning session was devoted to class leaders' work. The program consisted of talks from the stake class leader, musical numbers, roll call, address by General Board Member Jennie B. Knight, and the introduction of the slogan "I will Respond." At the door one of the stake board presented each member with a program and a small gold ribbon, upon which the slogan was printed. A member of the stake board introduced the slogan in this session in a very clever and impressive manner. A poem composed by one of our members was read. This told exactly what this slogan stood for and all were asked to accept it and live up to it to the best of their ability. At noon a free luncheon was served to all present. For the dessert, cookies were served with the slogan also written on them. The afternoon session had for its main theme the work of the visiting teachers. The demonstration given by the stake board was original, and showed how a teachers' meeting should be conducted the first Tuesday of each month. Sister Alice Reynolds of the B. Y. U. gave an interesting and inspirational talk. We appreciated having both Sisters Knight and Reynolds with us. Members of the Priesthood and Relief Society workers numbering 104 were in attendance at this convention.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editor	MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL
Manager	LOUISE Y. ROBISON
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EDITORIAL

Let Us Have Peace

A GAIN do the Easter anthems ring out from the Churches with their triumphant message "He is Risen." Christ the Resurrected Redeemer of mankind has been termed The Prince of Peace. Yet his professed followers have through the ages prepared for war and have again and again followed Mars. After the World War people thought that never again while those lived who could remember the ravages and terrible consequences of this conflict would war be tolerated by civilized countries. Yet ever since the Armistice was signed have there been rumblings and nations have prepared and talked about the likelihood of war. During the last four years there have been successful or unsuccessful revolutions in half of the countries of the World.

Mrs. Florence Brewer Boeckel, Educational Director of the National Council for the Prevention of War, says, "It is one of the paradoxes of this century of progress that the world has made notable progress toward peace, and yet stands as close to war at the end as

at the beginning of the century. Our present situation can best be described by saying that we are holding war at bay. We have erected barricades against the event of war but behind them the war system, far from diminishing, has steadily increased. Vaster sums than ever before are being spent upon it. Its weapons are more deadly. Can we hope that the barricades will hold if we make no direct attack upon the forces of opposition?"

Terrible as were the wars of the past, those of this day are infinitely worse. Its destruction has been multiplied manifold. Now not only are soldiers mutilated and killed, but women and children are attacked by bombs, poison gases, etc.

The peace problem is complex. The unprepared nation invites attack, hence, it is necessary that each nation be prepared to defend itself in case of hostilities. Yet it does seem that an unwarranted expenditure of money is being made in these preparations. Senator William H. King says:

"The United States during the

past eight or ten years has been spending for military purposes approximately \$200,000,000 annually in excess of that expended by any other country. There have been appropriated each year during the period referred to between \$700,000,000 and \$800,000,000 for the army and the navy and in addition many hundreds of millions for veterans pensions, etc., resulting from the military activities of our government."

Is it not incongruous that the Children's Bureau had a hard struggle to get an appropriation of \$350,000, while the same Congress in the same month appropriated two and a half times that amount for breeding and boarding the horses of the National Guard. Other funds provided for the horses of the Cavalry and the Army. The same Congress appropriated \$120,000, "for the encour-

agement of the breeding of riding horses suitable for the Army."*

IF public opinion is sufficiently aroused against this terrible expenditure for war purposes, the appropriations will be cut down. For not only does the Government yield to the pressure of financial interests, but it also yields to the pressure of large numbers of voters.

If Civilization is to continue, we must have peace for it is the means of carrying on civilized life.

While the joyous Easter season is with us let us remember the teachings of our Master and determine to walk in the paths of peace. Let us create public sentiment so that we shall spend no more money for armies and navies than is absolutely necessary for our protection. We can cut down our preparation for war and merely expend what is necessary for our safety.

Congratulations

CONGRATULATIONS Lehi Stake!

A delightful and most unique entertainment was given in Lehi Stake on Saturday evening, March 3.

About one year ago the women of the stake served a dinner for the Fathers and Sons gathering. This year the men, under the able direction of President Schow and President Peterson, entertained the Mothers and Daughters, and they did it most royally.

An interesting program was presented entirely by men, in the Auditorium of the High School Building. A group of High School boys captivated the audience in a burlesque of a woman's sewing circle.

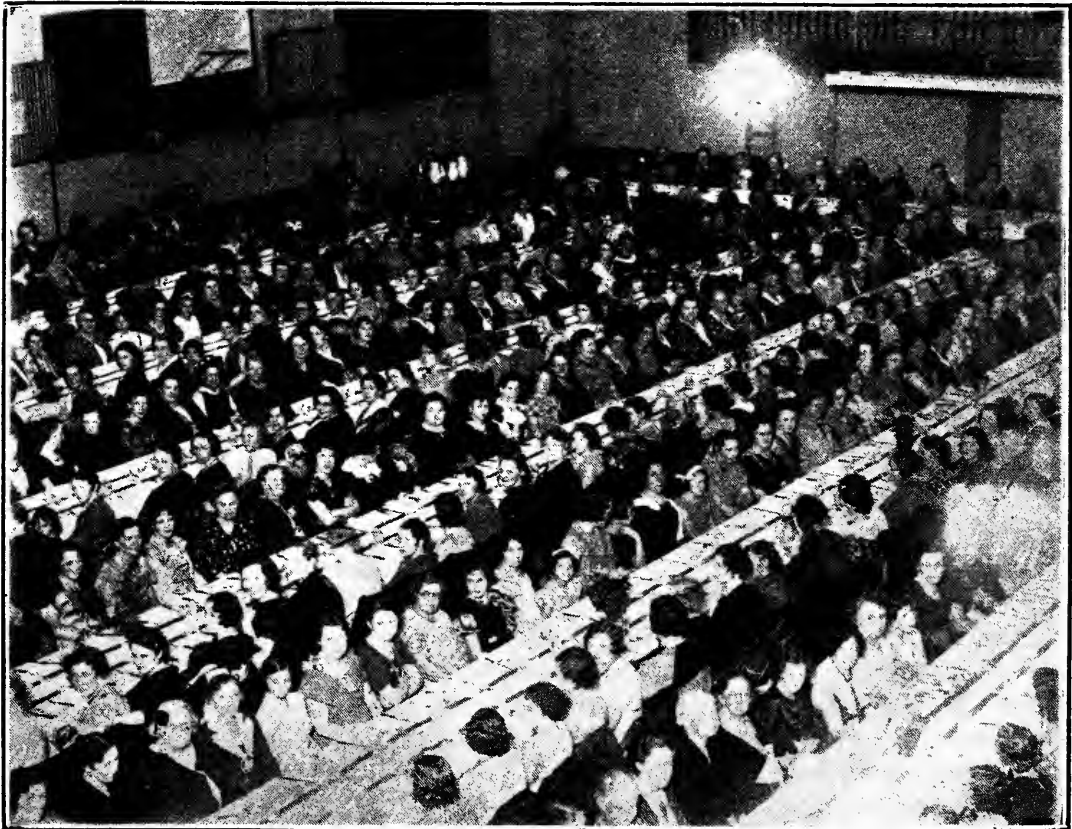
Every mother's heart was touched; and every daughter must have thrill-

ed at the sight that met them in the corridor while passing from the Auditorium to the gymnasium, where the banquet was served. Lined on each side of that long corridor were young men, dressed in white, wearing white caps with green bows—a thrilling sight for anyone. These were the waiters who served most efficiently. The banquet hall was artistic and most attractive—the white cloths decorated with strips of green, lighted candles and a profusion of flowers.

Eight hundred and eighteen women were seated. A delicious hot dinner was served. President Schow, President Peterson and the committee were untiring in looking after the comfort of the guests.

The three General Presidents of

*Miss Dorothy Detzer Executive Secretary International League for Peace.



MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS' BANQUET, LEHI STAKE

the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, the Primary Association and the Relief Society respectively were guests of honor of the Stake Presidency.

An unusual feature, not pro-

grammed, came after the banquet, when the tired, harrassed men sorted their spoons, forks and saucepans.

It was a delightful affair, long to be remembered.

—*President Louise Y. Robison.*

A Worthy Project

WE congratulate the Salt Lake City Federation of Women's Clubs on their most worthy project, beautifully carried out of recognizing seven women for their outstanding services to the community.

It is a worthy custom for friends and organizations to pay honor to the dead. It is far better to recognize the worth of men and women and give them their meed of praise while they are living.

On Monday, March 5, 1934, at the Ladies' Literary Club House a luncheon attended by three-hundred women was given, followed by a very fine program. Tributes of praise were paid to Mrs. A. H. S. Bird by Joanna H. Sprague, to Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon by Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, to Mrs. Ruth May Fox by President Louise Y. Robison, to Mrs. A. J. Gorham by Mrs. Charles G. Plummer, to Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne by Mrs. A. B. Irvine, to Mrs.

E. O. Howard by Mrs. J. M. Thomas, to Mrs. A. W. Watson by Mrs. Arthur E. Graham (read by Mrs. C. E. Richards.)

These seven distinguished women were presented with medals made of Utah silver with "For Civic Service" emblazoned in the center of a laurel wreath and the names of the recipients engraved on the reverse side of the medals. In humility these women accepted the honors showered upon them and told of the joy they had found in their service.

The message of Mrs. Wilson to her hearers, "Never weary in well-doing," gave the key to the successful lives of these women.

As the seven women have devoted themselves loyally to furthering the cause of their church the closing song was most appropriately selected and gave the final message to all with its lovely refrain, "Oh, Friend, we never choose the better part until we set the cross up in our heart."

The Plum Tree Hedge

By Merling D. Clyde

By neglected buildings-screening
Where the broken fences run,
Still, impeccable, the plum trees
Spread their white skirts to the sun.

Like some virgin maidens standing
On the brink of sordidness,
Turn their backs, in pity hide it
With their fresh young loveliness.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION

1. *Death.* To those who have no faith in the resurrection, death is a grim pitiless reaper cutting down both old and young, without mercy and without restraint. It enters the home of not only the aged whose life's work is largely done, but also that of the young whose work is scarcely started. It strikes at the bride, the mother, and the child; no one is immune to its attacks; eventually it succeeds in reaching every human being. Not only this; but to the natural man it brings about the total annihilation of all who come within its path, for when death overtakes its victims they never return. Thus, to the unbeliever in the resurrection, death is the arch-enemy of the human race,—the most ruthless, the most implacable thing in the world.

2. But to the Latter-day Saints, people who have implicit faith in the promises of God, all this is changed. To them, death is as necessary as birth; it is as much a part of the plan of salvation as existence itself. The spirits of men existed before they acquired mortal bodies; they came to earth for a specific purpose; and they must go elsewhere for a continuation of their advancement. It was necessary that even the Son of Man himself should pass through this experience. We read: "The Lord your Redeemer suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him." (Doc. & Cov. 18:11) Again: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. Thus he said, signifying what death he should die."

(John 12:32-33) Without death eternal progress would be impossible and existence would lose its charm.

3. *Proper Attitude Toward Death.* On the other hand, human beings are instructed of the Lord to do everything within their power to preserve the health of their bodies and otherwise postpone the time of their earthly departure. (See Word of Wisdom, Doc. & Cov. Section 89). Moreover, the Lord has said that "whosoever among you are sick, and have not faith to be healed, but believe, shall be nourished with all tenderness, with herbs and mild foods, and not by the hand of an enemy. And the elders of the church, two or more, shall be called and shall pray for and lay their hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me And again, it shall come to pass that he that hath faith in me to be healed, and is not appointed unto death, shall be healed." (Doc. & Cov. 42:43-48)

4. From the foregoing it is apparent that not all who are blessed by the elders will get well. Even those who have the requisite faith will be healed only if they are "not appointed unto death." All believers who are thus blessed by the elders are promised, however, that if they die they will die unto the Lord. Moreover, "Those that die unto me," saith the Lord, "shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them." (Doc. & Cov. 42:46) Latter-day Saints, almost without number, can testify to the goodness of the Lord that has come to them through

the administration of the elders.

5. Even though the Latter-day Saints thus understand the purpose and necessity of death, yet it is not sinful for them to mourn when their loved ones are taken away. Indeed, they are instructed of the Lord so to love one another that they will weep for those who die. Here are his words: "Thou shalt live together in love, insomuch that thou shalt weep for the loss of them that die, and more especially for those that have not hope of a glorious resurrection." (Doc. & Cov. 42:45). Latter-day Saints thus mourn because of the absence of their faithful ones, not because of any doubt concerning their existence or welfare. Prolonged and excessive mourning, however, sometimes engenders bitterness and impairs faith. Confidence in the promises of God, together with continued supplications for faith, is the greatest source of solace for those who remain behind.

6. *Insufficient Understanding.* It is often difficult for human beings to understand the purposes of God. There can be no doubt, of course, that death is sometimes the result of human ignorance or even sin, and sometimes it comes when seemingly we do the best we know how. Occasionally when thus bereaved, we are tempted to question the wisdom and even the judgment of God. Faithful Latter-day Saints have learned, however, that they can safely trust in the omniscience of God, even unto the death of those whom they most dearly love. God specifically states that he is displeased with those who do not confess his hand in all things. (See Doc. & Cov. 59:21).

7. Man's unwillingness to place confidence in the purposes of God may be compared with the following: The occasion was a warm July day. A scantily clad child was sitting in

a gutter half filled with swiftly flowing water. The child was enjoying itself to the full. Suddenly the mother rushed frantically from the house and quickly gathered the child into her arms, meantime reproachfully saying: "Haven't I told you that you must not do this!" Then, much against the child's protest, the mother carried it into the house.

8. The attitude of the child is not difficult to understand. According to its viewpoint, it was doing no harm; indeed, it was merely protecting itself from the heat of what would otherwise be a most uncomfortable day. Then, apparently without reason, the mother carried it into a warm stuffy house. The child, however, did not know that only a few feet below the point where it had been sitting, the water entered an unprotected conduit leading beneath the city street. On the other hand, the child saw only what it thought was the mother's disregard for its own comfort and welfare.

9. Men and women without faith in the goodness of God are often equally as unwise. They set up their opinions as superior to those of God, and sometimes condemn him if he does not act in harmony therewith. The experienced Latter-day Saint, however, has learned that the wisdom of God far transcends that of his own, and, moreover, that if he places trust in God, and otherwise keeps his commandments, all will turn out for the best. Testimonies to this effect are widespread among the Latter-day Saints.

10. *Resurrection of the Master.* Christ became "the first fruits of them that slept" (I Cor. 15:20). When Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James appeared at the sepulchre in the early morning of the third day, an angel of God, with a countenance like lightning and raiment as white as snow, stood near

the open door, and said: "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you." (Matt: 28:5-7)

11. Throughout the following forty days he appeared unto many, teaching and expounding the truth. The literality of his resurrection is further attested by the fact that he not only permitted his disciples to see and handle his body (John 20:26-28), but he actually ate and drank with them. (Luke 24:39-43)

12. At the close of this period he led his disciples "as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." (Luke 24:50-51)

13. And while his disciples "looked stedfastly into heaven, as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1:10-11)

14. *Universality of the Resurrection.* The effects of the Savior's atonement are in general two-fold, namely; (1) the resurrection of the entire human family, irrespective of earthly deeds, and (2) expiation for individual sins, dependent upon faith, repentance, and continued works of righteousness. Concerning the first, the apostle Paul says: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (I Cor. 15:22) The Lord himself says: "Then shall all the dead awake, for their graves shall be opened, and they

shall come forth—yea, even all;" (Doc. & Cov. 29:26. Read also Alma 11:42-45)

15. *Resurrection at the Time of Christ's Second Coming.* Two general resurrections are spoken of as coming in the future, namely: one at the time of Christ's Second coming, now spoken of as the First Resurrection; and one at the close of the Millennium, often termed the Final Resurrection. In reality the first resurrection occurred when the Savior and others rose from the dead, but inasmuch as the resurrection which is to take place at the time of the Savior's coming will be the first unto us, we speak of it as the First Resurrection.

16. Concerning this event the Lord says: "For a trump shall sound both long and loud, even as upon Mount Sinai, and all the earth shall quake, and they shall come forth—yea, *even the dead which died in me*, to receive a crown of righteousness, and to be clothed upon, even as I am, to be with me, that we may be one." (Doc. & Cov. 29:13) Those who arise at this time shall also include the little children, those who have not received the gospel but have lived according to their best light, and even heathen people who knew not the law. (See Doc. & Cov. 45:54 also Alma: Ch. 10-11)

17. Concerning the glories that will attend his coming the Lord says: "Behold, I will come; and they shall see me in the clouds of heaven, clothed with power and great glory, with all the holy angels; and he that watches not for me shall be cut off An angel shall sound his trump, and the saints that have slept shall come forth to meet me in the cloud." (Doc. & Cov. 45:44-45) Further: "The saints that are upon the earth, who are alive, shall be quickened and be caught up to meet him. And they who have slept in

their graves shall come forth, for their graves shall be opened; and they also shall be caught up to meet him in the midst of the pillar of heaven. They are Christ's the first fruits, they who are on the earth and in their graves, who are first caught up to meet him." (Doc. & Cov. 88:96-98)

18. *The Final Resurrection.* "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." (Rev. 20:5; See also Doc. & Cov. 88:101) This will be followed by the final judgment, of which John spake as follows: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were

judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." (Rev. 20:12)

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Why does prolonged grieving for our loved ones who die detract from our faith?

2. Why would eternal existence in our present mortal form be undesirable?

3. In what condition is the individual between death and the resurrection?

4. Explain the two-fold nature of the Savior's atonement.

5. Compare in as many respects as possible the resurrected body with the mortal body.

Teachers' Topic

COURAGE TO MEET LIFE'S PROBLEMS

Our President, Louise Y. Robison, recently said, "What we need most is courage to face what is just ahead of us."

There is no other day in our lives so important as today, and "sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof."

These evils are here to be met face to face.

Women have always been heroic in every crisis, and in meeting the simple needs of every day. We must not slip now.

A new era is being born, and with every birth there is pain and fear and struggle. The women will help to fight it through and in the front ranks. Someone has asked why it is that nearly six times as many men as women take their own lives. It may be because sometimes it is easier to die for a cause than to live for it.

"Whoso lighteth another in the dark with a lamp lighteth also himself." Thus the women will hold high the lamp of hope and of faith

and thereby they will see the step to be taken just ahead.

They will meet disappointment, "see hopes frustrated and hope anew." They will face ingratitude but will not turn back from helping others. Jesus did even so. Their heads may be battered, their hearts may bleed, but they will not surrender to darkness and gloom.

The problems of life here and now are as difficult and more complicated than those of our pioneer mothers. It is our job to carry on with faith and courage as did they. "What we have inherited from them we must earn before it is really our own."

Women have the power to change the sense of values now prevalent. Life is more than money and financial success. True culture is more than vain manners and costly raiment. Homes are more than houses and furnishings. A log cabin may be a paradise if cheerfulness and kindness are within.

We truly find life when we are willing to lose it for others.

Literature

(Third Week in June)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

SPIRITUAL VOICES IN MODERN LITERATURE

"I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions, O
my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

"The Chambered Nautilus"

—Holmes

Nature is God's work: Civilization is Man's work. Throughout the ages the activities of man, exploration and conquest, organization and leadership, science and invention, philosophy and art have combined to make the world of today. Change and decay may have removed the visible evidences of the past; but always the ideals of yesterday are stamped ineffaceably upon the monuments of tomorrow. On and on, man has striven in order to make a world in which he could realize the greatest freedom and the highest development. On every hand is the newness of a modern world. The arrangements of everyday life are new and the intellectual structure by which we interpret life is new, but there is a realm of human experience that never changes—love and hate, hope and fear, motives and impulses, joys and griefs. The march of civilization has left the realm of human experiences unaltered.

The spiritual substance of literature is from the abiding realm of human experience, the ideas, feelings, sympathies, emotions, and passions which move and inspire men's lives.

Spiritual Values of Literature

Literature as a criticism of life can be more than an explanation and an interpretation; it can present a vision of what life can be at its best.

The complexity of modern life has been a shattering influence to many. "Through religion and through art men have found rest from the tension of life."

Man's greatest struggle has been a spiritual struggle, a struggle for self-realization. The Greeks believing "Man was the measure of all things" sought earthly perfection by a system of art, education, and philosophy. This was a great gift to man. The Hebrews struggled unceasingly for moral integrity because they believed "Man is the immortal son of God;" their gift to the world is the Bible, the supreme book of religion. Great art has sought to embody the Hellenic ideals of beauty and form with the spiritual ideals of the Hebrews. It has been the aim of great art, music, literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture—to bring to man the true significance of life. This spiritual quality of great art has two values; first, it has brought to man a deeper understanding of his spiritual life, second, a knowledge of human nature that enables him to meet the conflicts of life with courage and dignity. The great literary masterpieces of the past have come down to us today as the best loved books of the ages, and have joined with religion in keeping alive the torch of faith in the ultimate destiny of man. Their message challenges man to rise to moral grandeur, to the joy of a perfect peace that comes through Self-realization. Among the great masterpieces of literature that are valued for their ethical and religious values are num-

bered: "Prometheus Bound" by Aeschylus, teaching that disobedience to Moral Law brings suffering and suffering teaches; "The Book of Job," author unknown, deals with the mystery of human suffering; "Everyman," a morality, with the message that "deeds can never be undone;" the dramas of Shakespeare laying bare the forces that determine human character; "Paradise Lost" by Milton, "justifying the ways of God to man;" "Faust" by Goethe revolving around the problems "What is the secret of Life, Death, and Nature" and "What Brings Purification and Self-realization;" "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley showing that Love and Righteousness must, in the very nature of things, eventually triumph over injustice. The combined message of all is in the words of Viscount Morley: "to lead us into inner moods of settled peace, to touch the depth and calm the tumult of the soul, to give us quietness, strength, steadfastness, and purpose, whether to do or to endure."

Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature

It is a far cry from Aristotle to Matthew Arnold, yet each looked at literature and saw there more than an expression for a mere presentation of life. Today, as in the past, the great writers, each after his own genius, have given expression to a spiritual message. Among such expressions are included Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," Browning's "Saul," Masfield's "Everlasting Mercy." Of all the modern writers two are outstanding in their consideration of man as an individual seeking a fullness of life, Henry Ibsen and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Ibsen and Self-realization

In the dramas "Brand," the Saint, and "Peer Gynt," the Sinner, Ibsen portrays vividly the universal truth, "Man is his own star."

Henry Ibsen was a Norwegian, born in Bergen at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The childhood of Ibsen was colored by the life of Bergen, its wooden mansions, its glorious Christmas festivals, and its wonderful fairs. School and church, madhouse and jail, all part of the town square, they too left an impression upon the young boy. Prosperous days gave way to adversity bringing mortification and humiliation. Unprepossessing in appearance, the boy began a life of isolation, starving mentally and morally. Apprenticed to an apothecary, Ibsen's leisure was spent in writing verse. In a series of sonnets he implored King Oscar to help Denmark in her struggle for liberty. One of the poems attracted the attention of the owner of the National Theatre of Bergen, 1851. Ibsen began to write for the theatre. The early plays were lyrical in form and idealistic in theme and as such were unsuccessful. Prosperity came later with "The Doll's House," demonstrating the possibilities of the drama as an instrument of social reform. Ibsen's fame increased with every new plan. Always the dramatist looked at individuals struggling in the whirlpools of society. Looking at a civilization that was beginning to shake itself loose from religion, he wrote "Brand" and "Peer Gynt;" looking at a world needing new social traditions he wrote "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts;" looking at public life that needed leaders of integrity he wrote "An Enemy of the People" and "Rosmersholm;" looking at individual conflicts he wrote "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," and "Little Eyolf."

Every audience was thrilled with Nora's independence as she declared, "First of all, I am a woman," in "A Doll's House," and "Ghosts" with its grim echo "The sins of the fathers" created a terrific uproar. Ibsen answered with an explanation of his purpose: "I have tried to show you that your sentimentality needs correction, you live in 'A Doll's House'; your society is physically and morally in need of cleansing, it is full of 'Ghosts.'" I have spoken thus for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs." Ibsen, as a man, contemplated mankind. He spoke denouncing, exposing, tearing apart individuals as well as society. Drama served him as it had served no "Master builder" since Shakespeare

Brand—The Sinner

Ibsen says of "Brand," "It came into being as a result of something I had experienced." That experience was the teaching of the pastor of Skein: "Christianity is a gospel of renunciation, hence it is one of sorrow." The gospel of "Brand" is "All or Nothing." Brand failed because he was an idealist representing God as wrathful and jealous demanding sacrifice, and entirely neglecting the ideal "God is a God of love."

Pastor Brand, the hero of the drama, adopts as his motto "All or nothing." He is called across the fjord to minister to a dying man. A storm is raging and the pastor calls for volunteers to row the boat. No man responds but a woman volunteers. Only that morning she had become betrothed, but she leaves her lover when he refuses to steer the boat. From that moment Agnes becomes the devoted follower of

Brand and later his wife. Both devote themselves to their parish, striving always to eliminate personal weakness. Brand refuses to administer the last sacrament to his mother because she will not give her whole wealth to the church. When a son is born to Agnes and Brand, they see the babe pine for sunshine. They make preparations to leave the village to save the child's life, but eventually the goal "All or nothing" forbids. The babe dies.

It is Christmas Eve and Agnes would draw back the curtains so the light might fall on the little grave. Brand forbids it. Later a gypsy calls at the house asking for clothing for her child. Brand bids Agnes give the garments of their child to the woman. Agnes would save one treasure, a little cap, but Brand demands "All or nothing" because this is God's service. As she yields in anguish she cries out, "God is not so hard as you."

The struggle is too much for Agnes, she dies and Brand is left, the priest. Now he uses his mother's wealth to build a beautiful church. The peasants help with the work. They are so proud of the new edifice. Angered by this Brand, on the morning of the dedication, locks the door and throws the key into the lake telling the flock "to go home and dress your souls." Requesting the faithful to follow him, Brand leads them to the mountain heights to seek the Ice Church. The peasant girl, Gerd, leads them over the mountain trails. The crowd follows eagerly at first, but when news of the herring shoal comes the crowd returns to the village. Tired and bleeding Brand goes on alone, nothing daunted. As the avalanche comes taking Brand a voice is heard, "He is the God of Love."

The stupendousness of the creation of "Brand" awes the reader to silence. The beauty of the poetry and the intensesness of the situations carry the message as a melody. The details of the drama may fade but never its message, "All or Nothing."

Peer Gynt—The Sinner

"Peer Gynt" is a folk-tale, fantastic and imaginative. Ibsen wrote it as an answer to "Brand." As the situation in "Brand" all need the power of the will to overcome them, so in "Peer Gynt" every situation presents the opportunity for compromise. He is a type of humanity just as is Brand. While Brand represents the striving of man for a greater self, Peer Gynt represents blind egotism, a soul in which the "Gyntish" self is master.

The story opens at the farm of Peer's mother, Ase. Peer is being scolded for his careless, lazy habits. He is a pleasure-loving rascal like the father before him. Declaring that he will be "King or Kaiser," he lifts his mother to the low house-roof, and goes to make love to the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Next we see Peer Gynt at the girl's betrothal feast; he has attended uninvited. For sheer mischief he persuades the bride to elope with him. Next morning he sends her back to the bridegroom, because he really loves Solveg, a peasant girl. Peer Gynt is outlawed for his mischief and goes to live in the forest. Solveg out of love for Peer leaves her home and follows him to the forest. He is touched by the girl's love and purity, and is loath to accept the sacrifice. The great scene of the play comes next, the death of Ase. Peer Gynt loves his

mother. As she lies suffering waiting for death, Peer comforts her last hours with stories of his childhood and of Norse mythology thus "riding her over the divide." After the death of his mother, Peer leaves his home. Years pass and he becomes a "king" of commerce in Morocco. He has been trading in negro slaves for Carolina and idol images for China. Losing his fortune he is stranded with a band of brigands, later, however, he finds himself crowned emperor of an asylum in Cairo. When an old man Peer Gynt returns home. As the vessel nears the shore a wrecked vessel drifts by. Peer offers to pay the sailors to go and rescue the drowning men. Denouncing the men as cowards for not helping, Peer Gynt does not risk his own life, however. Upon landing he goes to his old forest home. There is Solveg singing and waiting. At last the better self reigns, but it is too late. Soon the Button-Molder comes to warn him to prepare for death. Peer Gynt has had his chance "to be a shining button on the vest of the world," but he is found "not to be one thing or another." At last he learns that in seeking his own satisfactions, he has missed the best in life.

Ibsen attacks self-sufficiency through the character of Peer Gynt. The spirit of compromise avails nothing; it stagnates and prevents attainment. The two dramas "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" let us see the problem of Self-Realization but they do not offer a solution.

The Voice of Emerson

Matthew Arnold said of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "He is the friend and aider of those who would live

in the spirit." This he did first by encouraging self-reliance, and secondly by encouraging "God-reliance."

Concord, Massachusetts claims Emerson as her first citizen, while Boston boasts of him as her native son (1803-1882.) The descendant of a long line of ministers, it seemed inevitable that he should go to Harvard and study for the ministry. Of his home life Emerson said, "Toil, Want, Truth, and Mutual Faith were the four angels of my mother's home." At the age of twenty-three he was ordained as a Unitarian minister. It was during a period of intense religious unrest that Emerson resigned from the ministry because he could not agree with all the doctrines of his church. In sadness and poor health he started on his first visit to Europe traveling in many countries and visiting Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Carlyle with whom he established a life-long friendship. Upon his return Emerson lived much alone as his poem "Good-bye" expresses:

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm
going home:
Good-bye to Flattery's fawning
face:
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and
street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
* * *
"O, when I am safe in my sylvan
home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and
Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath
the pines,
Where the evening star so holy
shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride
of man,
At the sophist schools and the
learned clan;
For what are they all, in their
high conceit
When man in the bush with God
may meet?"

Fortunately, his wife's estate brought him a little income, so that he could live simply and leisurely at Concord.

The poems and essays of Emerson reflect the traits of the writer. One critic has said of him, "He lived and wrote by a sort of divine instinct." In his work he was highly individual. In his reading and studying, in his thinking, in his walks and talks, he jotted down his thoughts just as they came to him. The thoughts were organized later into lectures and essays. Emerson chose the essay as the literary form for the expression of his thoughts, because it was the form best fitted to them. Most of Emerson's life was spent in meditation, writing, and lecturing.

America is proud to call Emerson her great thinker, scholar, teacher, and philosopher. Using always the scholarly form, his appeal has been to those who lived in the realm of thought. In his wisdom the reader finds security because it is the wisdom of the ages. Emerson is one of the great forces in all literature.

"Self-Reliance" is Emerson's greatest essay. Its theme is "Know yourself and trust yourself." The self to be trusted is not the egoistic or selfish self, but the divine self. The essay is therefore a mental and spiritual challenge. The thoughts are expressed sincerely, earnestly, and effectively. Some of the great truths expressed can never be forgotten:

"Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."

"To be great is to be misunderstood."

"Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

"Let a man then, know his worth, and keep things under his feet."

"What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think."

"There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance."

The main divisions of the essay follow the lines of thought:

- I. Trust yourself.
- II. Hindrances to self-reliance.
 1. The tendency to follow our own past.
 2. Ignorance of self.
 3. Too much deference to others.
 4. Sincerity and independence have been the traits of all great men.
- III. The call to self-reliance.
 1. The self is divine in origin and nature, worthy to be trusted.
 2. The soul is original, self-poised, and self-sufficient.
 3. Be strong and follow truth in all the relations of life.
- IV. The need for self-reliance everywhere.
 1. In society and business.
 2. In prayer and creed.
 3. In the arts.
 4. In our relations with society.

Selections from other essays by Emerson:

Nature

"The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in beholders."

Manners

"The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions."

Friendship

"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud.—A friend may be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

Compensation

"Every excess causes a defect, every defect an excess.—Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.—There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all the others."

"The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House."

"He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking."

In reading Emerson we know we have been on the heights; he leads us with him "up the shining trail of the ideal and the eternal." We realize with a new intensity that:

"Man is his own star: and the soul that can

Render an honest and a perfect man

Commands all light, all influence, all fate;

Nothing to him falls early or too late.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,

Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

* * *

"The aids to noble life lie within us."

Suggestions for Study.

A. Materials:

1. The Story of the World's Literature—Macy. Chapters 46, 48.
2. The Outline of Literature—Drinkwater.
3. Essays—Emerson.
4. Brand—Ibsen.
5. Peer Gynt—Ibsen.

B. Program:

1. Music:
Selections from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite.

2. Discussion:

a. The Spiritual Values of Literature.

3. Reviews:

- a. Brand.
- b. Peer Gynt.

4. Readings:

a. Selections from Emerson's Essays.

C. Method:

The lesson is planned as the closing program of the year.

The message of the lesson is the important thing.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

HOME AND SCHOOL

The major function of the home is the care and training of children. The activities of the home are managed in diverse ways by the parents themselves and are financed privately from the earnings of the members of the family group. The state or public has interfered by regulating family life only by preventing abandonment of children or undue cruelty to or neglect of them. The major function of schools is the training of children. At first this aim was wholly one of removing illiteracy. The rise of popular government required a common training in citizenship. In later years the preparation of the child for certain vocations and training in social conduct and the correct moral use of leisure time have been made functions of the school. Schools are financed in a cooperative way by taxation. This lesson aims to encourage class members to think out clearly the relationships between these two major institutions. These relationships should include the following:

1. Recognition of the specific responsibilities of the home.
2. Recognition of the specific responsibilities of the school.
3. Analyses of cooperative responsibilities.
4. Analyses of possible points of conflict.
5. Relationships between responsibilities and support.
6. The dangers to childhood and to society in conflict between the two institutions

Suggestions for Procedure:

Plan the lesson carefully in the light of the six aims.

Assign the reading guide and ask the class members to come prepared to discuss the six aims. As each aim is discussed the class leader should apply the interpretation of the material outlined from the report of the White House Conference and the discussions given below.

Reading guide for class members: Personality, pp. 11-20.

Note the emphasis of the child as the objective in both institutions.

Do you feel that the author tends to make the home a means to school success?

Historically which is the helping institution?

What seems to be the chief reason for the school being more efficient and therefore, seeming to be more important now?

Three problems for cooperation are specifically pointed out and discussed:

1. The child's health:

Notice carefully what is outlined as the responsibility of the home in this matter.

Are equally definite requirements stated for the schools?

2. School aims and methods:

Who should formulate school aims?

What factors are to be considered by the parents in training the child to begin school?

Should parents dictate school methods of precedence?

Should parents know about these methods?

What cooperation is necessary when a pupil's program is modified because of peculiarities indicated by psychological tests or other examinations?

Is the decision not to have home study to be made by teachers or parents? Why?

Can the home help in teaching the formal school studies?

Should it do so? Note the social as well as the school answer to this question.

Is the "strain" that often accompanies school work due to the school or to parental standards?

Does the best education point the child back into his home or away from it?

3. Satisfaction of inner needs so that the emotional desires are met.

Note carefully how this problem changes the various characteristic periods of childhood represented by the various school levels.

In what ways is independence desired?

How are the congenial human relations developed?

Of what types of pupil achievement should the parents be particularly proud?

To what extent should teachers modify school programs because of different home conditions?

The questions given in the booklet are based on an assumed survey of school conditions in each community. It is worth while to find out the facts called for.

Suggestions based on the White House Conference Report and supplemented by the author of the lessons.

1. The function of the home.

Louis Stanley discusses the following three basic purposes of the family:

- a. care and training of the young.
- b. the nurturing of traditions.
- c. "building up of an adult family life which will send out individuals better able to face life than were their parents." pp. 133ff

He points out clearly (p. 135) that the chief determining factor in the training value of the home is the interplay of personalities. The home must therefore, be a real social institution. The standards of the family need to be such as deviate in an acceptable way from the social norm or a handicap is placed on the child by his home or family. As an illustration: A young student guide at Berea College

refused to give her home town or family status in the face of persistent questioning. Her ideals had exceeded her home realities and she was exerting energy to overcome, as she thought necessary, the home influence.

The physical care of the child is dependent on the knowledge of the parents and the healthful provisions in the home. It is forcefully pointed out (p. 138) that there is an economic limit below which children cannot be well cared for. Parents must think vigorously of the inherent individual and social dangers of forcing back on the home for individual direction and financing of many of the present school functions, at a time when home poverty is more acute than it has been for years. Cooperative financing is still the only safe method. It may be necessary to reduce the support for these public child-care institutions but this does not imply the necessity for shifting the burden back to the home that is already in poverty. The findings regarding the social status of the modern family are summarized on page 142 and are worth studying.

2. The responsibilities of the school.

The school is an agent for child care and training. No child should be sacrificed to the perpetuation of any part of the school. The literary training is a traditional responsibility. Health as an aim is new. It is emphatic (p. 170) that all details of school instruction should be so organized and managed that the health of the child is conserved. The reading guide material emphasizes spe-

cific intellectual goals for each level of school. Reading, number calculations, spelling, correct and ready language, and facts of geography, history and science are to be taught by the school. These must be taught in such a way that interest in them carries over to the use of reading and observation as leisure time pleasures. The attitudes developed as a result of the intellectual generalizations formed at school should lead to good fellowship, friendliness, a desire to work and civic loyalty. All this is the specific purpose of the school.

3. The cooperative activities are stressed in the reading material in the pamphlet. Cooperation in the health work is outlined in the Conference report p. 186. Perhaps the greatest single field of cooperative training is in the field of character. Home life should exemplify what is desired of children. School should be conducted so that the acceptable virtues are rewarded. Neither can justly place the blame on the other for character failures. Cooperation in character education must extend out to other community agencies. Church instruction should be adapted to modern problems in modern conditions. If there is a conflict of standards between the church, the school, homes, the community government, and others a young person is left practically without guidance. In a recent scale prepared by Dr. Goodwin Watson for rating the home contribution to personality development of children one item is stated as follows:

Negative extreme. "Parents

easily upset, grow emotional, evade or lie in matters of guilt, death, sex, status, criticisms, relatives, religion, etc. Positive extreme: "Parents emotionally mature, face problems frankly, good self-insight, essentially honest in dealing with other persons, especially with the child."

If all homes rated high toward the positive extreme; if what the child learns from the habits, likes, tastes, tricks, sense of justice, degree of humor, and courtesy of the teacher are all wholesome; and if all school instruction is such that real permanent interests are developed and morbid fears eliminated and learning motivated on a high plane, then home and school are cooperating for character education. The class might well make a verbal survey of the extent of such cooperation in the community. Are there cases of parents who become angry at the teacher and try to force promotions, etc? Are there parents who defend their children in cases of malicious mischief? Are there parents who think of school success only in terms of high marks no matter how obtained? Are there teachers who send notes home demanding that parents motivate the children? Do children report some courses as special occasions for cheating? Are some required high school courses disliked by most pupils? Are there some teachers universally disliked by pupils? These are typical questions to be answered in this survey of cooperation.

4. Points of conflict between home and school are numerous and

yet all avoidable. To prevent conflicts it is necessary that parents and teachers both have a common aim for school work—the welfare of the child.

Schools are not organized as an agency for satisfying the social pride of parents often at the expense of a child's welfare. Parental demands for marks and special classification of pupils on this basis mar the spirit of cooperation.

Schools likewise should never be used by teachers for expressing personal prejudice.

Schools are not organized to subsidize the private business of a community. What is bought for school use should be determined by its educational usefulness. Persons who are employed to teach or do other work should be fully qualified to perform the task.

Schools are not agents of propaganda for special interests. The curriculum should be controlled by the consideration of general educational values. The content of textbooks should be scientific and accurate. No child in school should be subjected to the influences of special advertising or salesmanship activities.

Schools are not agents for the general welfare which is achieved by common training of all citizens. Demands for extensive vocational training programs, and special social privileges increase the cost excessively and complicate the problem of training for American Citizenship.

In a sense schools are designed to perpetuate traditions and culture. Teachers should not use this as a justification for not training pupils to solve the

problems of the present and to face the future. When time is limited some of the traditional requirements may have to go. Broad aims demand a variety of program. The new school cannot be run as was the old school. Teachers should not try to develop independence in children by old school-master autocracy. Parents must not cry for the type of management of the good old days. Both must see the problem involved in the new demands of the school.

Misuse of marks, test results and formal assignments lead to misunderstanding. Teachers often proclaim the breadth of aim but reward and judge only by absolute results in formal learning. Parents often demand recognition for children which will be unfairly influential in their standard of values. In both cases too much emphasis on the uniform intellectual results leads to cheating or other manifestation of fear.

Both school and home must adjust in programming. Absence interferes with the regularity of school work. Over emphasis by teachers on attendance often cause serious home embarrassments. The only ground for adjustment is for each to do the thing that is for the best of the child.

Motives must inhere in each institution, but one may supplement the other. Teachers should supplement interest in school work and develop in the pupils the drive that will carry it forward. Home approval gives zest to school work. Parents must develop purposes in the minds of children for doing the work of the home.

Teachers make this more attractive by encouragement and recognition.

One fundamental principle should guide all of these seeming points of conflict—school and the parental home are both temporary in the life of the child. Both are instruments of cultural training for a different life from either one.

5. The Relationships between responsibilities and support.

In origin school is a secondary institution. Its function was delegated to it by parents. It remains a service institution supported by public funds. If civilization is to continue the functions now performed by public education, must continue to be performed either in school or elsewhere. If they are performed in school they must be paid for by taxation. If performed in the home or by volunteer activity they will be paid for in other ways. It is a doctrine ingrained in American life that property shall be taxed for the education of children. If a group of workers are to be trained specially for public school work they should be assured a professional employment status and a living income. The service is to the children. People now are spending from two to four percent of their income for the education of the children. They must continue such support. Economy in organization and management should be secured through Boards of Education. The school profession cannot maintain schools without the support of the people who created the schools to perform a cooperative function.

It is clearly the responsibility

of the school profession to conduct good schools at all times. It is clearly the responsibility of the public to support good schools. Neither can shift the burden to the other. In any case in which class conflict between school workers and tax payers develop there is present a misunderstanding of the principles set forth in this lesson. Counts says (*The American Road to Culture*, pp. 16-17)

"Confront practically any group of citizens with a difficult problem in the sphere of human relations and they will suggest education as the solution. Indeed this belief in the general beneficence of education is one of the fetishes of American society.

Although the processes of tuition may be but obscurely understood by the popular mind, they are thought to possess something akin to magical power. Perhaps the most striking aspect of this phenomenon, however, lies in the fact that education is identified with the work of the school; as a consequence the faith in education becomes a faith in the school, and the school is looked upon as a worker of miracles. In fact, the school is the American road to culture."

It is in school that childhood is trained. Home makes life of children secure. Both must work together in understanding and appreciation.

My Song of Songs

By Henry F. Kirkham

Oh, once I sang grandly the glory of war,
Of the bugle's clear call, the guns' sullen roar;
But always there ran through that martial refrain
The cries of the wounded, the tears of the slain.

Again, I sang proudly the song of the great,
Of the fulness of life, the masters of fate;
Yet softly as shadows that creep through a nave,
Came faint echoes sighing—"all lost in the grave."

So ever runs lightly that sad note I name,
"What use of mere riches, what hope in mere fame?"
When even the love of a man for a maid
Like roses may wither, like twilight may fade.

Still somewhere, I'm sure, there's a song I shall sing,
Full-throated and pure as a lark on the wing;
Like the stars of heaven resplendent above,
Just a song of sweet childhood, a song of true love.

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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
M *agazine*

Volume XXI

MAY, 1934

No. 5



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XXI

MAY, 1934

No. 5

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When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine



On Mother's Day

By Mabel S. Harmer

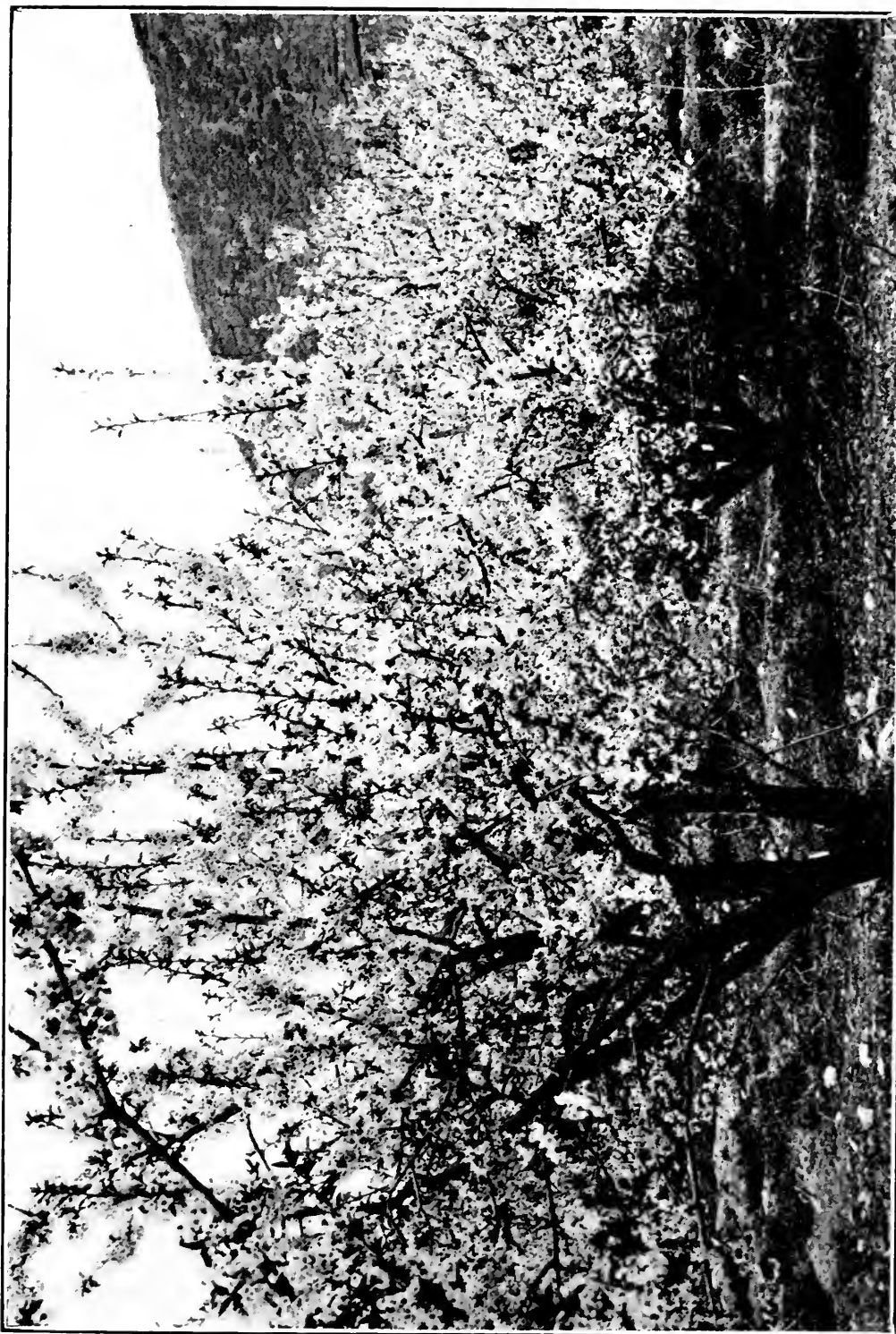
Today you brought me roses and choice gifts,
Dear ones—you did not know
From memory's storehouse came more precious ones
Given long ago.

The touch of baby arms about my neck
When eventide was near,
The smile that struggled for supremacy
Over a wilful tear.

The night that John had hurt his arm
And hid his childish woe
Into a pillow with his stifled sobs
That mother might not know.

The day that Nancy, radiant with young love
Sat smiling at my feet
And whispered of the joy that now was hers,
So old—yet ever sweet!

Flowers, however fair, will droop and fade,
Their moment quickly goes,
But golden hours you gave will always live—
Far lovelier than the rose!



Glen Perrins

CHERRY TREES IN BLOOM

The Relief Society Magazine

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“Little Pretty Pocket Book”

By Florence Ivins Hyde

The material for this article has been gleaned from encyclopedias, histories, magazine articles and pamphlets by Miss Caun of the American Library Association

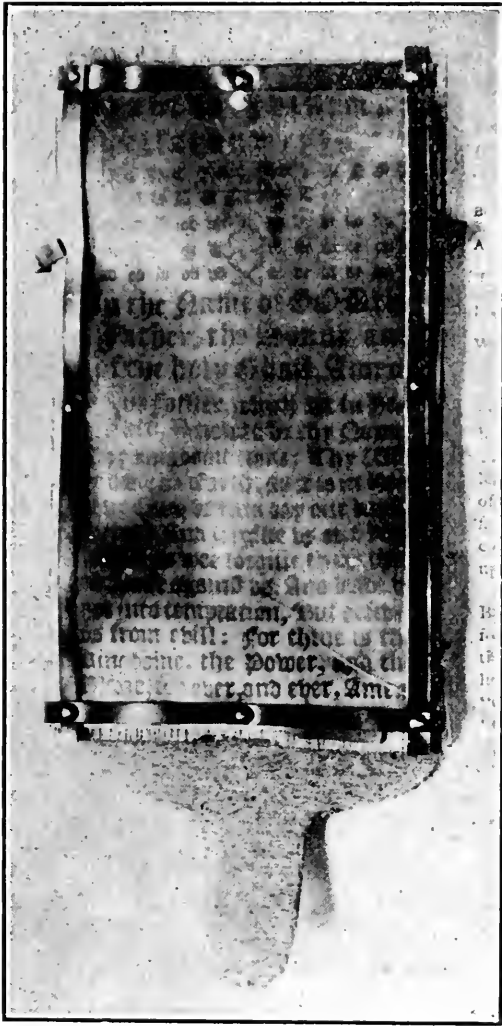
THE awarding of the first Newbery Prize in 1922 gave rise to a new interest not only in literature for children, but in John Newbery, himself. Students were led to search old bookshops and records here and in Europe for the story of the evolution of juvenile books, which proved to be as romantic and fascinating a story as any in literature. The beginning of the story for the purpose of teaching is lost in antiquity, but the development of juvenile books can be traced by several definite landmarks.

THE first implement for teaching children to read was known as the Horn Book. It was a leaf of paper about 3 in. in width by 5 in. in length, containing the alphabet, some letter combinations, and the Lord's Prayer, mounted on wood with a hole for a string which fastened it to the girdle. The paper was covered with a piece of transparent horn (to save it from being “spoiled by the wet and dirty fingers of the little ones”) fastened to the wood by brass edging and small nails. This little Horn-Book is what the poet Cowper described as—

“Neatly secured from being soiled
or torn,
Beneath a pane of thin transparent
horn,
A book to please us at our tender
age.
'Tis called a book (though but a
single page),
Presents the prayer our Saviour
deigned to teach,
Which children use, and parsons
when they preach.”

This Horn-Book was the type used by the common folk but for the aristocracy, the wooden backs were sometimes covered with stamped leather or silver, or made of bone, ivory, or other fine substitute. At the top of the page was a cross for at that time the children were all good Catholics and at the beginning of each lesson they were taught to cross themselves and say, “God speed me, A, B, C.”

Until the art of printing became perfected, these little Horn Books were made by using wood cuts for both the letters and illustrations. When the first English Primers were printed this original Horn Book formed the first page and so it be-



THE HORN BOOK

came the germ from which all subsequent primers have developed. The Pilgrim fathers brought it to America with them. There is a record of one clergyman who had the crosses erased before he passed them out. Now, they are exceedingly rare, only three or four specimens being in this country. One sold in London in 1865 for \$350.

From this the famous New England Primer developed. It is said that there never was printed a work in America without any claim to inspiration, whose influence in its day was so extended as that of this book, which for a century and a half was the first book in religion and morals, as well as in learning and in literature. It was called the "Little Bible

of New England." It contained hymns, prayers, proverbs, etc. The following quotations are taken from the first page:

"Children obey your Parents in the Lord, for this is right."

"God will have no time to save us, if we find no day to serve him."

"Shall we have six days in seven and God not one?"

Children, probably, liked better to read such verses as these:

"The dog will bite the thief at night," or

"An idle fool is whipped at school."

Children, perhaps, didn't enjoy so much hearing the teacher say, "Stand up and say your catechism," for if the child had been idle and had not learned it, he was likely to feel the whip about his legs or the pinchers on his ears; and he might even spend the rest of the day on the dunce stool. This primer was compiled by Ministers of the gospel for the children of Puritan parents as is indicated by this rhyme on the last page:

"Thus end the days of woeful youth,
Who wont obey nor mind the truth;
Nor hearken to what preachers say,
But do their parents disobey.
They in their youth go down to hell,
Unto eternal wrath to dwell
Many don't live out half their days,
For cleaving unto sinful ways."

THE next landmark was known as the Battledore, which was printed on cardboard and folded down the middle. These little books contained fables, stories, pictures, and reading lessons such as the following: "I pray God to bless my Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters, and all my Good Friends, and my Enemies. Amen."

"He that learns not his A, B, C,
Forever will a Blockhead be,
But he that learns his letters fair,

Shall have a coach to take the Air." They were sold at one penny each, plain, and two pence, colored.

THEN followed the little Chap Books, so called because they were sold from door to door by Chapmen or traveling Peddlers. They were first printed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, but many of the crude illustrations date from a hundred years before that time and the stories, themselves, are often still older. Many thousands of these little books were sold, for they were the only literature of the people, old and young, for many years. They, too, are very rare. As long ago as the time of Sir Walter Scott, he wrote, "These books, once sold at the low and easy price of a half-penny, are now worth their weight in gold." The finest collection in America is owned by Harvard College.

BEFORE this time, children's books had had education rather than entertainment for their main purpose. It remained for John Newbery to make use of the little Chap Books for entertainment. He is called the "Father of Children's Literature" because he was the first bookseller to make the business of children's books important. He was born in 1713 in a small village in England. While a boy he read all the books he could obtain, and, although he had little schooling, he became a very good English scholar. He was not satisfied with being a farmer as his father had been, but went to work as an apprentice to the editor of a newspaper, laying the foundation for his later work as a publisher. In his own bookshop in London, called the "Bible and Crown," John Newbery published a book under the intriguing title, "Little Pretty Pocket Book," which so far as it is known, was the first

book ever published solely for children, and for which he became famous. On the frontispiece appeared the words, "Instruction With Delight," but written in Latin. This was a bold inscription for those times for no one before had dared to suggest that children's books should give them delight.

Other books which have since become children's classics, such as Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver's Travels, had been written much earlier, some at least two centuries before. They, however, were not written for children but, rather for adults. John Newbery was the only person of his day to establish a permanent shop for the publication of juvenile books, and the first publisher to issue them for the "enjoyment of children."

"Not only was the subject matter of his books important to Newbery, but he was also particular about their form. Some of them were bound in plain calf, with an open back in green vellum and green paper. Many of them were strongly bound in gilt and flowered Dutch paper. This was rather thin with floral patterns in red, blue, green, and gold. All the coloring was, apparently, done by hand. The covers when new, looked very gay; but as they aged, they faded out, so that they gave the effect of old chintz; and later they turned to mahogany brown." The secret process by which this paper was made has long since been lost.

This typical newspaper advertisement indicates that Newbery understood well the art of advertising: "This day was published Nurse Trueloves New Year's Gift, or the book of books for children adorned with cuts, and designed as a present for the very little boy who would become a great man and ride upon

a fine horse; and to every little girl who would become a great woman, and ride in a lord-mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author, who has ordered these books to be given gratis to all little boys and girls, at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, they paying for the binding, which is only twopence each book."

For the first time in history, through the effort of Newbery, writers of distinction became interested in children's things. Such men as Oliver Goldsmith and some of the finest artists of the time, wrote and complied with Newbery, juvenile books. Very few of them remain. "Goody Two Shoes" is best known to us. It was written by Goldsmith about 1766. The original manuscript was placed in the Vatican at Rome. On the frontispiece the publisher has written, "for the benefit of those

Who from a state of rags and care,
And having shoes but half a pair,
Their fortune and their fame would fix,
And gallop in a coach and six."

Another little book, "Mother

Goose's Melody," was compiled by Oliver Goldsmith. The binding is in Gilt Pattern Dutch paper used to "gild the pill" of knowledge. On the front page is the following:

Mother Goose Melody;

or

Sonnets for the cradle.

In Two Parts,

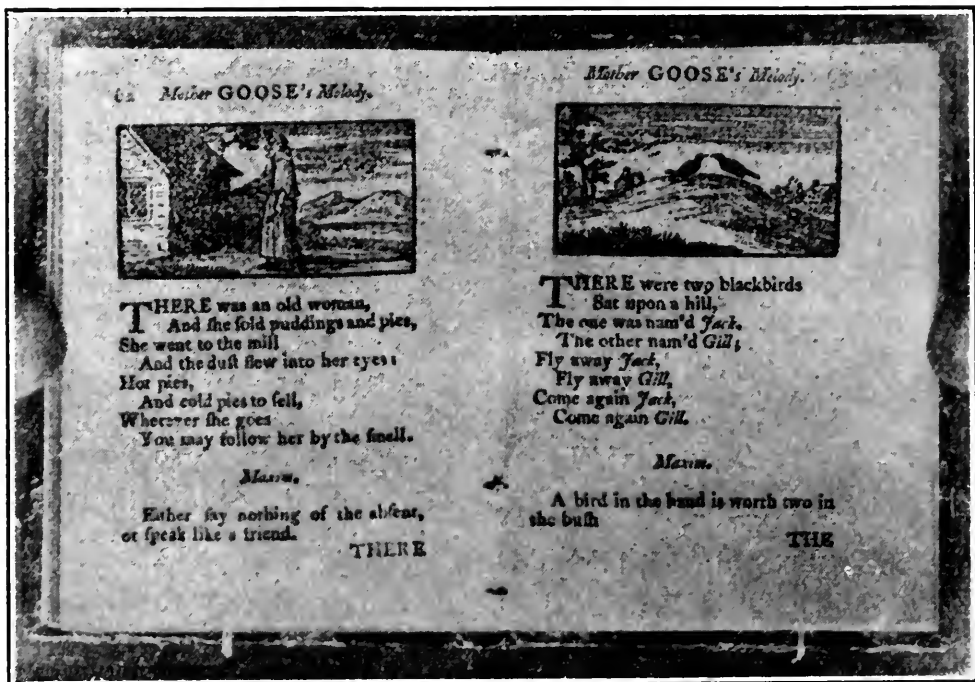
Part I. Contains the most celebrated songs and lullabies of the Old British Nurses, calculated to amuse children and to excite them to sleep.

Part II. Those of the sweet songster and Nurse of Wit and Humor, Master William Shakespeare.

Embellished with cuts and Illustrated with Notes and Maxims, Historical, Philosophical, and Critical.

Some of the rhymes and maxims are coarse and free, like the humor of the time, but some are really funny, and some are wise as, "The surest way to gain our end is to moderate our desires." And some are very fine such as, "Hark, Hark, the Lark."

This is the original collection of rhymes and jingles of Mother Goose from which all other editions have sprung.



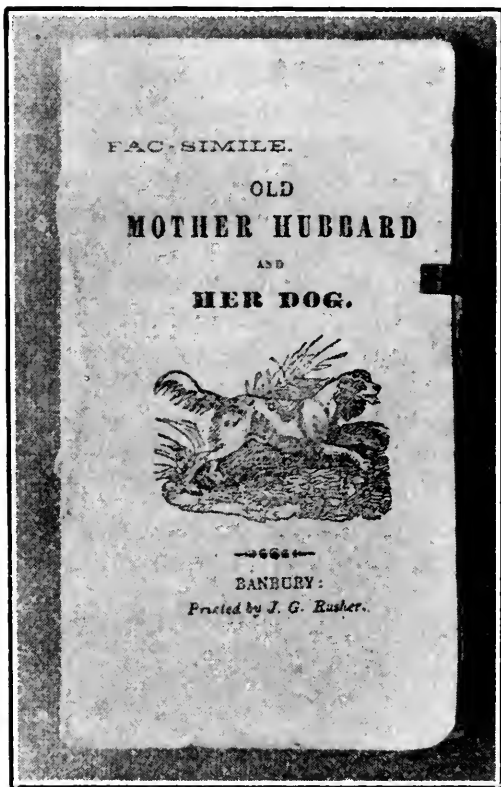
THE Old Woman and Her Pig" was the original "Toy Book," published by John Newbery. All these little books are charming in color as well as in design and it is sometimes questioned whether we realize as well as the publishers of old the value of simplicity in books for the young. The illustrations are done in colors of red, blue, green, yellow, with plenty of white spaces and not too much design.

THESE quaint little penny books are highly prized today. The

of the great of the day, were published and sold in the shop of this "genial friend of all mankind." On shelves close at hand, as though to complete the circle of childhood's pleasures, were shining new red balls, blue pincushions, gay green tops. Smiling, indulgent mothers were drawn into this colorful shop by pantaletted, organdie-gowned little girls, or sedate, black-dressed little boys, who sighed for "Goody Two Shoes" or "Tommy Trip." When John Newbery died, he had participated in a literary revolution; he had encouraged the best authors of the day to write for children; he had attracted the parents into buying these gay little books for their children; he had introduced the children, themselves, to the joys of reading and the pleasant ownership of books."

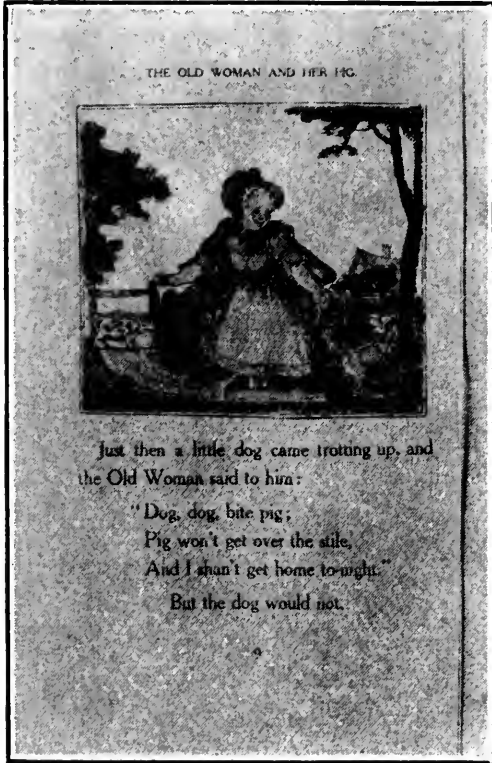
THIS, then, was John Newbery's contribution to child welfare. 154 years after his death, as a means of encouraging the writing of more worthwhile books for children by authors of real ability, it was proposed by members of the American Library Association, that a medal be awarded each year for the best children's book published. It was fitting that the medal be called the "John Newbery Medal" in honor of, as they said, "the Bookseller who seems to have been the first to realize that children have reading interests of their own, and who sought to meet their needs by finding authors to write for them."

The medal is done on bronze. On one side are a man with a book, and two children. On the other side, around the edge are the words, "John Newbery Medal. Awarded annually by the Children's section of the American Library Association. In the center is an open book with the inscription, "For the Most Distin-



originals are owned by only the great and rich collectors. Mr. Charles Welch, an American publisher, has spent large sums of money duplicating these rare old books for the children of this country. Helen Martin has written, "To the child of the eighteenth century, life was pictured as a harsh time. Into the midst of this dreary scene came John Newbery. Charming little books, all flowery and gilt, created by some

guished Contribution to American Literature for Children." It was designed by a young American ex-service man, Rene Paul Chambellan.



Eleven Newbery awards have been made in the following order:

The Story of Mankind—Hendrick Van Loon1922

The Voyages of Dr. Doolittle—
Hugh Lofting1923
The Dark Frigate—Charles B. Hawes1924
Tales from Silver Lands —
Charles J. Finger1925
Shen of the Sea—Arthur Chrisman1926
Smoky—Will James.....1927
Gay Neck—Dhan Gopal Mukerji1928
The Trumpeter of Krakow—
Eric P. Kelly1929
Hitty—Rachel Field1930
The Cat Who Went to Heaven —Elizabeth Coatsworth1931
Waterless Mountain—Laura.. Adams Armer1932
Young Fu1933

Mr. Coryell's criticism of one of them is true of all; that it "is worth reading because it widens the mental horizon and deepens the spiritual understanding of its readers by the glimpse that it gives of life as it really is in the far away or long ago. The boy or girl who reads the book lives for the time being in a different world with the satisfied feeling of having gone places and done things." Most of them can be read by children and adults with equal interest.

(To be Continued)



The Universal Mother

A DRAMATIZATION FOR USE IN A MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

By *Mary Grant Judd*

For the opening music a chorus of young girls' voices (off stage) sings "The Call of Womanhood," from *Beehive girls Handbook*.

INTRODUCTION

At eventide in philosophic mood,
I pondered on that high calling of
Motherhood.
I seemed to see the universal Mother.

In difference phase and circumstance
She came before my view
And yet did ever represent
The common lot of all—
The gift of life,
In which she plays a part:
The toil she knows,
The faith which she instills,
The patience growing out of trial,
And last of all the wisdom coming
with the years.

Vocal solo, "Cradle Song," by Kate Vannah. (Beesley Music Company, 61 South Main St., Salt Lake City—Price 50c.)

As the lullaby concludes the curtains part, discovering a young mother bending over a baby in a cradle. The music, softly played, continues while "The Young Mother" is read.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

She holds the torch of life aloft and
carries on,
Full well she knows the price it costs
to keep the flame aglow.
And if it smoulders, dies, her very
breath she gives
To fan it into life again. She is
the link
'Twixt ages past and those which
are to come.
Her part of God's great plan was
known before earth-life be-
gan.

And should she falter, flinch or turn
aside
From path of thorns, redemptions'
plan
Could not be consummate.

She knows the price. Ah, yes!
The price in pain, in fear, in sacrifice.
But, too, she knows the recompense.
Her great reward the clasp of chub-
by arms about her neck,
The loving smile, the trusting hand
in hers,
The peace surpassing understanding
in her heart.
The sense of duty done that in her
stirs.

Music, "Come, Come Ye Saints," played, or sung, softly off stage.

The second tableau shows a woman in pioneer dress, one child in her arms, another tugging at her skirts. Covered wagon, etc., in background. ("The Pioneer Mother" is read without music.)

THE PIONEER MOTHER

Hail to Thee, brave wife! Amongst
brave mothers
How courageous Thou! Who took
thy lonely trek
Across the trackless plains. Who
left behind
Those comforts dear to woman heart.
Who stood beside thy mate, and fal-
tered not.
Who helped to plan, to build, to
realize
The dream that had been his. Our
heritage
We owe to thee and him. And ever
thou shalt typify
That courage which is part of moth-
er hearts,
That willingness to toil, to serve,
With never thought of self,
Of which all mother love is made.

Music appropriate for missionaries sung off stage. A male quartet humming "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," is good.

Tableau shows mother on one side of the stage, son standing back of pulpit on extreme opposite side.

THE MISSIONARY MOTHER

How big are mother hearts!
 How all embracing mother love can be!
 Not only for her own is she concerned,
 But towards those others waiting, as in night,
 She yearns. And willingly her son as envoy sends,
 To guide them towards the light.
 Her missionary boy looks back to her,
 And seems to say as bard of old;
 "And she of whom you speak
 My mother, looks as whole as some serene
 Creation minted in the golden moods
 Of sovereign artists; not a thought,
 a touch,
 But pure as lines of green that streak
 the white
 Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves;
 One, not learned, save in gracious household ways,
 Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
 No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
 In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
 Interpreter between the Gods and men."

(From Tennyson's "Princess.")

Vocal Solo, "Resignation," by Caro Roma. (Beesley Music Co., 61 South Main St., Salt Lake City—Price 40c.)

In fourth scene a sort of altar (may be draped steps) is placed backstage. The Gold Star Mother enters, carrying a sword and a formal wreath; she walks slowly and reverently to the altar and places the symbols upon it.

THE GOLD STAR MOTHER

When on her country's altar, the
 gold-star mother laid
 Her precious sacrifice, then mother-
 hood was sanctified
 With chastening sorrow's load. As
 one of old who gave a son
 Her anguished heart cried out:
 "How hard to travel Cal-
 vary's road;
 Yet depth of soul results, and un-
 derstanding heart
 While resignation bows her head
 in prayer:
 "The Lord hath given;
 The Lord doth take away:
 But blessed be his name."

Fifth tableau shows Grandmother seated in arm chair, with sewing, etc.

THE GRAND-MOTHER

And her we call *Grand-mother!*
 How fitting is that name.
 Serene and wise she looks on life,
 nor let's its petty cares
 Affect her calm, untroubled soul. A
 glad philosophy is hers;
 Long, long ago she learned that all
 comes right at last.
 Her sons and daughters go to her,
 she helps them bear their
 trials,
 For well she knows that life in any
 age is largely
 Repetition of the past. The children
 too are drawn to her,
 In that dear presence bask, as flowers
 in the sun.
 She guides, directs, advises, and
 blesses every one.

In the concluding picture each mother re-enters as the reader mentions her, and walks to the Grandmother, who has remained seated. The five mothers thus grouped form the final picture. The reader turns from the mothers directly to her audience on the final verse.

FINALE

With grave responsibility is fraught,
 the mother's task,
 So to a higher source she looks for
 aid.

And may the one who sees the sparrows fall,
Be not unmindful of her need.

For her we pray the vigor of the youthful mother,
And too, the courage of the pioneer,
The resignation symbolized by golden star,

The faith of missionary mother, and the zeal.

And for us all, we ask the help to be
What they would have us be—real sisters, brothers—
And thus to pay, if only in a part,
The debt we owe to them, our angel mothers.

The Living Flame

By Vesta P. Crawford

SHEILA flattened her nose against the window pane. Her mother, watching, could see only the back of the child's head, a mass of hair so fine that its shining strands were a golden maze.

"I can't see anything," said the little girl. "Not anything!"

The mother moved to the window. "See, Sheila, all those tall buildings with windows that look like a thousand eyes in the high gray walls."

"Buildings aren't anything."

"But look, there are people. A little girl. Can you see her down there? She has a red cap. She takes a few small steps and then a little skip, just as you do."

"She doesn't look like Midge. Oh, Mama, can you remember Midge?" Sheila turned from the window, her brown eyes glowing. "Oh, if I could just see Midge for one little minute. Remember how she carried her doll under one arm. It had a blue print dress."

"Would you like to write Midge a letter?"

"No. I can't tell her anything that we are doing. We aren't doing anything. We don't know anyone. Cities are too big. Too far away."

Margaret Ashton, holding back the blue window drapes with slender hands, looked at the blank walls and

the staring windows and the street below.

"Mamma, would you mind very much if I cried just a little. Not more than five minutes. It's for Midge mostly."

Margaret came to her swiftly and put her arms around the little quivering body. She understood too well. She wanted to cry, too.

"Mostly for Midge. I wonder if she still lives on the corner across from the Sunday School House. Not loud crying, mumsy, and just the fewest tears."

Margaret searched desperately for something comforting to say. Strange how she must say something to make Sheila feel better when she was so desperately lonely herself.

"Sheila, let's play a game. We'll imagine that daddy had never been transferred to this big city at all. We'll play that he is still engineer for the power plant back in Watsonville."

"How do we play that?" A faint glint of interest glowed in the velvet brown eyes. Sheila lifted her head but the little pointed chin still quivered.

"Well, for right now, we'll play we were back home again on the shady street. I'll describe it first. Then you describe."

"And let's compare home things with what we can see out of this very window. Begin, mumsy."

Margaret settled back into the soft depths of a rust-red chair. The folds of her pale yellow dress were light and lacy and her small hands moved up and down on the dark mohair.

"Well, in the first place it's morning time. The steep hills east of Watsonville are blue-gray and ever so misty. Veiled, they are, and exactly the color of the furthest building that you can see from here. And the fields at the end of the street are as golden as that gleaming window where the sun strikes. The grass along the street is green, mostly green. But it is worn some in places where little girls play or sit and cut paper dolls in the long afternoon."

"Mumsy, the rope from the swing hangs down, worn out and raggedy like. It broke the day I was nine, just before we moved. The zinnias are on the east side of the house and they are so—so many colored against the white wall. The roof of the house is red. It has exactly four front steps. That's how I learned to count. Now you, mumsy."

"It is about five o'clock on Tuesday. Mama has been to Relief Society meeting and she is sitting on the front porch thinking that it is time to get dinner. Then she sees Sheila coming home from Primary. Look out of the window now, Sheila, look at this very street. The little girl in red is you. See, she's tall like you and slender, and the other two little girls are friends of yours, little girls you play with.

"No, mumsy. People don't play with me, here."

"Sheila, you forgot. We're in Watsonville."

"Oh, yes. Imagination is hard when you know it just can't happen. But I'll try. Look, mumsy, look now. Two ladies are coming down

the street. One is tall and she wears a brown suit and a hat with a buckle—see it shine, on one side. The other one is little, like you, mumsy, just wispy, and she's wearing blue. We'll play they are Relief Society teachers. And see, just see! There's a little girl with them. She looks like Midge. She does! Oh—oh—she looks just too much like Midge——"

Margaret drew the long-legged little girl up into her arms and buried her face in the shining hair. If only they hadn't come so far away. If they hadn't had to leave their friends. If they could just have in this city one little scrap of something like home, just a shred of something familiar.

"Oh, mumsy, she did look like Midge. I can't play the imagining game any more. It hurts worse than to just do nothing at all."

Margaret felt hot tears run down over her hands that cupped the little face. Again she searched desperately for something to say. Oh, for one illuminating thought.

THEN the door bell rang with a reverberating jingle. It echoed in the still room.

"It couldn't be anybody at all," sobbed Sheila.

Margaret arose unsteadily. Her hand trembled on the door knob. She opened the door slowly.

"How do you do." Then she stepped back with amazement in her eyes. Why these were Sheila's ladies! The ones she had seen on the street, the tall one in brown and the wispy one in blue. And there was the little girl that looked like Midge—just her size. Straight brown hair. Sea blue eyes. So like Midge.

Sheila sat upright in her chair, her back tense. Then she tiptoed quietly to her mother's side, half hiding.

The woman in brown held out her hand. "Sister Ashton, we are Relief Society teachers. I am Sister Allen and this is Sister Bronson."

"Relief Society Teachers!" Margaret Ashton swayed a little. It was too unbelievable. "Here!" she exclaimed, "why I didn't know there was a branch of the Church here."

Margaret motioned them to chairs. Sister Bronson, the wispy woman in blue explained, "There isn't a real branch, but we few sisters who are members have a Relief Society. We want you to become acquainted with us, for we are your neighbors."

"Do you live near?"

"Oh, no. Miles away on the other side of the city. But Relief Society sisters are neighbors the world over."

Margaret settled back into her chair. A great contentment engulfed her. Almost she was sitting in her little house back in Watsonville with the dark mountain spires a vista through her window.

Sister Allen held a magazine in her hand, but she did not open it. "Our topic for today is: 'For your Father, who is in heaven, knoweth

that you have need of all these things.'"

What great need she had felt. Oh, the unifying, comforting power of the simple words. Someone remembered her even in a strange city far from home. Someone had sought her out. Suddenly she thought that neighborliness and love were like a shining girdle around the world and the Relief Society teachers walked along that shining path.

At the window Sheila stood with the little girl, their hands linked together, brown head close against the shining golden one. The little girl probably belonged to the tall woman dressed in brown, Margaret thought.

Sister Allen spoke again. Her voice was low and friendly. "The Church, you know, is a living flame that seeks us out wherever we are and lights our way."

That was it. Margaret's face glowed with some of that inner fire. The Church organizations, she thought, were reflections from that central living flame. And the Relief Society sisters were truly bearers of the glowing spark.

An Ode to Mothers

By Mary E. S. Abel

Dearest Mother! Earth was not her goal—

It's vanities and wealth. Her soul Was on the things of God. Her great delight

Was to do the things well pleasing in His sight.

Unbounded joy was hers when she could see

Her children, clothed in sweet humility, Seeking His ways. Her cup of joy ran o'er.

'Twas all she asked of them. She craved no more.

O Mother, could you feel and know How much we prize your life with us below

Your sweet example, your faith sincere, You'd feel "'Twas not in vain," sweet mother dear.

Your prayers of faith have reached our Father's Throne And brought the greatest joy to mortals known.

Your faith, your true devotion makes us see That God was kind to grant us such as thee.

Your memory is the sweetest thought we claim

For you we dearly love and bless your name.

And hope to live that your expectations may

Be realized in that Eternal day.

The Relief Society Conference

April 4 and 5, 1934

By Julia A. F. Lund, Gen. Secy.

THE Annual Conference of the Relief Society was held April 4 and 5, 1934, in Salt Lake City, Utah. President Louise Y. Robison presided.

The following sessions were held: an Officers' Meeting for General, Stake and Mission Officers; three Department Meetings; a Reception for Stake and Mission Officers; a Breakfast for Stake and Mission Presidents; two General Sessions in the Tabernacle; and an Institute of Arts and Crafts, for Stake Work and Business Leaders. All the meetings proved to be most instructive and satisfactory.

The Conference was well attended by enthusiastic workers from 103 of the Stakes, and from the Mexican

Mission and nine of the Missions in the United States. The following is the attendance at the Officers' Meeting, held in the Auditorium of the Bishop's Building, Wednesday, April 4, at 10 a. m.: Mission Presidents 10; Stake Presidents 78; Counselors 110; Secretary-Treasurers 45; Board Members 333; total 576.

The music was under the direction of the Music Committee of the General Board. The Relief Society singers, with the very able leadership of Mrs. Charlotte Owen Sackett, were excellent, while the superb organ music, rendered by Frank Asper, lifted these features of the Conference program to a high degree of inspiration and artistry.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

WEDNESDAY MORNING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

IT is a wonderful sight to see all of you sisters, many of you having come from a great distance.

We have a number of new stake presidents and officers, whom we greet. We have a bit of a heart-ache that some of the fine sisters who have met with us for many years are not here this morning.

We have had a most beautiful response from all of the stakes. I think 102 out of the 105 have answered the questionnaires, which have been most enlightening, and we have received valuable information from them.

I must tell you how thankful we are for you and for your loyal, sup-

porting spirit, and for the wonderful work that you have carried on during the last six months. No matter how much we have asked you to do (and we have asked a great deal since last October), we have never had a failure on your part, so we want to thank you and to pray that the Lord will bless us during this conference.

I have been in the Temple several times lately, and always with a prayer in my heart that our Father in Heaven would graciously give us a rich outpouring of His Spirit. I believe the thing we need now most of anything in the world, is the Spirit of God, to enable us to meet life with trust and faith.

I pray that you will get what you need during this conference, and those of you who have come with trouble in your hearts, and I know you have, will find comfort. I pray

that our Heavenly Father will lift these troubles, and give you courage to go on, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

JULIA A. F. LUND,

General Secretary

IT gives me great pleasure, Sisters, to give you the following summarized report of the Relief Society for the year 1933. The complete report will be published in the May issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Total balance on hand, January 1, 1933, \$132,681.71; Total Receipts during 1933, \$207,014.53; Total Balance on Hand and Receipts, \$339,696.24; Paid for Charitable Purposes, \$83,853.27; Total Disbursements, \$211,362.21; Total Balance, December 31, 1933, \$128,334.03; Total Assets, \$969,648.20; Ward Conferences Held, 1,423; Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers, 918,663; Number Special Visits to Sick and Homebound, 220,188. Membership in 1932, 67,382; in

1933, 68,796, an increase of 1,414; the membership includes: Executive and Special Officers, 11,372; Visiting Teachers, 24,144; Other Members, 33,280. Average attendance, 1932, 28,790, in 1933, 32,485, an increase of 3,695. Paid for Charitable Purposes in 1932, \$111,343.23, in 1933, \$83,853.27, a decrease of \$27,489.96.

I would like to call special attention to the fact that while we have not, from our organization, spent so much money for charity, the service angle of the organization has greatly increased, showing that the sisters are keenly alive to their responsibilities in the matter of our work.

Relief Society Libraries

Jennie B. Knight, Member of the General Board

A SPEAKER at a recent convention described a situation similar to this, aptly, when she said that she was reminded of the delightful story "Alice in Wonderland" and the famous lines, "The time had come the walrus said, to talk of many things, of ships and shoes and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings." Among the many interesting things that we are to discuss this morning are the Relief Society libraries.

When women are shown the needs of a community, they arise to the occasion to meet that need, whether it be for food or clothes or books. Other women's organizations as well

as our own are renewing their effort to supply books to be read by the people of the community.

According to a recent report of a Library Association of America held in Chicago last year, 38% of the population of the United States are without library service of any sort. A gratifying discovery in the survey by the library committee disclosed that book circulation has increased 40% in the past three years. More young people than old, more uneducated than educated people use libraries. Aliens read more seriously than United States born. Is this not significant of a growing need for in-

creased library service and a challenge to every community?

We are satisfied that the efforts of our officers and class leaders are responsible in a measure, for the increased numbers of library users in our section of the country. We desire to compliment them on their successes and know that the many fine things now begun will continue.

Speaking of public libraries, we urge that our women take more interest in them and do more reading than ever before. We wish also to express our sincere appreciation to the librarians who have been instrumental in securing the text books for our reading courses and placing them on the reserved shelves in the libraries.

We are gratified at the information given in our recent survey of the library situation in our Relief Societies. We especially appreciate those reports which gave definite information in answer to the questions, "Have you done anything towards establishing libraries?" "What method do you use?" We find almost a unanimous opinion that the library project is worth while and in the report there is an expression of willingness, and an anxiety to have more and better Relief Society Ward Libraries throughout the Stakes. We have replies from a hundred and one Stakes.

- 12 reported that special instructions concerning libraries had been given to the wards since the conventions of 1933.
- 7 reported "not much has been accomplished."
- 8 reported nothing had been done about the matter.
- 19 stakes had Relief Society libraries in all of the wards.
- 42 stakes have libraries in one or more wards.
- 19 stakes have stake but not ward libraries.

8 stakes have both ward and stake libraries.

11 stakes have Relief Society books on shelves in their public libraries.

3 reported books in school, seminary or Parent Teachers' library.

30 stakes reported no Relief Society libraries, of these five gave as their reason, access to splendid public libraries.

10 stakes reported having no access to any libraries of any sort and very few books in their societies.

One stake reported "Two years ago we used all of our books in the way of a traveling library, giving ten books to a ward for a month. Much reading was done by our women, it was also gratifying to our librarian who took the score for record of books read."

Which of all our stakes would like to have said of it, that in proportion to its membership it is the most bookless stake in the Church! How much more we would all like to have it said of us, that our stake furnishes "The best reading for the largest number at the least cost."

We cite particularly the method adopted by the Cache stake, which has been a great success, a detailed account of which may be found in the *Relief Society Magazine*, Vol. 20, page 43.

One of the first steps in establishing a library, is to provide a suitable place to keep the books, a shelf or shelves, where they can be seen is better than a box. Then some system of cataloguing the books is necessary, this may be done alphabetically, by authors, or by subjects. All books should be listed either on cards or in a record book. A card 5 inches by 3 inches with the author's name and title of the book written at the top may be placed in each book. The best libraries write the surname first, also giving the name of the publisher.

ing company. These cards may be placed in each book. When taking a book out of the collection the borrower writes her name on the card, also the date, and gives the card to the librarian, who files it. When the book is returned the name is checked off and the card replaced in the book.

We are pleased to announce that markers may be obtained at Relief Society headquarters for the books, free, thus all of the Relief Society books of the Church may have a uniform marker. Do not be surprised if you are asked for the number of volumes in your libraries, in the future, or perhaps the number of volumes read.

We recommend that where there are large public libraries, the stake presidents and librarians advise with the ward officers about their libraries and ascertain just how accessible the books are to their members, and then use their best judgment in establishing Relief Society libraries in those towns.

We hope, and urge that some method be devised whereby all members of the various wards may have access to good books. We recommend also, that we resolve to have

the books already in our possession, read by more of our members, and that we make an effort to add to our small nucleus such books as will answer the injunction found in the Doctrine and Covenants, "Seek ye out of the best books, words of wisdom, seek by learning, by study and also by faith," and endeavor to have a system for the proper care and distribution of the books established in each stake and ward.

To stimulate reading, monthly reports might be made of the volumes read by each member. Let us remember that there are in our communities many young and many older people who have had leisure hours forced upon them. May we not be of inestimable service to them, by making it possible for them to get books to read during these hours. The standard of our conversations and the ideals of our families will be raised and our understanding enlarged if we do more reading.

How about a resolution? "Less time consumed in making pies, pickles and preserves, more time spent with poems, paragraphs and pages." And remember, "The best reading for the largest number at the least cost."

Relief Society Magazine Campaign

HAZEL H. GREENWOOD,

Member of the General Board

IT is a natural impulse for us to share with others the fine things we enjoy, this adds to our own pleasure. There is nothing in moral or religious life that we experience or make a part of our lives that does not inspire a desire to acquaint others with it. While we are doing this we are the beneficiaries. That desire to impart it to others demonstrates more than anything else, an appreciation of high fine principles.

The whole genius of the Gospel is not only to live it, but to impart it to others.

We would have all women experience the joy and the satisfaction that we have in Relief Society, and we never tire in trying to convince them of this pleasure, and getting them to join in the activity.

The *Relief Society Magazine* is the medium through which the organization works. It is a pleasure

and a profit, and we are anxious that all should share it. It is a necessary organ for the operation of our Society. In order to keep in touch with its spirit and purpose it is necessary that we have access to this official guide and instructor. As a text book is to a school, so is the *Magazine* to our Relief Society. Our aim is to have every woman a subscriber to the *Magazine*.

We wish first to make our people *Magazine* conscious, then to devise ways and means to make it available.

Last year a *Magazine* drive was suggested to extend from September 15 to October 15, this drive to be Church-wide. In defense of this choice let me say that November was taken by another Church publication, and September was considered superior to December for various reasons. So many things have to be paid, taxes, tithing, Christmas, at the end of the year, and our year really begins with September. When we get into the swing of things, it is as easy to subscribe then as at any other time.

A report received shows that 86% of the stakes had a drive in September with various degrees of success, the majority, however, reporting substantial gains.

There are several arguments in favor of a concentrated drive. One stake president voiced this when she said, "It gave our *Magazine* representative public recognition and had the approval of the Bishop."

A drive concentrates effort over a shorter period, and can be more intensive. There must be preparation for this, and here is an opportunity to develop the ingenuity and resourcefulness of our officers. In order to advertise the *Magazine* these means have been used:

Ward Conference made up from the *Magazine*.

Talks in Meetings.

House to house canvas (quite general and varied in form).

Special *Magazine* programs and parties.

Departments in Union Meetings.

Salesmanship classes in Union Meeting.

Personal contact by *Magazine* representative, president or other officers.

Contests of various kinds in wards, districts or stakes in which the losers treat.

All these methods have helped to get results. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that most people can pay in small amounts more easily; so penny boxes, banks, installments in various ways are used.

In some stakes a sacrifice month was observed where some few things were given up to meet the expense of the *Magazine*. Children were made conscious of the needs of mother, etc. Special parties were arranged to raise money for those unable to pay. At some parties every member was given 50c credit on the *Magazine*, and she paid the other 50c.

These are just a few suggestions gathered from the results of the survey. Any plan must be carefully thought out and well organized. It is well for us to understand salesmanship, but high pressure salesmanship should be avoided. Be enthusiastic but let it be from a thorough knowledge of the worth of what you have to sell. No one should be made to feel delinquent because she cannot subscribe. Make it easy and make it possible. Many people pride themselves on having all the *Magazines* bound. Every stake should have them.

We cannot afford to antagonize people; we are coming back next year. Sometimes too much said is a bad thing, continuing until it be-

comes monotonous. We want our women to be loyal, and they are! But people resent doing things from a sense of duty alone. This is a practical age; people want something for their money, and if we lead them to see they are getting value, then it becomes a privilege to subscribe. We have in a year's subscription to the *Magazine* 27 educational lessons and 9 Teachers' Topics, which is worth

much more than the price asked for the year's subscription.

If the lessons are studied, and a part of the suggested supplementary material read, it takes all the time I can devote to formal study.

These are unusual times. You Relief Society sisters have done well. We wish to congratulate you on your success and thank you for your support. May you achieve greater success in the future.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

WHILE these sisters have been telling of the fine things about the libraries and the *Magazine*, I have thought of another avenue where you women have done beautiful work. With a desire to disseminate the fine material in the Social Service Pamphlets, and hoping that they could be of greater service in the stakes, we sent to each of our stake presidents a set for each ward in the stake. The report that has come in is most encouraging. A few of the stakes have said they had no use for them, but perhaps in the stakes adjoining would come the request for more. We sent the same allotment to Fremont stake as we did to the others, and by return mail came the reply, "We hope we can get 25 sets more before union meeting, as we can dispose of them." Before the month was up we had a check and another order for 100 sets. I believe that was the banner stake, but we have had very fine reports from many others. We still have some of these pamphlets, and if the Presidents feel that there are any mothers in the stake who would be benefited, and who cannot afford to pay for them, we will be pleased to give them. We also would like to call attention to the fact that we have some of our literary books, "The Story of the World's Literature," by John Macy. This is the

same text in literature that we used this year, so you will be under no obligation to change, and we shall be glad to supply any who may need them. The Doctrine and Covenants work will be continued as it has been, so there will be no change in theology. A very fine course of study is being outlined for the social service lessons, but these will not require a book.

At the request of Sister Emily T. Merrill, president of the European Mission Relief Society, a simple course in "Home Hygiene," is being prepared. This course, called "Health and Home Nursing," will be published in our *Magazine*. We hope that the stakes who have the teachers available, and who have been carrying on our three major topics, will continue to do so. We want our theology carried on everywhere in the world. We hope those who can carry on the literary work, will do so; the same with the social service lessons, which you will find easier this year. Not only in the European Mission, but in all the missions, if you feel there is a greater need for "Home Nursing," use these lessons, which we hope will be very helpful.

This year we have had in the Relief Society a very great number of reorganizations. Of course we know it is for the best, and we welcome

you new Presidents, women of integrity and faith, but we miss the dear faces of some who have been with us through many years.

REORGANIZATIONS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Stake</i>	<i>Released</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>
Aug., 1933	Bear Lake	Eliza B. Cook	Hazel Shepherd
Dec., 1933	Benson	Ethel B. Webb	Ruey Bernhisel
Sept., 1933	Boise	Mary C. Martineau	Mabel S. Nokes
June, 1933	Burley	Luella Wright	Dora Pickett
Aug., 1933	Garfield	Ida H. Steed	Esther B. Mathews
Dec., 1933	Grant	Winnifred B. Daynes	Amy E. Neff
Jan., 1934	Hollywood	Katherine R. Stewart	Zatelle Sessions
July, 1933	Lethbridge	Mildred C. Harvey	Ida Wood
July, 1933	Logan	Bessie G. Ballard	Ada E. Morrell
Mar., 1934	Morgan	Sophia Anderson	Elizabeth Geary
Oct., 1933	Oquirrh	Marie B. Tygeson	Phoebe Ridd
Aug., 1933	Pocatello	Martha E. Pugmire	Vera Rich Horsfall
Sept., 1933	St. George	Josephine J. Miles	Juanita Brooks
Nov., 1933	San Luis	Martha E. Haskell	Mary K. Bagwell
June, 1933	Star Valley	Kittie D. Burton	Pearl B. Holbrook
July, 1933	Taylor	Julia E. Ririe	Allie R. Jensen

<i>Mission</i>	<i>Released</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>
Central States	Charlotte T. Bennion	Nellie D. Woodruff
Eastern States	Alice D. Moyle	Grace S. Colton
European	Leah D. Widtsoe	Emily T. Merrill
Mexican	Vilate R. Ivins	Anna H. Pratt
New Zealand	Jennie E. Magleby	Polly Duncan
Southern States	Grace E. Callis	Ina A. Richards
Western States	Nellie D. Woodruff	Winnifred B. Daynes

ORGANIZATIONS

Dec., 1933—Wells Stake, Marie H. Tanner, Appointed President.

Oct., 1933—South American Mission (two branches), Reinhold Stooft, President.

We have asked you if you prefer nine lessons prepared in our course of study, or if you think eight would produce better results. Some of the stakes feel that the month of June is a difficult month to hold their work as scheduled, and there were a number of good reasons advanced. In answer to our questionnaire, out of 102 answers, 67 want nine months continued, 24 want eight months, and 11 said either way that was decided would suit them. According to our rules in the Church, the majority expresses all of our opinions,

so we are all now in favor of nine lessons. If there are problems that arise that cannot very well be taken care of in those stakes who wanted the eight lessons, we will consider them later.

We are better prepared now than ever before to give educational work in social service. Sister Lyman is in charge, with her assistants, and they are not only giving a course at the Brigham Young University in Provo, but four of our near-by stakes are now taking the course of social service. This is for stake officers, ward presidents, and where they have ward aids for them also, and especially for the Bishops, if they can spare the time to meet with us. It is an excellent program, and

we are fortunate in having Sister Lyman, who is not only qualified as a teacher, but so well prepared in social welfare and in Church standards. I believe that this is one of the richest opportunities that we are offering to Relief Society. There may be groups brought into headquarters, as we have done before, for the longer courses, and short institutes can be arranged in the stakes. Our one regret is that these trained women are not used more extensively. We urge you to give careful thought in making your selection of these sisters, and we are wondering if, after taking the training, you see that they are put into service in the stakes. They are most valuable. We have been a bit disappointed that these women have not been used more extensively on the Federal Committees out in the counties. The question arises, have the stake presidents stood firmly enough behind these social service aids, and made it known that they have had training? They are sometimes the only persons who have had training in the county, and yet they have not been used. If Sister Lyman arranges to come to your stake, we hope that you will be careful in the selection of women, and choose those whom you think will be able to serve you for the greatest length of time. It takes a great deal of effort on the part of Sister Lyman and her assistants, to give this course, and it is quite a heavy responsibility for you in the stakes, and we want the best results to follow.

We never have, before this year, had a month when we could have an official Magazine Drive. This does not mean that we do not want you to take subscriptions the whole year through, but when we met with Brother Ballard and those in charge of the publications of the Church, we had second choice of the time that

we could use. The Mutual Improvement Association had already selected from October 15 to November 15, and we felt that from September 15 to October 15 would be the best time for us. This is the time for the public drive—concentrate on it as you have been told.

“What shall we do on our Work and Business Day?” is a very general question. The women are tired of quilting and sewing carpet rags. We know that to be a leader of the Work and Business group is one of the hardest places to fill, and it is difficult to prepare attractive programs for the Work and Business Day. I hope that in this session of our conference many of you will get inspiration from the demonstrations that will be given here during the whole week.

We had one of our fine presidents ask if it would be permissible in her stake to take up the lesson on genealogy on Work and Business Day. We do not want to discourage anyone; we feel that genealogy is one of the most important things we have to consider, but there is organized in the Church a Genealogical Society, and they of that organization are carrying on their special work. We have the three meetings in Relief Society now that are educational, and we feel that in adult work an educational program is not complete unless we learn to use our hands. I hope that the fourth Tuesday will be used for doing helpful things. I just happened to see in the things that were brought into us during the week, a curtain which looked like Monks Cloth, and a wool design had been worked on it so beautifully. I believe if you could see it, you would all like to have curtains made that way. There are so many things that are beautiful and useful. We want to discourage expensive things, but cultivate taste and make

the best use of what we have at hand. On some of the questionnaires the wards say that Work and Business Meeting is held any time the women take a notion to have it. I believe this is a problem for the stake president to settle, and best results follow from a definite time for all meetings.

We are still having questions

about raffling. When an article is given with a chance it is raffling—when you sell a chance on anything, it is raffling. The Relief Society has not changed its standards, and is unqualifiedly against any compromise of the right, and any form of gambling.

Work and Business Department

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Lotta Paul Baxter, Chairman

THIS Department work was opened by a meeting of those charged with the conduct of this very important phase of Relief Society activity in the stakes and missions.

An Institute covering four days was planned, in response to many requests from the stakes for help in this particular part of the work. Mrs. Glenn J. Beeley was director of the Institute.

Experts in the various lines were in attendance to advise and demonstrate the various phases of Interior Decoration, Arts and Crafts. The most complete cooperation between the business men and Relief Society was exemplified. Great assistance was rendered by local Relief Society

women, under the direction of Mrs. Eifleda L. Jensen, Relief Society Stake President of East Jordan.

Mrs. Glenn J. Beeley spoke on "The Tricks of the Trade," and "Application of Ornament," illustrated with lantern slides. Demonstrations included wall paper, curtains, drapes, slip covers, refinishing old floors and linoleum, refinishing old furniture, painting walls, dyeing, machine-made rugs, lamp shades, embroidery and numerous suggestions for bazaars, always keeping before the sisters good taste, simplicity and economy.

Each stake leader was supplied with a portfolio filled with instructions and suggestions for projects in the Work and Business Meeting.

Choristers and Organists' Department

Ida Peterson Beal, Chairman

A LARGE and an enthusiastic group met in Barratt Hall, Wednesday, April 4, 1934, for instructions in music for the organization.

Professor Tracy Y. Cannon, director of the McCune School of Music and Art, clearly outlined the value of interpretation of our songs; the proper combination of words and music. He stated that the words and their meaning would suggest the

tempo or speed of a song. Organists and Choristers should read carefully the words of a song so that the proper interpretation may be given.

Mrs. Florence Jepperson Madsen, professor of music at the Brigham Young University, gave many helpful suggestions on tone; the development of proper breathing; the relaxing of the throat muscles, etc. Mrs. Madsen illustrated her work by a trio of young girls from the Brigham Young University.

Mrs. Elise B. Alder spoke on Music Appreciation, and the music program for the coming year.

Mrs. Charlotte Owen Sackett, assisted by Mrs. Alta B. Cassity, gave a demonstration of hymn work from the "L. D. S. Hymn Book," in which the entire group participated.

The music program for the year was given and demonstrated by a

group of singers from the Relief Society Chorus.

The songs for the year are: "Though Deepening Trials;" "God Moves in a Mysterious Way;" "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old;" "Sleepers Wake;" "The Lost Chord." Suggestive list: "Prayer Perfect;" "Teach Me to Pray;" "As the Dew from Heaven Distilling."

Social Welfare Department

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman, Chairman

A LARGE group of Relief Society women who are charged with the responsibility of directing the Social Welfare work in the stakes, met in the Assembly Hall, Temple Square, on Wednesday, April 4, 1934, at 2 p. m., to hear questions of great importance to them, discussed.

Dr. Dorothy B. Nyswander, Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Utah, and Director of the Woman's Division of the C. W. A. in Utah, spoke on "Woman's Place in the Reconstruction Program of the United States."

Mrs. Ruth Lohmoelder, Assistant in the Relief Society General Welfare Department reported the results

of the questionnaire from the Department. The "Analysis of the Social Service Survey" covered (1) the source of funds for relief; (2) the part the Bishops and Ward Presidents take in administering the relief; (3) the extent to which Stake Registration Cards are used.

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman spoke upon the Registration Cards; the duties of the Relief Society General Welfare Department; the institutes and general plan of educational work.

Miss Evelyn Hodges, of the Relief Society Social Service Department gave a paper on "Emotional Reactions to Unemployment and Relief."

Reception for Stake Officers

WEDNESDAY EVENING

Lalene H. Hart, Chairman

THIS very happy social feature of the Conference was held in the Relief Society headquarters, second floor of the Bishop's Building, at 7:30 p. m., Wednesday, April 4, 1934.

The spacious rooms, fine music, dainty refreshments, served by the

daughters of the General Board Members, and the hospitable spirit of Relief Society, all combined to make a most delightful event, where approximately 500 stake, mission and general officers met to visit and renew acquaintances.

Stake Presidents' Breakfast

THURSDAY MORNING

Cora L. Bennion, Chairman

THE important meeting of Stake and Mission Presidents, with the General President and Board Members was held in the Supper Room of the Hotel Utah, Thursday, April 5, 1934, at 7:30 a. m.

President Louise Y. Robison presided, and many important problems pertaining to Relief Society work were discussed. Ten missions and one hundred and three stakes were here represented.

GENERAL SESSION

THURSDAY MORNING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

WE are very happy to greet this great congregation of women this morning, and also the brethren who are here with us.

We pray that the Spirit of the Lord will be with us, and that these returned Mission Presidents will tell you mothers who have sons and

daughters in the mission field, things that will build up and bless you and make you feel that the sacrifice you made in sending these fine young people into the mission work has been a very great reward to you, and a contribution to the Church.

LEAH D. WIDTSOE

Former Relief Society President of the European Mission

I AM sure that whenever the Gospel has been upon the earth in its fulness, there has been active work for women to do. We do not know the detail of the work that was done by the women of Ancient Israel, but we do know from our study of the Old and New Testament that women were active in those days, for we read that there were priests and priestesses in those times, and they could not have been isolated exceptions. Then we come down through the ages when the Gospel of Jesus Christ was taken from the earth, not by an arbitrary act of God, but through the slothfulness of man himself, losing that power, and we find through all the dark ages that woman was held more or less enthralled. Her voice was still, she

was inactive in any public sense, and was held in submission to her husband, her lord.

One of the great contributions of the Prophet Joseph, our modern prophet, was the restoration of the rights of woman, of her independence, and the right to exercise her free agency. I never tire in telling, and I always have joy in thinking of the fact that this great privilege was given to woman in this dispensation as a gift. She did not have to ask for it, she has never had to fight for it, it came to her with the restoration of the Gospel in its fulness. For this gift, if we shall call it that, this privilege, we should show our gratitude, and we try to do so through our works. I am convinced that there is a work for the Relief So-

ciety to do in the world today as never before in its history. That has been the thought in mind in emphasizing the work of the women in the European Missions, and it is here at home.

The Relief Society has been organized for many years in Europe.

In Europe there are eleven missions speaking eight different languages. The office of the President of the European Relief Society is supervisory only, attempting to correlate the work of the Society in all these missions. The total membership of the Relief Society in the missions is about 4,375, with an average attendance at meetings of 58.8% of the enrollment. Practically all of the Societies are following the prescribed outline of study.

In making my report of conditions in the missions, I desire to pay a tribute of respect to the sisters who preceded me as European Mission Supervisors of Relief Society, also to note the intelligent help given in the work by the Mission Presidents of Relief Society who have served in the different missions while I have been in the mission field, as well as to the conscientious and willing activity of the local members in each mission. The fine cooperation of these sisters, one and all, has made possible the progress that has been made. The Relief Societies in our newest missions, those of Czecho-Slovakia and Palestine-Syria, are undertaking the Relief Society work in earnest and with much intelligence. Their leaders are well qualified and great progress will be made there as elsewhere in the mission field.

Formerly the great ideal of the people who joined the Church in the missions was to gather to Zion, but during the last decade Uncle Sam has closed his doors, and our members have had to stay on the other

side whether they would or not. This has been a hardship to some, for they have longed for years, and saved their money in the hope that they might come to Zion. With this change in policy it has been necessary to establish the auxiliaries of the Church with greater activity, so that the people may carry on their religion in the mission field, the auxiliaries are operating there much as they do at home. That has meant a very great responsibility added to the wife of the mission president if she has been the one to carry on the work of the women's auxiliaries.

Sometime ago a request was made for lady missionaries in Europe. Our leaders answered by urging us to train the local women to officer their own auxiliaries, and during the last three years that has been consummated. In practically all of the eight very active missions in Europe, there have now been formed boards of local women over the three women's auxiliaries.

One of the first projects that we set ourselves was to gather the histories of the different missions. It had been undertaken before, and the mission presidents' wives preceding me have done splendid work, but we undertook as a special centennial project the gathering of Relief Society histories in each of the missions, and then used our roll book for the keeping of that data up to date. This has meant a great deal of work, but has given much encouragement to the sisters, for they all found that they had histories of which they may be proud.

Another of the contributions and projects was the attempt we made to bring our study courses in harmony with those you are using here in Zion. While the missions were sending their active people to Zion, it was rather difficult to have any uniform courses of study, but we at-

tempted, and have succeeded for the last two or three years, in bringing all of the European Missions (eight of them, we have had two new ones added since) into harmony with each other, so that we all were studying the same lessons and working from the same program. It has given them a great deal of satisfaction to feel that they are in unison with this great sisterhood of women throughout the world, and are studying what you are studying. They do feel that our Society is now an International as well as a National Relief Society.

For the last thirty years there have been no lady missionaries in Europe, but as a result of prayer, we were given two lady missionaries a year ago last October, and two finer girls never lived than those who were sent over to work with us. They are there now and they have proved a very great blessing. They are doing work that in some cases our missionary boys could not do, and they are helping us so much with our auxiliary work, which is so necessary. It is impossible for the mission president's wife to do it all. We need more missionary girls. I have lived in Europe for six years, have visited all the countries, and I cannot see that our girls are not just as safe in Europe as they would be in any of the missions in the States. Of course we need girls who are spiritual minded, and who will be able to stand on their own feet, but that is the type we need in all of the missions, and so I hope that it may be possible for us to receive more lady missionaries in Europe.

I should like to report too how much we have enjoyed the Relief Society Handbook. It has been a very great satisfaction to us when any question came up to be able to turn to the handbook and say this and so it is, and the service of this

handbook has been inestimable in our work.

Another activity is of the Singing Mothers. We had no way of knowing anything about this activity except through the Magazine, but we read of it, and the sisters of the different missions liked the title. It had rather a singing sound, and as we spoke of it, it brought to mind busy mothers who had time to leave their fireside and sing, and if they would sing in a chorus, they would surely sing to their growing children. In practically all of our missions now we have Church Singing Mothers. We did not make any request for it, the missions adopted it.

These are times, when, as never before, the contribution of the mothers of men must be felt, and I do feel that upon the shoulders of the Relief Society—the mothers, the women of our Church, rests the responsibility of carrying Christianity. It is bigger than all the machinery of our organization, great as our accomplishments may be. The world is starving for understanding, for sympathy. The greatest help that can be given by our Relief Society sisters is the spiritual uplift for men and women who have to struggle against adversity.

I am sure that most of us feel that our greatest need is for the bread of life, the bread of life that Christ gives. While we do feel that it is necessary to have actual food for our bodies, let us not forget that the food for the spirit is equally important.

I remember a story that was told by my husband's mother. It was about one of the leading men whom my husband saw as a little lad soon after he came to this country, permitting an indiscretion, and he came home in great sorrow to tell his mother that he had seen this leader do this act. His mother said, "Well

now it is of no matter to you what brother so and so does, that is his affair, what matters to you a great deal, is what John does." I feel today that the Relief Society mothers must not allow the criticism of others in their presence, and must encourage the expression of love and trust and understanding of our leaders from our Bishops to the head of our Church. If we will do this, and dedicate our lives to this service, and prove to our Heavenly Father that we are worthy of the great organization He has given to us, I feel that His kingdom on earth will spread to that extent.

In closing I would like to tell you of the great thrill it has been to me to visit the Relief Societies which I have visited, and to see how they have grown during the last six years. It makes me happy to see our

younger women come out. It is a great tribute to our General Board to know that these groups are growing, for if these younger women did not appreciate the lessons, they would not come out in the numbers they do.

Beyond measure I am grateful for this restored Gospel, for the privilege that is given the daughters of Israel to walk side by side with their husbands who hold the Priesthood. I am grateful for the testimony I have of the truthfulness of the Gospel, and pray that we shall instill it into the hearts of our youth until it shall crush out of their hearts the evil that the evil one desires to implant there. That our work shall grow, that it shall encompass all needs, spiritual and physical, and social and economic ambitions is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

GRACE E. CALLIS

Former Relief Society President of the Southern States Mission

WE have recently completed a mission of 27½ years in the Southern States, a land of happy memories. This morning, as I see a few faces of my missionary daughters who have become lovely mothers in Israel, I feel a little more at home.

In our early missionary work in the Southern States most of the converts were in the valleys and the hills, where the families lived miles apart, so our Church population was scattered. As a matter of fact they would not suffer the missionary work to be done in the cities, and even in the country our people were harassed, persecuted and mobbed.

Under special instructions from the First Presidency, certain cities were opened up in the South for missionary work, and here small Sunday Schools were organized,

which later grew into branches. Relief Societies were organized, and the Southern women, with grateful hearts, accepted the call of this grand work. Their hearts were filled with happiness and joy that they might be of service to the poor.

In the country one or two families formed a nucleus, and as these were added to, the sisters were organized into a Relief Society. Soon all over the mission our sisters assembled in chapels and in country homes with one desire and purpose in their hearts, to be of service in the up-building of the work of the Lord. We find that even today when we have chapels, sometimes if our Relief Societies are held in the homes of our sisters and the neighbors are invited in, our attendance is greatly increased. In nearly all of our meetings we have those who are not mem-

bers of the Church. This is a stimulus to us, for we do desire to let our lights shine and glorify the work of our Father in Heaven. Much to our delight, the non-members will often see the good works of their "Mormon" sisters. Friendships are formed, and there is a broadening exchange of ideas, for we know that where women are, there is going to be a little talk. They become friendly with each other, and we know that through these associations women have come into the Church. It is hard for us to say just how many women have entered the Church through our Relief Society meetings as well as our other services.

I am happy to report too that our sisters find favor in the civic organizations. Their counsel and advice is sought, and the recommendations of the sisters concerning the poor is acted upon. We are given a recognition that betokens confidence and authority and standing along with the other people. Our sisters have been entrusted with the distribution of large supplies from these civic organizations.

When I think of the many charitable acts that are done through our Societies, I know our women are imbued with true religion, for they visit the sick and attend to the needs of the poor by giving food and provisions and helping them along with medical attention. Through our organization many cripples have been sent to surgeons of renown, and blind people have been taken to oculists who have given them treatment. I might mention that one of our Relief Society organists is a blind woman, and it is certainly an inspiration to see her faith, and note how well she plays the hymns of Zion, and how much good she does. All feel that if she can work under these difficulties, they too must put forth very great efforts.

In all our acts of kindness to the poor we are assisted by the non-members who give liberally of their provisions and other things that amount to a great sum yearly.

The Prophet Joseph Smith outlined most beautifully the spirit of Relief Society work. It is not only to take care of the poor, but it is to save souls. We are admonished to be pure in heart, to be charitable. In the South people are religious, so this spiritual, this soul-saving part of the work has a great appeal. We like to think of the influence that the mothers of the Church can, and do, have upon the people, especially upon the youth. A mother's life is consecrated in giving life. She does not bring sons and daughters into the world to be destroyed by hideous sin. God loves good mothers. I think the mothers of the two thousand Lamanites must have instructed their boys to acknowledge the Lord in all His ways and He would direct their paths, for when they told them that if they did not doubt the Lord would deliver them, these youths, these young boys testified, "We doubt not our mother's word."

The influence that you good mothers have over your sons and daughters in the mission field cannot be measured. I have heard many a young elder say, "I only hope I can be the missionary that my mother thinks I am." This faith that you have in your boys and in your girls encourages them to go on with their noble work. Many of these noble mothers have laid down their lives while their sons were in the mission field, but it has been their last request that their sons stay and fill their missions. Oh, I think that when the Savior comes He will look for this sublime faith, for never in the history of the world has there been more willing sacrifice, more

sublime faith than is shown by the Mothers of Israel.

There is a tradition that God was displeased with the inhabitants of the world because of their sin, and that Abraham and Moses appeared before Him and interceded for the children of men, but that they were ordered from His divine presence. Then, so the tradition goes, Rachel appeared before the Almighty, and He said, "By what right are you here?" Rachel humbly answered "By the right of a mother," and it is said that God listened to her.

We know today that intoxicating liquors weaken the reason; that evil-doing obscures the sense of God; that absence from Sunday School and meeting takes off the relish of spiritual things, and that unlawful pleasure increases the authority of the body over the spirit and leads to destruction.

The better way for us to help our youth is to make a spiritual appeal to their conscience, to help them look within themselves, always remembering, as the poet Browning said, that when a fight begins within himself a man is worth something, God stoops over his head. In the strength of perseverance we must help them to stir up their conscience, to have control over their minds and their bodies. Abraham Lincoln said that he would rather walk with his conscience than with the crowd, and our young people, walking with their conscience, will walk with God, even as Enoch of old did.

Every righteous prayer of a mother will bring an answer of

peace, and so by a good example we should teach our children what is righteous and what is unrighteous, letting them know unlawful things spell sin.

Every true Latter-day Saint woman desires to be a mother of sons and daughters who will honor God. You will remember in reading the story of Ben Hur how his splendid mother instilled into him the glorious deeds of his noble ancestors, the prophets Abraham and Moses, and how she aroused in him a desire to live that he might be worthy of these noble progenitors. So it should be our desire to teach our children that faith in God is the way to success, and let them feel that if they will follow the examples of Jesus Christ and all the wonderful leaders, and if they will live near to the Lord, if they will put themselves on the Lord's side, they will have no need to fear the consequences.

I feel that my life has been enriched in the Relief Society work, and by these wonderful, gentle, refined Southern women. They live near to the Lord, and in their daily lives reflect the glory of the Gospel. Industrious and with patient faith they are building up a glorious womanhood. With splendid hospitality they give to the poor; they regard the unfortunate as their own flesh, and to your missionary sons and daughters they are loving mothers. Under the guiding influence of the spirit of the Lord they are willing at all times to take upon them the responsibility of carrying out the spirit of the Relief Society work.

CHARLOTTE T. BENNION

Former Relief Society President of the Central States Mission

MY call came in December, 1906, shortly after my husband was called to preside over the Central States Mission. Two years later, I

joined him in Kansas City, Missouri. The mission then covered six states, Kansas, Ohio, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Missouri. In 1908 I was

called to take charge of the mission work of the Relief Society in the Central States Mission. I began my work in organizing the Relief Society in that Mission, and although many of them were small groups, yet as opportunity offered, we organized and instructed women in Relief Society work, which was quite new to our converts.

When the time came that the mission was divided the states of Texas and Louisiana constituted the Texas Mission. There were 38 active Relief Society organizations in the mission as a whole, and 5 inactive organizations. The Relief Society organizations were nearly equally divided between the two missions, Texas and Central States. Some of the Relief Societies were 1,500 miles from Kansas City, making it necessary for me to do a great deal of my work through correspondence.

Although during my 25 years of service with the women of that mission I visited them a number of times personally, it is not possible for the work to be carried on as we would like to have it without personal contact with the different women and the organizations. It is very gratifying, however, after these sweet women were set apart and received a blessing, to note how efficient they became as presiding officers in the different organizations. They always become enthusiastic in the work, and try in their humble way to enrich every woman in the organization. As Sister Callis has said, a number of our members in the mission are not members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We have had many women enrolled in our organization, who, through the faithful efforts of the Relief Society sisters were converted to the Church.

Our visiting teachers are very efficient in their work, and I feel, my

sisters, that it is a great responsibility to be a teacher in the Relief Society. These sisters have the privilege of going from door to door, as do our missionaries, and carrying into the homes the topics outlined so beautifully in our *Magazine*, and they have the privilege of teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ and bearing their testimonies in the homes, because they contact the people.

I am very proud of the organizations of the Central States Mission, and the work that has been accomplished by the women. Never has there been a call of any kind made upon them to which they have failed to respond in taking care of the needy and unfortunate. Many a family they have clothed, so children might be able to attend school. We have become affiliated with the social service work in many of the organizations in our mission, and the advice and counsel of our Relief Society women is sought, because people know it is wise.

In some places we labored under disadvantages, because we dealt with a moving population. Many of our branches were organized in the small farming districts, where people rented farms for a year, at the end of the year, they moved to another county, and many times our groups were not large enough to continue the work. We had to disorganize until more families moved in, then we reorganized and put them to work, with most gratifying results. Women love the work because they have a firm testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and when they join the Church, as many of them do, they refrain from habits formed in childhood. The use of tobacco, tea and coffee, breaking the Word of Wisdom in any way after the Gospel of Jesus Christ comes to these good women, is not to be thought of, and they live and keep the covenants

they have made with their Father in Heaven, and for that reason they become efficient Relief Society workers.

We have been quite successful in gathering the history of the different organizations, and by placing the Relief Society Handbook in nearly every organization in our mission, we have realized great benefits.

I want you to know, my sisters, that I have indeed enjoyed laboring with your missionary boys and girls in the Central States Mission. We have had over 2,500 of your boys and girls in the thirty years we have been there.

Brother Bennion and I have tried to make our mission home a home for our missionaries, as we realized they were a long way from their loved ones in the valleys of the mountains, and they needed a home. We have welcomed the friends who have visited us in Independence, as that city is a very important spot in Church history. Many people came to Independence to visit that temple spot. You might be surprised to know that we have entertained on an average of ninety people a month, and this last year has been a very busy one for us in Independence. So many people have traveled by automobile to the Fair, and they have called at Independence. In

three months we entertained nearly three thousand people. Aside from my Relief Society work, being out with the sick and taking care of the missionaries, I led a very busy life, but it was a life of joy and pleasure, because I loved to labor with the missionaries. It is a very sad experience to have to sit by the bedside of one of your faithful missionaries, and have her hold your hand and tell you how she loves you for your kindness, and to see her life taken. That has been one of my sad experiences which I have had to meet.

My experience of so many years in the mission is full of faith promoting stories of young and old, men and women.

President Bennion and I had great joy in participating in the erection and unveiling of the Relief Society monument in Nauvoo, Illinois, and the splendid entertainment of the companies visiting Independence was sponsored by the Relief Society of Independence.

We have excellent cooperation on the part of the social agencies who have become acquainted with us.

Now sisters, be kind and loving to your families. Appreciate these beautiful spirits that have been given to you by your Father in Heaven. Hold them sacred.

AUGUSTA W. GRANT

WHEN I saw the time going I thought that I would be relieved from this little task given me, but I certainly appreciate the privilege of speaking to this lovely audience. It is not required of me to say very much, and I wish Sister Bennion had taken all the time, so that I would not have had to make any talk at all. I came as a quiet listener, and I have certainly been repaid for sitting here and listening to the beautiful testimonies which these sisters have given. I have

known these three good women very intimately, and been in their homes, and appreciate all that they have done. What Sister Bennion has said about making a home for the missionaries is certainly true, and the same can be said of Sister Callis and Sister Widtsoe. We did not get a chance to go over and see Sister Widtsoe. We were invited and would have been pleased to go, but we did not have the opportunity.

I will give you my message, and that is that you Relief Society sis-

ters keep on with the splendid work you are doing. Your work is growing all the time, and I could not say anything better than that—keep on with the good work you are doing.

I ask the blessings of the Lord upon you all, and upon all that you do, and I ask it in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

WHEN Sister Robison asked me several weeks ago if one of us could be present at this meeting, I told her that if reasonably possible we would come. The President was called away to an important meeting, from which I have just come, and had only returned when I came away, and he released me for a few moments to come over and meet with you.

I cannot tell you how I appreciate this opportunity, not that I have anything special to say to this body of women, members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I do not know of another congregation of people who could be called together who are better able to take care of themselves than this body of sisters, and who have less necessity for the attention of the Presiding Authorities of the Church. Of course we all need it and must have it, but judging from the reports that come to us, and our own knowledge and acquaintance of this organization, it has fewer troublesome problems than any other in the Church. It is made up of women of experience, who are not easily swayed and moved by existing conditions which might not be desirable as are other auxiliary organizations. They are all doing splendid work, but those that deal with the younger members of the Church, it appears to me, have more serious problems to contend with than has the Relief Society, and I suppose they have them coming all the time, we all have them, we have them in our private lives,

we have them in our local associations in the wards in which we live, and we have them in the Church as a whole.

The Relief Society is the fourth oldest of these auxiliary organizations that exists in the Church, and as I have stated is made up of people of greater experience, older in membership, older in experience, than those in the other organizations. The Primary deals with the little children, the Sunday School and the Mutual Improvement Association takes them and has to deal with them at the most critical period in their lives, then after they are married and assume the responsibilities of life they naturally gravitate toward the Relief Society, and there they find an environment to which I have referred, experience, long years of devotion, long years of service—service in the particular field that calls out the very best instincts of the human heart, to help those who are in need of help, to minister to the sick, to help the needy, to call the wayward back into that narrow path which leads us back to the presence of God, our Father, from whence we came, for we were all with Him on one occasion.

I have had long experience with comparatively uncivilized people. I never have been among a tribe of Indians, and I have known them all from here clear down to the interior of Mexico, that has not had faith in life before they came to earth. They have not a proper conception of God and Christ, His Son, as we have, but

they have the conviction of a great Father somewhere up there; that his home was once their home; that they came from that place to earth, and after they have finished their mortal lives they return back to it. They tell you how difficult it is to get back there, and the reason always is that there is a serpent in the way, there is an evil spirit disputing the way. You know that according to the Bible it was in the form of a serpent that Lucifer, who was a Son of the Morning, an angel in authority, who rebelled against God, and was cast down to earth with those who followed him, came to Mother Eve, and induced her to ignore the command of God and partake of the forbidden fruit, telling her that she should not die, but should be made wise, and thus proved himself to be a deceiver, a falsifier, and he is represented among these people to this day in the form of a serpent. These Indians will not kill a snake, they make friends with it. They will take it in their hands and coil it around their neck. Every year they have a ceremony in which they do this. They mark the earth on which we live by a circle in the sand, and all around that circle they put the mark of a rattle snake, with his tongue and dripping fangs exposed, and his rattles very near to the head, and they make a mark in the sand that goes between the head of the snake and its tail, back to the great governing planet up here, and tell their children that this was their former home, and they know this serpent has come down to earth, and has encircled it, and assumed dominion over it, and in order to get to earth we must pass between its head and its tail. Then they make tracks coming down on the side of that mark and going back on the other. The trails are very straight, and there is only one way to get back, and that is to follow this narrow

path that is marked out by their father, who is above.

This is a simple story, but how expressive. It is because of this that they never destroy a snake—not because they love it, but because they fear it, knowing that it is the author of evil that comes to mankind and seeks to destroy him and lead him into error, bitterness and wickedness. The good spirit is life, law and order; it is everything that is good. The bad spirit is darkness, death, it is Satan, so they tell you. He is here today, my sisters, working with us, striving with us, young and old, to lead us away from Christ our Lord who seeks to draw the hearts of men and women to him, who believes in the message which was told to our parents in the Garden of Eden, when God said, “This man has become as one of us, knowing good and evil.” He thus becomes an agent to himself. If he has been a sinner, and will repent and come back to his Father, with a repentant heart, he may become a recipient of the law and redemption through repentance, and find his way back to God. The other spirit tells him that he may be saved regardless of his character, regardless of what he does; he may be wicked, he may be opposed to all that is good, but if he will only worship at the shrine of Lucifer he will be saved in the life to come, regardless of the works done in the body. That is the problem we have before us, and one happy thought to us is that in this dispensation light has come to the earth by which we know that by His doctrine of love and fraternity and mercy and repentance the Son of God will win. The evil one interrupted His ministry during the meridian of time, and temporarily stayed that which might have been accomplished, but in the day in which we live we have the promise that things from the beginning are

to be realized by us in this, the greatest dispensation that the earth has ever known.

I did not come here for preaching, my Sisters, I just came here to express my appreciation for the work which you are doing, and to bring my blessing to you, and the blessing of the President of the Church, and the blessing of Brother Clark. You have our confidence, you have our support, we thank you for the work which you are accomplishing, and pray our Father in Heaven that He will direct you aright, that you may not only be able to follow this straight and narrow

path back to your former home, but to lead others after you. That is our great ambition today, to help other people, not to confine ourselves to work for our own interest, and our own advantage, but to love and think of other people, as Christ our Lord thought of them, and because of which He was exalted and sits upon the right hand of the Father, and He has promised all who follow Him and do His will that they shall sit upon His right hand. The promise is worth working for. May God help us all to realize it, I pray through Jesus, our Redeemer. Amen.

VILATE R. IVINS

Former President Mexican Mission Relief Societies

GO ye forth into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every nation, kindred, tongue and people." These are the words of our Savior to His apostles, and these words apply to us today as much as they did to the apostles of Christ.

Almost three years ago now we were called to come from Hawaii and labor in the Mexican Mission, and this is the work that I have been called upon to report today, for it is the duty of the Mission President's wife to carry on the Relief Society work, or to see that it is carried on in a way that is most advantageous.

While the Mexican Mission is one of the oldest missions established, it has not been smooth sailing for that mission due to the laws of the Mexican Government, and the conflict in that land. The missionaries have had to leave Mexico many times, and cease preaching there.

At the present time part of our mission is in Mexico, and part in the United States, although the work in Mexico is carried on by the local brethren, and is not directed by the missionaries from Zion, except

through correspondence. The headquarters of the Mexican Mission were transferred from El Paso, Texas, to Los Angeles, California, where during our time they were located. Now they have been moved back again to El Paso. When we had our headquarters in Los Angeles, we were almost 2,000 miles from the farthest branch of our mission, and by the way, we have a Relief Society in that branch. We went to the City of Mexico, but only as visitors, because of the laws and the requirements of the Mexican Government. We visited at that time two of the branches, but we were thrilled to find this people, who have been left so long to themselves, carrying on so well. I wonder sometimes how some of our remote districts would get along if we did not have someone assisting them from headquarters. It was the spirit of the Gospel which sustained them. We visited on the Sabbath Day, so did not see the Relief Society work, but the meeting was just as nicely carried out as we found here in the United States.

I am not able to say when the Relief Society work was started in Mexico, but I do know that after 1922 the work was started on this side of the border, and I know that in Mexico we have at the present time several organizations carrying on by themselves. They write to us and send their reports, and they show that they are doing an excellent work, carrying out their program, and they are able to make out the reports and ask questions.

To me it is a testimony that the Gospel changes us. It has changed these people—the Mexican and Hawaiian people—and it makes a change in every one of us who are filled with the spirit of the Gospel.

We have in the United States seven Relief Society organizations, in Los Angeles, California; Mesa, Arizona; El Paso, Texas; San Antonio, Texas; Laredo, Texas; Brownsville, Texas; and Corpus Christie, Texas. Some of these organizations are officered by our Elders.

One young man who was in charge of a district was very bashful, but he wanted to organize a Relief Society. He was the president and his companion was the secretary. He wrote to me a little while after, and said, "Sister Ivins I always thought the Relief Society was a very necessary thing. I know it is today because I have a testimony that it brings about peace and harmony wherever it is organized." Later several of the other organizations copied that one, and the elders officered the associations, but I do not want you to think that our Indian sisters—the Mexican people—are not glad to do it. In most of the places they take care of their own Relief Societies, and do it very well. They are anxious always to do the thing that is right. They are anxious to progress, and I want to

testify to you people here today that I know in the three years I have been in the mission, not from my assistance, but only because they have been attentive to the Gospel, they have advanced greatly. While I have been in the Mexican Mission I have seen many of these people learn to read and write. They like to read in their association meetings. They stand up and read the scriptures, and they have learned to do it only through the spirit of the Gospel that permeates their bodies.

We are not able to report that we have been following the outline because we have so many obstacles to overcome. We have not until last November, had the Doctrine and Covenants in Spanish, and our people in the Relief Society speak and understand only the Spanish language. The Doctrine and Covenants is now translated into Spanish, so we will be able to follow the theology lessons as you have them outlined. We have not been able, so far, to follow the social service or literary work, but we have had two theology lessons, one work and business meeting and a testimony meeting. A part of the time is divided for testimonies, but at the beginning of this Relief Society year we started to have the teachers' topic translated into Spanish and many copies made of it, and we use that on testimony day for a lesson. This gives our Mexican sisters a subject to talk on in their testimonies, and prevents them from giving the same testimony all of the time. Then it serves also as a preparation for the teachers when they make their visits. We give them enough copies of the topic to leave one in each home. Our missionaries think the topics are so fine that many times they use them when tractating, and leave them with the investigators. Our visiting has increased since we started to use these

teachers' topics. The sisters like to know that they are doing things as they are at home. They appreciate this, and not only have the visits increased, but the teachers have grown more efficient.

Our missionaries, your sons and daughters, are magnified in their callings as missionaries. Last year we wanted the different associations to have on hand a quilt, and so I suggested to them that each one of them make a quilt. They obtained some pieces and made an old-fashioned patch-work quilt. In some of my travels through the mission I asked the missionaries if the sisters knew how to make a quilt. I doubted if any of them knew how to put it on the frame, and one missionary, a young man, said, "I know how, I helped my mother. We will not have any difficulty here because I know how to put the quilt on the frame." We went back again a little later, and I was surprised to find that he, with the aid of the sisters, had made more than one quilt. We have in another district a young man who is very nervous and bashful, and he does not have a mother to teach him how to make a quilt, but

he, too, knew how to do it. We have had other missionaries in the field who have taught the sisters how to darn. I want to tell you that we had one missionary who darned his socks so well that I was afraid to darn them.

These missionaries have been truly sons and daughters to me, and I wonder sometimes if I could feel any different for children of my own than I do for these missionaries. We have had the joys and sorrows of a family. They come to the mission mother as they would go to their own mother, and I have tried in my weak way to make my home a true home to them, a home that they could come into no matter where they labored, when they came to Los Angeles.

I bring to you here greetings from the Mexican sisters, and also the brethren, because they are all anxious for your welfare, and I know you are anxious for theirs. We are all brothers and sisters in the Gospel of Christ, and whether they speak a different language, whether their complexion is different from ours, it does not make any difference, they are trying to live the Gospel.

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

IN my remarks I desire to make a few observations regarding some phases of our present-day problems and to remind ourselves that women can be constructive helpers in a crisis as well as in ordinary times.

There has probably never before been a time when so many of the people of this country have needed help, not only material help, but help in the way of encouragement and sympathy, in the way of moral support, in the way of spiritual comfort.

Of course the greatest help and comfort that can come to anyone in any kind of distress is faith in Divine Providence—faith in God,

whom we believe, will surely protect and help those who love and serve Him and put their trust in Him. This is our conviction at the outset and all the way through. The Lord says, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So we do have this great source of comfort always.

However, this does not mean that we should do nothing ourselves. As Latter-day Saints know, we have always been taught that the Lord helps those who help themselves, that faith without works is dead. And so we are committed to the idea of work and service as well as faith.

It is no wonder that people today are worried and discouraged. Taxes are unpaid; homes and farms are mortgaged or have already been lost; many have been without regular work for several years; savings have been used up; insurance policies have lapsed; debts have accumulated.

The world itself is in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Some nations are disturbed politically and others are disorganized economically. Some are upset religiously, others are upset emotionally, and all are more or less low in morale. In our own country the government is confronted with so many complicated problems that it becomes the most serious condition it has ever known.

To recount these conditions may save of gloom and pessimism, but the thinking people of the nation feel that every citizen should know for himself conditions as they actually are and should inform himself to the best of his ability regarding possible means of recovery.

There are those who refuse to be serious over present-day conditions, feeling that somehow, some way, we will come out without any special effort on the part of anyone, that things will right themselves. There are others who are so overwhelmed with gloom and discouragement that they can see *no* way out. These are both extreme positions to take. There is nothing helpful nor constructive in living in a fool's paradise, nor on the other hand, in giving up hopelessly to discouragement and despair. The wisest course is to take a middle-ground position, and the majority of the American people today are following this plan, and while trying hard to understand and to be helpful, and to make adjustments, they are waiting patiently though anxiously, and are supporting the government loyally in the heroic efforts it is making in untrodden paths

to correct economic and social evils and to restore opportunity and security.

Of the many reasons given for our present dilemma, we shall mention only a few: selfishness and greed; the World War; the incurrence of debt, nationally, locally and individually, to the point where the nation, as well as communities and individuals, is in a pathetic condition. We are told that in 1912 the average per capita income in the United States was \$410 and the average indebtedness \$663. In 1933 the average per capita income as of March, 1933, was \$300, and the average per capita debt was \$1,400. In 1912, we owed nearly two-thirds more than our income, and in 1933, our debt was nearly five times as much as our income. Other reasons are: We have produced much more than we could consume; while production and consumption should run parallel we have had increased production and diminished buying power. Another observation is that our theory of social economy is obsolete. We are trying to run a new world today on plans that are a century old.

Mr. Pitkin in his book "More Power to You," predicts that during the next ten years we Americans will have to reorganize our lives, and learn new ways of work and living; that ten million of us who have had white collar jobs will in all probability have to do manual labor; that fifteen million more skilled laborers must seek new tasks; that in all probability ten million of us who have passed our 45th year, will have to drop out of the working world to make way for younger, more strenuous toilers; and that fifteen million others will be compelled by law to ease up to a shorter working week.

No government has ever tried harder to meet a situation than has ours, and many remarkable things have already been accomplished. The

government has consulted experts freely—economists, scientists, practical hard-headed business men, and laborers.

The following are some of the accomplishments: the Civil Works Administration program, by which 4,000,000 men were put to work, almost immediately was a wholesome business. It helped people materially and raised morale everywhere.

The Civilian Conservation Camps took care of thousands of boys and men from 18 to 25.

The care of transients in camps and the effort to get them located in their own communities is another fine piece of work.

The Housing program by which our largest cities with slum districts may borrow government money at a low rate of interest and build decent apartments which can be rented reasonably to working people.

The Federal Aid for adult education has helped educators who are out of employment as well as furnished opportunity for others out of work to have training.

The provision in the National Recovery Act, providing that children under sixteen cannot be employed in industry, released thousands of children from factories and work shops and sent them back to school. In the cotton industry in one large city, 1,000 children were thus released.

In any discussion of our present situation, the question naturally arises, How can we be most helpful? And particularly our query is: What can women do to help?

Women generally are not aggressive in public life, and do not desire to force their opinions upon others, nor to replace men in any field of thought or action. Still they should and do feel a responsibility as mothers and as full-fledged voting citizens, and a deep concern as property owners and tax payers.

The normal woman in the normal home is conceded to be the household manager, and a real home is a living, pulsating institution, varied in scope. She is not only the household manager, but the housekeeper, the nurse, the dressmaker, and most important of all, she is the family buyer. If she succeeds in this varied role, her experience certainly qualifies her in a measure for either community or government housekeeping, or at least to act as a judge or an adviser in these matters. It is only in recent years that women have been used at all as board members in public institutions where much of the work of such institutions is housing, housekeeping, sewing, cooking, purchasing supplies, etc.

There is no doubt that there are some phases of public life where women could do as well as has been done, and surely the world would be at least as well off as it is today if they had had more of a voice in our public affairs.

Thousands of women—lone women—are at the heads of growing families and are faced with all the problems with which men in the same position are faced. Mothers are familiar with and have an understanding and a comprehension of the problems of their grownup children who today are discouraged, who have been prepared by training for specialized work and can secure no work at all, young people who are ready to marry and settle down but who are absolutely without resources. Much of the property in the country is owned by women. Many of the taxes are paid by women.

Women can certainly understand many of our problems as well as men, e. g., what intemperance does to our boys and girls; what war does to the family and civilization; what

unjust taxation is; they know what it means to mortgage the home; what it means when the family bread-winner is without a job; they know also what kind of public officials we should have; who should go to the legislature, etc.

I believe it is apparent that there is a place for women among the world's thinkers and doers. In an address recently given by Governor Blood he complimented the women of Utah for their helpful and constructive work at the present time, stating that the women have been responsible for two state-wide programs: the nursing project, which employed more than one hundred nurses, and the nutrition program which has been carried out in every county. He said, "The work of the women of this State has been a revelation to me. Their work gives assurance that they will aid in executive capacities of the Government in the future."

And indeed, women are aiding the government in most important positions. The League of Women Voters announces there are more than 80,000 women employees in the service of the executive branch of the government. The list includes many bureau and division chiefs. Frances Perkins is our Secretary of Labor, the first woman to occupy a cabinet position; Ruth Bryan Owen is our Ambassador to Denmark; we have two women federal judges, Genevieve Kline and Florence Allen; six women have passed the State Department examinations and been appointed to posts in the foreign service.

With this encouragement, women in general need not feel inferior, nor that they have nothing to contribute. On the other hand, they should feel encouraged and inspired to go on. They should feel not only their

major responsibility as bearers of children, as trainers of children; as home-makers; but also their responsibility as full-fledged voting citizens; and as contributors to world affairs. They should study and become more interested in social economics; in production and consumption. They should become better acquainted with our tax laws and other laws. They should become more active politically,—they should attend the primaries and political conventions and help select good men for office who are brave enough to enforce laws and to do their duty. They should concern themselves with the present-day conditions which are undermining the character of our youth, such as indecent moving pictures; with the declining morality which seems to be evident; with the lack of adequate religious training for young people. There is no substitute for religion and religious faith as a force and as a support.

As L. D. S. Church members and Relief Society women our interest in the Church should not be superseded by any other interest. It is within the power of L. D. S. women and L. D. S. families to make a great contribution to the nation by upholding the standards of the Church, for there are none higher nor more effective in contributing to happiness, success, good citizenship and righteous living. We can do this by example and precept; by conforming strictly to these standards in every detail; by being loyal to the Church and its leaders and upholding them in their earnest and righteous endeavors; by uniting with them in their effort to spread the Gospel, for no better plan of life can be offered anywhere for improving the world than the Gospel Plan of Life and Salvation.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

DURING the sessions of this conference I have been thinking of the splendid work that has been accomplished by the Relief Society since last April. It may be well to hastily review the outstanding successes of the past year, and to express our gratitude to you dear sisters for your faithful service.

First I want to tell you that I have prayed most earnestly that our Father in Heaven would bless us with a rich outpouring of His Spirit, at this conference. I thank Him that He has heard my prayers and your prayers, for I believe you have prayed too. We know that the success of our plans and outlines depend entirely upon the blessings of our Father in interpreting them to our sisters.

You will recall that at April Conference, a year ago, we had the remarkable display of articles made by your dear hands. It was so lovely that immediately after conference we received a letter from President Grant, complimenting us upon our beautiful display. We were very happy about it.

We had contact with the International Council of Women in the congress at Chicago, and through the singing of these wonderful women, which came to us over the air, our cultural program was evident, and we had the opportunity of explaining our work to women from almost every nation in the world.

I wish we had time to speak at length of the monument at Nauvoo, because it is a real, living force. A prominent physician of Salt Lake, who was on his way to Europe visited Nauvoo. This is a part of the letter he wrote to Sister Child: "I feel I must send some greeting to you and others working with you, after seeing the monument and reading its inscriptions, at Nauvoo. The

Relief Society still has the fortitude that carried the pioneers to Utah in 1847. We all recognize and appreciate, more than we voice, this good work that you still carry on."

The visit of Relief Society Executive Officers to Nauvoo and Independence in July of last year was made memorable by many beautiful experiences. Outstanding was the gift of a marvelous portrait of Emma Smith—our first President—graciously given to us by Dr. Frederick M. Smith, a grandson of Emma Smith. The portrait is a copy of a painting made in 1842, the year in which Relief Society was organized. It is a real acquisition to our Society to have this lovely picture.

Since October conference the Relief Society of the Australian Mission, under the presidency of Sister Hazel H. Tingey, has sent to our headquarters a beautiful collection of handwork, consisting of rugs, embroidery and elegant wool afghans. Soon after these articles were received, the Hawaiian sisters sent articles of their handwork, composed of beautifully woven fans, luncheon sets, fruit baskets and cornucopias, with greetings from the Relief Society on the Islands. Their president, Sister Verna F. Murphy writes: "As General Conference is approaching, a fervent desire comes over me to be with you in these wonderful inspirational meetings, but as it is impossible, I want you to know that I will be with you in spirit, and my prayers will be with you for your success in all that you undertake for the good of the Relief Society. I am confident that much good will result, for I know that the meetings will be inspired of God. Give my sincere Aloha to the sisters assembled."

We have received from the European Mission a program of the 17th

of March celebration in many languages, with greetings from the sisters.

We have also received a letter from a sister in Indiana, from which I quote: "I am far away from any Relief Society organization. We have not an organization anywhere near, but I want to belong to the Relief Society." She sent in her annual dues for two years, and asked us to give her credit.

I think it is a very fine thing that the Church officials have given us one month, September 15 to October 15, as our official month for getting subscriptions to the *Magazine*; it has been a very great benefit.

You are to be congratulated upon the way you have collected your annual dues. I know this is the result of enthusiastic effort of the Relief Society ward and stake presidents. So much depends upon capable leadership.

In our General Board meeting a few weeks ago we were discussing some extra work we wanted to do. The General Board members carry a very heavy load, and I asked if they could do more. I wish I had time to read all the answers, which were written in—such expressions as this: "The more I can do the happier I am." "Thanks for the opportunity to do more." "I consider each opportunity a privilege." I believe this is the spirit throughout the stakes and wards in the Relief Society.

The events of last year are most encouraging. What are we to do *next year*? What are our *standards*? Not long ago an educator was discussing Alcohol Education. Agreeing with her excellent program, I said, "The Latter-day Saints not only believe what you say about alcohol and tobacco, but we believe tea and coffee are not good." The question was asked, "What per cent

of the Latter-day Saint people observe this?" I pass the question on to you. Wouldn't you be proud to say every Latter-day Saint? Why can we not say, "Every Relief Society member?" If it is of sufficient importance that our Heavenly Father speaks to His children about it, and asks them to live these health rules, isn't it important that we obey? I believe Relief Society women are observing this better than any other group, but wouldn't we be proud of our record if in a year from now we could say, "We have seventy thousand members in our Relief Society, and all of them keep the Word of Wisdom."

We seem to love to argue about the values in life, or ask "Why?" Strange, too, that women should do this, because we are so tired when our children want to know "Why?" Why they should not climb on the piano, they have never fallen off, their shoes do not scratch; why is it any worse to climb on the piano than to climb on a chair? Do you notice the similarity of these questions? Why is it worse to take a cup of coffee than to overwork? Why is a game of cards more objectionable than rook? What is wrong about raffling a quilt if we give a paper flower or a pencil when selling chances? Why should I clothe my body properly when other women do not? Have we not grown above this childish evasion of meeting an issue? When our Heavenly Father speaks, and when His Prophets advise, why shouldn't we love to listen, especially when these instructions are so easily observed? The encouraging part is, that by living these small requirements willingly and joyously, higher standards become easy.

We are asked by the General Authorities to speak of Tithing in the month of May. I wonder how

your tithing record would compare with one of which I heard Brother Widtsoe speak. He said in one part of England where the missionaries had not been for a number of years, they found a man who was a member of the Church, in dire poverty, living in a very humble home. This man lifted a board in the floor and took out his tithing, which he had kept religiously even though he had been hungry during that time. Is such a standard worth living for?

Do you ever take time to teach your children honesty? You cannot begin too early.

A recent number of the *Millennial Star* carries a report of an interesting interview between a young missionary, Franklin S. Harris, Jr., who is the son of Dr. Franklin S. Harris of the Brigham Young University, and a reporter on an influential London newspaper. Commenting on the interview the reporter said, "Harris said that he would prefer that I did not smoke while we were talking. His religion was against tobacco." There is no question about the standards of this young missionary!

Important as these standards are, our responsibility reaches even farther. There are many vital issues to which women can give powerful assistance. The road is wider for us than it was for our mothers. We have opportunities they made possible for us.

Last Fall I was invited to attend a Woman's Conference on Current Problems, held in New York under the auspices of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. I could not be at the convention, but was most happy to receive a report of the meetings. The subjects discussed were Peace, Youth, Spirituality. I wish I might review the whole report, but I shall quote from some of the addresses.

Lena Madison Phillips, President

of our National Council of Women was one of the speakers. I quote from Miss Phillips' address: "Women, not men, are the primary preservers of the race, its culture, and its happiness. They are the mothers of men. They are the centre of the home. They are that age-long channel through which our cultural and spiritual force flows. They, above all people, must care if human welfare be sacrificed, if justice be overthrown, and if our civilization perish."

All who read and think, must be alarmed over the preparation being made for war in many countries. But who wants war? No nation can ever be victorious unless victory means desolation, sorrow, poverty and misery. In a peace meeting held in Salt Lake City last Sunday a speaker referred to one of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not kill," and said that commandment should be just as binding on nations as upon individuals. It is unthinkable that any Relief Society mother would want to risk the life of her son merely to kill the son of a Relief Society member in any foreign country.

Let me read a paragraph from an address delivered before the United States Senate, January 15, 1934, by Senator William H. King:

"Nearly all nations of the world having pledged themselves to renounce war and to settle all disputes by pacific means, it is astounding that there should be so much talk of war and military preparations. Billions of dollars are annually wrung from the people in order to build military fortresses and forge weapons of destruction. Millions of the flower of the world are drawn from the paths of peace and trained and disciplined in methods for the destruction of human beings.

"Some nations are organizing for

war. Too few are organizing the world for peace. . . .

"Nineteen hundred years ago there came into the world One whose life has been an inspiration to millions and who laid the foundations of a faith which will ultimately conquer the world. He was born in an obscure place in Palestine and lived in obscurity until He attained the age of 30 years. His surroundings were humble and His associates were among the poor of the earth. . . . He proclaimed the gospel of love, of peace, of salvation. . . .

"Military heroes have come and gone; nations have risen to eminence and wasted away; persons who held high station and were acclaimed in their lifetime, are forgotten; but the humble Nazarene, the Great Prince of Peace, the Apostle of Love and Righteousness—He lives and the progress and advancement of humanity will be in proportion to the acceptance by the people of the sublime teachings of the crucified Master.

"Is it not time to again and again challenge the world to His example; to His teachings, to the principles which He announced, and to the importance of their acceptance and incorporation into our lives? . . ."

A beautiful example of how youth would interpret this message is told in Francis Harmon's description of a boys' camp in Toronto. He said, "Lads from fifty nations piled fagots in one great heap and lighted a fire of friendship around which transcended the prejudices of race, and creed, and nationality, in accordance with the great revolutionary doctrine of world brotherhood which a Galilean youth so clearly proclaimed."

We all realize that "Age makes wars; youth fights them."

My dear Sisters, last Fast Day, in my Ward meeting, we sang a song familiar to you all, "I Know that My Redeemer Lives." When you go home read that and see what you are grateful for, that He lives to plead for us; that He lives to calm our fears; and all these beautiful things, but He does that only to the extent that we are true and loyal to Him. It is not enough for us to have a testimony of the Gospel, we must do more than just know it, we must live it, and I humbly pray our Heavenly Father will bring into the lives of the Latter-day Saints the peace of the crucified Savior; that He will bring to us the knowledge that war and destruction is wrong, and that only by living the peace of his Son Jesus Christ, who came and gave His all for us, will we ever be able to quell these terrible fears and the destruction that is upon the earth when war exists. I pray that in your homes you will have this peace, and will live so that you may have a greater portion of the Spirit of God with you. I pray that you may have strength to do this, and when you go home, take the message of God with you. This is the most important thing that ever came into your lives or my life. As President Ivins said today, "It is not enough that we should live, but let us help others to live," and we can do it better by example than by precept.

May our Father in Heaven bless you sisters for coming out. We do love you and appreciate the efforts you make. May you have satisfaction in your work, and be comforted in all that you do, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Ordinary Mother

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

POETS chant and Reporters extol the accomplishments of our exceptional women. Magazine pages are filled with stories of those among us who through force of intellect, sheer will power, or a combination of circumstances have fought their way into ringside seats at the Big Show, for men only. In vain have I waited to hear a hymn of praise about that work-a-day person, the Ordinary Mother, she who's name and influence are known to her immediate circle only.

The Ordinary Mother holds no office, advances no reforms and is inclined to relegate the needs of Society to a second place—if she thinks of them at all. Her intellect is average. Her tongue, more times than not, faltering; her ideas safe. She complains some, scolds more, gossips occasionally, even spanks, but gives up—never!

Her dress is likely to be not last year's but the year's before, or, the year's before that. It isn't always becoming and sometimes looks as if it had been pulled on at the eleventh minute.

While our financial Queens match wits with competitors over matters involving hundreds or even thousands of dollars, the Ordinary Mother does only the old, prosaic, and entirely familiar task of making one dollar do the work of two. She even gets crabby trying to get Big Sister her promised dress, give Big Brother the dollar Dad refused him, and keep the family eating on that five dollars that *must* last until the end of next week.

Her voice is never heard in lecture halls but hucksters and clerks at bar-

gain counters know it well. She would turn panicky at the words "Big Deal" but is a past-master at getting the most for the least money. She is no financier, she is too busy making ends meet.

She sometimes attends lectures but secretly wonders what it's all about and is happy to get back on to familiar grounds where she can grapple with darning cotton and tomato juice, hand-me-downs and the unlasting qualities of silk hose.

She has all reverence for her sister legislators, but the law governing dance halls to her doesn't hold a candle in importance with seeing that Daughter gets home from them when she should. The liquor problem is vital to her in direct proportion to the care and watchfulness it requires to keep Son away from the crowd that uses it. Her views on marriage and divorce she puts in one sentence, "when you are married you are married, and it's up to you to make the best of it."

Then again this Ordinary Mother isn't a club woman. Keeping one family within hailing distance of the Straight and Narrow is too absorbing. Let others carry the banner for a better civilization, it is all she can do to partly civilize one family with minds of their own.

She is always a follower but an indefatigable worker. Like the buck private in military ranks she puts into actual operation the plans of the generals; but never dreams she should share in their praise.

These Ordinary Mothers do such matter-of-fact things. One, when Daughter returns from a dance on cold winter nights, will snuggle into

bed with her until she is warm and drowsy; another, in two years time by odd bits of work saved money enough to buy a cow, then sold milk enough to feed it. One, after their little business was burned, produced a receipted insurance policy her husband had dropped. Yet another, when Daughter was offered a much needed position, said, "No. To take in washings two more years won't hurt me, but to quit school now will cripple you all your days."

JUST an Ordinary Mother is mine, Mary Nielson, born in Sanpete County, in 1865, the oldest daughter of Hans and Caroline Mortensen Nielson. As a girl bride she went with her husband Elijah Clapp, into the then barren wastes of San Luis Valley, Colorado. The group the Clapps joined lived successively in Richfield, Sanford, Manassa; and then under the leadership of Marcus O. Funk and others, they settled the village of Eastdale in Costilla County. There for years they battled the elements for existence.

There was no doctor nearer than Manassa; and between Eastdale and Manassa lay many miles of sand hills, and the unbridged Rio Grande. When sickness came the Sisters waited on each other. Mother had a natural gift for nursing and a calm level head under all circumstances. Soon she was being called regularly into the homes to help one of her sisters go through the Valley of the Shadow. For years she followed this calling and God so blessed her efforts that no mother nor baby was lost because of ignorance or negligence.

With the other women of the village she washed and carded wool and spun her own yarn. Perhaps she did it a few years longer than most of them. Knitting was automatic. I can never remember her

with idle hands. Many times she ground wheat in a borrowed coffee mill to make bread for her babies. She shod them with moccasins made of old denim and corduroy. True to the best Danish traditions she always did the milking, and as a matter of course made butter and cheese. When her husband was away, as he often was laying brick or molding adobes, choring was added to her regular routine of house-keeping and child bearing. The latter was a life-time job for she bore a child every two years for twenty-four years; at one time she gave birth to twins. Two were buried in Sanford, two in Eastdale.

HER trials were not always physical. For fifteen years after going to Colorado she saw none of her people. Then fantastic dreams came true and she went home to Sanpete for a blessed three months. For thirty years no blood relative crossed her threshold. Her parents were never in her home after she left Sanpete. It was a severe trial but staying by her husband was her job. She often smiles now at women's pleas of non-support and incompatibility. Rebelling against their lot just wasn't done by women of her type.

IN nineteen hundred five her husband went to Idaho, and true to form she followed a few months later. They settled on a homestead near Moore, on Lost River. Here her thirteenth child was born. Then, to her work as a farmer's wife, were added the anxiety and heartbreaking care of an invalid husband. For eight years she struggled along, caring for him, making her own living, keeping her children in school.

When the father knew his days were numbered he moved the family to Iona, where a married son lived.

He lingered long enough to see them settled in their new home, then went ahead to prepare another home in that more glorious land, the Great Beyond.

NOW bereft of his love and council, far from brothers and sisters, a stranger in a new town, she leaned more heavily than ever upon the Priesthood and the associations it gave her. That Gospel that had set her feet to the path, that had kept her following that path weary year after weary year, was her solace in her hour of grief. Her children were brought up to reverence the voice of authority. By example alone were they grounded in the faith for she never preached.

Her's has been a great struggle, surmounting the difficulties that beset the path of the common worker; a willing struggle, for at her side was her eternal companion, ahead the voice of the Priesthood; a fruitful struggle—for out of it has come attributes and qualities that will bring exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom. Just an average Mother who submerged her own life in her children and through the submerging gained her own.

Dear Ordinary Mothers, God bless you. As the father said to the faithful son all we are and have is thine. And in the final reckoning I am wondering if the Great Judge will not find something extraordinary about you after all.

Mother's Day

Mother's Day.

Dear Mother:

On your Day
I burn a taper
At the Altar of
Motherhood!
To you who fashioned my body
And moulded my soul
I give reverence.

It is hard to say something to you on this day that might let you know how much you have meant to me. I should dislike having my words tinged with sadness or sentimentality; rather I should like you to know that my respect for you as a person is as great and potent a thing as my love for you as my mother—that my brain appreciates you as well as my heart. That my need for you is almost greater now than when you gave me such service as only a mother can give, for now you are my friend and companion as well as my Mother.

My first distinct memory of you is just a picture—to which I have never before alluded. You sat in a low chair with a baby in your arms. The brilliant rays of the setting sun enthroned you in glory. You rocked slowly, almost in time to the contented gurgles of the nursing child. I think that was the first intimation I had of the beautiful. I have seen you many times since in such an attitude. But now your babies are grown I see you in an attitude, with my mind's eye, greater than any of these. I see you mother, my tangible symbol of all Motherhood, sitting in the glow of celestial light rocking the world.

As the finest tribute I can pay, you have made Motherhood not emotionally sentimental but so intellectually beautiful that I am looking forward with eagerness to a time when I shall take my place in that Eternal Pageant rocking the world in the form of my own small baby. * * *

Marie.

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie C. Carroll

VI

PETER'S admission that he had mortgaged the home and the store to raise capital for his new real estate venture troubled Anne. She agreed that if the store merger went over in the way they expected, that they would be able to clear the mortgage before it was due. But there were always many uncertainties in any venture. Besides, she learned later that one of the most important store managers had not yet signed the agreement. Peter seemed absolutely sure that it was merely a slight technical question delaying the man but Anne feared this might be some loophole which would spell ruin to the entire scheme.

Peter was so full of enthusiasm, however, that she tried to hide her own misgivings and share his rosy outlook for their future. Whenever she was tempted to chide him for not waiting until one plan had entirely matured before rushing into another, or to suggest the calamity that would befall them if anything should go awry with the scheme, she checked herself with the thought that such was what a mere *wife* would do while she held herself to be more than a mere wife to Peter; she was his *helpmate* and that term to her mind included the finest type of loyalty and devotion, and courage to stand by and to do the best her wisdom could dictate in any circumstances.

She was certain that criticism and doubt would not help in the

present situation. Such an attitude would impair Peter's efficiency and perhaps bring about failure when *success* might be possible.

The many other things demanding Anne's attention during this time helped to keep her from thinking too much about the new venture.

A few days after her return from Boston, Morris came one morning. She knew immediately that he was terribly upset.

"Mother, I've come to talk with you: Could—could we go someplace where we—won't be disturbed. I'd rather even Dad didn't know—about my trouble—right now at least. You know how straight-laced he is about some things. Can we go into your room?"

Very early in her married life Anne had determined to try to make a sort of little sanctuary of *her room*. She had impressed upon the family that when she was closeted there with one of the children, the others were not to disturb. She had also made it a practice to try to rest in the quiet of that room a few moments every day. It was there she faced her problems and found through meditation and prayer, the courage to go on when things seemed unusually difficult.

"What is it, son?" She asked taking the low rocker beside the window and motioning Morris to the settee at the foot of her bed.

He hesitated, but Anne decided not to help him with the confession she feared he was going to

make. She was inwardly saying that customary little prayer with which she faced the crises of her loved ones: "Dear Lord, give me wisdom. Help me to help my boy."

Finally without looking at her Morris asked,

"Mother, it isn't right for a man and a woman to live together when they do not love each other, is it?"

She did not answer for a little time, then she said,

"Well, I should say *that* depends upon the circumstances."

"Why, how could it ever be right. Love should be the thing that holds a man and a woman together. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, I agree with that; love and respect and mutual interest."

"Mother, I—I don't love Phyllis. I can see now that you and Dad were right when you tried to get me to wait. I remember you said that we were not mature enough to know what we wanted. That one or both of us might change so much during the next few years that we would be living in different worlds. I know now what you meant. I've grown. Phyllis is living in the same little superficial mental world she was in at seventeen. We are a thousand miles apart.

Anne sat gazing at a butterfly swaying on the trumpet vine outside the window. Finally Morris continued.

"And besides, she left home. She's been gone for weeks now and hasn't written a line—just left a note when she went telling me she was going to visit her Aunt. *That's* desertion—grounds for divorce."

"Is that all—all you have to tell me?" asked Anne's quiet voice.

Morris flushed.

"That's enough, isn't it? We're not compatible. She has left home. I want a divorce."

"Is the fact that you have progressed into a different intellectual world her *only* reason—for her leaving home?"

Morris got up and moved restlessly about the room.

"I see that you've heard about Marian, so I won't have to tell you. Phyllis is jealous of her. She was jealous before I ever found out that—I cared. Mother, Marian Welling is wonderful. She has vision and understanding. I could reach—the top with her to inspire me. Mother, I want her."

"Have you thought of Junior?"

"Good Lord. yes. That's the thing that makes it hard. I'm crazy about that little shaver, and even if Phyl isn't very capable as a wife—I don't suppose the law—"

"No. Phyllis is a wonderful little mother, no law on earth would take her baby from her."

Morris colored.

"Well, I at least could see him all the time—and have him part of the time."

"Would that be fair to him? If you are anything like your father, Morris, the minute Junior was born you began planning the kind of life you wanted him to have. Nothing, you feel, is too good or too wonderful for your son. Your father knew you were going to college the day you were born, though he didn't know where the money was coming from to buy you a cradle."

"Lots of people *do* get divorces and the kids get along. I'd still do everything I've planned for Junior."

"But how? You've heard statistics about child delinquency and

broken homes. Doesn't the fact that you mean almost everything to that little boy mean anything to you?"

"Of course it does," Morris answered miserably. That's what makes it seem rotten. But I've a right to think of myself too. I have a right to happiness, haven't I."

"Sometimes," Anne answered slowly, "things we do condition the kinds of happiness we have a right to."

"Mother, you want me to go on living with Phyllis when I don't love her? When I love another woman? Do you call that being decent?"

"I wonder if it isn't as decent as breaking the heart of the girl you chose to be the mother of your son, and handicapping that son's future."

"I believe if you knew Marian, you would understand what her companionship and inspiration would mean in helping me realize the best that is in me. Then you wouldn't preach; you'd help me."

"I didn't mean to preach. I thought I was just raising a few of the questions involved." Then with a sudden thought she added,

"Why not let me meet Marian? She knows, does she, how you feel, that you love her—and are hoping to get a divorce?"

"No. I'm not that big a scoundrel yet. I think she knows that I love her. But I've got to get out of the other first before I could tell a girl like her. And until we do separate, I've got to be decent with Phyllis—even though she has accused me of almost everything."

Anne gave a little sigh of relief. Morris *did* have some of his father's fine sense of honor—even

in a time of emotional stress. She spoke calmly.

"Why don't you bring Marian over to spend a week-end with us? I'd like to know her. Come next Saturday—if Phyllis is still away. Marian is working for Randall's isn't she?"

"Yes. She has the new department in interior decorating. Her office is next to mine. I'll do it Mom—I'll bring her over. If you get to know her, I know you'll help me find a way out. Oh, but I have to go to look at a site for Lawrence Badger's new home Saturday." Then after a few seconds thought, he added, "I'll tell you; Marian can come out Saturday afternoon and I'll come that night or Sunday morning. That will give you a chance to get acquainted before I get here. You're a peach, Mom. I've never brought a hard problem to you yet that you didn't help me solve it."

AFTER Morris had gone Anne sat for some time by the window. She was thinking that Morris had never brought her quite such a problem as this to solve.

When she arose, she went to the telephone and called Phyllis.

"I was wondering if you wouldn't come down for the week-end, Phyllis. I am going to have a group of friends in Saturday afternoon, and I'd like to have you sing for them. I saw Mr. Driggs yesterday, and he told me that you are doing exceptionally well with your music. Can't you come this afternoon? Never mind about your dress. There's a pretty blue one in the store that I was telling Gloria only this morning would just match your eyes. I was planning to get it for your birthday. We'll get it now instead.

All right, dear. On the six. I'll be looking for you."

Next Anne called Gloria at the store.

"Bring that blue dress we were looking at this morning home when you come tonight. I want it for Phyllis. Yes, charge it. She's coming down for the weekend, and I'm planning to have a little party and have her sing. Yes. Yes, I like the yellow one best for you anyway."

PHYLLIS and Junior arrived at 6 o'clock. Phyllis was outwardly cheerful, but Anne could read wretchedness in her eyes. She wanted to find out how she felt, so she followed her upstairs when she went to put Junior to bed in Morris' old room.

"I've done just as you told me," Phyllis said with a touch of bitterness, "I haven't written a word. But neither has he. It's likely just what he wanted, for me to go away—so he can have a clear hand with *her*. I can't stand it! To think—she may be—right there—in the house with him."

Anne's heart ached for the girl and she felt a terrible responsibility in the part she was taking in the affair. She tried, however, to keep her voice casual when she spoke.

"Phyllis, you naturally imagine all sorts of things. But you ought to know Morris well enough to know that even if what you imagine were true, even if he wanted a divorce, he would go about it in a less despicable way than you suggest. How have you got along with your music?"

"I love it," said Phyllis, her face suddenly lighting. "When I'm taking my lesson or practicing—I almost forget."

"That is what you have needed—some interest of your own. You've been too interested in Morris and Junior and not enough in yourself. Now, if you'll keep on with your music and do a lot of reading, you'll have something interesting to think and talk about and—I'm sure Morris will be more interested in you than when you were giving every thought to him. Men are queer that way. They don't want to be too sure—even of the things they love."

"If—If I only thought he loved me—I could do anything."

"Morris is yours—to fight for—and to try to hold, or if what you think is true, to win back. You have advantages over this other woman. You were Morris' childhood sweetheart; you are the mother of his son."

"But that girl is smart and educated and interested in the things he is. She inspires him to do big things in his work. I'm in a different class."

"Phyllis, I don't know this other girl, but I do know that since Morris was a little boy, he has thought you were the *prettiest* girl in the world. A pretty face counts a lot with men—even when they are older than Morris. Since the baby was born you've had to neglect yourself. Now you must begin taking care of your hair and skin again. Tomorrow I want you to go down and have a facial at Miss Newman's and a permanent. And I want you to come in my room when Junior is asleep and see that pretty new birthday dress that just matches your eyes. I want you to look nice when you sing for my friends to-morrow."

Anne kept her own counsel about Marian's coming. She hadn't even told Peter anything about

the little drama that was being enacted about their own hearthstone. She feared, as Morris had suggested, that his sense of right was too rigid to find patience with her method.

AT two o'clock on Saturday Anne's guests began to arrive. Gloria and Phyllis were busy assisting her in receiving. Phyllis was lovely in the blue dress, and the sadness in her great blue eyes made her singularly appealing. Anne could readily see that a young man might fall desperately in love with such a face and such a form and think that nothing else could matter.

The party was a kensington, so for a time the ladies sewed and chatted. Anne was conscious of a nervous excitement as she watched for the coming of Marian Welling. Morris had said she would be in on the three fifteen train, so at three thirty Anne announced Phyllis' first song. Horace Daniels, a young music teacher for the high school, accompanied her.

She had scarcely started to sing when a taxi stopped at the gate and a tall, fair girl started up the walk. Anne went to the porch to meet Marian Welling.

(*To be continued*)

Mother

By Roxana Farnsworth Hase

Your hair has turned to silver,
But your heart is more like gold,
Not the type that mankind barter
But that from a finer mold.

The gold that is burnished and mel-
lowed
With the service of many years,

Tempered, refined, made purer,
By your triumphs and your tears.

Age rests on your brow like a halo
Serene — for he knows your real
worth,
And your face grows more sweet,
and more noble
Every day that you live on this earth.

Peace

By Nicholas Murray Butler

Peace is not an ideal at all; it is a state attendant upon the achievement of an ideal. The ideal itself is human liberty, justice, and the honorable conduct of an orderly and humane society. Given this, a durable peace follows naturally as a matter of course. Without this, there is no peace, but only a rule of force until liberty and justice revolt against it in search of peace.

Mother's Day

By Fontella S. Calder

MARY BRIGGS set the two heavy water-pails down on the cobble stone curbing of the spring and dropped to a seat beside them. It was quiet and peaceful with the warm, sweet fragrance of early spring.

There was an angry light in Mary's dark eyes.

"Dairy cows, indeed! Oh, John, and you promised—at least you let me believe—you said you'd see after the taxes were paid—and those lovely sets, orchid, pink, green—and I said, 'Oh, I would never expect anything one half so nice as the very plainest of these.'"

Startled by her outburst, Mary glanced hastily around to see, if perchance, anyone had overhead. A sudden whirr of wings convinced her that not even a pair of bluebirds, busily constructing their summer residence under the eaves of the rude spring-house had been witnesses to her emotion. Thus reassured, she fell to watching the two mites of feathered blue, as with happy trill, they wove, bit by bit, their tiny home.

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul," she softly whispered. Then she smiled. That smile was characteristic of Mary Briggs, and it cleansed her heart of all resentment. With a sigh she relaxed her tense nerves and leaned back against a supporting post.

It was lovely here; all around were the broad acres of their fertile farm. To the north she could see the little winding creek, outlined with the tender green of spring; the pasture land bordering it dotted with the dazzling white of newly sheared sheep. To the west, the rich brown

earth, freshly turned, that would yield its harvest of wheat and barley, corn and oats, in a few short months. To the south, the rich green acres of fragrant alfalfa. And to the east, a few yards, their residence—the plain square structure that had, somehow, achieved beauty by the addition of surrounding porches covered with virginia creeper, and the skillful planting of shrubs and flowers. A tightness came into Mary's throat as she contemplated the joys and sorrows that had been hers while she had lived and borne her six children, beneath the shelter of its roof. An added tightness came as she thought of how she had been forced to scheme and save, in order to bring into that home the little touches of beauty and convenience which her soul had craved.

DEAR, kind John, so methodical, so industrious and practical, never had understood why Mary would upset things with her new ideas. Twenty years ago the house had been completed, as he saw it. Four large, square rooms downstairs; four large, square rooms upstairs, each with two windows, and a door leading into a long hall.

Even the grandeur that such a structure had presented to their country neighbors in those days had never satisfied Mary. Somehow she would always have a vision of numerous closets and cupboards, and cosy vine-clad nooks.

"John, dear, what do you think about a porch for the east side of the house?" she had ventured.

"A porch, Mary? and why a porch? Would we live on a porch?"

"It would be plesaant in the sum-

mer, John, covered with vines, and would make the house look better," she replied.

Then characteristically, John had said, "But it takes money, Mary, remember that."

"Yes, John, I have a little saved. I believe enough to build the porch." Mary was smiling happily.

"Very well, have the porch if you want it."

Then Mary took a key from behind the kitchen door, crossed a few feet of door yard, descended some steps and unlocked the cellar door. From behind the rows of jams and jellies she slid an old brown stone jar. Removing the cover she emptied the contents into her apron—a little pile of silver dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels—money from her chickens. Joyfully she counted out the even dollars, put the odd cents back into the jar for a "nest egg" and slid it once more behind the jams and jellies.

The porch had been built and covered with vines. But not all of Mary's plans had been so easily accomplished. She smiled as she thought of how many times the contents of the old stone jar had been despoiled for purposes other than household conveniences—piano, music lessons, mission, college, appendicitis operation, taxes, etc.

In time, however, there had been other changes here and there, but the thing she had wanted most had not been achieved. For ten years it had been a constant desire.

This cool, gurgling spring at her side was down a slope of some five or six rods from the house. To have this water lifted into her kitchen with a sink and accompanying drain had been her wish. During the last few years she had even planned a bathroom, partitioned off from the large kitchen. In vision, the sink

and cupboards had been placed in various positions. One year she had a color scheme worked out, and the next year she had changed it in keeping with new ideas. This year she had even created the bright border of nasturtiums she would stencil on the plain muslin curtains.

Perhaps, while thus dreaming, Mary would find that she needed a fresh rinse for the twins silky underthings, or more water for the soap she was making. Then, with the water pails she would make a trip to the spring. Thus, brought to reality, she would murmur—"just a tap and the plainest of sinks, is all I ask."

LAST fall, while on a trip to the city, she and John had visited Leon, their young and promising second son, at the large department store where he worked. They had looked at pumps and pipes and sinks, bathroom outfits in lovely pastel shades and in plain substantial white. For once, John had seemed interested.

"After the first of the year, Mary, when things are settled up, we will see what we have left, and, perhaps, we can install the pump. While prices are low will be a good time to buy, if we can get the cash. But we must have the cash, Mary. That has always been my policy, and that is the reason our farm is free from mortgage today."

"Oh yes, John, I know," Mary had replied. But joy had sung in her heart all the winter—and now, this disappointment—he had forgotten!

MARY was serving the dessert when John had said, rather bluntly, "Cramer wants to sell his dairy herd."

"Can't make a go of it with prices so low, eh?" responded David, their

second child and first born son, so like his father and a partner with him in everything.

"Bought when prices were high, went in debt. Good young stock, dirt cheap," added John.

"Well," David replied, "it's a good buy for some one. Chance to make some money when things pick up."

A brief silence, during which, Mary unsuspectingly, had wondered at the fate of the Cramers—and then, the thunder-bolt had fallen.

"Dave, my boy, I think we had better buy those cows."

Mary was glad she had been removing the dinner plates at the time. For one incredible, long moment, she stared at her husband's back, while tap and sink faded to oblivion, and then, she had fled through the back door and with the water-pails to the spring.

This had always been a habit of Mary's, this trip to the spring, when under the stress of sudden great emotion. Psychologists would tell us that it was, precisely, the thing she should have done. Mary didn't know so much about psychology, but she did know that she was always able to return with serenity. Indeed, no trace of emotion was present now as she arose and lifted the water-pails.

THAT evening, when John asked for her opinion, she was able to say, in all sincerity, "John, dear, if you and David consider it a wise investment, get the cows by all means."

Anyway, she knew there was a little pile in the old stone jar, how much she was not certain, but she would keep on adding to it, and dream a bit longer.

John and David did a great deal of figuring during the next few days. Several trips were made out to Cramers. Things were not coming out as they had hoped. They were afraid they couldn't raise the money.

Mary was sympathetic but there were firm lines about her mouth—funny how she kept thinking of the old stone jar.

The deal must be closed by Saturday. It was Friday. John returned from a trip to Cramers looking very gloomy.

"Well, Mary, I guess the deal is off," were almost his first words. "I haven't quite enough money and I won't borrow."

"Are you greatly disappointed, John?" Mary asked cautiously.

"Yes, I am. The more I have thought about it, the more convinced I have become that it would be a good investment. Dave will be married in the summer, you know, and build right next to us. It would be a big help to him in getting a start."

"Why, of course, I hadn't thought of that," Mary was contrite. "How much money do you need, John?"

"If I had fifty dollars I could close the deal, might as well be fifty hundred," and John laughed resentfully. "Oh, well"—he shrugged his shoulders to rid himself of the affair and settled in a comfortable chair to look over the morning mail.

Mary took a key from behind the kitchen door, went to the cellar and unlocked the door. From behind the rows of jams and jellies she removed an old brown stone jar. An exclamation of surprise escaped her lips as she emptied the contents into her lap—"I didn't think there would be this pile. I took every cent out last fall to start Florence on her music career in the city, and now, all this!" She counted out exactly sixty-five dollars and forty-nine cents.

She would give John the fifty dollars he needed. Five she would send to Florence to get something for her spring wardrobe. Margaret should have five. Margaret was her first born child and now happily settled in

a home of her own; but things were going hard with them. Five dollars would buy Margaret and baby John a new pair of shoes, which they needed badly.—“And tomorrow she would go into town and get two of those dainty print dresses in Fowlers, for the twins—high school girls need so many. Then, perhaps, she could find a nice collar and cuff set, for a dollar, to freshen up her old flat crepe, for Mother's Day, just one week away.” Thus, happily musing, Mary dropped the forty-nine cents back into the old stone jar and slid it into place behind the jams and jellies.

On Saturday the new dairy herd was established on the Briggs' farm and Mary assumed the responsibility of caring for the extra cream.

THE week that followed was a busy one. Preparatory to the general house-cleaning, which was delayed until the twins were out of school, Mary began on cellar and cupboards, closets and drawers, with her customary fervor. Chickens and garden also claimed her attention.

During the execution of these physical tasks she was thinking of Mother's Day on Sunday—how she had loved her own dear mother—what a blessing this, of motherhood—what a responsibility, to return these spirits back to the kingdom of God. She thought of Leon, that impulsive, dark eyed son; had she done right to encourage him in a business career, when he had showed dislike for the farm? She hadn't liked the painted, loud voiced girl she had seen him with in the city. She had hoped he would see much of little Ella Winters, while she was in the city for school. She was such a dear child.

SATURDAY came all too soon. Dusk had begun to gather ere

Mary Briggs found time to stitch the new collar and cuffs on to the old flat crepe. She drew her chair close to the window. She didn't want to turn on the light. She didn't want anyone to see if she cried just a little, it might loosen the lump that had been in her throat all the afternoon. But she didn't want anyone to know.

Tomorrow was Mother's Day, and the mail carrier had passed this last day without leaving her any word or token from Florence and Leon—“Oh, I knew they wouldn't have the money to come home, but I thought they would remember. Have I schemed and saved, to give them their chance in the city, only to have them forget the old home and me?”

Everything else would be as it had always been. David would come, in the early morning, with a lovely bunch of violets, gathered fresh from the creek bottom. The twins would try their luck with some elaborate cake for dinner. There would be Sunday School. Then Margaret and her family would return with them for dinner; Margaret with a lovely bit of hand-work and deft fingers to prepare a favorite salad for dinner.

She must not let them know how she felt. There had been some cause for delay. Perhaps on Monday she would hear—Yes, on Monday would come a letter of gushing affection from Florence and flowers or candy from Leon. She closed her eyes to brush away all trace of tears, and as she opened them again, was dazzled by the brilliant lights of a car, just turning in their drive-way.

“Well, for goodness sake, I wonder who can be coming this time of day.” Mary leaned farther over the boxes of tomato and cabbage plants for a closer view. “Looks like a loaded truck—hm—hardly like a truck

either. Well, it's stopping at the side gate—some one getting out—a young man, two girls, strangely familiar"—With a sob of joy Mary hastened to the door, only to be preceded by the twins, with their noisy shouts of—"Leon! Florence! you old scouts, why didn't you send word you were coming?—why Ella Winters, this is good." But Mary Briggs was almost speechless with joy as she was folded in the arms of her son and daughter. She gave Ella a welcoming hug.

John and David had arrived on the scene and there was much noisy chatter and a great deal of laughter.

The twins were poking at mysterious packages and crates. Mary still in the shelter of Leon's arm looked up to say, rather fearfully, "Leon, what have you got tied all over your car?" Leon looked, with tenderness, at his mother, for a full minute, before he replied, "A present for the best little mother in the whole world, and I wasn't trusting it to freight trucks either."

"Something you have wanted for a long time," Florence supplied eagerly—and Mary whispered—"not—not a tap and sink."

"A tap and sink, absolutely, and all the fixings to go with it, including a bath-room outfit, in the creamiest yellow you ever saw. Just made to be yours, mother, and I know, because I picked it out." Florence was enthusiastic.

"But Leon, you couldn't—no you couldn't have done all this yourself." Mary was incredulous.

Leon laughed, "Well I should say not. Witness Florence's approval and if there were more light you could see how sheepish Father and Dave are looking.

"Father and David?" Mary asked bewildered. "Come into the house, my dears, so I can get this straight."

"John Briggs, don't tell me you

have known about this all the time."

"I'm afraid I have, Mary. It was Leon's idea but we all promised to help all we could."

"Got a check for the last necessary fifty from Dad last week. He didn't know we were including the bath-room. But gee, I couldn't pass it up. The company made me such a good price, so I just wrote and said, if you could spare another fifty—"

"Last week? Why John, you were bargaining for the cows then. Were you and David going to sacrifice the cows—to do—this?"

"Oh, come, mother, don't make us out martyrs," Leon hastened to say.

The twins were sulking. "We think you are all down right mean, not to let us in on the secret."

"Little girls who are freshies in high school aren't supposed to keep secrets," Leon was teasing.

"Well, old smarty, that only goes to show how much you know. We have been keeping a secret ever since Christmas. We knew mother was saving for a tap and sink. We found where she had the money, so we have been saving fifty cents out of our allowance every month and adding to it, so there!"

The family gazed in surprised admiration at the twins; but Mary, her voice trembling with emotion, could only say, "Oh, my darlings, you are all so kind and thoughtful—and—what a surprise!" Then in order to gain her composure she became practical.

"For land sakes, Ella, I'm forgetting to take your wraps. Leon, why do you stand as though in a hurry to leave?"

"Well, Mother, I was going to drive on over to Winters to take Ella home. We have another little surprise for you before we go." He led the now blushing girl, to his mother

and father, as he said, "Meet the future Mrs. Leon Briggs," and turning to David, "We thought we might make it a double, eh old boy?"

With exclamations of happy surprise, warm hand shakes, and affectionate kisses, sweet, little Ella Winters was welcomed into the Briggs' family.

"You won't go one step until you have had something to eat. We have some claim on Ella, now. Girls,

finish setting the table. Take the milk from the top shelf, and be sure, to stir in all the cream." Mary Briggs then disappeared through the kitchen door and out into the night with the water-pails.

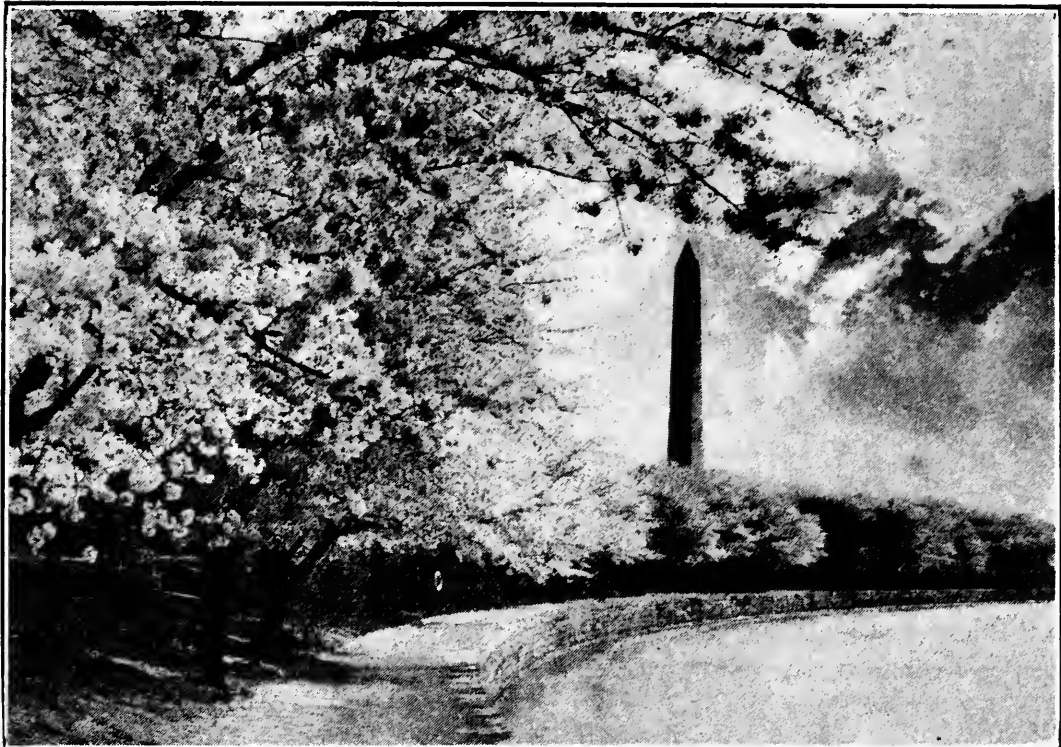
Down by the spring there was soft moonlight and apple-blossom fragrance. She raised her eyes—"Dear Father, I thank Thee, for this great blessing of being a wife and a mother."

Thinking of You

By Bertha A. Kleinman

To the mother whose arms have never pressed,
 A baby's head to her lonely breast,
 To the mother whose lips have never sung,
 A lullaby in a baby's tongue,
 To the mother whose prayers, through time and space,
 Have seemed to fail at the Throne of Grace—
 No plea, no prayers, no tears of thine,
 Are ever wasted in God's design,
 For He who counteth the sparrow's fall,
 Eternal increase shall yield to all,
 And the motherhood that is here denied
 Shall yet be given and glorified!

:



CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

MAY—Like a queen she walks amid the pageant of months, crowned with fragrant flowers. Her loveliness she lays upon the shrine of mothers and heroes.

SIGNORA MARGHERITA SARFATTI, famous Italian writer and Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean, specialist in Russian and Danubian affairs, are two of the noted foreigners who attended the World's Affairs Institute in the United States.

GRACE COOLIDGE is vice-president of the Motion Picture Research Council, interested in correcting evils in that industry.

DOWAGER QUEEN EMMA of Holland who died recently was greatly beloved for her charities. She was also a beneficent patron of the arts.

DR. YAM S. KIN, who died last March was the first woman to practice western medicine in China. A son who enlisted in the United States forces was killed in the World War.

MR.S. ELLEN WOODWARD, director of women's employment for the C. W. A. states there have been 242,000 women given jobs and she is amazed at the versatility and originality of the women workers.

MASAKO KUSODA, of Japan, had her love romance shattered by the indomitable Mussolini, who objects to the Japanese gaining through marriage, or other way, any influence in Ethiopia. She was to marry the dusky prince, Lij Araya, and both Japan and Abyssinia had consented.

TRGERYEN HUIR HAS, a Catholic and commoner, was more fortunate. Her marriage to the Buddhist Emperor was sanctioned by the Pope and the government of French Indo-China, though there were grumblings among the natives of Armour.

MR.S. JEAN PICCARD is planning an overnight flight into the stratosphere as pilot for her husband. She will attend to the maneuvering of the balloon, while he studies the cosmic ray and gathers scientific data.

MISS LAURA INGALLS, New York aviatrix, says the thrill of her life was her solo flight over the Andes.

MISS LENORE KIGHT, of Homestead, Pa., broke the women's world record for free style swimming at the Boston University swimming contest this spring.

MISS HELEN MORRIS, accomplished Salt Lake girl, has an engagement with the Galeway Players of Hollywood.

RUBY EPPERSON McQUARRIE, a Salt Lake artist, recently sang in entertainment before President Roosevelt at the White House.

EVA LE GALLIENE'S autobiography is delightful reading. Though too young for memories, she gives a critical appraisal of her career thus far, which touches a sympathetic chord.

BARBARA PEART, in her Memoirs—"Tia Babarita," tells the story of her own gay and glamorous career. The book carries one through high adventures all over the western world.

My N. R. A. Border

By Hattie M. Moore

COLOR combinations, color schemes, and color symbolism applied to our gardens are so alluring and interesting. In no other part of the garden can we get more pleasing results than in our borders. We all admire a beautiful border, and we can quite easily have one.

I have decided to use the national colors, red, white, and blue as the color scheme in a long border in my garden for this summer. I will call it my N. R. A. border. The meaning will typify two things, the color scheme, our national colors, also its ability to bring joy and beauty from earliest spring to late autumn.

This border was planned last summer. I must have early blooming flowers in this particular border. It had held my tulips for several seasons. I had moved my tulips to a new location, and I must substitute some other early flowering plants. I decided to have in this border only low growing varieties, none to be over eight inches tall. To achieve real beauty the plants must all be of uniform height.

Pansy plants are reliable early bloomers, the English daisy, in my mind, is always a close companion to the pansy. For the first planting I chose these two flowers. Their blooming season is over about the time the annual plants would need their place in the bed, for there must be a successive planting to make the border of lasting beauty.

I sent to my favorite seed man for two packets of extra special giant pansy seeds and one of English daisy seed.

I planted my pansy seed in shallow boxes the latter part of August using quite a heavy unbleached muslin tacked securely over each box leaving a two inch space between the soil

and cloth cover. By doing this I could turn a spray from the garden hose on as often as needed without disturbing the soil. The soil must be kept damp and not too much sunshine, so I placed the boxes near a shrub where they were partly shaded during the hottest part of the day. The plants were up good by the second week in September. The width of my border allowed room for three rows of plants without crowding. There would be two rows of pansies and one of English daisies. Two weeks before planting I worked the soil and added a light dressing of well rotted cow manure and lawngrass clippings. The little plants were set out about the middle of October. I set the rows about ten inches apart and planted the pansy plants about that same distance in the rows, the daisies somewhat closer. This gives room for the plants to spread without crowding. I sprinkled a light dressing of the manure over the bed in December, as we had very little snow this year, to protect the young plants.

For the national color border I chose the following free blooming, low growing annuals which I shall add to my border the last of April, weather conditions being favorable. The red "Phlox Drummondii," a compact long blooming flower. For white, Alyssum "Little Gem." This lovely little white flower is fragrant, hardy, very compact in growth, and literally covered with bloom. Do not buy "Ocean Spray" or "Carpet of Snow" alyssum as these varieties are of trailing spreading variety and would soon cover your border.

For the blue I chose the beautiful blue Lobelia. There are several named varieties, all good, all low growing.

The phlox and alyssum may be

planted in the open ground where they are to grow. There will be room by moving the pansy foliage aside to make a shallow trench to plant these little seeds. Before planting them, I believe I would work in still another light dressing of well rotted fertilizer. This can be done with a small garden tool without disturbing the pansy roots. The beauty of your border will depend on soil conditions. The heavy planting will demand much food, and these little plants are heavy feeders. The lobelia is more tender, requiring a little more care. These seeds must be started in either window boxes or hot beds, then transplanted later to the bed. I suggest a heavy planting as the annuals must make a rather wide row. These can be thinned out as needed.

You, too, can have an N. R. A.

border of lovely national colors this summer. Your florist will be able to furnish pansy and daisy plants, or you can make one of your tulip border. The annuals are so easily grown. Surely there never could be a more lovely or enchanting sight than this border of red, white, and blue with its faithful beauty to gladden all beholders. We who do the planning and planting of course enjoy the greatest amount of pleasure and delight. For it is true that.

“Whoever makes a garden
Has, oh, so many friends!
The glory of the morning,
The dew when daylight ends.

“For wind, and rain, and sun,
And dew, and fertile sod,
And he who makes a garden,
Works hand-in-hand with God.”

For Young Mothers

By Holly Baxter Keddington

FOR nearly a year now our home has been made more cheerful by the beautiful singing of a canary that was given to me on Mother's Day by my husband and sons. It was such a delightful gift and the pleasure "Richard's" song has brought to us is unmeasured. Many people don't like pets, but in a home where there are children, some sort of a pet is a necessity. Every child needs the responsibility of the care of a pet, besides the companionship some pets afford. I am sure many homes have had spells of pet fever, as we have, from canaries and dogs through the list of rabbits, kittens, fish, turtles, pigeons, and maybe white rats. We mothers are really the caretakers of most pets or I'm sure there would be more casualties than there are. Maybe through your kindness to these pets good fortune will smile

on you, as she smiled on me once. Sometimes I think Dame Fortune shouted aloud, as well as smiled, for this is what happened: I was detained in town longer than I expected to be and as I got off the car, an impulsive, weeping son met me and cried out, "You would be late the time I had a chance to buy a white rat for a dime. Now it's too late." Well, my sorrow at his misfortune was only surmounted by my own joy. So it goes.

A YEAR or so ago a very splendid woman died in the east. She was deeply mourned for her kindness, her charities, philanthropies of many descriptions, yet she claimed her life was a failure because she had never been privileged to be a mother. All the splendid women in the world are not mothers. Millions of mother-like women have spent or are devoting their lives to

the growth and care of some one else's child. Probably you know of just such a person. If you do, is there some way you can show appreciation? Can you imagine the emptiness of a Mother's Day to them? So to the Mothers of one to many children and to those also who are mothers at heart, may I extend this wish? That this and all other

days of yours be filled with the comfort, contentment and joy that you so rightly deserve.

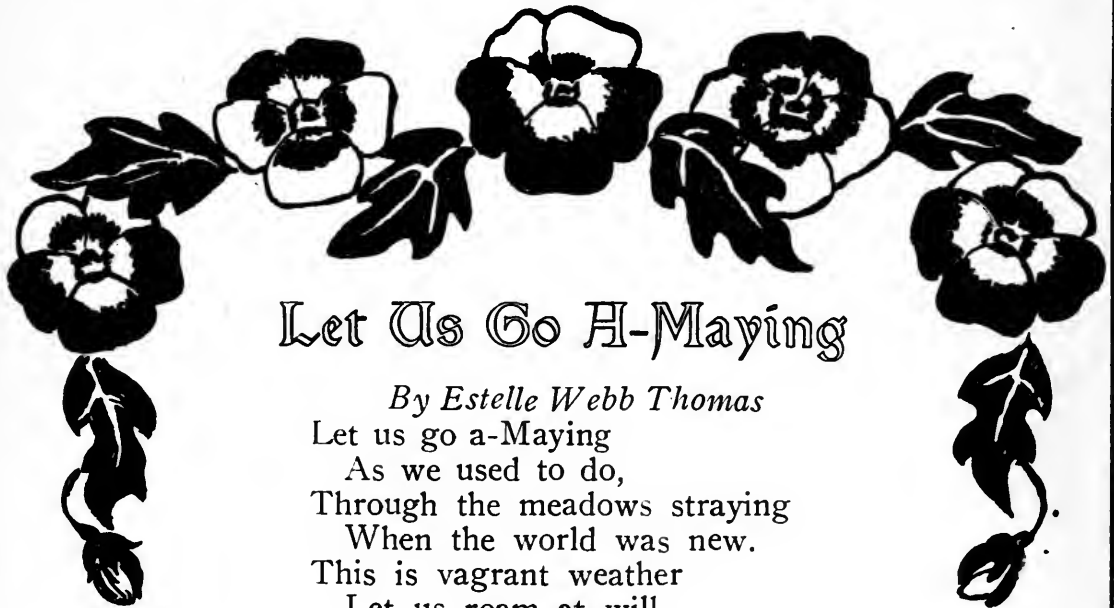
God thought to give the sweetest thing

In His almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering

What it should be—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart

Outweighing every other.
He moved the gates of heaven apart
And gave to earth—a Mother.

—Lovejoy



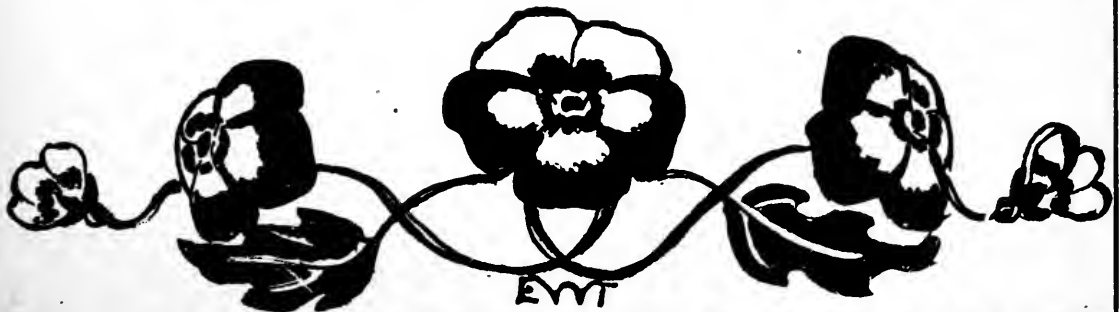
Let Us Go H-Maying

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Let us go a-Maying
As we used to do,
Through the meadows straying
When the world was new.
This is vagrant weather
Let us roam at will,
Hand in hand together
O'er the grassy hill.

Just we two—but ever,
Long ago, ah, me!
Love—young love and laughter
Kept us company!
Let us seek the laughter—
We shall find it, dear,
Love will follow after—
Now that May is here!

Think not such quest tragic
At this distant day,
Seeking life's lost magic,
Youth and love and May.
In our hearts we'll find it
As we used to do,
For we there enshrined it,
When the world was new.



EWT



Since Mother Went Away


By Coral J. Black

I've learned a lesson bitter—sweet—
That Life is only made complete
By burdens, difficult to meet,
And bear from day to day ;
I've learned to look with broader view
To leave the false, and seek the true,
Humbly my destined way pursue
Since Mother went away.

The world's still beautiful to me—
The lilac plumes, the cherry tree,
The mating birds, the pilfering bee.
She loved them so always.
I gaze into the tranquil skies—
The star-strewn path to Paradise.
And see Life in a Holier guise,
Since Mother went away.

I've learned to look, with kinder eye,
On all the crowds that pass me by.
For each must suffer, just as I
Upon some fateful day.
But somehow, Heaven seems more near.
I've more of faith and less of fear
Pervading Peace has come to cheer.
Since Mother went away.

A sad sweet something fills the place—
A memory of her dear face,
Filled with the calm of Heaven's grace
To be our guide and stay :
Oh help me, Lord, that I may be
All that my mother wished for me—
My faith and love abide in Thee
Since Mother went away.



The Cost of War

From the Annual Report for 1933 of the Division of Intercourse and Education, by Nicholas Murray Butler, Director

IF it be even partially true that the economic motive is dominant in the mind of most human beings, then there is no more important task before the world's intelligence and the world's scholarship than to make it clear to the public opinion of the people of every nation which hopes to be deemed civilized, how directly the loss, the suffering and the distress which they are now compelled to endure are the effect and the result of the World War. The colossal destruction wrought by that stupendous contest was dramatically set forth in the following statement published in the Congressional Record of January 13, 1928, page 1446.

According to the best statistics obtainable the World War cost 30,000,000 lives and \$400,000,000,000 in property.

In order to give some idea of what this means just let me illustrate it in the following:

With that amount we could have built a \$2,500 house and furnished this house with \$1,000 worth of furniture, and placed it on 5 acres of land worth \$100 an acre and given all this to each and every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia.

After doing this there would have been enough money left to give each city of 20,000 inhabitants and over in all the countries named a \$5,000,000 library and a \$10,000,000 university.

And then out of the balance we could have still sufficient money to set aside a sum at 5 per cent interest which would pay for all times to

come a \$1,000 yearly salary each for an army of 125,000 teachers, and in addition to this pay the same salary to each of an army of 125,000 nurses.

And after having done all this, we could still have enough left out of our four hundred billions to buy up all of France and Belgium, and everything of value that France and Belgium possess; that is, every French and Belgian farm, home, factory, church, railroad, street car—in fact, everything of value in those two countries in 1914.

For it must be remembered that the total valuation of France in 1914, according to the French official figures, was \$62,000,000,000. The total of Belgium, according to Belgian official figures, was in the neighborhood of \$12,000,000,000. This means a total valuation of the two countries in 1914 of less than \$75,000,000,000.

In other words, the price which the leaders and statesmen of the Entente, including the statesmen of the United States, made the people of the world pay for the victory over Germany, was equal to the value of five countries like France plus five countries like Belgium.

These figures are of well-nigh astronomical proportions. Even they, however, do not tell the whole story. No account is taken of the stupendous additions to these losses which have been and are the result of the economic international war which is raging today with great violence. Unless the world's leadership and the world's statesmanship can bring that economic war to a quick end, it must result and can only result in happenings which would in effect

constitute both national and international economic suicide. Had the march of progress toward a brighter and a happier day not been first slowed down and then halted some six or seven years ago, mankind would certainly have been spared a large part of the suffering which it is now called upon to endure. If the world is to return, and without

delay, to the path of progress, it must be given leadership which is not only national but international. It must find minds and voices which can see the whole world and its problems and not merely those of one neighborhood, since important problems which are purely national have almost ceased to exist.

Relief Society Annual Report

FOR THE YEAR, 1933

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

Cash Receipts

Balance on Hand January 1, 1933:

Charity Fund	\$ 37,329.71
General Fund	86,100.01
Wheat Trust Fund	9,251.99

Total Balance January 1, 1933.. \$ 132,681.71

Donations Received During 1933:

Charity Fund	\$ 79,371.05
General Fund	75,468.03
Annual Dues	20,746.24
Other Receipts	31,429.21

Total Receipts \$ 207,014.53

Total Balance on Hand and Receipts \$ 339,696.24

Cash Disbursements

Paid for Charitable Purposes	\$ 83,853.27
Paid for General Purposes	84,748.68
Wheat Trust Fund Remitted to Presiding Bishop's Office	55.00
Annual Dues paid to General Board and to Stake Boards	24,425.53
Paid for Other Purposes	18,279.73

Total Disbursements \$ 211,362.21

Balance on Hand December 31, 1933:

Charity Fund	\$ 37,572.79
General Fund	80,914.44
Wheat Trust Fund	9,846.80

Total Balance, December 31, 1933 \$ 128,334.03

Total Disbursements and Balance on Hand \$ 339,696.24

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

<i>Assets</i>		
Balance on Hand December 31, 1933:		
All Funds	\$128,386.10	
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office.....	405,466.84	
Other Invested Funds	43,190.94	
Value of Real Estate and Buildings ..	191,362.57	
Value of Furniture and Fixtures	85,733.30	
Other Assets	26,635.15	
		\$ 880,774.90
Stake Board Cash Balances on hand		
December 31, 1933	\$ 27,610.91	
Other Assets	61,262.39	
		\$ 88,873.30
Total Assets		\$ 969,648.20
<i>Liabilities</i>		
Indebtedness	\$ 437.52	
Balance Net Assets	880,337.38	
		\$ 880,774.90
Balance Stake Board Net Assets	88,873.30	
Total Net Assets and Liabilities..		\$ 969,648.20

STATISTICS

<i>Membership</i>		
January 1, 1933:		
Executive and Special Officers	11,107	
Visiting Teachers	23,322	
Other Members	32,953	
Total Membership January 1, 1933		67,382
Increase:		
Admitted to Membership During Year	9,183	9,183
Total Membership and Increase		76,565
Decrease:		
Removed or Resigned	6,958	
Died	811	
		7,769
<i>Membership</i>		
December 31, 1933:		
Executive and Special Officers	11,372	
Visiting Teachers	24,144	
Other Members	33,280	
Total Membership December 31, 1933		68,796
The Total Membership Includes:		
General Officers and Board Members		23
Stake Officers and Board Members		1,159
Mission Presidents and Officers		99
Number of Stakes		104
Number of Missions		29

Number of Relief Society Ward and Branch Organizations	1,662
Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts	12,406
Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards	129,924
Number of Relief Society Magazines taken	24,157
Number of Executive Officers taking Relief Society Magazine.....	5,067
Number of Meetings held in Wards	59,446
Number of Stake Meetings Held	2,224
Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held	1,126
Number of Ward Conferences Held	1,423
Average Attendance at Ward Meetings	32,485
Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers	918,663
Number of Families Helped	18,498
Number of Days Spent with the Sick	40,226
Number of Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound	220,188
Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial	1,907
Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers	5,985

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

	1931	1932	1933
Paid for Charitable Purposes	\$116,448.17	\$111,343.23	\$ 83,853.27
Total or Present Membership	66,884	67,382	68,796
No. of Relief Society Organizations	1,585	1,567	1,662
No. of Relief Society Magazines Taken	24,956	20,012	24,157
No. of Days Spent with the Sick	44,495	42,313	40,226
No. of Special Visits to Sick and Homebound	204,460	214,637	220,188
No. of Families Helped	17,672	22,207	18,498
No. of Visits by Relief Society Officers to Wards	5,656	5,519	5,985
No. of Visits by Relief Society Visiting Teachers	836,778	881,436	918,663

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

<i>Stakes</i>		<i>Missions</i>	
Arizona	2,493	Australia	156
California	1,968	Canada	99
Canada	1,288	Europe	4,479
Colorado	549	Hawaii	1,082
Idaho	9,969	Mexico	209
Mexico	209	New Zealand	534
Nevada	796	Samoa	326
Oregon	225	South Africa	134
Utah	36,989	Tahiti	349
Wyoming	1,366	Tonga	130
		United States	5,446
Total Membership in Stakes ..	55,852	Total Membership in Missions	12,944

Total Membership in Stakes and Missions..... 68,796

(Note: In the foregoing report all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the Annual Membership Dues.)



THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Filleth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON		President
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN		First Counselor
MRS. JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD		Second Counselor
MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND	General Secretary and Treasurer	
Mrs. Emma A. Empey	Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans	Mrs. Ida P. Beal
Miss Sarah M. McLelland	Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith	Mrs. Katie M. Barker
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon	Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine	Mrs. Marcia K. Howells
Mrs. Jennie B. Knight	Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford	Mrs. Hazel H. Greenwood
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart	Mrs. Inez K. Allen	Mrs. Emeline Y. Nebeker
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter	Mrs. Elise B. Alder	Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion		

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXI

MAY, 1934

No. 5

EDITORIAL

New Government Relief Plan

THE C. W. A. has been superseded by a new form of work and direct relief. The new plan of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration is divided into three programs.

First, direct relief. This will give relief to all who are unable to work and who are in need.

Second, work relief. This division is for the city unemployed. The plan is to limit the work of the jobless strictly to their subsistence needs. Case workers will establish budgets of necessities, determine whether any member of the family is working, or can work, or whether it possesses any available resources.

Employment will be given for not less than 54 hours a month, nor more than 24 hours a week at the current wages of the locality. The Government will plan "work programs which could not normally be undertaken by public bodies but which are at the same time outside of the field of private industry."

Work projects may be carried out in:

Parks, recreation grounds, reforestation, water works, sewer systems, streets, municipal power plants, airports, traffic campaigns, musical and dramatical activities, scientific and social research, public buildings, weed eradication, repairing or tearing down houses, cooperative associations, self-help associations, public health programs, nursing, adult education.

Third, relief for rural districts. Here the effort will be to rehabilitate needy families. Cows, pigs and chickens will be bought for them and land provided together with work on projects to pay back as far as possible the capital advanced. No family will be given aid that does not plant and properly care for an adequate garden when the facilities are available.

The needs of "stranded populations," i. e., those living in single in-

dustry communities where there is no hope of future re-employment, such as miners in worked-out fields, will be carefully looked after.

It is to be hoped that this new plan of the President's will help very materially in solving some of the pressing needs of the people.

Mother's Day

MOTHER'S DAY, this year, we are glad to note is to be observed by women's clubs, men's clubs, medical societies, chambers of commerce and other professional and civic groups all joining in community efforts to make Motherhood safe for Mothers.

The Maternity Center Association, a voluntary organization supported by private contributions, has for its object the teaching of the vital need of adequate maternity care and helping to bring such care to all expectant mothers.

The need for such work is evidenced by the fact that though tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and many other enemies of humanity have been brought largely under control, yet mothers still die in childbirth at a rate as high as they did twenty-five years ago.

Mrs. Krech, the President, states that an important step forward is to be taken this year. "In three previous Mother's Day Campaigns, the effort was to arouse the public to the importance of the fact that two-thirds of the maternity deaths are preventable; that 10,000 of the 16,000 women who annually die in childbirth could be saved. The next move, which is to be taken this year, is to do something quite specific and definite about it, with groups working in every community."

Specific changes cannot be made to improve conditions until people study their own local maternity facilities, and determine just what is needed, as phases requiring attention may differ widely in various communities. The Center will furnish blank appraisal forms free by

the use of which any group of persons may conduct an investigation into the adequacy of what their own town or county is doing for mothers. Among the questions to be answered are these: Number of maternity beds? Total number of births in the last year? Number of deaths in the last year? Is organized prenatal nursing service provided? Is your hospital approved by the American College of Surgeons?

"Mother's Day in the past," says Mrs. Krech, "has been surrounded with a great deal of sentiment. In the last few years there has been a successful effort to direct this fine feeling toward the important subject of saving mothers from unnecessary death. But emotion alone is not enough. We must have facts, pertinent facts, local facts, so that groups in every community may work with their own physicians, health officers, nursing associations and hospital authorities to alter those factors in the situation which are a barrier to safe motherhood.

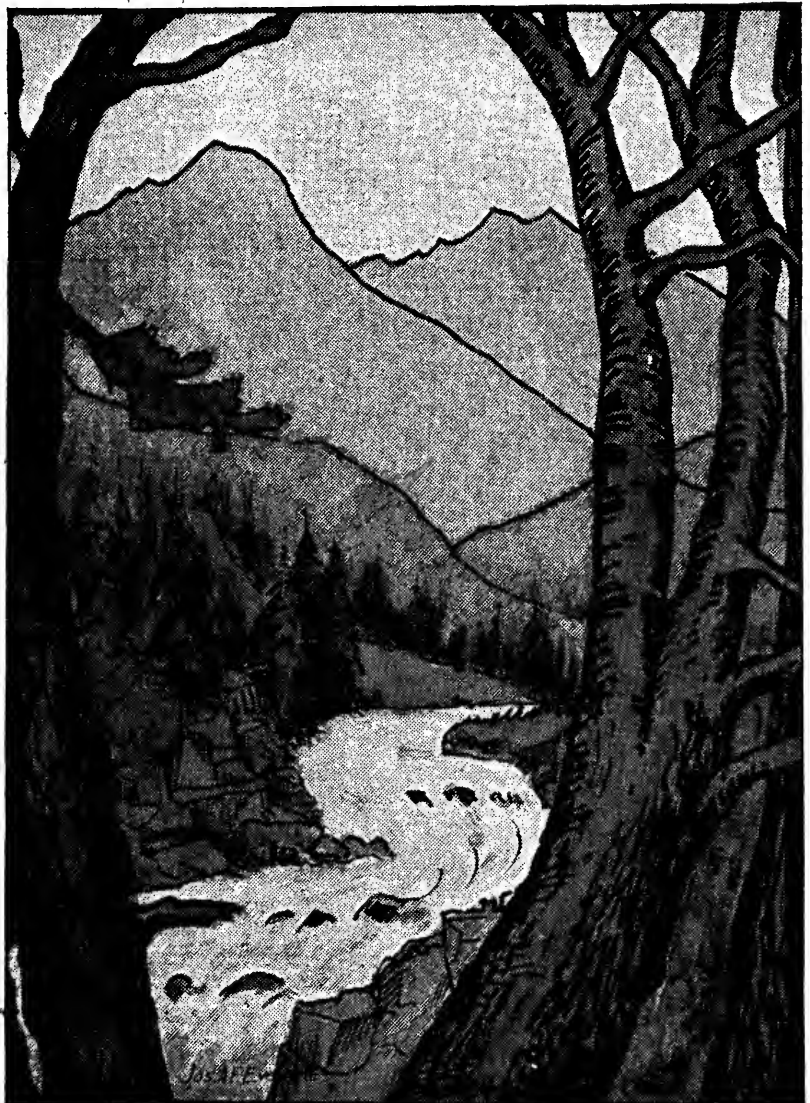
"Only by an appraisal of maternity facilities in every community, and study of their quality, can the great step forward be taken. Prizes are to be awarded those groups which have the highest rating for making a thorough-going survey and presenting a plan for improvement based upon that survey. Programs for club meetings are also available without charge, as well as publicity material for local Mother's Day Campaigns designed to direct sentiments surrounding this occasion into channels that will be productive of results in terms of human lives saved."

The
RELIEF SOCIETY
Magazine

Volume XXI

JUNE, 1934

No. 6



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When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI

JUNE, 1934

No. 6

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National Council Recommendations

THE General Board is in receipt of a letter from Lena Madeson Phillips, President of the National Council, calling attention to two resolutions that have been passed by the Council's Executive Committee, with the recommendation that in so far as possible these recommendations be passed on to local groups. The first resolution deals with the Maternity death rate, which was dealt with at some length in our May issue. The second resolution is also one dear to the hearts of our people, as it deals with music. We publish the resolutions herewith:

May 17, 1934.

Whereas the maternity death rate continues large and physicians state that ninety-five percent of such deaths are preventable, the Executive Committee of the National Council of Women recommends to its constituent organizations:

First—a study of the facilities available in each community for prenatal care both in public and private institutions and the number of physicians especially trained in obstetrics.

Second—that when such facilities are inadequate our organizations cooperate

with Maternity Associations or themselves initiate a campaign to provide proper facilities, and that further they institute a campaign of education to make known to the public and to prospective fathers and mothers that they may take advantage of such opportunities to the end that all preventable causes of death of both mother and child may be eliminated.

1. Recommended that a Committee on Encouragement of Good Radio Music Broadcasts be appointed to obtain letters of appreciation from club members in cooperation with the National Council of Women Radio Music Project.

2. Since it has heretofore been necessary for young American artists to depend upon Europe for the beginning of a career in this country, it is recommended that young American artists, engaged at a fee, be given earnest support by the clubs whenever possible.

3. Since youth must be served to education and cultural advantages while it is youth, and since the future of America depends upon the character and mental resourcefulness and ability of youth today, and since greater leisure makes essential greater attention to avocational and cultural attainments of the individual, it is recommended that the influence of our organization be used for the retention of music in the curricula of schools and colleges.

A Bill of Interest to Women

WE are pleased with the passage of the Amendment to section 1993 of the Revised Statutes, which has for its purpose to provide equality for men and women enabling an American mother as well as an American father to transmit American citizenship to their foreign-born child. We are glad that our Utah Senators favored the bill. We publish the bill herewith:

Be it enacted, etc., That section 1993 of the Revised Statutes is amended to read as follows:

"SEC. 1993. Any child hereafter born

out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, whose father or mother or both at the time of the birth of such child is a citizen of the United States, is declared to be a citizen of the United States; but the rights of citizenship shall not descend to any such child unless the citizen father or citizen mother, as the case may be, has resided in the United States previous to the birth of such child and unless the child, in cases where one of the parents is an alien, comes to the United States and resides therein for at least 5 years continuously immediately previous to his eighteenth birthday, and unless, within 6 months after the child's twenty-first birthday, he or she shall take an oath of allegiance to the United States

of America as prescribed by the Bureau of Naturalization."

SEC. 2. Section 5 of the act entitled "An act in reference to the expatriation of citizens and their protection abroad," approved March 2, 1907, as amended, is amended to read as follows:

"SEC. 5. That a child born without the United States of alien parents shall be deemed a citizen of the United States by virtue of the naturalization of or resumption of American citizenship by the father or the mother: *Provided*. That such naturalization or resumption shall take place during the minority of such child: *And provided further*, That the citizenship of such minor child shall begin 5 years after the time such minor child begins to reside permanently in the United States."

SEC. 3. A citizen of the United States may upon marriage to a foreigner make a formal renunciation of his or her United States citizenship before a court having jurisdiction over naturalization of aliens, but no citizen may make such renunciation in time of war, and if war shall be declared within one year after such renunciation then such renunciation shall be void.

SEC. 4. Section 2 of the act entitled "An act relative to the naturalization and citizenship of married women," approved September 22, 1922, is amended to read as follows:

"SEC. 2. That an alien who marries a citizen of the United States, after the passage of this act, as here amended, or an alien whose husband or wife is naturalized after the passage of this act, as here amended, shall not become a citizen of the United States by reason of such marriage or naturalization; but, it

eligible to citizenship, he or she may be naturalized upon full and complete compliance with all requirements of the naturalization laws, with the following exceptions:

"(a) No declaration of intention shall be required.

"(b) In lieu of the 5-year period of residence within the United States and the 1-year period of residence within the State or Territory where the naturalization court is held, he or she shall have resided continuously in the United States, Hawaii, Alaska, or Puerto Rico for at least 3 years immediately preceding the filing of the petition."

SEC. 5. The following acts and parts of acts, respectively, are repealed: The act entitled "An act providing for the naturalization of the wife and minor children of insane aliens, making homestead entries under the land laws of the United States," approved February 24, 1911; subdivision "Sixth" of section 4 of the act entitled "An act to establish a Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, and to provide for a uniform rule for the naturalization of aliens throughout the United States," approved June 29, 1906; and section 8 of the act entitled "An act relative to the naturalization and citizenship of married women," approved September 22, 1922, as said section was added by the act approved July 3, 1930, entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act relative to naturalization and citizenship of married women.' approved September 22, 1922."

The repeal herein made of acts and parts of acts shall not affect any right or privilege or terminate any citizenship acquired under such acts and parts of acts before such repeal.



I Thank God

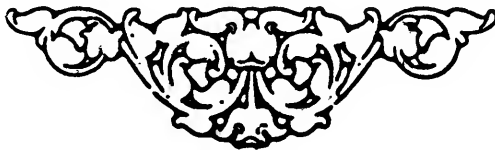
By Caroline Eyring Miner

THIS is a period of chaotic social and economic life. Banks fail, Building and Loan Associations close, jobs drop out of the world into nowhere, schools are discontinued. Amidst this man-made chaos I thank God that I have yet an anchor of security in Him and His Ordering of Nature.

I thank God that I have the assurance that the sun will rise each morning and that at the close of day, the restful night will follow. Suppose we had not such assurance. Imagine the consternation among us if at noon some day, night should unexpectedly be ushered in. Think of the unfinished tasks, the disorder that would result.

I thank God for the assurance that summer will follow spring, and that autumn and winter will follow in their order. Imagine the disaster that would come if in midsummer, when the crops were growing and the fruit trees were laden with fruit ready to ripen, winter, with her attendant ice and frost and snow should enshroud the earth.

I thank God for the assurance of an order of nature in everything. May He hasten the day when a like security may be attained in the man-made social and economic orders.



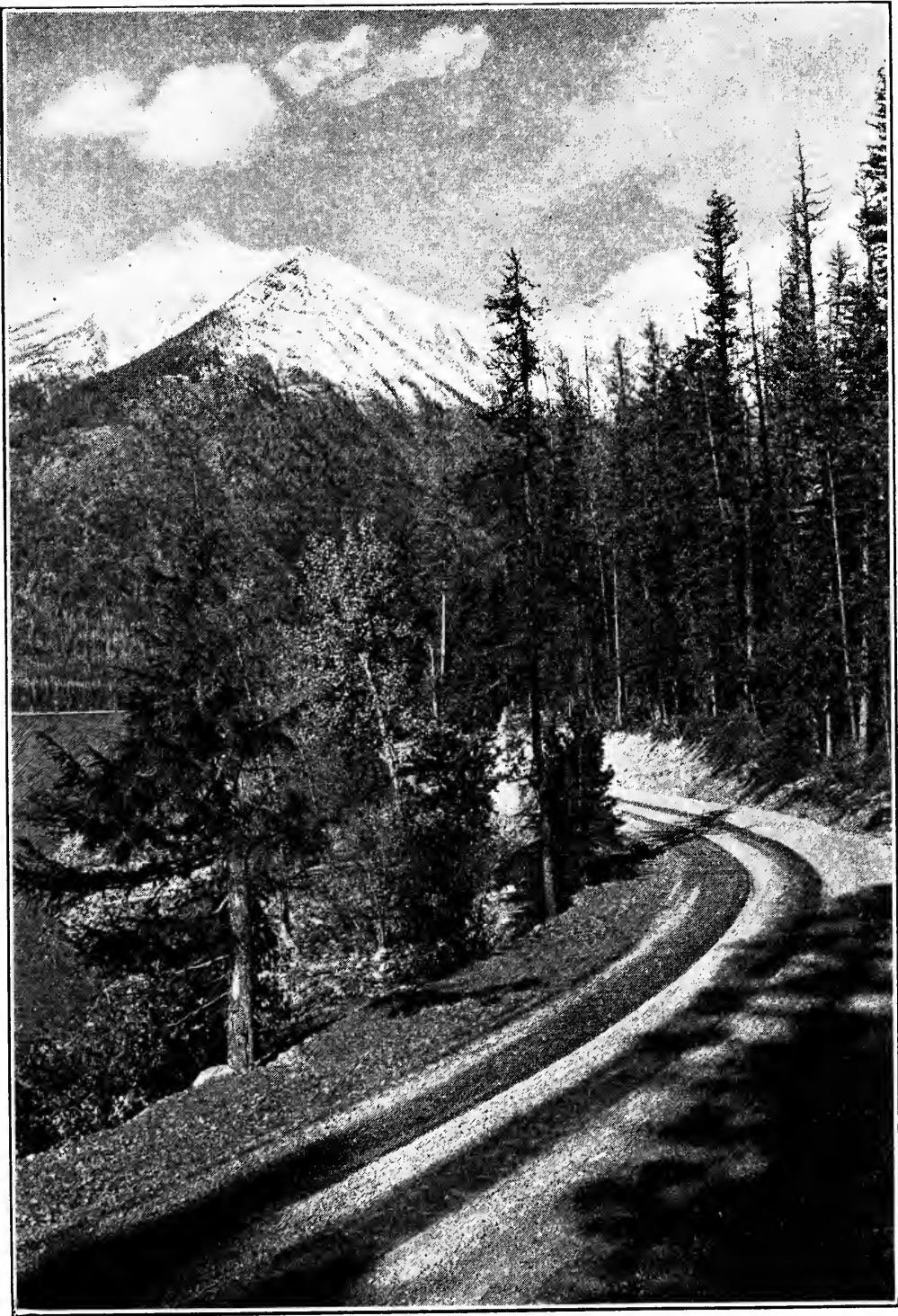


Photo by Hileman

MT. STANTON, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI

JUNE, 1934

No. 6

The Song of the Lark

By Arvilla Bennett Ashby

ETHEL THURGOOD stood in the doorway of her beautiful living room. With head bent slightly to one side she appraised her recent work. There was not a vestige of dirt or dust or grime discernible and she turned away with a smile of satisfaction on her face.

She spoke to a woman kneeling on the floor of her beautifully furnished dining-room lustily polishing an already shining hard wood surface.

"It is a beautiful room, Martha. When I get through cleaning it, I feel as though I had cleaned the shrine of some temple. I love to work in it. There is nothing that so fills my soul with satisfaction as to see each nook and corner gleaming with cleanliness."

"Well, you certainly know how to keep it that way Mrs. Thurgood. There's no one that can keep house any better than you."

Ethel laughed softly. "I love it, I suppose that is the reason. It is easy for one to do well that which she likes to do."

"I have one half hour in which to dress before the University girls are due. Everything is ready for their inspection, I believe."

"Yes, ma'am, as far as I can see everything is ready."

THE University girls passed eagerly from one part of the beautiful home to another, admiration and interest glowing in their eyes. They seemed to catch the spirit radiated by their guide. Ethel was interested also and very happy. Her face glowed with pride and enthusiasm as she pointed out the various details of her model home.

When the inspection was thoroughly completed and the girls and their teacher were discussing each minute detail before departure, Ethel led them to a painting hanging conspicuously on the wall, a picture of "The Song of the Lark."

"Just one more thing to see, girls. Only a picture but how I love it. I have interpreted it in my own way, however. To me the girl is the Lark. She is singing at her work, happy in the accomplishment of something fine. She is listening to her own song of happiness, and how wonderful is the person who can sing at his work and love it. Girls," and her voice rang with a sincerity that held them and forced her point of view upon them, "whether you



THE SONG OF THE LARK

Millet

live in a mansion or a lowly little cottage, if you can love your work you will make a home of it."

Her voice was low, clear, full of feeling. Her eyes shone brightly. She failed to note the entrance of

her husband. He stood quietly by the door. There was a slight frown on his brow and his lips curled with a suggestion of sarcastic scorn.

He crossed the room presently and waited by the large spacious

window, until the girls had gone, then with the frown deepening on his countenance and an angry red suffusing his face, he walked quickly to the picture, tore it from its hangings and sent it hurtling into a farther corner of the room.

"What in heavens name do you want to clutter up a place as beautiful as this with such trash as that for, Ethel? Of all the detestable paintings, it is that peasant woman. What anyone sees about those big hands and feet and that face is more than I can comprehend. Hang anything else in here, but for heavens sake leave that out."

Ethel had hardly realized that her husband had entered the room until she heard the crash and saw a mass of broken frame and glass. She stared at him for a moment, a hurt surprised expression filling her eyes. She had known that he did not especially care for the "Song of the Lark" but he had not evinced a hatred for it before this time. She listened to him for a moment then quietly she walked past him and retrieved the painting from the heap of broken glass.

"I am sorry, Allen. You shall not be bothered with so much as a glimpse of this picture again." In another moment she was gone and Allen was alone.

ETHEL was trembling when she entered her own room. She was hurt more than she could ever remember of having been before. She looked at her picture. A righteous indignation welled up in her being. It was not so much the painting Allen had scorned. It was the words she had spoken to the girls, words that had come from her very heart and had been meant only for the girls to hear.

She thought of the change that had come over Allen of late. At one time she knew, he would not have done such a thing. His success financially was making a different person of him. He could hardly be termed the patient humble man she had known him to be in days of struggle to make a livelihood. He had of late evinced a pride and haughtiness and a desire to exert undue authority over her that was new in him. He had made money in his chain of garages. He had replaced their humble little home with one of the most beautiful dwellings in the city, located in an exclusive residence section. He had purchased a car that was imposing enough to satisfy the vanity growing in his heart.

Despite this he had not forgotten Ethel. He had been most considerate of her and Ethel felt a tenderness towards him regardless of her indignation recently aroused. He had given her luxuries undreamed of and along with them a consideration that not all women experience.

"Now, Ethel," he had said. "No more work for my wife. Somehow it has been my dream to see you always dressed well, to see your hands smooth and white and cared for like these rich women care for theirs. Our daughter knows all these tricks but you and I have got to learn them, and now's the time to begin." Thus servants filled the house to take her place in the vast scheme of keeping up a home. And Ethel had suddenly been given all the leisure in the world.

At first she had liked it. She had entered into public activities, she had become a member of various clubs and she accompanied her daughter to operas and theatres, but in time the novelty began to wane. In a

sense, she enjoyed these activities but down deep in her being was a desire for a rest, the rest of a quiet evening at home, the rest of a good hard day's labor in her beautiful house and gardens. She said nothing to her husband and daughter concerning these feelings. She felt a little ashamed of her own weakness. "I suppose that," she said to herself, "An old dog can't learn new tricks. Forty isn't so old, however, but goodness, how I have loved my work. It is born and bred in me. My parents and grandparents before me were workers. They loved their work even as I love mine and I can't get away from it. Home keeping is an art to me just as painting or writing is an art to some other woman."

If she had not appreciated the sentiment back of her husband's actions, she would have dismissed her servants and taken over the reins of house keeping herself. She loved it as a business man loves his business but she had given it up, save only for a little cleaning now and then, because her husband desired her hands to be beautiful and white and soft. No wonder he scorned the "Song of the Lark." Well, she wouldn't disappoint him regardless of her own feelings and her own desires.

HER bitterness had left her and her voice was calm and controlled as Allen entered the room. The angry sarcastic expression on his countenance had given way to one of humble repentance. His words, when he spoke came slowly, haltingly, in contrast to the quick decisive expressions used a few moments before.

"I'm sorry, Ethel, that I acted so. I've been very successful lately—

have been making money pretty fast and it sort of turned my head, I guess. I just want to tell you that I'm sorry and want you to hang the picture back where it was."

Ethel looked at him for a long moment. This was the real Allen Thurgood that she had always known. She wanted to go to him and laugh away his seriousness. But a certain obstinate feeling held her back.

"No, Allen, she said evenly, "I told you before that this picture would not be hung where it could bother you again. Now I repeat that it shall not until you learn to love it, and I believe that someday you will love it as I do."

FOR a time Allen's success seemed unlimited. A confidence in himself and his own business judgment took root and grew rapidly. He invested his money in this and that business deal and saw quick results, results that were gratifying indeed. Then there came suddenly a change in affairs. He became stricken with a severe case of rheumatic fever. For weeks he lay helpless, wracked with pain, utterly unable to hold the reins of his business transactions. Where he had hitherto been making great gains financially, he began to lose. In some instances his losses were enormous, eating heavily into his capital. His mind, under the new weight of illness, seemed utterly unable to cope with the situation and he realized that he was losing the greater part if not all of what he had slaved to acquire. But, then he had his business. Just let him regain his old health and vigor and he would be ready to fight again, in the manner in which he had learned to fight in days gone by.

His health however, was not so

easily regained. He called in eminent physicians and their decree was that he must move to a high dry climate if he expected or even hoped for a complete recovery of health.

Then business suddenly underwent a severe slump. Business houses and banks were going on the rocks all about him. He came to realize that he was only one of many who were losing in the race. Nevertheless he held his courage. There was a slight mortgage on two of his finest garages, mortgages that he had taken out just previous to his illness, to avoid drawing on his accumulated capital, and at the same time permit him to speculate more heavily. He would sell his home and clear that off. Later he could build another home as beautiful or more so, than the one he now owned.

He found that his home would not sell for nearly the sum he had expended on it. He held out, determined to get his price and held off till property dropped to nothing. His home was on his hands and his garages were taken over to pay the debt he owed on them.

IN the course of a very short time Allen Thurgood found himself once more a poor man.

He was left with two pieces of property; his home and a beautiful stretch of canyon land, located in a distant part of the state. He had bought it in a fit of extravagance, and had built on it a summer home. To this home they were compelled to go. They were to eke out an existence in the very spot he had planned on being merely a luxury; a place to go for summer comfort.

He finally sold his home at a sacrifice and the money thus gained was to be used to continue their daughter's education and to keep

them in necessities until they could supplement it later on.

Their canyon home was an unusually beautiful site. The soil was rich and loamy, capable if worked properly, of yielding an abundance of truck garden stuff. This they could find ready sale for in a nearby mining town. They decided on setting out a young orchard also, thus using every foot of ground available.

Though Allen was able to do a part of the work, he realized that the greater part had to be done by Ethel if it were to be done at all. His health, though very much improved, would not permit him to do much and he choked down the hurt that he felt at bringing her to the state where she had to struggle like this to see them live.

Ethel entered into it willingly. Her love for work meant much to her now and she welcomed the prospects of accomplishing something each day. Though there was much that was hard, almost beyond a woman's strength, she determined to make the best of it and also help to make a home of their canyon investment that they would be proud to call their own.

They only partly realized the enormity of their undertaking. Their land was covered with rock and debris that had collected for many years. This they had to clear away to permit working of the soil. It proved a difficult task. Many of the rocks were large and buried part way in the earth. They had to dig and pry to loosen them from their bed, then they had to be loaded in a small truck, a remnant of garage days, and hauled away.

For weeks they struggled. They laid off the orchard plot, planted it and began anxiously watching it

grow. They piped water from a canyon spring to their log home. They made irrigation ditches in readiness for the time when they would have their garden plot in condition for planting. By the middle of summer they were still struggling to get the land in usable condition. They hired a neighbor farmer to plow the ground that they had cleared and more rocks loomed up to be hauled away.

By the time winter set in they were much encouraged. Their garden plot was at last in splendid condition for planting. They were ready for a genuine start when spring burst forth again.

ETHEL now began in earnest the task of beautifying their home. She seemed to have a magic touch and the five rooms of their log cabin took on the appearance of beauty and hominess that she so dearly loved to see. She drove the bareness, the coldness out, and replaced them with warmth and color and beauty. And Allen watched in silence.

The winter passed and Allen's health was so improved that he was able to take over complete control of his affairs. Ethel could now attend to her work in the house. Spring had hardly made her advent when he went to work. Early morning and late evening found him busy. In due time he was able to begin his spring planting.

He worked diligently and in his zealotness, he would not be driven in doors for a mere spring rain and chilly canyon breezes. They proved too much for him finally, and rheumatism gripped him again in its ruthless hands. It did not prove to be a serious attack, but he was compelled to abandon the idea of

work and stay in until the weather was warmer and the rheumatism abated again. He was also compelled to see Ethel do that which he had tried so hard to spare her from. He saw her struggle day by day with the garden, the orchard and the home and it was very little he could do to help. His heart ached. To see his wife become the slave that she had come to be, hurt him horribly. Allen became the most humble of men.

ONE evening Ethel came in rather late after an unusually hard day. She had been irrigating the orchard and garden and she was very tired. She was more silent than usual and Allen sensing her mood, wrapped himself in a warm bath robe and hobbled out to their spacious porch.

Ethel busied herself with little things that had to be done. She let her eyes travel lazily around the room. There didn't seem to be the beauty there that had smiled at her that morning. Somehow it had seemed to diminish through the day. Then suddenly her eyes rested on her old beloved painting "The Song of the Lark." How—how had it come to be hanging there? Surely Allen hadn't—but of course he had retrieved it from its hiding place in the trunk and hung it where she, or was it he, could see it when ever in the room. For a long moment she gazed at it. She forgot her tired feeling. New strength and vigor seemed to flow gently through her being. How she loved this picture and her interpretation of it, the person who could sing at her work. She walked quietly over to it and looked at it for a long moment, then raised her hands and gazed long at them. A smile crept over her fea-

tures and lingered there. Her hands were no longer the hands of a lady, they were the hands of the peasant woman, gnarled, coarse, rough and brown. But some how she did not mind. She liked the meaning back of their appearance, the work they signified.

She glanced up suddenly toward the door. Allen was standing in the doorway watching her. There were tears gleaming in his tired eyes. She let her hands fall down quickly, put them back of her and looked pensively at him.

"Don't Ethel," he said chokingly.

"Don't hide your hands like that." He approached her slowly. "I love to look at them more than I ever loved to look at hands before. I know the meaning back of their appearance.

He came closer, took her hands in one of his and drew her to him. She rested her head lightly against his shoulder.

They almost instinctively turned toward "The Song of the Lark" and gazed long at it. Neither spoke but Ethel knew that Allen had learned to love it even as she had said he would.

According to divine definition, intelligence is *light* and *truth* (Doc. & Cov. 93:36) Intelligence is thus more than mere knowledge; indeed, it consists of both knowledge and wisdom to act properly. Lucifer undoubtedly possesses much knowledge but he fails in its proper application, and therefore does not possess true intelligence. Acts of wrongdoing are never acts of intelligence. When Lucifer was "in authority in the presence of God" (Doc. & Cov. 76:25), he doubtless possessed a high degree of intelligence, but this was lost through disobedience and wrongdoing.

—Dr. Frederick J. Pack

Street of Doubt

By Ezra J. Poulsen

I walk along the misty street of doubt,
 Half weary, yet pretending to be gay,
 My sight confused, my lips inclined to pray.
 As passion beats my rebel heart about;
 Desire's slave, I seem to be without
 The will to snatch the gold from somber day,
 And hope is dimmed by threatening dismay,
 Though deep within prophetic voices shout.

But through the mist the glowing rainbow ends
 Throw multi-colored blooms about my feet,
 And straight into my soul a shaft of light,
 A beam from out the friendly sky descends,
 And angel voices whisper down the street
 "The dawn of faith has passed the bars of night."

"Little Pretty Pocket Book"

By Florence Ivins Hyde

II

IN the realm of juvenile books, there seems to be a tendency during the last fifteen years, to write about other lands. Only three of the Newberry Medal Books have American settings. Others take us to China, Japan, South America, Poland, England, and India. In reading about foreign lands, a child gains valuable knowledge of other countries and an understanding of foreign peoples. The recipients of the medal have been very familiar with the time, the place, and the people of whom they have written.

THE first medal was awarded, in 1922, to Hendrick William Van Loon born in Holland, he came to America where he was graduated from Cornell University. As a boy in Holland, he was left much to himself and spent long hours in his father's library reading books beyond his years. He lived in the past with those books. Today he says, "I know the seventeenth century better than the twentieth." People said that the statue of Erasmus, which he had to pass every day on his way to school, turned a page of the book in his hand every hour, so Hendrick stood hour after hour watching, but he never saw Erasmus turn a single page. It was this experience which made him cease to accept what was told him until after he had made inquiries into the subject himself.

His "Story of Mankind" is written in the way he thinks history should be taught to children. Its importance lies in the fact that it was the first book of history to be written in an entertaining style, and at the

same time having literary value. It is the only book of history to receive the Newberry Medal.

HUGH LOFTING, the second prize winner, was born in England but came to America to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His "Voyages of Doctor Doolittle" is the first animal book to receive the medal. Mr. Lofting served in Flanders and France during the World War. It was here that Dr. Doolittle was created. The author, himself, says: "My children at home wanted letters from me. . . . There seemed very little of interest to write to youngsters from the front, the news was either too horrible or too dull. One thing, however, that kept forcing itself more and more on my attention was the considerable part the animals were playing in the war. . . . If we made the animals take the same chances in the war, as we did ourselves, why did we not give them similar attention when wounded? That was the beginning of the idea." Mr. Lofting came home from France determined to do all he could to make war impossible. Mrs. May Lamberton Becker says of him: "I have sometimes wondered if his vision of world understanding and the active and glorious peace that would arise from it, may not have had something to do with the knowledge that Dr. Doolittle has of the language of animals, of birds, and of fish, and the happy fashion in which he interprets one to the other. However that may be you would not know from those quiet tales that they were born among battles. Dr. Doolittle does not preach and neither does Hugh

Lofting. But a man who writes for children and gives to them the best he has will write the better if his life is fed with high ideals. It is his dream that this may some day be a world reality." It was due to Mrs. Lofting that the letters of her husband were published. They were immediately accepted when she showed them to a publisher.

The humor and imaginative quality of this book makes it enjoyed by adults as well as by children. Even if its philosophy is lost on children the author is able to teach lessons of kindness to animals without them realizing it. He says, "No idea is too subtle to be conveyed to a child of eight years provided the story teller is willing to spend the time necessary to find the word forms to convey that idea to the child's mind. A writer can make children understand the meaning of words they have never heard before by placing them in the right context. Children do not want us to come down to their levels. They would sooner be pulled up to ours in both ideas and vocabulary."

THE *Dark Frigate*," written by Charles B. Hawes was awarded the prize after the death of its author. Mr. Hawes is the only Newberry winner not living today. The *Dark Frigate* is a story of buccaneering days in England, filled with thrilling pictures of kidnaping, piracy, bloody adventure and raging seas. In it the author has achieved the thing few writers attain, the combination of excellent literary quality coupled with high adventure.

ENGLAND was the birthplace of Chas. J. Finger, another of the Newberry Medal winners. He came to America in 1887 and here his life of travel and adventure began. He traveled in South America, Mexico,

and Africa, living among the Indians and learning to speak their language and to understand their thoughts. In "Tales From Silver Lands," he tells the legendary stories of South America based on his own experiences together with the tales he learned from the Indians. These stories were first told to his own children and they selected the ones which should go into his book. There are nineteen tales in all from which we learn how the deer and rabbit came to have no tail at all and the rat a long tail, how the temple at Orinoco came to be built in the very spot where the beautiful princess was freed from the spell which changed her into a dog, how the lazy people decided that after all it was better to work than to loaf, and so on each tale explaining the reason for some custom belief, or human or animal characteristic.

ARTHUR CHRISMAN, a Southerner, has gathered together in "Shen of the Sea," old Chinese legends just as Finger has gathered those of South America, except that Chrisman's tales are more imaginary. The basis for many of them were told him in an old section of Hollywood while he was working as a "movie extra." They are all amusing and convincing. The story of Ah Mee who was responsible for the invention of printing, the story of the cook who became king because he could roast duck so well and then introduced chop sticks in place of knives and forks, are fascinating tales. The author writes, "I spent many pleasant hours in writing my books. Say what you please, I made the world a trifle merrier for one person. Now then, the question is who'll say two?" His interesting life provided the originality and sense of fun shown in his writings.

SMOKY," a picture of cowboy life stands out among American horse stories. A trapper assumed guardianship of Will James when he was left an orphan. While left alone in the trapper's cabin for weeks at a time, he taught himself to read and write, from old magazines he found around. Then one day the trapper didn't come home and the boy found his guardian's fur cap beside a hole in the ice. For twenty years he wandered around as a cowboy, becoming an expert rider and breaking wild horses. In 1920 he was injured by a vicious horse and his career as a trick rider was ended. It was then he began writing for magazines the stories of his experiences.

"Smoky" tells in cowboy language the story of his life. . . . This language he learned from the fur trapper. For years Smoky frisks and plays learning how to meet life, then he discovers Clint whose kindness wins the horse and they become inseparable. When Smoky is stolen by a half-breed, he reverts to a wild horse and kills his enemy. Finally he and Clint are reunited and "the heart of Smoky comes to life again and full size." In the preface to the book Mr. James writes: "My main ambition as I turn Smoky loose to make himself acquainted is that the folks who will get to know him will see that horse as I see him."

IN "Gay Neck," the 1927 prize book, Dhan Gopal Mukerji has given us a picture of the jungle, animal and bird life of India. The author, born in India, broke the tie of caste and country and came to America at the age of twenty years. His childhood home stood at the edge of the jungle and at night Dhan used to sit by the window and gaze out at the jungle. When he grew up the holy men took him into this mysterious place at night telling

him: "The animals are our brothers. They want to talk to us. We must understand them." This first hand knowledge he later put into his stories for children. "Gay Neck" is the story of a pigeon, telling of his hairbreadth escapes from hawks, eagles, and airplanes. The style is beautiful, even poetical in places. Parts of the book may have too much philosophy and spiritual teaching for a child, but a very fine thing is done when Ghond, the hunter, and Gay Neck struggle to overcome fear.

THE Trumpeter of Krakow" is a picture of life in Poland in the fifteenth century, written by Eric Philbrook Kelly, of Massachusetts. Mr. Kelly gained his information for this book while in Poland where he remained a number of years after the war. The story is woven around the custom in the city of Krakow, of blowing each hour from the four windows of a church, a trumpet song. The superstitions of the people, the experiments of hypnotizers, the royal court splendor all add romance to the story. Because of his scholarly knowledge of Polish history, the original trumpet on which the trumpet song was played for centuries, was loaned to the author to exhibit in America.

HITTY," by Rachel Field, is the story of a doll, but Hitty seems much more like a real person. It tells of the varied and exciting events of her life from the time she is carved out of wood by a peddler to the time she is bought at an auction and placed in an antique shop in New York City. Rachel Field found this doll and in spite of its prohibitive price, never rested until she owned it. When she first owned the doll she found the name "Hitty" written in faded spencerian letters on a bit of paper sewed to her brown calico dress. This furnished the "inspira-

tion" for the first Newberry Medal Book won by a woman. The incidents of the book are both significant and charming.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH has been a traveler in England, France, Mexico, Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Morocco, Japan, China, Yucatan, and the Philippines. Memories of her travels fill all her writings. She considers herself a writer of poetry and it is said that she has had more poetry printed in current magazines than any other young living poet. Her first story, "*The Cat Who Went to Heaven*," brought her the Newberry Medal. The appealing little cat instantly gains the reader's sympathy. "So the old woman put down the basket and opened the lid. Nothing happened for a moment. Then a round, pretty white head came slowly above the bamboo and two big yellow eyes looked about the room, and a little white cat jumped out on the mat." A poor starving artist bought her with his last penny, and the very next day was commissioned by the priest to make a drawing of the last days of Buddha which was to be hung in the temple. So the artist named his cat "Good Fortune." In the drawing the artist placed around Buddha all the animals whom he had loved and blessed. And when he had painted them all, his love for Good Fortune gave him courage to draw a cat at the end of the procession even at the risk of the priest's displeasure. "Good Fortune" was so happy to be included among the followers of Buddha that she died of happiness. That night a miracle happened and the next morning the little cat was gone from the end of the line and was found in Buddha's arms. Miss Coatsworth's book is one of rare beauty and charm.

WATERLESS MOUNTAIN, by Laura Adams Armer, takes its name from a mountain in the Navajo country. The story is based upon actual experiences among the Indians. It is claimed that in this story, the author comes as close to painting a true picture as anyone save a medicine man could do. Many incidents are told with unusual depth of feeling. The Indian legends, descriptions of ceremonies, and other pictures are delightfully told.

ELIZABETH FORMAN LEWIS, whose "Young Fu" won the 1933 medal, has had an unusual literary career. Although this is her first book, for years she has been writing children's stories which have appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *Boy's Life*, *John Martin's Book*, and *Junior Red Cross*. She was born in Baltimore and educated in that City and in New York. She says, "I have never taken a course in journalism or the art of writing in my life, and I believe that anything I have succeeded in doing I owe chiefly to a broad background of thirty years or more of incessant reading. As a child I knew good books, books far beyond my age for the most part, but well written. I am inclined to believe that in so far as any one author might do so, Joseph Conrad has influenced me most deeply."

While living in China where she taught religious education, the idea for her Chinese story came to her. This teaching experience, undoubtedly, is responsible for the high moral tone throughout the book. It is the story of a young boy who not only conquers poverty, but in his struggle for success conquers himself. It is not lacking in adventures such as a fire, a flood and brutal acts of soldiers, but no incident is done with a more unerring hand than the

picture of the boy when he discovers he has made a serious mistake by gambling away his mother's hard earned money, and his courageous effort to repay his mother for what he had lost. Every boy should own "Young Fu."

In this group of Newberry Medal books, a wide variety of subjects have been used. From them, the taste of any type of child could be satisfied. There is a book of history, four vastly different animal stories, two books of legend and folklore, one American Indian story, one uses the unusual subject of a doll, and the latest book is written of life in a foreign country.

It is extremely interesting to note the various professions from which the winners come, only three being writers. Van Loon and Kelly are newspaper men; Lofting, Mukerji and Chrishman were trained in technical subjects such as engineering and architecture. Finger is a musician; Will James a cowboy;

Mrs. Armer is an artist; Hawes, a magazine editor; Miss Coatsworth, Miss Field, and Mrs. Lewis are writers. It is perhaps still more interesting to observe that the last four awards have been made to women, and that they are writers by profession.

It must be remembered that the Newberry Medal is awarded to the best book of the year, and some are infinitely more profitable as food for children than others, but they serve as the best guide in the problem of what children should read. The Medal was established with the hope of interesting authors of creative ability in writing children's books, and we must agree that the aim is being accomplished, for more and more such writers are coming to feel, not only the importance of good reading for children, but that juvenile books can be real literature and are deserving of the best efforts of the most gifted writers.



Seek and Disseminate Knowledge

By Thomas L. Martin

NO matter what your talent may be people will not acknowledge it unless you share it with them. Therein lies your development, as also the value of your talent, for your talent is of no value unless the earth and its inhabitants are better because of it. Expression without impression is impossible, impression without expression is folly.

There has been a great tendency in the past for men jealously to guard their intellectual possessions. As a result of this, much knowledge has been withheld from the people. Ignorance, superstition, suspicion, and unnecessary misery have been the lot of a majority of people. However, the times are changing, and one sees on every hand evidences wherein knowledge is becoming more democratic. Books, magazines, articles, and lectures are taking up this burden of the diffusion of knowledge, the popularizing or humanizing of science. A book by Messrs. F. S. Harris and N. I. Butt of Brigham Young University entitled, "Scientific Research and Human Welfare," is a splendid contribution in this regard. The effort of the writers is to acquaint the people with what science has done during the last two hundred years in the control of disease, transportation, illumination, plant diseases, and other topics associated with the control of the earth and the efforts of man to make the earth a more fit dwelling place. No one can read the book without being intellectually better and feeling a debt of gratitude to the producers. While perusing the pages of this book, one finds himself querying: "What can I do to make the

world better?" The authors have information combined with talent. They have shared it with their fellowmen in the writing of their book. They have made their contribution, thus compelling the banishment of ignorance, and superstition.

ALL men have talent of some description. Some men are very successful farmers. That which has made them efficient in their line of endeavor should be spread broadcast in the communities in which they live. The physicians have material of interest, and it should be given freely. Teachers, in our various schools, are specialists in certain lines, their specialty should be popularized and made familiar to the people. Many housewives have certain bits of information on home decoration, arrangement of furniture, desirable recipes, methods of budgeting the family income, that would be of enormous value to the rest of womankind. The business man has knowledge of material that should be shared by the members of the community; so have the postmaster and the industrialist. Each community should call upon the extension specialist from the various universities to aid in this matter of the dissemination of useful knowledge. Lyceum courses should be well supported, for from such sources a mass of information is accumulated which leaves its impress for good upon the community for years to come.

Study and teach each one of you for the informations' sake and for the intellectual development and practical value that may be obtained therefrom.

IN farming communities meetings should be held at which the farmers could discuss in the form of a round table, many of the problems confronting them. Occasionally call in some specialist and continue the discussion. Furthermore, aim to go beyond the immediate practical. For example it is well known that fall plowing is good, particularly for heavy soils. Should we stop with that information! By no means. Why is it good, what is its effect on the soil water, the soil air and the soil bacteria! Delve into nature, and drag from her some of the intellectual gems that make life worth while. This theoretical or scientific information must be given, along with

the practical discussion in order to gain the intellectual mastery of the thing at hand, in other words, to actually subdue the earth. Farmers and farmers' wives, work to this end, and you will do wonders in speeding the new movement in this world today—the popularization of information so that man may get the joy out of it that he is entitled to in this life. Share your information, share your talent, draw people into your midst who have talent and have them share it with you. Preach, teach, and write constantly about the things you know most about, and we shall have an intellectual, progressive, religious atmosphere, such as we have never before known.

A Mother's Wish

By Grace Zenor Pratt

—What is my wish for thee, beloved—
 Not riches, No—
 They vanish ever quickly, The joys they give
 Are fleeting empty shadows.
 I would wish for thee—
 Something more worthy, something more secure.
 —I wish thee gifts and with them wish thee pain,
 For all great gifts bring pain and sorrow too.
 In the creator's task lies suffering,
 While souls are crucified, and so again,
 —I wish thee motherhood, that holiest joy,
 Of mortal woman—to hold close
 A little babe, against a loving heart;
 Two little hands to clasp, your own in trust,
 And trusting eyes up-turning into thine.
 —I wish thee love, the gift of loving, too,
 Dear patience and an understanding heart,
 That when the way is dark and clouds hang low
 You find a high sweet courage of your own;
 A happy face, a song at Eventide,
 A gentle word for those who do you wrong,—
 —And may you be so blessed with charming grace,
 To make of humble cot or lowly room
 A pleasant place your dear ones may call home;
 May find you waiting there when day is o'er;
 —What can I wish for thee, beloved, more?

Joseph Smith

By James L. Barker

IN the issues of the Intermountain Catholic from July 21 to September 8, 1933, there appeared an article under the heading, "The Election and Grant of Authority to Bishops," by Monsignor D. G. Hunt. This article comments on an article, "Joseph Smith, Genius or Prophet," that appeared in the October and November issues of the *Relief Society Magazine*, 1930.¹

Summary of the October and November Relief Society Magazine articles.

The article in the October *Relief Society Magazine* maintains that Joseph Smith was a prophet, because he "organized a church"; "the strength is unprecedented and humanly inexplicable." In support of the fact that the organization is humanly inexplicable, the article explains the ideas of church government prevailing in the historic churches at the time of the institution of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—the idea of authority being dominant in the Catholic Church and the idea of individual liberty in the Lutheran Church. It likewise gives the theories of various churches relative to the highest officers in the Primitive Church, together with a brief

sketch of the development and growth of authority in the Catholic Church; and points out that, in the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Catholic idea of authority and the Lutheran idea of individual liberty are reconciled and harmonized. It attempts also to show that the organization of the L. D. S. Church "is helpful in understanding the historical origin of the systems existing in 1830 when Joseph Smith began the work of organizing the Church" and that many statements insufficiently understood concerning officers of the Primitive Church are made clear by the latter-day organization.

All this together with the "exact correspondence of the organization of the latter-day church and the organization of the Primitive Church can hardly be due to chance, and it would be due to chance if the organization were his (Joseph Smith's) invention."

If the organization cannot be due to Joseph Smith's scholarship or to the scholarship of those about him, it must be due to the fact that it was given to him by revelation, as he claimed. Monsignor Hunt has not yet commented on this article, but "because of greater interest" has commented on the November article first.

In the November article of the *Relief Society Magazine* it is shown that, as a machine for the realization of the purposes of a church, the L. D. S. Church is superior to the historical churches in existence in 1830; that the necessary, but contradictory, principles of authority (in the Catholic Church) and of

¹The Relief Society Magazine article was shown to a friend who, after having it for some time, expressed a desire to secure Monsignor Hunt's opinion about it, and asked permission to hand it to him. I replied that I should be likewise interested in knowing the opinion of so brilliant a defender of the Catholic faith. Monsignor Hunt has now published his comments, which he was kind enough to send me first in manuscript form. I am taking this occasion to comment on his article.

individual liberty (in the Lutheran Church) were "reconciled in the Primitive Church;" and that they are reconciled and harmonized in the actual government of the latter-day Church.

Christ calls prophets and confers His priesthood, nevertheless, in recognition of the principle of free will, he leaves with the people the choice as to whether that priesthood (including the administrative authority of the priesthood) shall be exercised over them or not.

Monsignor Hunt comments: "Professor Barker gives his principal attention to church authority. He attempts to point out errors in the Catholic Church and Protestant Churches concerning both the grant of authority to officials, and the exercise of authority by officials." The article points out the historical development of the ideas of authority and individual liberty in church government and, if "errors in the Catholic Church and Protestant Churches" are pointed out, it is entirely incidental while showing that Joseph Smith restored the constitution of the Primitive Church.

Monsignor Hunt says: "Professor Barker's primary thesis seems to be this: Authority in church government rests with the people. He does not state this conclusion explicitly. Rather, he states it implicitly in his contention that no church official can exercise the authority of his office until his appointment, which is made by already existing officials, is ratified by the people. * * * A secondary thesis is this: Teaching authority in the Church rests finally with the people, who may check, correct, and change the doctrinal definitions of their officials."

Neither of these propositions is defended in the *Relief Society Maga-*

sine article. Monsignor Hunt states that the first proposition is not stated "explicitly" but "implicitly." Quite contrary to his summary, the article says "explicitly": "If no one had accepted him Jesus would have been the Son of God. Had he been rejected by all, Peter would have possessed the authority bestowed upon him by Jesus and would have been the chief of all the apostles and a prophet;" further: "Christ called the Apostles, the people did not call them, and the Apostles did not choose Him." If this were not so, there would have been no divine church. However, the article also states that "before a bishop could act, he had to be accepted by the church over which he was to preside." And it is in this and similar statements that Monsignor Hunt sees the "implication" of what he takes to be my thesis, namely, that "Authority in Church government rests with the people." The article does not maintain this. On the contrary, as stated in the article and quoted above, Church authority is of God. Nevertheless, since a primary condition of all ethical life is freedom of will or freedom of choice, the Primitive Church recognized the principle of common consent. If a bishop, in the Primitive organization, could have presided over a church against the will of the membership, there would have been no recognition of the principle of individual liberty. Though the grant of authority in the Primitive Church was of God, the Lord left, and now leaves, to the individual (and to the people) the decision as to whether this authority shall be exercised in his (or their) behalf or not.

Further Monsignor Hunt says that "As to whether the approval of the people is to be obtained before or after the appointment by officials, the argument of Professor Barker is not clear. It would seem to be im-

plied, however, that the popular approval demanded by Professor Barker's theory may be registered either before or after appointment, that the time of the approval is not essential." The article seems sufficiently clear; it states: "If Joseph Smith is a prophet, it is because he was called of God, and the acceptance or rejection of his message in no way affects the authority of his priesthood (or that of his successors) and herein the principle of authority is operative. But Joseph Smith could not be president of the Church without the approval of the Church over which he presided." Naturally his calling as a prophet by God would precede his approval by the people as prophet and president of the Church. Before his divine calling there was nothing to approve. In spite of the obvious meaning of the above quotations, Monsignor Hunt attributes to me the thesis "that Christ gives authority to Church officials only after they have been approved by the people." This is neither the belief nor the practice of the present-day Church: Christ calls prophets and confers his priesthood. Nevertheless, in recognition of the principle of free will, he leaves with the people the choice as to whether that priesthood (including the administrative authority of the priesthood) shall be exercised over them or not.

The manner of choosing and ordaining the officers of the Primitive Church, being fundamental, was undoubtedly according to the will of the Savior, as revealed by the Holy Ghost.

Monsignor Hunt continues: "Professor Barker is content to offer evidence drawn from a date later than Christ. He offers certain facts drawn from the history of the early Church. His argument is that there was a practice among the Christians

of the early Church by which popular approval for appointees to the priesthood and episcopacy was given, from which fact he concludes that the practice arose in the teachings of Christ. * * * "

"In a syllogistic form, Professor Barker's argument is as follows: Major premise: Any practice among the Christians of the early Church had its origin in the teachings of Christ. Minor premise: Among the Christians of the early Church was the practice of giving popular approval to candidates for the priesthood and the episcopacy. Conclusion: The practice of giving approval, therefore, had its origin in the intentions of Christ."

And then Monsignor Hunt proceeds to state that the major premise is false. If so, it is not my fault; this major premise is not in the *Relief Society Magazine* article.

I neither affirm nor contradict the thesis that "Any practice of the early Church had its origin in the teachings of Christ;" however, the organization of the Church and the manner of choosing and ordaining its officers, being fundamental, was undoubtedly, in the time of the Apostles, according to the will of the Savior as revealed by the Holy Ghost.

In the Primitive Church, bishops or presiding elders were nominated by superior authority but, according to the principle of free will, the wishes of the Church were ascertained concerning those who were to minister unto them.

That the practice of submitting the officers chosen by superior authority for the approval of the people was general in the Primitive Church, seems to be the opinion of Catholic scholars:

"The head of the Church, elected to succeed Saint Alexander, was

called Sixtus [116-125 ?]. * * * The people and the clergy of the city cooperated (concurrent) without doubt in his election. * * * It is established * * * by a mass of trustworthy documents (ensemble de documents certains) that in the third century, the election of the bishops of Rome, * * * was subject to the same regulations as the election of other bishops, and the canons of the councils of Arles, in 314, and of Antioch, in 341, give us to understand (font entendre) that they (the councils) are ratifying an ancient custom when they decree that the choice of the bishop is dependent 'on the assembly and the judgment of his colleagues.'² It is certain, moreover, that the priests (elders) and the people took part in the assembly of which mention is made here.'³

As in the L. D. S. Church today, the will of the Church members was taken into account by the Apostles and the Apostles' disciples when they installed bishops.

Catholic writers accept the fact of ascertaining the will of the people in the Primitive Church, and record the gradual abandonment of the practice.

"The first bishops were installed directly by the apostles and the apostles' disciples. Nevertheless these took into account the will of the church members, out of which there developed subsequently the right of approval on the part of the people, while the election itself was carried out by the clergy of the city. After a short time, the bishop elected, needed the confirmation of the metropolitan and of the provincial bishops. In certain countries the provincial bishops elected the bishops 195-6, Librairie Bloud et Gay, Paris, 1924.

²"que le choix de l'evêque relève de l'assemblée et du jugement de ses collègues."

³Mourret, Les Origines Chrétiennes pp.

with the approval of the clergy and the people. There was, however, no real election on the part of the people anywhere, but only a collaboration on their part. Nevertheless, this participation on the part of the people was restricted more and more in the east. For instance, Justinian permitted only the prominent members to take part. The Council of Laodicea about 360 wanted to exclude the lay element entirely. And this collaboration of the people disappeared entirely from the ninth century on. In its place, however, the influence of the civil power made itself felt the more, especially in the west. In the Frankish kingdom, where bishops had been named not infrequently at an earlier date by the king, the election of the clergy was stipulated, it is true by the Council of Orleans (549), acknowledging, however, the right of confirmation on the part of the king. Among the West Goths, the election of bishops was entrusted to the king and the arch-bishop of Toledo by the Council of Toledo (681). In Germany, in France also, in place of the election, which as we have seen already at an earlier date had at times not been genuine, there appeared the unrestricted royal designation which, *by the conferring of the ring and staff* (italics mine), carried with it not only the bestowal of the princely, but also of the Church rights. * * * Although, by canonical election according to the old system (Rechte), the election by the clergy *with the collaboration of the people is to be understood* (italics mine), the influence of the people was crowded out at an early date and also the circle of the clergy entitled to take part in the election gradually narrowed down to the cathedral chapter, so that the election by the cathedral chapter came to be the commonly accepted method of filling bishops' chairs (Besetzung der Bischoflichen-

stuele). Later legislation defended this right of election emphatically against the attacks of the laity.”

Practice of “collaboration” on the part of the people restored in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

There is an exact correspondence in the method of procedure in the Primitive Church and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints there is today “no real election on the part of the people,” “there is only a collaboration on their part;” “the choice of the bishop is (today as then) dependent on the assembly and the judgment of his colleagues;” today “It is likewise certain that the priests (elders) and the people (take) took part in the assembly;” and it is felt today, as by the councils then that: “they (the councils) were ratifying an ancient custom when they decree that the choice of the bishop is dependent ‘on the assembly and the judgment of his colleagues.’” This close correspondence between the practice in the Primitive Church and that which has been restored through Joseph Smith, is the strongest kind of evidence of his divine calling. Such a restoration could not be due to chance, nor to his scholarship, nor to the scholarship of his associates; it could be due to revelation only.

Though “universality” cannot be proved, no contrary practice is known in the Primitive Church.

It has been seen, too, that the withdrawal of the right of approval on the part of the members of the Church was the result of a long and gradual evolution. At no time did the people nominate or elect their

bishops, but there seems no reason for believing that any practice prevailed in the Primitive Church other than that of submitting the newly chosen bishop to the people over whom he was to preside, for their approval.

Monsignor Hunt says that, though Athanasius states his election was approved by the people, he did not say that “popular approval was necessary for giving him authority.” It was not necessary “for giving him authority,” but the approval of the people, over whom he was to preside, was necessary for the *exercise* of that authority over *them*. And in the recognition and working harmony of these two facts lies the reconciliation of the apparently conflicting principles of authority and individual liberty in church government.

Monsignor Hunt observes that “An indication that would be deserving of attention would be universality.” Where records are fragmentary at best, it would be difficult to prove universality but, on the other hand, is it possible to prove a single exception to such approval on the part of the people in the first century and a half or more of the Primitive Church?

Monsignor Hunt states that “St. Paul * * * personally appointed St. Titus; apparently without the approval or even the knowledge of the people.” Probably so at the time of his appointment in Macedonia, but merely the fact that nothing more is said about it, does not prove that the Church of the Cretians, over which he came to preside, was not consulted as to its wishes in the matter. Today, elders are frequently ordained in Salt Lake City, and sent to distant branches of the Church but, having arrived there, they are submitted to the people for their approval.

*Heiners *Katholisches Kirchenrecht*, vol. 2, pp. 190-1, Ferdinand Schoningh, Paderborn, 1913. See also Funk, *Kirchengeschichte*, p. 155.

Could the people remove their bishops?

According to Monsignor Hunt, "Professor Barker cannot present one fact to indicate that Christ gave to the people the power to remove popes, bishops, and other clergy. Since Professor Barker made no attempt to prove his contention, I think it sufficient, in reply, to cite but one bit of evidence. In the letter which St. Clement wrote to the people of Corinth (about 95) he pointed out that they must respect and obey their clergy. He stated explicitly that the community could not overthrow their lawfully appointed leaders. In fact, this counsel was the main theme of the letter."

Let us note in passing that Monsignor Hunt does not quote the letter, but is content to give us his own summary of it.

Before discussing this letter, may I first make clear that I did not state in the *Relief Society Magazine* article that "Christ gave to the people power to remove popes, bishops, and other clergy." And, of course, since I did not make this "contention," I did not attempt to prove it. I did state concerning Joseph Smith: "If Joseph Smith is a prophet, it is because he was called of God and the acceptance or rejection of his message in no way affects the authority of his priesthood (or that of his successors) and herein the principle of authority is operative. But Joseph Smith could not be the president of the Church without the approval of the Church over which he presided. Moreover, *he provided for his possible recall twice a year, because the president must be sustained in conference assembled twice annually.*"

With the fact in mind that I did not attempt to prove that which I had not stated, let us examine the "one bit of evidence" deemed sufficient, but not quoted by Monsignor Hunt.

namely, the letter which St. Clement wrote to the people of Corinth (about 95).

St. Clement's letter.

In the early fourth century, Eusebius' comment on I Clement was as follows: "There is extant one letter of this Clement, which is accepted as genuine. It is of great length and remarkable character. He wrote it in the name of the Church of Rome to the Church of Corinth *because of a disturbance that had arisen at Corinth.* We know also that this letter has been read publicly in many churches in the past and in our own day."⁵

"The first indication we have that it was composed by Clement is found in a letter sent some eighty-five years later by Dionysius, bishop of Corinth, to the contemporary bishop of Rome."⁶

The epistle "is clearly, from internal evidence, a letter sent by the church of Rome to the church of Corinth in consequence of trouble in the latter community *which had led to the deposition of certain Presbyters.* The church of Rome writes protesting against this deposition, and the *partisanship* which has caused it." (Italics mine.)

"The actual name of the writer is not mentioned in the letter itself; it clearly claims to be not the letter of a single person but of a church. Tradition, however, has always ascribed it to Clement. * * * There is no reason for rejecting this tradition, for though it is not supported by any corroborative evidence in its favor there is nothing whatever against it."⁷

⁵Historia Ecclesiastica, III, 16, quoted by Shotwell and Loomis in *The See of Peter*, p. 66.

⁶Shotwell and Loomis, *The See of Peter*, p. 66.

⁷The Apostolic Fathers, with an English translation by Kirsopp Lake, vol. 1, Introduction, p. 3.

Who was Clement? In what capacity and in what authority did he write?

"The name of Clement does not appear in the letter; it presents itself, formally, as the writing of the Christian community at Rome."⁸

Did Clement write as bishop of Rome or as pope?

Of Clement, the Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. 3, p. 14, says:

"Probably he was a freedman. * * Of the life and death of St. Clement nothing is known." And the same work says further, p. 16, that, in the letters to the Church at Corinth, "Presbyters are mentioned several times, but are not distinguished from bishops. There is absolutely no mention of a bishop at Corinth, and the ecclesiastical authorities there are always mentioned in the plural. R. Sohm thinks there was as yet no bishop at Corinth when Clement wrote (so Michiels and many other Catholic writers * * *). Harnack in 1927 (Chronol., 1) upheld the paradox that the Church of Rome was so conservative as to be governed by presbyters (elders) until Anicletus; and when the list of popes was composed, c. 170, there had been a bishop for less than twenty years; Clement and others in the list were only presbyters (elders)⁹ of special influence."

Monsignor Duchesne represents

⁸Patrology, Bardenhewer, Freiburg im Breisgau and St. Louis, Mo., B. Herder, Publisher to the Holy Apostolic See, 1908, p. 27.

⁹Speaking in a foot-note of the See of Peter, p. 238, of the use of the word 'presbyters' in St. Clement's letter, Shotwell and Loomis say: "The word 'presbyters' or 'elders' seems to be used in its first sense, as a general title for the leaders and officers of the Church, the 'seniores' (elders), bishops and deacons. Not until the second century does it appear to denote a special group of ministers, the priests, and even then it may still keep its inclusive meaning."

all of the early churches¹⁰ as being governed by their founders—the apostles or other traveling evangelists. However, these were later to abandon the churches to themselves (p. 90), at which time they were ruled by leaders of their own number. As to who these leaders were—after citing Paul's recommendation to the "elders" who had been constituted "bishops" by the Holy Spirit—he writes: "There appears here already the lack of distinction between the priests (elders) and the bishops and the government of the church by the college of elders. Like the church of the Philippians, the church at Ephesus is directed by a group of personages who are *at the same time priests* (elders) and bishops (italics mine)." "* * * in the Pastorales * * * they are designated sometimes as priests (elders) and sometimes as bishops." "The church of the Philippians received, about 115, a letter from Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna; in it there is no other mention than that of priests (elders) and deacons. Hermas does not speak in any different terms of the Roman church of his time. One may say as much of Second Clement, a contemporary Roman or Corinthian writing of Hermas."

"There has been much discussion concerning these texts and their apparent disagreement with the tradition which represents the single episcopacy as going back to the origin even of the church and as representing the succession of the apostles in the hierarchical order." * * * "Whether they (the Christian communities) had a single bishop at their head, or whether they had several (elders-bishops), the episcopacy reaped the apostolic succession." * * "Hermas seems to be acquainted with only an episcopal college, and

¹⁰Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise, Fontemoing et Cie, Paris, 1911, tome 1, p. 89.

yet he writes under a single bishop, who is his own brother."¹¹

In the light of the organization and government of the present-day Church, all this groping in obscurity is made perfectly clear. Established communities are presided over today by bishops; new branches are administered by the group of elders (traveling or local) working in the branch, of whom one is the presiding elder (presbyter-bishop).

"Moreover the episcopal college (college of elders) by which they surely began in more than one place, could not be considered as the final institution; it was to be transformed at an early date. One governs with a committee only when it is presided over by a head who holds it in hand, who inspires it, directs it, and acts for it."¹²

In the present-day Church, the government by a group of elders can "not be considered as the final institution;" but lasts only until the community has attained sufficient importance to be presided over by a bishop. This seems to have been the case in the early Church.

In any event, it is apparent from these quotations that communities of the early Church were sometimes directed by a bishop, and sometimes by a group of elders with a presiding elder at their head. In such cases, elder and bishop had the same authority, and for the historians are not clearly distinguishable. It also seems plausible that the first "elders-bishops" at Rome—now called popes—were elders presiding over a group of elders, which in turn presided over the branch of the Church at Rome.

According to Monsignor Duchesne, "the usage of including pres-

¹¹Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise, pp. 94-5.

¹²Duchesne, Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise, p. 93.

¹³Duchesne, Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise, p. 95.

idents and counselors in a common denomination is explained thus: "The Church of God which resides at Rome' could have inherited the superior authority of its apostolic founders, as a college; this authority was concentrated in the body of its priests-bishops. Between this president and the single bishop of the following centuries there was no specific difference."

If Clement was an elder presiding over the Church at Rome, it would not be out of harmony with the present order of the Church. Today a branch of the Church in the missionary field, or any small branch of the Church, is presided over by an elder, who may or may not be assisted by other elders.

According to Ireneus,¹⁴ Clement was the third successor of St. Peter, according to Tertullian,¹⁵ the imme-

¹⁴"That which is certain is that he was bishop of Rome, and according to St. Ireneus (Adv. haeres., III, 3. n. 3. P. G. t. VII, col. 849), the third successor of Saint Peter on the episcopal chair of Rome. Others, like Tertullian (De Praescript., 32, P. L. t. II, col. 45) and a good part of the Latins, place Saint Clement immediately after Saint Peter, while others, on the contrary, like Saint Augustine (Epist. LIII, ad. Gen. n. 2, P. L. t. XXXIII, col. 196), Optatus Milevitanus (De schism, donut. II, 3, P. L. t. XI, col. 248) and the *Constitutiones Apostolorum* (VII, 46, P. G. t. I, col. 1053), assign the third place to Clement; so that the series would be: St. Peter, Linus, Clement, Anacletus. . . . From as early as the fourth century on, attempts have been made, with little success, to reconcile the three opinions, of which the most probable and the one admitted is: Saint Peter, Linus, Cletus, or Anacletus, Clement. . . ." Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada, vol. 13, p. 787, article Clement I, Hijos de J. Espasa, Madrid, 1924.

¹⁵According to Tertullian, writing c. 199, the Roman Church claimed that Clement was ordained by St. Peter (De Praescript., 32), and St. Jerome tells us that in his time 'most of the Latins' held that Clement was the immediate successor of the Apostle (De viris illustr., XV).

diate successor of Saint Peter, and according to St. Augustine, the second, successor of St. Peter. And "Lightfoot and Harnack are fond of pointing out that we hear earlier of the importance of the Roman Church than of the authority of the Roman bishop. If Clement had spoken in his own name [in the letter to the Church at Corinth], they would surely have noted expressly that he wrote not as Bishop of Rome, but as an aged presbyter who had known the Apostles. St. John indeed was still alive, and Corinth was rather nearer to Ephesus than to Rome."¹⁶

There is nothing impossible in the assumption that Clement was only an elder. In the *Relief Society Magazine* article, we saw that Mourret does not translate "*episcopoi-presbuteroi* [bishops-elders] because *episcopus* [overseer] is not necessarily the person we call a bishop and the *presbuteros* [elder] can be a bishop [overseer]. We had seen above that all the *presbuteroi* [elders] took part in the Council of Jerusalem, and the Acts of the Apostles, in relating the farewell of St. Paul to the pastors of the Church at Ephesus, calls them now *presbuteroi* [elders] and again *episcopoi* [bishops], Acts 17:28."¹⁷

Clement may or may not have been bishop of Rome, but, be that as it may, he did not write as head of the Church. The letter to the

St. Jerome himself in several places follows this opinion, but here he correctly states that Clement was the fourth pope. The early evidence shows great variety." The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. 4, p. 13, article Clement I.

"Origen identifies Pope Clement with St. Paul's fellow-laborer, Phil. iv., 3, and so do Eusebius, Epiphanius, and Jerome; but this Clement was probably a Philippian." The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. 4, p. 13, article Clement I.

¹⁶The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. 4, p. 17, article Clement, I.

¹⁷Mourret, *Les Origines Chretiennes*, p. 90.

Church at Corinth "Does not bear the name of the author but, according to the custom of that period, is written in the name of the whole Church at Rome, clergy as well as simple faithful, to the faithful at Corinth, taken likewise collectively."¹⁸ If Clement is the author of the letter, he writes neither as presiding-elder nor as bishop of Rome, but in the name of "the Church of God which sojourns in Rome to the Church of God which sojourns in Corinth."¹⁹ We have seen already that this was the custom of the time.

Saint Clement's Epistle. Bishops and deacons, "when they had been tested by the Spirit" were appointed "with the consent of the whole church."

"42. The Apostles received the Gospel for us from the Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus the Christ was sent from God. The Christ therefore is from God and the Apostles from the Christ. In both ways then, they were in accordance with the appointed order of God's will. Having therefore received their commands, and being fully assured by the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ,

¹⁸Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada, vol. 13, p. 788.

"The articles (in the Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada) are written by competent scholars from a Catholic viewpoint and embody the latest results of scientific researches. . . . In fact, this Spanish encyclopedia is an extensive Catholic encyclopedia and the largest and most up-to-date work of this kind published in any language." The Catholic Historical Review, October, 1933, p. 340.

¹⁹"The Church of God which sojourns in Rome to the Church of God which sojourns in Corinth, to those who are called and sanctified by the will of God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Grace and peace from God Almighty be multiplied to you from Jesus Christ." Salutation of the First Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians. The Apostolic Fathers, with an English translation by Kirsopp Lake, p. 9.

and with faith confirmed by the word of God, they went forth in the assurance of the Holy Spirit preaching the good news that the Kingdom of God is coming. They preached from district to district, and from city to city, and they appointed their first converts, *testing them by the Spirit*, to be bishops and deacons of the future believers."

44. "Our Apostles also knew through our Lord Jesus Christ that there would be strife for the title of bishop. For this cause, therefore, since they had received perfect foreknowledge, they appointed those who have been already mentioned, and afterwards added the codicil that if they should fall asleep, other approved men should succeed to their ministry. We consider, therefore, that it is not just to remove from their ministry those who were appointed by them, or later on by other eminent men, *with the consent of the whole Church*, and have ministered to the flock of Christ *without blame, humbly, peaceably, and disinterestedly, and for many years have received a universally favourable testimony*. For our sin is not small, if we eject from the episcopate those who have *blamelessly and holily* offered its sacrifices."²⁰

As in the present-day Church, the deposed officials had been appointed to the ministry and "ordained" by superior authority; likewise they had been "appointed" "with the consent of the whole church." This appointment of officials, "testing them by the Spirit" "with the consent of the whole Church" was the custom of the Primitive Church. Both "the testing by the Spirit" and the "consent of the whole Church" are emphasized in the letter of the Church

²⁰Saint Clement's Letter to the Corinthians, Apostolic Fathers, ed. by K. Lake (The Loeb Classical Library), vol. I, pp. 79, 81, 83, 85.

at Rome to the Church at Corinth (St. Clement's letter), and the officials thus appointed were, as Monsignor Hunt says, "lawfully appointed." Moreover, there is no evidence that officials appointed in any other manner have ever been "lawfully appointed."

No reason to believe the Letter would have blamed the Corinthians had they removed "rulers" who were not "blameless." They are blamed for jealousy, partisanship, and dissension.

As we have already seen, Clement, if he is the author of the letter, does not write as Bishop of Rome, much less as "pope." Moreover the Church at Corinth ("out of jealousy") had removed some of their "rulers." They are reprov'd for removing "rulers" of "blameless conduct," who had been ordained "with the consent of the whole Church," and "our sin is not small, if we eject from the episcopate those who have *blamelessly* and holily offered its sacrifices." There is no reason for believing that the letter would have blamed them had they removed "rulers" who were not *blameless*,²¹ and

²¹"XIV. Therefore it is right and holy, my brethren, for us to obey God rather than to follow those who in pride and unruliness are the instigators of an abominable jealousy.

"XVI. For Christ is of those who are humble-minded, not of those who exalt themselves over His flock. The sceptre of the greatness of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, came not with the pomp of pride or of arrogance, for all his power, but was humble-minded, as the Holy Spirit spake concerning him.

"XXI. Let us offend foolish and thoughtless men, who are exalted and boast in the pride of their words, rather than God.

"XLV. You have studied the Holy Scriptures, which are true, and given by the Holy Spirit. You know that nothing unjust or counterfeit is written in them. You will not find that the righteous have been cast out by holy men.

nothing seems to justify Monsignor Hunt's summary: "He (Clement) stated explicitly that the community could not overthrow their lawfully

The righteous were persecuted; but it was by the wicked. They were put in prison; but it was by the unholy. . . .

"XLVI. Why are there strife and passion and divisions and schisms among you? Or have we not one God, and one Christ, and raise up strife against our own body, and reach such a pitch of madness as to forget that we are members one of another.

"XLVII. Take up the epistle of the blessed Paul the Apostle. What did he first write to you at the beginning of his preaching? With true inspiration he charged you concerning himself and Cephas and Apollos, because even then you had made yourselves partisans. But that partisanship entailed less guilt on you; for you were partisans of Apostles of high reputation, and of a man approved by them. But now consider who they are who have perverted you, and have lessened the respect due to your famous love for the brethren. It is a shameful report, beloved, extremely shameful, and unworthy of your training in Christ, that on account of one or two persons the steadfast and ancient church of the Corinthians is being disloyal to the presbyters (elders). And *this report has not only reached us, but also those who dissent from us, so that you bring blasphemy on the name of the Lord through your folly, and are moreover creating danger for yourselves (italics mine).*

"XLVIII. Let us then quickly put an end to this, and let us fall down before the Master, and beseech him with tears that he may have mercy on us, and restore us to our holy and seemly practice of love for the brethren.

"LIV. Who then among you is noble, who is compassionate, who is filled with love? Let him cry: 'If sedition and strife and divisions have arisen on my account, I will depart, I will go away whithersoever you will, and I *will obey the commands of the people*; only let the flock of Christ have peace with the presbyters over it.' He who does this will win for himself great glory in Christ, and every place will receive him, for 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness of it.' The First Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, The Apostolic Fathers, with an English translation by Kirsopp Lake, pp. 31, 35, 87, 89, 91, 101."

appointed leaders." In fact this letter of Clement supports the statements of the *Relief Society Magazine* article.

If the officials mentioned in Clement's letter had been "lawfully appointed," then the fact that the appointment of officials by the spirit of revelation "with the consent of the whole church" has been restored to the latter-day church, is strong evidence of the divine calling of Joseph Smith.

Clement did not speak as bishop of Rome, nor as "pope." The "Church that sojourns at Rome" did not command the "Church that sojourns at Corinth;" but entreated it to restore "peace and concord" "obedient to the things which we have written through the Holy Spirit."

However in this letter of the Church at Rome to the Church at Corinth an appeal is made for unity. How was this unity which had been disturbed by "jealousy," to be restored to the Church?

Was it to be imposed authoritatively by the "church that sojourns at Rome (not by the bishop of the Church of Rome) on the "Church that sojourns at Corinth," without consulting their wishes? We have already seen that the letter makes no such claim to authority. On the contrary, it says: "you will give us joy and gladness if you are obedient to the things which we have written through the Holy Spirit and root out the wicked passions of your jealousy according to the entreaty for peace and concord which we have made in this letter."²²

Consider this in connection with the statements of Harnack: "The old notion which regarded the churches as possessing the heritage of the

²²Apostolic Fathers, Epistle of St. Clement, LXIII, p. 119.

Apostles in so far as they possess the Holy Spirit (italics mine) continued to exercise a powerful influence on these writers (Tertullian and Ireneus).²³ And, again, concerning "the essential character of Christendom in its first period," he says: "The Church or, in other words, the community of believers, attains her unity through the Holy Spirit."²⁴

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints attains her unity through the Holy Spirit. Force—the means employed in preceding centuries to secure unity.

The fact that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints "attains her unity through the Holy Spirit" today is further evidence and (to the obedient who receive the Holy Ghost) certain proof of the divine calling of Joseph Smith.

There is another means—still maintained in principle—that of torture, imprisonment and death: it is the means employed in preceding centuries by the Catholic and other churches; and it is the only means possible of securing unity if, as Monsignor Hunt asserts, "the Holy Ghost was not promised to the people."

Ireneus and Tertullian "firmly assert the priesthood of the whole congregation."

Moreover, the assumption of Harnack and others that Clement was only an elder in the growing Church of Rome, is the more probable if we remember that Ireneus and Tertullian "firmly assert the priesthood of the whole congregation," and that the college of elders frequently "ruled" the Church.

The Church order as restored by

²³Harnack, History of Dogma, vol. I, II, p. 70. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1905.

²⁴Harnack, History of Dogma, vol. 1, p. 73.

Joseph Smith in the latter-day Church coincides in every detail with these and other known facts of the Primitive Church. Is it the result of chance, scholarship, genius or revelation?

So much for the "one bit of evidence" offered by Monsignor Hunt.

Bishops could be judged by the councils and deposed by them.

Were bishops ever disapproved in theory or practice by the council (assembly)?

I quote from Mourret:²⁵ "The rights of the metropolitan include, first the right to call and preside over the annual provincial council.²⁶ These councils become regular in the third century and are presided over by the bishops of the principal city. The bishops are 'justiciables' (may be judged) by these councils and may be deposed by them, as we have already seen done in the case of Privat de Lambese."

In the second century, the existence of particular councils, and in the third century their right to judge their bishops, not as an exceptional, but as a regular thing, is recognized by Mourret.

Monsignor Hunt says too that "No doubt, one method of selection is superior to another method; but regardless of method, the grant of power takes place just the same." One would assume that Jesus instituted the one best method and that

²⁵Les droits du metropolitain comprennent; 1. la convocation et la presidence du concile provincial annuel;" "Ces conciles deviennent reguliers au IIIeme siecle et sont preside par l'evêque de la ville principale. Les eveques sont justiciables de ces conciles et peuvent etre deposees par eux, ainsi que nous l'avons vu pour Privat de Lambese."

Mourret, Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, vol. 1, p. 383.

²⁶In Africa the councils are semi-annual. They were held in the spring and in the autumn.

the Church should have adhered to it. And, since a method of nomination by superior authority, according to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit followed by the approval of the people as inspired by the same Spirit, was in use in the early Church; we may assume that Christ did institute it. It was not adhered to in the course of time. The fact that Joseph Smith restored it in the latter-day Church is evidence of his divine calling.

Church officials called and directed in their ministry by the Holy Ghost.

According to Monsignor Hunt: "It is to be kept in mind that we treat here of two distinct functions, first, that of electing Church officials, and second, that of giving them authority. As already stated, Christ left specific directions for the latter but not for the former. He provided that the Apostles and their successors only could give power to succeeding bishops, and that they should do so through a Sacrament. This method of granting power, being prescribed by Christ, is not subject to change."

In support of the statement that the Savior did not leave specific directions for the manner of choosing bishops, etc., Monsignor Hunt cites, "The selection of St. Matthias which was determined by lots" and asks if Christ "did not prescribe the method of drawing lots, why did St. Peter and his colleagues resort to it?"

Does Monsignor Hunt believe that the choice of St. Matthias was simply a matter of chance or does he believe that in his choice the prayer of the apostles was answered? "And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two Thou hast chosen, That he may take part in the ministry and apostleship, from

which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place. And they gave forth their lots and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven apostles."²⁷

If the apostles' prayer was answered, then God chose Matthias just as certainly as he chose others after the gift of the Holy Ghost had been poured out on the apostles on the day of Pentecost.

In Acts 13:2-4 it is recorded that: "As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto *I have called them*. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed into Seleucia. . . ." And in Hebrews 5:4, referring to High Priests it states: "And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron (Exodus 4:16), so also Christ glorified not himself to be made a High Priest, but he that said unto him, Thou art my son, today have I begotten thee." The Savior was no exception to the general order of the Church: he did not choose himself, much less was he chosen by the civil power.

Jesus emphasized the fact that his disciples had not called him, but that he had called them, and, if we are to accept the words recorded in St. John, their calling was likewise authorized by the Father. Speaking of the Apostles,²⁸ the Savior prays: "I have manifested Thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world. Thine they were, and *Thou gavest them me* and they have kept Thy word . . . *those that thou gavest me* I have kept and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition:

²⁷Acts 1:24-26.

²⁸John 17:6, 12.

that the scriptures might be fulfilled."

In contrast to the usage of the true Church, Monsignor Hunt records the fact that in the Catholic Church, "in some countries, civil rulers obtained the privilege of ratifying appointments and, later, that of making appointments. At no time was the Church happy with such interference but . . . even though civil rulers forced candidates upon the Church, the Church could not question their power as bishops once they had been consecrated at the hands of other bishops." . . . "The point of importance is that the method of selecting bishops does not affect the validity of the sacrament of Holy Orders."

Does Monsignor Hunt contend that if, instead of the apostles being chosen according to the will of God, Pilate had chosen others in

their places in the New Testament times, all would have been well? Does it make no vital difference who chooses the Lord's servants? Does it matter not how unworthy a man selected by the civil power and forced upon the Church may be? It would perhaps be embarrassing to the Church, as Monsignor Hunt asserts, to "question the power (of men) as bishops once they had been consecrated (though under compulsion and though unworthy) at the hands of other bishops," but would it be embarrassing to the Lord, and would he suffer unholy compulsion?

Does the Lord no longer choose his own servants?

Joseph Smith asserts that their choice through revelation has been restored to the latter-day Church. It is the manner in which the Father has always called his servants.

To be Continued

Hill Fever

By Elzada C. Brinkerhoff

(With Apologies to John Masefield)

I must go back to the hills again,
 Must answer the call of the quail;
 Go follow the breeze till I come
 To the end of the sunset trail.
 And all I ask is the time and chance
 To wander far and wide,
 With the crests of the hills and the light
 Of the stars to be my guide.

I must go tramp in the hills again,
 For the call is loud and clear;
 I must go search for the bedded fern
 And the buds of the early year.
 And when I'm tired I'll lay me down
 To rest a bit on the sod.
 I'll dream of love and the days gone by
 While I sleep at peace with my God.

Our Presidents

By Sarah M. McLelland

MEMBERS of the McKinley Ward Relief Society of Wells Stake gave a very successful entertainment on March 15, 1934, in honor of the 92nd anniversary of the Relief Society organization.

A tableau commemorating the founding of the Relief Society was given. The two songs, "Now Let Us Rejoice" and "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning," which were sung at the first meeting in Nauvoo, were sung at the opening and closing of the tableau.

All of the six past General Presidents were portrayed by women beautifully gowned as near as possible like the characters they represented. President Louise Y. Robison, seventh General President, was a guest of honor, and as she entered the scene dressed in black velvet, she was presented with a bouquet of green and white carnations by dainty little Noreen Cutler. Standing graciously in her majesty awaiting silence after the applause, her kind, inspiring influence for good was felt by everyone.

The Ward Bishopric appeared following Sister Robison, and a poem of appreciation for their co-operation with the Relief Society, written by Elizabeth Hanson, was read. The curtain was stayed while the congregation sang, "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

A splendid exhibit of quilts, remodeled clothing and other work done by Relief Society women was on display. Dainty refreshments were served.

Sister Sarah M. McLelland read a brief sketch of the life of each

General President as she introduced her:

EMMA HALE SMITH

EMMMA HALE SMITH was the first President of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In July, 1830, her husband, Joseph Smith, received a revelation saying she was to be called an Elect Lady, and her office was to comfort her husband in his afflictions, to travel with him as his scribe, to expound the scriptures and exhort the Church. She was to make a selection of sacred hymns to be used in the congregations of the Saints; a duty which she fulfilled. During her husband's life she was his constant companion, accompanying him on many dangerous and unhappy journeys, and giving him all the comfort and support she possibly could. She reared a small family under hazardous conditions. Her task was not an easy one. During the persecutions of the Saints she visited Governor Ford of Illinois and presented a memorial in behalf of her people praying for justice, protection and mercy. During her life she lived up to the requirements of the revelation given her. She died April 30, 1879, and is buried by the side of her husband near his home on the banks of the Mississippi River.

In honor of Joseph Smith, husband of Emma Smith, Brother Alvin Keddington rendered the solo, "The Seer."

ELIZA ROXEY SNOW

ELIZA ROXEY SNOW, the second President of the Relief Society, was the first secretary of the General Relief Society in Nauvoo.

She was a pioneer in very deed, and one whose gifts were many. In youth she began her literary career. Her educational attainments qualified her for that leadership which served her well in after years. She was a Poetess and a Priestess among her people. Soon after her arrival in Salt Lake Valley, having walked a good deal of the way and driven her own oxen, she organized in 1854 under the direction of Brigham Young, Relief Societies in the wards and stakes. She assisted in the organization of the Young Woman's Retrenchment Society, later called the Mutual Improvement Association and also helped organize the Primary Association. In 1872 she visited Palestine with her brother, the late President Lorenzo Snow, the object of the journey being to dedicate the Holy Land for the return of the Jews. She held the position of President of all women's organizations by common consent, and in 1880 President John Taylor appointed her as President of the Relief Society of the Church, which position she filled until her death in 1887. Eliza R. Snow gave to the people the hymn, "Oh My Father," and they have been singing it ever since.

(The Relief Society Women's Chorus sang, "Oh My Father.")

ZINA D. HUNTINGTON YOUNG

ZINA D. H. YOUNG was sustained President of the Relief Society in 1888. This gracious and kindly woman was greatly beloved by her associates. She was known far and wide for her charity and tender ministrations in the homes of the people. She was a motherly, saintly type of woman and had a soft voice and a quiet dignity that appealed to the hearts of the people. She was lovingly called "Aunt

Zina." She was the grand-daughter of Samuel Huntington, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She was a member of the Nauvoo Relief Society, figuring as a ministering angel among the sick and distressed. After her husband's death she became the wife of Brigham Young. She was the mother of three children and also raised as her own, four of his children. She was the first Mormon woman to take a course in nursing. She was blessed with the gift of healing and was a natural nurse. She was also a natural teacher and taught the pioneer children in school and in Sunday School. She was an eloquent speaker who thrilled her audience. She presided over the women in the Salt Lake Temple when it was dedicated. She died in August, 1901.

(In honor of this faithful teacher the Women's Chorus sang, "The Teacher's Work Is Done.")

BATHSHEBA SMITH

BATHSHEBA SMITH, the fourth President of the Relief Society, was a charter member of the Relief Society in Nauvoo when nineteen years of age. She was wont to repeat the events of the occasion and to tell of the personality of Emma Smith to the solemn interest of all who had the opportunity to hear her. She married George A. Smith, first counselor to Brigham Young. She had two children born in Nauvoo, but her infant son died while there. A great sorrow came to her when her eldest son, when on a mission to the Indians, was killed by them in 1860. He was met by a band of Navajos who seemed friendly, but afterward turned on him and killed him. She officiated at the opening of the Nauvoo, Logan and Salt Lake Temples and worked in the latter for many years. She

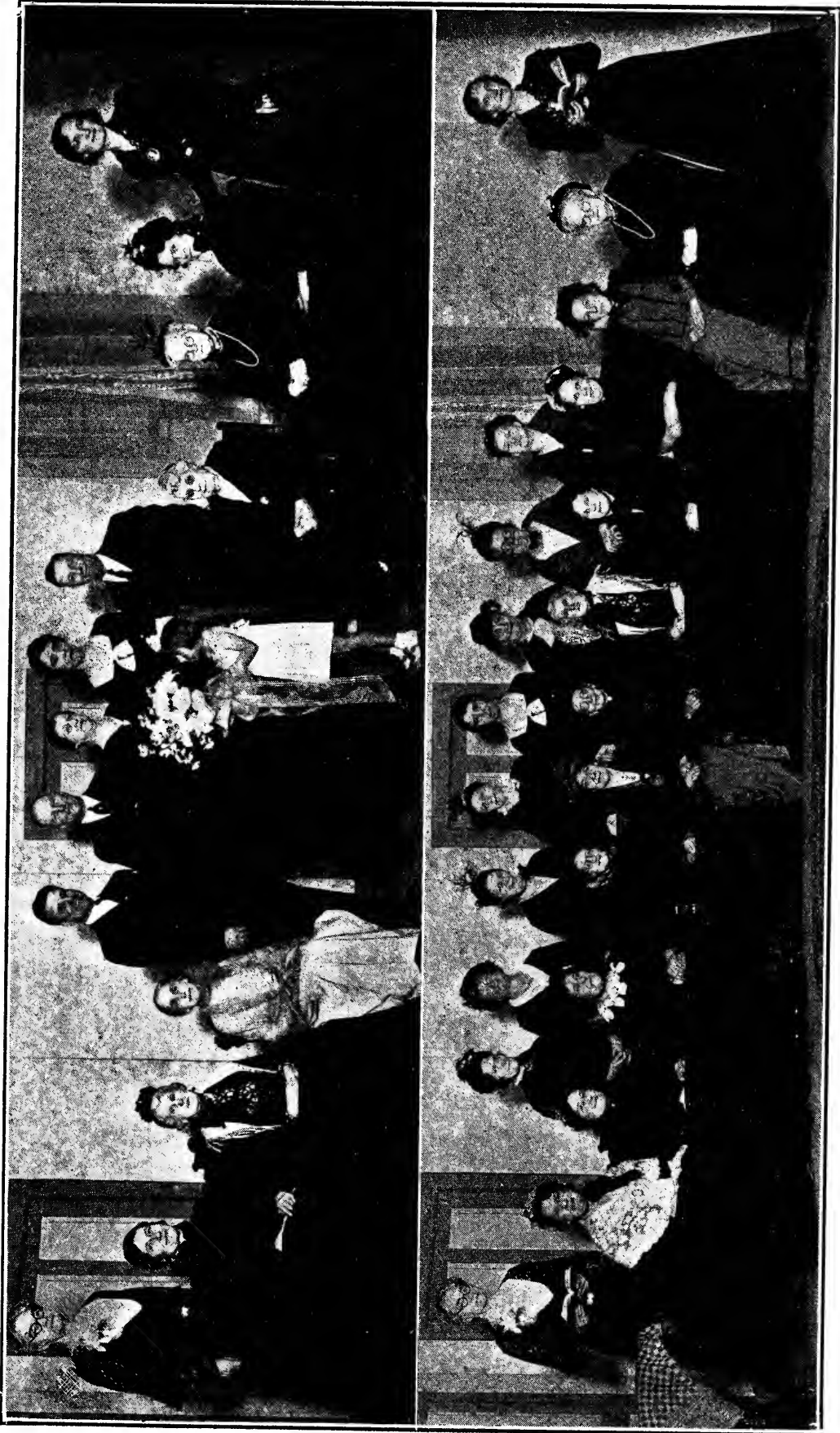


Tableau Commemorating the Organization of the Relief Society, McKinley Ward, Wells Stake, also Bishopric of Ward. President Anderson and President Robison and Noreen Cutler

gave service in every kind of Relief Society work. Her portrait occupies an honored place in our State Capitol building.

(A violin solo, "Though Deepening Trials Thro' Your Way," was played by Lucille McDonald.)

EMMELINE B. WOODWARD WELLS

EMMELINE B. WELLS, the fifth President of the Relief Society, from early childhood gave promise of most unusual talent. She was a graduate with a teacher's certificate at fifteen. At fourteen she accepted the gospel and was baptized. While in Nauvoo she had many opportunities to hear the Prophet Joseph teach the people. All through her life she related incidents of testimony with earnestness and fervor. She came to Utah in 1848. She was the mother of five children, an ardent worker in the Relief Society and for Suffrage and never failed to cast her vote, always walking to the polling places. In 1877 she became editor and publisher of the "Woman's Exponent." For 39 years her pen was never idle. She was a brilliant writer in defense of her people. She published a volume of her poems and wrote the beautiful hymn, "Our Mountain Home So Dear." The mission of gathering wheat during the World War was given to her, and she received a personal call from President Woodrow Wilson, who thanked her in behalf of the government for the Relief Society wheat. She traveled extensively in the stakes of Zion and in foreign lands. On her hundredth anniversary a marble bust was placed in the State Capitol in her honor. On the pedestal is carved, "A fine soul who served us."

(The Relief Society Women's Chorus sang Sister Wells' hymn, "Our Mountain Home So Dear.")

CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS

CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS, sixth President of the Relief Society, was the first Utah daughter to attain this exalted position. The preceding five presidents were women of early Church history, converts to the faith, and pioneer mothers. She was the daughter of George Albert Smith and Susan West Smith. Sister Williams taught school, then later married William N. Williams on the eve of his departure for a mission. She continued her school teaching until his return. She was the mother of nine children, and her home was known for its hospitality. To know her was to love her. Sister Williams served in every capacity of the Relief Society work. She traveled extensively in the interest of the work both at home and abroad. The Relief Society has established a loan memorial for the training of public health nurses in which she was interested. She put the Society on a sound business basis. Many civic activities along educational and progressive lines claimed her assistance. She held many offices and positions in other lines. She was broad minded and had a pleasing personality, and was well qualified by nature and training for the leadership to which she was appointed. She died March 8, 1930. Sister Williams' favorite hymn was, "Come, Come Ye Saints," and this song will be sung as the closing number of the program.

LOUISE Y. ROBISON

LOUISE Y. ROBISON, the seventh President of the Relief Society, was born of goodly parents whose teachings she has righteously followed. She has given service in the Church since childhood. She is gifted with spirituality, love and tolerance, and a pleasing personality.

She has made a place in the hearts of the people never to be forgotten. At the time of the World War Sister Robison was active in Red Cross work. She was an instructor in surgical dressing and supervisor of the gauze room for the Granite Stake. For this service she received a beautiful enameled pin only worn by those who truly serve. The Relief Society at her suggestion launched a campaign for home beautification, the result of which was quite remarkable. She has constantly visited the wards and stakes. She represents the Travelers Aid Society. She has been a delegate to many conventions during the six years of her administration. The work has been

carried on to a high state of efficiency under her guidance. She is intensely interested in Genealogy and Temple work. She possesses the faith and courage that make one strong in overcoming difficulties, and she inspires others with a determination to make good. She is the mother of six children.

We consider it an honor and privilege to have Sister Robison with us tonight, and would appreciate hearing from her, after which, one of her favorite hymns, "The Morning Breaks," will be sung by the Relief Society Woman's Chorus.

We express our love and appreciation to our President with flowers.

The Little Things

By Mirla Greenwood Thayne

I love the little things!

Gold sunlight in my windows newly shined,
Fresh curtains white with flow'ry blooms behind,
Gay marigolds a-nodding in a row
Along my path. Straight clothes lines all aglow
With soft white clothes a-swaying in the breeze
Keeping time with near-by blossomed trees.

I love to see a table neatly spread
With shining glasses and great loaves of bread
Brown-crusted. And there's golden butter there.
Sweet silence—while my baby lisps a prayer
Of thanks to a Kind Maker, whom he knows
Gives all that's good to creatures here below.

My parlor is not rich in tapestry
Nor velvet rugs—but it is dear to me.
Chairs finger-marked. I wipe each mark away
And pray that I must polish every day.
Perhaps my floors are littered up with toys
What of it? Heaven's here for two small boys.

I think my sweetest hour is eventide
With firelight glow, and you, dear, by my side,
Rose lamplight and my babies on the floor
White robed for bed—Oh, should I ask for more
Than this dear God "Give me the soul that gleans
More joy each day from just the little things."

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By *Elsie C. Carroll*

VII

ANNE'S first look into the finely modelled, intellectual face of Marian Welling, gave her a little twinge. What a daughter-in-law the girl would have been! Her deep brown eyes with little warm pools of gold, were full of understanding and tenderness; her smile was sweet and friendly. Anne felt the pull of the girl's personality even before she heard her low, cultivated voice.

But she never once lost her sense of loyalty to Phyllis. She knew that no matter how Marian Welling had to be hurt, no matter how Morris had to be hurt, no matter how she herself would have liked to have things different, she would go through with her plan to save Morris' home; to save the future well-being of little Junior.

"I feel that I know you already," Ann said in greeting. "Morris has always been a great one to share his friends with us. Before he was married he used to bring them home often. We're so glad you could come."

"It was sweet of you to ask me," the girl replied.

"I'm having a few friends this afternoon for a kensington. We just started a little program, so I'm going to take you around through the back." She led the way up the back stairs to Gloria's room.

As they passed the room where the twins and Junior were playing, Anne opened the door. "I must try to put the breaks on some of this noise," she said, "or my program down stairs will have too much competition."

Junior scrambled from Jan's back and rushed to Anne.

"Grammy, can we find Daddy's old banjo up in the attic?"

"After awhile, darling. But you must all stay in here or else go out to the sandpile and stay awhile, until Grammy's company has gone.

"What a beautiful child," Marian exclaimed as Anne closed the door. "I never saw such eyes." Then after a little pause, "Is—is he Morris' baby?"

"Yes. He has his mother's eyes and sunny disposition. Of course we all adore him—the first grand-baby."

A FEW moments later when Anne and Marian went down to the living room, Phyllis was beginning her second song. They stood in the doorway until she had finished, then Anne found a seat for Marian. "If you don't mind we'll go on with our program, then I'll make you acquainted with the ladies." She felt nervous about what she was doing. She must have a few words with Phyllis—alone. So she announced that Betty Wheeler of the high school dramatic department would read a one-act play, and beckoned for Phyllis.

She led the way into her own room and closed the door.

"You look lovely, Phyllis, in that new dress, and you sang beautifully. I am proud of you."

"Thanks! I owe it all to you. I was so afraid I couldn't sing before all those ladies, but when I got started I loved it."

"You must sing for people often-er." She paused a moment, then taking Phyllis' hands she asked, "Did you notice the girl who came in with me as you were beginning your second song?"

"The stately blonde?"

"Phyllis, that is Marian Welling."

The girl went white and sank to the settee at the foot of Anne's bed.

"What is she doing here?" she demanded with anger and resentment in her voice.

"I invited her, dear. Phyllis, you know that I want yours and Morris' happiness just as much as you do."

"Do you want me to give him up to her? That is what will make him happy." Tears were welling up in the big blue eyes, and there was a note of suspicion and resentment in the voice.

"I want to help you and Morris find your old love—for the sake of both of you—and especially for Junior's sake."

"Then why did you invite that woman here? I'm afraid of her. I hate her. I'm going back to Auntie's."

"Phyllis, can't you trust me? You told me that I'm the only mother you ever had. Now, I want you to take your mother's advice and face this crisis as I know it is in you to do it. I want you to meet this girl and treat her just as graciously as you know how. Forget that you think she is anything except an old school friend of Morris' whom you want to please because you know it would please him. Will you do that Phyllis?"

After a moment's struggle the girl answered a bit hesitantly, "If you think I should."

"And tomorrow," Anne went on, "when Morris comes, I want you still to carry on your part of the wife being gracious to the husband's friend."

"I'll try."

While Gloria and Ella Warner whom Anne had had come in to help, were serving refreshments, Anne presented Marian to her guests.

When she came to Phyllis she said:

"I believe you haven't even met

Phyllis, Morris' wife." The two looked at each other a few seconds in silence. Anne could feel the tenseness of the situation. It was Marian who recovered her poise first, revealing Anne told herself, that she was a genuine thoroughbred. In that lay the mother's assurance that her plan would be successful.

Marian held out her hand.

"Your music was lovely," she said simply. "I'm particularly fond of that last little song from Carrie Jacobs Bond."

"Thanks," Phyllis answered. "I'm glad you enjoyed it." Anne understood the emotions back of the girl's quiet manner and she immediately led Marian on to another group, remarking,

"We think Phyllis has a beautiful voice, but she's been so busy and tied since Junior came, that naturally she hasn't cultivated it as we hope to have her."

"She herself is as lovely as her voice," Marian said slowly.

"Yes, we think so. Morris used to declare she was the only pretty girl in town. They were married so young that she has missed many opportunities. I sometimes think that Morris forgets that while he was finishing college, she was at home giving him that precious baby, and that because of that she didn't get the same type of development he did. But she's a wonderful little mother." They stopped before a group of women sitting in the sun parlor; Anne presented Marian, and found her a seat with them.

The surprised expression on the faces of several of her guests when she mentioned Marian's name had told Anne that Morris' infatuation for the girl was no secret even in Shannon.

THAT night at dinner, Peter talked enthusiastically to Marian,

as he always did to strangers, of the plans he was projecting.

"This new real estate and building scheme will mean new growth to this community. I'll soon have Morris working on the plans for the buildings we're going to construct out on the bench. It will be a great break for him—a real future, such as I always dreamed of for him. And you—why, there'll be a splendid opportunity for you too, Miss Welling—landscape gardening and interior decorating will be very essential parts of this model section we are going to build. How would that suit you? I'll mention your name to the board at our next meeting, before some of the other men recommend someone else. You and Morris could go right on working together as you are now."

Anne noted the suffering in Phyllis' eyes. She was sorry she had kept this whole unfortunate situation from Peter. Sometimes he was such a dear old blunderer. Marian was confused for an instant, then she said quietly,

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Brent. It would be a wonderful opportunity, but I—I—have about made up my mind to go back to my former position. It is being held open for me if I should want to return—and it would be nearer my home and mother." Anne breathed a little prayer of thanks.

A few moments after this Morris, who had said he wouldn't be able to come until the next day, came into the room. Junior was the first to see him, and clambering down from his improvised high chair, sending the unabridged dictionary under the table, he cried,

"There's my Daddy!" and rushed to Morris' arms.

Anne arose, wondering what would happen now.

"You are just in time, Morris," she said calmly. Phyllis arose also

and went into the kitchen, her face white and suffering. "Come on into the kitchen and help Phyllis warm up some of this food." After a word of greeting to the others, he followed her.

"It was nice you could come today," Anne went on, trying to keep her voice casual. "I sent for Phyllis and the baby to come and spend the week-end. I've hardly seen them this summer." Phyllis was standing by the window, her hands toying with the ruffle on a white organdy apron she wore over the new blue dress. Junior was urging his Daddy to come and sit by him at the table.

"Phyllis, I'll fix the food if you'll go in and shift the people a little and set a place for Morris." Without a word or a look at her husband, Phyllis left the room.

"Mother how could you?" Morris asked reproachfully.

Ignoring his question Anne lifted a platter of meat and a plate of rolls from the oven and turned to the dining room.

"Come on and get your dinner, Morris," she said as if everything was perfectly normal.

The meal was finished without much visible restraint, though Anne knew that it was an ordeal for Morris and the two women. When it was over, she led the way into the living room, leaving Ella to clear up the dishes.

Junior took possession of his father, so the constraint between Morris and Phyllis was not evident to the members of the family other than Anne. For a little while the twins and Junior were the center of attention, but finally Anne asked Phyllis to sing the songs she had sung in the afternoon, for Peter and Morris.

Phyllis looked at her imploringly, but Anne found the music for Gloria and led Phyllis to the piano.

While she sang, Morris sat turning the pages of a picture book with Junior, but Anne noticed that he glanced once or twice toward Phyllis, whose emotion added to the beauty of her face and voice.

Peter applauded loudly when the songs were ended and asked,

"Why haven't we been hearing this music before, little girl? Does Morris think he has a monopoly on your voice as well as your time? I had no idea we had such talent in the family, did you, Mother?"

Anne smiled and answered,

"We've always known that Phyllis could sing, but now we must hear her often."

Peter asked Marian if she didn't play or sing, and she answered that the only instrument she played was the typewriter.

Presently Peter launched into a discussion of his business with Morris, outlining the plans for the new building project the recently organized real estate company was contemplating.

"There's going to be a wonderful future for you when we get underway," he explained. "You must come down to the office and go over the plans. I've been trying to induce Miss Welling to throw her lot with us too. You two working together should make a great team."

Anne deftly turned the conversation into another channel, asking Marian if she had read Pearl Buck's latest novel, and turning to Phyllis occasionally to refresh her own memory as to names or incidents as they talked of the book.

Again Anne saw Morris looking covertly and with surprise at his wife. Phyllis had never been in the habit of reading anything except the popular current magazines.

A little after eight Marian said,

"I must catch that next train, Mrs. Brent. If I may please call a taxi—"

"O, but we were expecting you

to stay over the week end," Anne protested. "Didn't Morris make that clear?"

"Indeed he did, and I thank you. I should love to stay, but Mr. Wallace asked me to work on some plans for one of his patrons tomorrow and I mustn't disappoint him. It has been delightful to meet you all. The nice things Morris led me to think about his family are more than true." Her glance swept the entire group, including Phyllis and Junior. "Now, I'll call a taxi and then run up stairs if I may, and powder my nose."

"If you must go," Anne said with decision, "Morris and Phyllis will drive you to the station."

When Anne held Marian's hand as they said goodbye, she felt sure there was a little hurt but very much of understanding back of the friendly brown eyes. Again she thought to herself what a wonderful daughter-in-law the girl would have been, and she gave a little wistful sigh, as she bent and kissed the girl's smooth cheek.

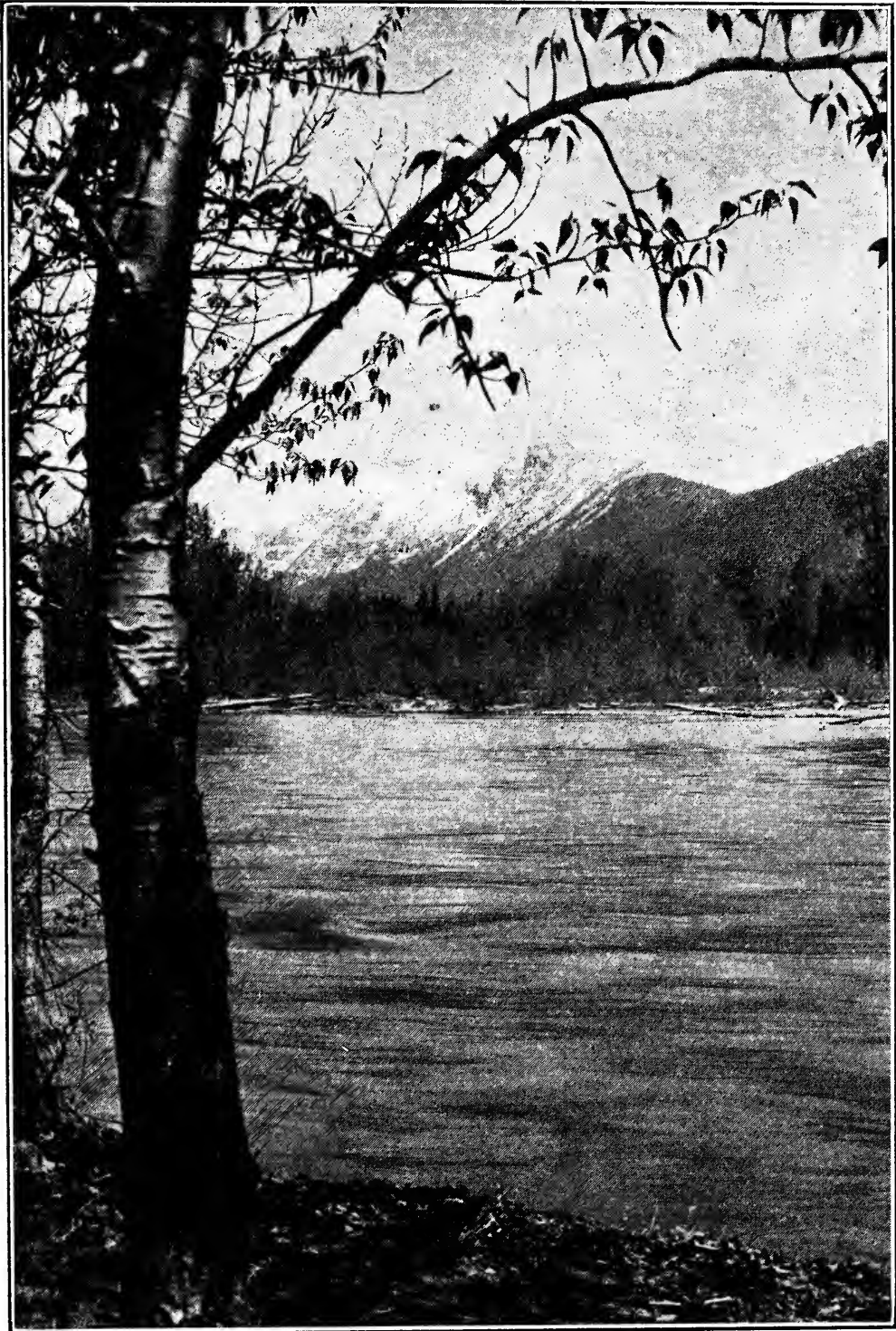
"You're a wonderful mother," Marian said in a low voice, "You're sweet and good—and wise." Anne swallowed a lump in her throat and pressed the hand she was holding.

Morris and Phyllis did not return for several hours. When they did come Anne knew that Phyllis had been crying, but there was happiness again in her eyes.

Later, as Morris stood at the foot of the stairs waiting for Phyllis to bring a glass of water to take up for Junior, he said hastily and awkwardly to Anne who was passing toward her own room,

"Mom, I'm asking you to forget that stuff I was talking the other day. I can see that you are right. I've got to think about others—besides myself. That little rooster upstairs—Gosh, I couldn't do anything to hurt him. And Phyllis—a peach isn't she?"

(To be continued)



Courtesy Great Northern Railway
FLATHEAD RIVER, MONTANA

Wedding Anniversaries

By Jessie M. Robinson

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED ONE YEAR

THE first anniversary is called the Cotton Wedding. For a little dinner, a young couple may issue invitations written in indelible ink on pieces of French nainsook folded like notepaper. Write the date of the marriage and also the anniversary date at the top.

The bride should wear her wedding-gown, and on her head a wreath of tiny cotton balls.

Cover the dining table with a pretty cotton cloth or with cotton batting to within two feet of the edge, sprinkled with powdered mica (the shiny stuff sold for Christmas trees is the same thing). A small Christmas tree loaded with cotton snow makes a good centerpiece. Use cotton snowballs to hold trifling favors for the guests.

Follow the dinner with various merry games. For prizes give packages of sterilized cotton, powder puffs, handkerchiefs, aprons, or anything made of cotton.

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED TWO YEARS

THE second anniversary is the paper wedding. The bride may wear an entire costume of paper or another gown trimmed with paper.

For the table, use either one entire cover of crepe or plain paper, or the very effective paper lace doilies easily procurable at confectionary or bookstores. Have a centrepiece of paper roses, the candle shades of their petals, and serve the ices in boxes held in the hearts of paper roses. Any other paper flowers of course may be suitable.

For entertainment after dinner large mottoes containing paper caps may be distributed. These should be put on, and the character impersonated by each wearer appropriate to the headgear. The one drawing a fez might choose the Sultan for his character; a fool's cap may suggest "Simple Simon," a nightcap, "Mrs. Caudle," which must be discovered by the others through asking questions.

The guesses are recorded in paper booklets and the person most successful may receive a prize—a book or any paper trifle.

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED FOUR YEARS

THE Leather Wedding celebrates the fourth anniversary. Leather does not lend itself readily to decorative features, but the bride of four years has no other choice.

The dinner table may have a burnt-leather box or basket filled with yellow flowers or growing ferns, with leatherette boxes for candy or nuts. The place cards may be of chamois with the names in heavy gilt lettering.

A game or contest is usually enjoyed after dinner, and if any prize is awarded, of course it should be of leather.

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED FIVE YEARS

THE Wooden Wedding comes at the fifth year. In the summer a picnic luncheon or supper in canyon or park would be appropriate. At other seasons an evening affair must be chosen, and the rooms made to look as "woody" as possible. The invitations may be written upon birch bark with green ink. There

are also postal cards made of thin wood which would be novel.

Have the supper-table without a cloth so as to show the wood, and ferns in the centre in a rustic basket. Wooden boxes or baskets lined with leaves should hold sandwiches, olives, etc. If there is music, selections from "Robin Hood" may recall the "merry men of the greenwood."

Afterward, among intimate friends, fun may be had in a contest between the women driving nails into a plank or whittling toy boats, and for the men a competition to dress clothespin dolls.

For prizes and for gifts to the hosts—etchings, or any picture framed in wood, a book-rack, or any article enclosed in a wooden box would be appropriate.

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED SEVEN YEARS

THE Woolen Wedding comes with the seventh anniversary. The material is not effective, but the invitations may be worked in crewels or perforated Bristol-board.

The "cobweb party" might be revived, using colored yarns instead of cords—a "fortune" as well as a favor at the end of each. Some unfortunate young man might, perhaps, find a huge worsted mitten, guided in his choice of yarn by one in the secret to insure its selection by a man.

The bride, of course, should be dressed in woolen, and may be charming in one of the new knitted sport dresses.

On the supper-table a large wedding-cake crowned by a "Bo-peep" doll with her flock of toy sheep would suggest the "wooly" idea.

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED TEN YEARS

THE Tin Wedding marks the tenth anniversary, for the cele-

bration of which a reception is usually chosen in winter, and a garden party in summer.

If it is impossible to have the invitations engraved on thin sheets of tin, they might be wrapped in sheets of smooth tinfoil before placing them in envelopes.

The table may be very effectively set with shining new tinware. If the refreshments are served out of doors, each table should have as its centrepiece a tin pot or cup filled with flowers.

The wedding dress will now be so old-fashioned as to be interesting or amusing. A coronet of tin stars of graduated sizes and a tin funnel for a bouquet holder will add to the bride's costume.

A small tin of canned soup would make an effective booby prize if games are played, tinware, filled with flowers much beribboned makes pretty gifts for the guests.

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED FIFTEEN YEARS

THE Crystal Wedding commemorates the fifteenth anniversary. The invitations are printed in gilt upon cards of celluloid, or written on cellophane, as both of these materials resemble glass.

For table decorations glass should be prominent. Use a luncheon or dinner set of colored glass, crystal candlesticks, and a large glass bowl or vase of any seasonal flower as the centrepiece, having it set upon a large mirror bordered with fern or ivy.

Books such as Hugh Walpole's "The Green Mirror," Phyllis Bottomo's "The Crystal Heart," rings with glass or gem settings, tiny glass bottles or dishes are some of the prizes suggested if games are played.

A beaded dress is appropriate for the hostess.

WHEN YOU ARE MARRIED
TWENTY YEARS

THE Linen Wedding comes after twenty years of married life. Linen notepaper may convey the invitations.

Use the best linen tablecloth that you possess for the dinner table. If procurable, have blue flax flowers as a centrepiece. Or, as Ireland, especially Belfast, is synonymous of fine linen, a small pot of green shamrock and St. Patrick Day favors might be used.

Prizes may be offered for the one who tells the best Irish joke or story.

WHEN MARRIED TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS

THE twenty-fifth anniversary is the Silver Wedding.

The invitations, engraved in silver, are almost always issued for a reception.

The bride wears silver-gray, and Time may have also crowned her head with silver.

Only relatives and intimate friends send gifts. The request that none be sent is often written on the invitations.

Silver should be conspicuous on the table, and pink roses are as lovely in a bowl of plated ware as in the more costly solid metal.

WHEN MARRIED FIFTY YEARS

ALL the family should assemble to do honor to the couple who, fifty years from the wedding-day, celebrate their Golden Wedding.

The preparations should be undertaken by the younger members and the invitations engraved in gilt.

The rooms and table should be gay with golden blossoms—yellow maple boughs, ripe wheat, goldenrod, yellow roses, or daffodils.

Two comfortable wicker or upholstered chairs may be easily decorated in gold paint and cloth for the aged couple.

The gifts need only suggest in color the precious metal, but of course, it would seem most appropriate if the children and grandchildren united in giving some coin or present of real gold.

At a recent Golden Wedding a little service of thanksgiving was held under the trees after the formal guests had gone.

Heaven

By Ella J. Coulam

Could Heaven be more lovely
Than early dawn in May,
As rays of morning splendor shine
Through mists of mauve and gray?

Could Heaven have more brilliance
Than mid-day sun in June,
As radiant beams of warmth and light
With earth below commune?

Could Heaven be more peaceful
Than evening in July,
When sun sinks slowly in the west
And stars light all the sky?

Anger

By *Eva Wangsgard*

ANGER has always seemed to me such a senseless emotion. Because angry people are so often ridiculous, they have always appeared to me a little absurd so that I am likely to burst into laughter if suddenly confronted by an angry face. Of course, righteous indignation is a virtue. Even Christ drove the money changers out of the temple with a whip in his hand. But why all this senseless tirading when it's just a form of emotional indulgence?

For many years I was a school-teacher so that of necessity I read many books on and took many courses in psychology, but the finest lesson I ever learned on anger came from a child of three. Sitting at the sewing machine one day, I was startled by the stamping of tiny feet and the loud bursting open and slamming shut of a door. I glanced up as our small son entered the room and, then, perceiving that he had not noticed my momentary attention, I proceeded silently with my sewing.

The small apparition of anger strode noisily back and forth across the room with his tiny hands clasped behind his back, an

exact replica of his great-uncle George in the throes of a violent temper. Pretending not to have noticed anything unusual, I kept quietly on with my sewing.

Finally he stopped and in a voice of extreme disgust exploded, "I are mad!"

"Yes," I said as calmly as I could for I was convulsed with inward amusement, "I see you are. What do you intend to do about it?"

The queerest expression of absolute consternation appeared on his baby face and then he said, in the gruffest voice he could muster, "Well, I can talk big like grandpa does."

Then I smiled and he smiled, too. He sat down and began making a train of his blocks.

How truly he spoke! We can all talk big as grandpa does but what does it avail? That is fifteen years ago and we have never had to suffer the angry scenes which take so much of the joy out of life. If anyone at our house commenced talking "big as grandpa does" he would bring to mind the old joke and only "raise a laugh." Cannot others learn from this episode?

Recompense

By *Mina Blake Oblad*

Oh, thank you God
For this brief glimpse of Heav'n
This hour of recompense.
The long, hard months,
The hours of pain, are past
And in my arms, at last,
I hold my newborn babe.
I see the tiny head,
The perfect hands and feet
And feel that life is rich, complete.

Music Appreciation

(Address given at the Choristers' and Organists' Department, April 4, 1934.)

By *Elise B. Alder*

“When gripping grief the heart doth
wound
And doleful dumps the mind op-
press,
Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help will lend re-
dress.”

MR. ALEXANDER MEROVITCH, president of the Musical Art Management Corporation, says that in the past two decades the love of good music in America has increased considerably. This is an interesting fact considering that only a short time ago the average American citizen knew practically nothing about music. Today, the average American citizen has a knowledge of values in music. This acquired culture is a direct result of the gratifying manner in which the women of America have staunchly supported all forms of musical art. The general public perhaps is not aware that in practically every town and city in America there are active women's music clubs—all eager to absorb the art of those who come to these shores to express themselves in their chosen field. And yet oddly enough, he continues, there are scoffers, especially in Europe, who declare America is not a musical country. What an unjust statement this is indeed. Mr. Merovitch pointed out that there are approximately five thousand women's clubs in America today.

How much we will soon be able to add to this if we live up to the requirements of our Relief Society work. We know of nothing more genial and heart-warming than to hear the whole Relief Society joining in a hymn or song led by one of our competent choristers.

One author says: “The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made; and well it might be, for it had the most skillful maker.”

Some years ago twenty thousand people gathered in the old Castle Garden in New York to hear Jennie Lind sing, as no other songstress ever had sung, the sublime composition of Beethoven and Handel. At length the Swedish Nightingale thought of her home, paused and seemed to fold her wings for a higher flight. She began with deep emotion to pour forth “Home Sweet Home.” The Audience could not stand it. An uproar of applause stopped the music. Tears gushed from those thousands of eyes like rain. Beethoven and Handel were forgotten—After a moment the song came again seemingly as from Heaven, almost angelic.—That was the song that bound as with a spell, twenty thousand souls, and John Howard Payne triumphed over the great master of song.

We, too, can touch the hearts of our people with song if we try, even more than others as we have the spirit of our wonderful gospel to inspire us. It is said the human soul is a mighty harp and all its strings vibrate to the gush of music. Last year in our Stake Conference Conventions we were thrilled and tears came to our eyes when we heard the beautiful singing. Many of our Stakes learned well the five songs we asked them to learn, viz:

Holy Redeemer,
Come, Come Ye Saints,
Come Thou Glorious Day of
Promise,

I Passed by Your Window,
Brahm's Lullaby.

In other Stakes our program was almost ignored. Why, we do not know. We regret this, we are so anxious to have our work uniform. Cooperate with us this coming year and begin at once to learn the five pieces we have selected for you, viz:

God Moves in a Mysterious Way,
Tho' Deepening Trials,
I Think When I Read that Sweet
Story of Old,
The Lost Chord,
Sleepers Wake.

Should some of these suggested be too difficult we give four others—

The Prayer Perfect,
Teach me to Pray,
Jocelyn't Lullaby,

As the Dews from Heaven Dis-
tilling.

Observe closely the interpretation Mrs. Sackett gives to these songs when she presents her demonstration this afternoon. Get the spirit. Put your whole soul into your work, glorify it. Magnify it and instill the spirit of good music into the lives of the Relief Society women.

One writer says: If music is to prove itself the most Spiritual of all the arts, it must do so by aid of the audience. A good chorister and organist will try to educate the people with whom they labor not only to sing but to listen. What we need is a little simple instruction for listeners, giving them not only the inspiring idea of what their presence means to us, but also showing them how they can actually hear the music inwardly, and so become a very part of it. One of the simplest things for a music lover they tell us, is to learn not to look but to listen.

I once read of a young girl who went to a recital of a well known pianist whose blond hair was much admired by his feminine followers

and she said "Oh, it was a wonderful recital, I can't remember what he played, but his hair looked so lovely against the blue curtain!"

OUR organists have a wonderful opportunity to educate our women by being well prepared in their preliminary music. But when they rush to their meetings not knowing what music they are going to play to quiet them and put them in a receptive mood for what is to come, it is no wonder they do not stop talking to listen. If you will choose the best and be well prepared it will surprise you what beneficial results will follow. One writer says: "Musical education, of a simple sort, will do more than the average mind can imagine to reconstruct society." If you work hard and to the plan given you can expect inspiration to help you in your work and I can promise you it will come.

MICHAEL PUPIN, our great inventor, in his book "From Immigrant to Inventor" tells how when a poor peasant lad in Serbia tending the sheep at night on the hills with only a piece of black bread to eat, he saw, the burning stars in the blackness of a summer midnight sky and felt in his heart, The Heaven's declare the glory of God, and the light of the stars and the sound of grazing oxen, faint strokes of the distant church bells, were messages like the loving words of a Friendly Power without whose aid we were helpless. Here in the quiet of the night enjoying the beauty of the world he received the inspiration which resulted in all the fine things he has accomplished. Just so can we receive inspiration for our work.

LET us pause and think and ask ourselves these questions—Do we glorify our calling and love our

work? Is it a pleasure to us? Are we willing to take time to prepare ourselves for our work? Do we appreciate the opportunity we have of helping others to understand the beauty in music? There is nothing that enriches ones life more than music if we choose the true for it arouses noble feelings. Jazz is not true music it does not appeal to the finest emotions.

By the turn of the dial on the radio we can choose. Which program are we choosing, Walter Damrosch or Rudy Valee?

Walter Damrosch through his nation-wide school program has become the most influential force in music appreciation in the United States. The good he has done over the radio through the schools can not be estimated; his influence has been felt in the home by you and me. I am wondering how many of this fine group have been listening to him each Friday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock.

I am also wondering how many of you have heard our Relief Society Singing Mothers led by Mrs. Charlotte O. Sackett and her accompanist Mrs. Alta B. Cassity the last three Sundays over K.S.L. We are proud of these singers, we can feel through them our love for music broadening.

Are we taking time to do our work well or are we just rushing through most any way and missing the inspiring beautiful things of life. Are we flying through the country seeing nothing and listening to music all day on the radio hearing nothing? or are we taking time to reflect, to think about things and get the beauty out of life and the inspiration that will come to us if we will put ourselves in tune.

Let us take a lesson from the old negro Rastus who one day entered a corner drug store and asked to use

the phone, called up a number, dropped a nickel in the slot and on hearing the familiar "hello" said; "Is this Mrs. Simson?" "Yes," was the reply. "Do you need a gardener?" "No I have a gardener," came the answer. "Would you like to change or are you perfectly satisfied with your gardener?" "I do not care to change, I am perfectly satisfied," she said. "Alright good-bye," and he hung up the phone.

Just as he was going out of the door the druggist called to him and said, "Say Rastus, aren't you Mrs. Simson's gardener?" "Yes I is Mrs. Simson's gardener but I was just checking up on myself."

My dear Choristers and Organists, let us check up on ourselves to see if we are doing our work as we should, making the lives of our women sweeter and more joyous through our music. It takes your sincere efforts to make our Relief Society work what we want it to be, it is your touch that gives the inspiration to the meetings and to the lessons in hand.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

Love thyself last, look near, behold
thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down
life's road,
Make glad their days by little acts
of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of
earth's load.

Love thyself last and thou shall
grow in spirit,
To see, to know, to hear and under-
stand
The message of the stars, lo! thou
shall hear it,
And all God's joys shall be at thy
command.

Music Appreciation—Let that be
your aim the coming year.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE.—Earth in summer's garb holds out her hands laden with gifts of song, and perfume, laughter, and shade of leafy trees to give a distraught world praise and love and peace.

CAROLINE MILLER, of Boxley, Ga., is the winner of the 1933 Pulitzer prize for her novel entitled, "Land in His Bosom," and Sidney Kingsley, of New York, is awarded the prize for the best play, "Men in White" is the title. Both prizes are \$1,000.

DOLLY MADISON, Frances Cleveland and Grace Coolidge were the only "First Ladies" who preferred to be known by their own names and they were the most popular.

EVA TANGUAY, the "Don't Care" girl of the movies of an earlier day, after an operation to restore her sight, is planning to come back and intends to dedicate her earnings, above living expenses, to the aid of sightless children.

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON personally rescued three persons from an overturned car, administered first aid and then drove them home in her own car.

IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN, dress stylist, advocates individuality with a minimum of regard to fashion. She claims there is now no uniformity in skirt length, sleeve size, or neck lines.

MRS. EDWARD T. GARY, whose fortune was around \$10,000,000, remembered, in her will, her manicurist, hairdresser, chauffeur, and others who served her in sums from \$10,000 to \$30,000.

Besides bequests to relatives she bequeathed the residue of her fortune to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER has a clever storiette in a current magazine "Med to Mum" which is a delicious piece of humor and further proves the versatility of this gifted woman.

ELIZABETH COBB, daughter of the famous newspaper correspondent, Irvin Cobb, has followed in her father's footsteps and decided on a literary career though she says it is the "most miserable" work in the world. She also says she might have been an actress or archaeologist or a social butterfly but having written three novels she chose literature.

ELIZABETH SEEGERs in "The Pageant of Chinese History," covers a period about 3,000 years B. C. to the modern day. It abounds in Chinese humor and philosophy in its procession of empires, dynasties, wars and conquests.

ANN BRIDGE, winner of "Atlantic" novel prize of 1932, has written a new Anglo-Chinese story called "Ginger Griffin" which comes out in May.

FRANCES FROST and Lola Ridge divided this year the Shelly Memorial Award. Miss Frost was also the recipient of the first prize for poetry offered by the magazine "Young Israel" for her poem "Autumn."

ELIZABETH JENKINS' "Harriet," Stella Kramer's "Path to Understanding," Magdalen Halls' "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" are some of the late novels offered for summer reading.

Happy Mothers

By Marba C. Josephson

EVERY mother wishes her children to be happy and progressive in their school work. But she hesitates in attempting to direct them at home for fear that she may do more harm than good. The Parent-Teacher Association has done much in creating a cooperative spirit between home and school. Even so, this organization does not show mothers the actual methods followed in the classroom. Teachers are eager to give helpful suggestions to aid in the development of the pupils. But mothers must give them the opportunity to make these suggestions.

Mothers may get this information from visiting the class recitations of their children. It is a strange fact that the child at home is often quite a different person from the child of the school-room. At home, he may be self-confident and capable. In school, his confidence has melted; his ability to perform the assigned tasks seems to have evaporated. He is ill at ease with the other children.

His uneasiness may be merely the result of a difference in clothing or grooming—details which parents too often consider trivial. To the child, however, the matter of being like the group is essential. Unless parents see the child in his class, they cannot sense this difference which is oppressing him. His mannerisms at home may pass unnoticed but, in the school-room, they are magnified and react to his disadvantage. Mothers need to see their children in the impartial light of the class-

room among children of the same age.

The correction of the clothing or grooming which retards the child is a relatively easy matter. It is usually possible to secure knickers for him, if that is what the others of his group are wearing. His hair can be cut in the same fashion as that of the rest of the class. On the other hand, when the lack of self-reliance is deeply seated in the heart and soul of the child, the mother has a real problem.

ONE of the first steps is to make the child learn how to obey simple commands quickly, quietly, and correctly. If body and mind learn coordination, self-confidence will be the result. An effective command game can be manufactured at home. The children can cut from old magazines the pictures of common objects (boy, girl, cat, dog, man, woman, baby, ship, tree, etc.) Then they can mount them on some of the cardboard begged from the grocer. After the pictures are ready, the kiddies may invite two or three of the neighbor children to join in the sport. They get fun from placing the pictures around the room. After they have seated themselves in a row, mother begins issuing the commands: "Take the baby and put it by the woman, Bobby." When Bobby has performed the task, the children show their approval by clapping for him. Mother now directs others of the children to do similar things. When the game is started she must give each child a single sim-

ple command. Soon she can make the directions more complicated—being extremely careful to voice her commands distinctly and slowly enough for the youngsters to follow without becoming confused. Even a two-year-old can join in this game satisfactorily and happily. The game should not be played too long at any one time. Ten or fifteen minutes is usually long enough.

The practice of printing the name of the objects on the pictures helps immeasurably in word-recognition. Above the picture, print the word starting it with a capital letter; print the word below using all small letters. The children quickly learn the word even without looking at the picture.

Another command game can be played by directing the children to run and touch various objects in the room as they are called out. If the children become tired from this game, they may be rested by playing the silence game. They sit or lie on the floor, closing their eyes. They listen attentively and tell in order what they hear. This restful exercise has much to recommend it in these days of noisiness and bustle.

While these little visitors are in the home, marching can be enjoyed. Jumping and clapping songs can be played. It is well to let each child be a leader in one activity. The neighbor children may desire to join in a program. Programs must be held (every night, if possible) for the family alone, in addition to the special days when the neighbors are part of the performance.

THE children must be praised for their recitations and their songs. They should receive en-

couragement to retell the stories which they read in school. They can be taught little songs at home which they can dramatize. Cute little recitations can be selected by mother and occasionally an original poem will enliven the evening. Even the tiny baby who can use his hands is able to follow little finger plays to take his part in the family program.

In every way mother must evince an interest in the constant development of her children. When Johnny brings home an especially good drawing, she should praise him and place the picture in a position of honor for a few days. A small wall-board can be made inexpensively by any amateur carpenter in the household. This can be hung in the living-room. With thumb tacks, the pictures can be easily displayed and as easily removed. It is an inspiration to watch the beatific smile on Johnny's face as his picture is displayed for all to see.

When Mary gets a hundred in her hardest subject, she needs a little compensation. Maybe it will be only a handful of raisins, or a dish of her favorite fruit. Yet something a bit out of the ordinary must be done for her. If at the end of her term the report card is above reproach, it is her privilege to choose what surprise she wishes as her treat for the whole family—a cake, a pudding, or cookies. Her heart will swell almost to bursting and her determination to keep up the good work will be intensified.

Mother's duty is to praise and reward—surely a much more worthwhile occupation than to punish and find fault. The results of a positive encouragement are always more permanent than those from a negative, adverse

criticism. The children will know that mother's interest in them is ever-present. Older people may realize the significance of silent service. But children require oral commendation and tangible rewards.

Another way in which mother can be of great help is to get supplementary work for the children to do at home. This means that she must be especially careful to see that she is working in harmony with the methods in use in the schools of her particular locality. Again let me emphasize that she must visit repeatedly to absorb the system. Quite frequently she can get discarded textbooks at a fraction of their original cost from the board of education. She can help with the reading in this way. She can, moreover, pick out certain words and drill on them.

One easy way to drill words is to draw and color pictures to illustrate the words which are printed alongside. The sheets with probably six pictures and words can be thumb-tacked to the wall board. In the morning and the evening, mother takes the child to it and has him read the words as she points to them. Although the child at first looks at the picture, in a surprisingly short time he reads the symbol. Other devices to emphasize word units are by printing the words on paper or on the blackboard, or by having the child pick the words out from magazines or newspapers.

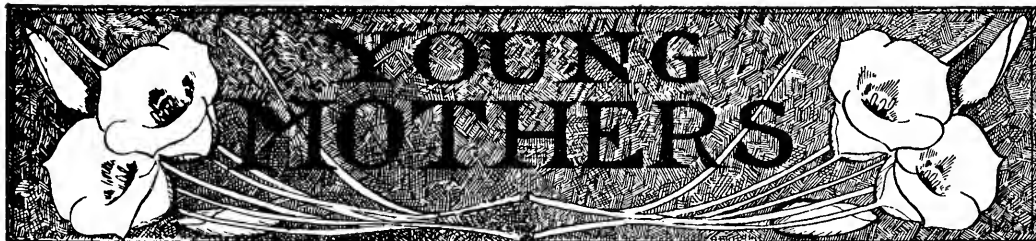
By visiting school, mother can learn the methods of teaching arithmetic, writing, spelling, and other subjects; then she will be able to reinforce the training given at school. The children will

gain tremendously through this unified development. They will realize that both mother and teacher are pulling together for their best good. Home work will strengthen school training; school activity will receive new impetus from home activity.

I found a wealth of helpful material which is published at a minimum cost by the Webster Publishing Company of St. Louis, Missouri. The books cost from fifteen to twenty-five cents post-paid. These projects give the youngsters something definite to accomplish. In these books, the instructions for activity are so varied that the children are entranced and learn happily as well as thoroughly. On birthdays and Christmases, these books will make exceptional gifts.

Mother's labor at home to bolster the weak spots will mean an exactness on the part of both mother and child. The good results will come only if she sees that the work is done faithfully every day. On the other hand, if mother never swerves from her schedule, the outcome will more than satisfy her for the effort given. Her children will attain their assured places as leaders of their groups. They will have learned an invaluable lesson in study habits. But, above everything else for happy mothers to treasure in their hearts, the children will realize that mother is behind them—encouraging, helping, loving them.

This confidence, well-established through work and play in youth, will weather the storm of impetuous adolescence and add lustre to mothers' crowns as their children enter adulthood.



By Holly Baxter Keddington

JUNE, the month of roses, weddings and vacation plans. If you have children who are of school age you have no doubt wondered just how Mary or John can best spend the three months of vacation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a very true bit of philosophy but a few well chosen chores for both boy and girl, not only help the child, but can be a help to the mother. These are some of the little tasks my questions to friends have brought for you. All of these tasks are for either boy or girl and you may find a son choosing to make beds and a daughter chopping wood as a preference. If possible let them choose their tasks from a list. Then after one or two weeks a change will renew enthusiasm. Here they are: Errands, watering and cutting lawns, caring for young child, emptying garbage, dusting, making beds, cleaning basin and tub, shaking and sweeping small rugs, caring for pets and plants, caring for cupboards and closets, ironing underwear and hankies, caring for their own shoes, sewing buttons on simple apparel, dampening clothes, simple ironing, folding towels, etc., washing smaller windows, setting the table, clearing the table, and then the inevitable dishes. In urban communities these tasks may seem very simple but with the advent of labor saving devices we in the cities and towns find tasks for children getting fewer.

I INTENDED to give you a list of books for different ages but after visiting the library, bookstores, and writing for radio pamphlets I find the list far too long and the task of choosing would not be easy, so I am listing some of the best recom-

mended ones and those most familiar to me and if you are interested send a stamped, addressed envelope in care of the *Magazine*, and give the age and sex of your child, I will then send a more complete list to you.

- 4- 8—Rhymes about Ourselves, Happy Hour Book, Jupie Stories (24), and Tykie.
- 8-12—All About Pets, The Enchanted Forest, Alice in Wonderland Series, The Children's Hour (series), The Singing Wood, The Heroes and Waterbabies.
- 12-15—Every-day Mysteries (science), Blackthorn and other Katherine Adams stories, Pilgrim's Progress, What Makes the World Go Round, Betty Bradford, Engineer, The World We Live In, These United States, Boy's-Eye View of the Arctic, and many others.

If a child learns to read good books he need never be lonely for he can go farther and faster by book-way than any other.

HERE is a recipe for Sun-kissed Strawberry Jam: I hope the advanced season will not make this come too late for you for it is most delicious. Hull and wash strawberries, pack in measure but do not mash. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ as much sugar as fruit and let stand over night. In the morning stir slightly to get sugar through fruit, bring to boil and cook slowly for 10 minutes, place in shallow bowls or pans in sun. Cover well with clean, close-meshed curtain or mosquito bar, leave out all day in the sun. In the evening bring in, place in jars and seal with paraffin.

Be it Ever so Humble

By Ida R. Alldredge

GRANDMA BIBY sat in her rocker by the window watching the girls and boys as they hurried home from school. Tiny snowflakes whirled through the air and fell lightly to the ground. The branches of the trees, already loaded from recent storms, groaned under their new weight.

Grandma smiled as the girls and boys, in their childish glee, threw snowballs at one another.

Her thoughts flew back to her own little John and Helen, and the first big snow man they made. It had stood on the back porch for almost a week. How their daddy laughed as he hurried in from his chores as they pelted him with tiny snowballs.

John was such a sturdy little fellow, with big black eyes always so full of mischief. How soon he had grown up and left the old home to seek his fortune in the city.

And Helen so frail and delicate. Grandma wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron as she thought of the little mound under the apple tree. She could see her golden curls and wistful blue eyes even now, as if it were but yesterday.

How lonely John was until a baby brother came to partially fill the vacancy. Bud, John had nicknamed him, and Bud he was still. He was always such a comfort, quiet and studious. He had made a record to be proud of. At times the sacrifice had seemed almost too much but, well it was worth it, she thought, as she pictured him in his new career, as a practicing physician.

It seemed so long since he had been home to visit them. He had come only once since he finished

school. Now he had Dorothy and the twins.

Last but not least was little dimpled Susan. Her cheeks were as rosy as those of the girls and boys who had just passed by. Always cheerful and happy, she made friends of everybody.

Grandma almost envied Dick, the big handsome boy who had claimed her for his bride. Their baby! It had seemed so lonely at first after her departure for her new home.

Grandma took the letter from her pocket and read it again.

"Dear old Dad and Mumsy:

"Next Thursday is your wedding day. Dick and the babies are well and we are so happy. Wish we could drop in and see you. Must hurry but will write more next time.

"Goodbye, Susan."

They had counted on Sue at least. But not even she was coming. Tears fell upon the open sheet of paper, but she hastily brushed them from her eyes as she heard the door open.

"Why in the dark mother? My but that's some storm! I've shut up the chickens, and the cow in the barn. The horses are sheltered, too. I can't stand to see anything out in the cold a night like this," said grandpa, as he lit the lamp and set it in the middle of the table.

"Do you remember mother, fifty years ago tomorrow? It was just such a storm as this, but somehow I didn't feel it as I do now. Wasn't that a jolly sleigh ride up to the new home? I reckon we were as proud of it then as we are now, only it didn't have the happy memories."

"Somehow tonight I keep think-

ing of the boys and Sue. I wish they could drop in and see us once in a while. But then they have their work to do and we mustn't expect too much.

"No, I suppose not father, but I had so counted on Sue. It's sort of lonesome, and tomorrow I'm afraid I won't have much heart to prepare a weddin' diner for just two.

There now mother, never you mind," he said as he reached for her toil worn hands and held them in his own thin knotted ones.

"We've got each other and that's a lot, for most folks don't travel the road together as long as we've done, sort of out of fashion now days, too, I reckon, but I wouldn't be tradin' for any of their new fangled ideas. Why you were the finest looking girl in the whole country side."

"Do you recollect how Sam Carter used to shine up to you, and how mad he was when I cut him out; I was mighty proud of you then and I still am."

Grandpa chuckled as he squeezed her hand. "Them were great old days weren't they mother?"

"Yes and I was just as proud of you too Jim, you with your long black beard and curly hair. Sally Perkins would have had you without even the askin', and mother smiled up into his face.

"Wal, I reckon we were meant for each other, you and I Molly, and, I guess now that we've traveled together this long there aint no use turning back."

"Don't you reckon it's about bed time?" Grandpa Biby yawned sleepily as he rose to his feet. "I'll be sort of glad when it gets warmer so my rhumetiz won't bother me so much."

EARLY the next morning grandpa hobbled out to the barn to milk

the cow and take care of the old gray mares. He patted Dolly and Bet lovingly.

"You've seen your best days both of you, but I aint for turnin' you out now you're gettin' old," he said as he stroked their long shaggy manes.

"Im not much use myself anymore and sometimes I wonder if John and Bud and Sue aint sort of ashamed of me and maybe that's why they don't come to see mother and me."

He was startled from his reverie by a voice at his elbow "Pardon me, but is this the home of John Biby?"

Grandpa started and turning around, peered questioningly into the stranger's face.

"I reckon it is and who might you be; Well I'll be durned if it aint Sam Carter himself! Molly and me were just wonderin' about you last night. Where have you been these last forty years? You've just come in time to celebrate our golden weddin'. We were just saying how it 'ud be kinda lonesomelike for just us two."

"Molly, Ill bet you can't guess who's here," called grandpa as he pushed the door open and ushered in his visitor.

"I don't know as I can," said grandma, wiping her glasses on her kitchen apron.

"Well Molly, if ye talk about the devil he's sure to appear," chuckled grandpa. "It's Sam Carter. Did ye ever hear of the like? And just in time for our weddin' dinner too."

Sit down Sam and tell me and Jim where you've been all these years."

"You knew I joined the army and served during the war didn't you? Well when peace was declared I stayed over in the Orient nigh onto five years. Then I sort of got rest-

less so I came back to California and settled down, and made quite a little sum of money. Then I decided to do a bit more wandering, but somehow I kept hankering for my old home town so I just drifted back, and here I am."

"And so you've come to stay? Where's your family? You aint said nothin' about them," said grandma.

"Well you see I never married and I suppose I'm too old now. So I'll just go on living in single blessedness. There was only one girl that I really hankered for anyhow. And Jim here got her."

"You asked if I was going to stay? Well that depends I'd like to buy a little farm if I could find one to suit. This looks mighty good to me. Are you wanting to sell?"

"How about it, mother? You know John wanted us to come and live with him, being as he never settled down, same as you Sam. Somehow we couldn't make up our minds to give up the old home but maybe if you offered us a right smart price we might think about it."

"Mother and me was just sayin' as how it's rather lonesome now we're all alone and gettin' along in years. The children are all so far away."

"We thought maybe some of them might come to celebrate, bein' as we invited them. But I reckon they're too busy."

Mother took down the best china, her one linen cloth, which she used only for company and set the table for three. I think I'll just set an extra place or two in case a neighbor drops in. Anyhow it'll look more like a celebration."

They seated themselves at the table just as three figures filled the loorway.

"Hello! just in time," called a nan's voice.

Grandma almost dropped the platter and stared as if she had seen a ghost.

"And by jove! if our places aren't already set. We counted on making it just in time for dinner," exclaimed another.

"Dear old dad and mumsy, we meant to really and truly surprise you. How did you guess we were coming?"

Before they could reply they were enveloped in three pairs of arms.

"Wal if this don't beat everything. First comes Sam and then all three of you young upstarts. And I'll be dadblamed if there aint Dick and Dorothy and the youngsters! Just when we thought we was going to be all alone too. Can you beat it, Molly?"

"It's lucky we killed the turkey after all isn't it father?" said grandma.

THAT evening as they sat around the fire, the twins perched upon grandpa's knees, while grandma cuddled baby Sue in her arms, John broached the subject they had discussed on their way home.

"You see father and mother we decided to come together and give you a surprise and then to carry you off with us. You're too old to stay here alone any longer. Besides there is to much to do on a farm, even a small one. What you need is rest after your many years of toil. So we'll pack up your things and you must come with us. I want you to live with me. Perhaps you can sell the farm."

"I just offered to buy the place and I'll pay a good price. I'm tired of wandering around."

They all turned around and looked at Sam Carter as he spoke.

"Just the thing," said Bud. And then you can divide your time be-

tween us. You have done more for me than I can ever repay. And anyway we need you don't we Dorothy;"

Dorothy nodded in approval.

"And then dad, you and mumsy can travel a little too and see some of the things you used to talk about when we were kiddies. We'll have you ready in just a jiffy."

Grandpa hesitated and then turned to mother. "What do you say, Molly?"

"It's mighty nice of the children to want us Jim. If you want to maybe we'd better," faltered mother, "But somehow I love the old home so."

Mother leaned against the window and peered into the twilight. Father understood and a lump rose in his throat. How could they leave when little Helen was out there? He was so glad mother wanted to stay.

"Not me mother. I sort of thought maybe you might like the city after all and I didn't want to stand in the way of you're bein' happier."

"I guess we won't go John. mother and me. But it does us a lot of good to know you want us. We sort of thought you didn't need us any more. But you see we're used to it here. We've traveled the road together fifty years and had our own way and I reckon we'd better stay right here."

Work Done for Magazine Appreciated

WE very much appreciate the effective work that has been done in the interest of our magazine. The following wards succeeded in getting more than 75% magazine subscriptions:

Stake	Ward	Magazine Agent	Enrollment	Sub.
Big Horn	Penrose	Emma Tvedtnes	8	7
Box Elder	2nd	Genevieve B. Olsen	77	77
East Jordan	Draper	Mary Andrus	94	72
Granite	Richards	Jennie Hardy	90	93
East Jordan	Midvale 2nd	Mary Jenkins	62	51
Salt Lake	17th	Julia G. Miller	65	54
St. Joseph	Pima	Susannah Crockett	142	107
Liberty	1st	Helen Evans	111	91
Raft River	Malta	Rosella Simper	41	37
Union	Baker	Margaret Stoddard	51	54
Union	Imbler	Mattie Westenskow	17	18
Union	LaGrande 1st	Emma Stringham	50	52
	Omaha, Nebraska	Irene Willey	23	25

Mrs. Lydia W. McKendrick of the Liberty Stake reports 75% enrollment of the Emigration and Yale Wards taking the magazine, and

Mrs. E. H. Bell, magazine agent of the Glines Ward, Uintah Stake, reports 100% enrollment taking the magazine.

Our Next Season's Lessons

OUR season's work is reaching its close. We congratulate our officers and members, for we believe that better work has been done this season than ever before. More have studied and participated in the lessons and our membership has increased.

Now, during the summer months how profitable and pleasurable it would be to do some read-

ing to prepare for next year's lessons! We publish, herewith, the headings for our Theology, Literary and Social Service Lessons; also a suggestive list of books for reading that will enrich the Literary Lessons for next year.

May your summer be delightful and restful so that with renewed vigor you will resume your work next fall.

THEOLOGY, 1934-1935

- I. The Lord's Second Coming and the Millennial Reign.
- II. Allegiance to the Church.
- III. The Power of Prayer.
- IV. Visitations of the Savior.
- V. The Agency of Man.
- VI. Gems of Truth.
- VII. The Kirtland Temple.
- VIII. Zion's Camp.
- IX. The Law of Tithing.

LIFE AND LITERATURE, 1934-35

- I. The Novel—
Lesson I—The Novel, a Human Document—"Silas Marner"—George Eliot. Lesson II—The Novel, a Universal Record—"The Scarlet Letter"—Nathaniel Hawthorne. Lesson III—The Novel, a Contemporary Record—Dorothy Canfield, Novelist; John Galsworthy, Novelist.
- II. Poetry—
Lesson IV—Wordsworth. Lesson V—New Voices—a. Edwin Markham
—b. John Mansfield.
- III. Essays—
"As A Man Thinks"—Lesson VI.
- IV. Biography—
"Adventurers All"—Lesson VII—
Biography—a. Emily Dickinson.*
- V. Today's Drama—
Lesson VIII—Stage and Troupers.
- VI. A Miscellany—
Reading, a Glorious Adventure.

SOCIAL SERVICE, 1934-35

The aim of the course is to become acquainted with some of the men and women who have been outstanding in their contributions to human welfare.

Jesus Christ will be considered as the great teacher of the brotherhood of man, whose life and spirit inspired these men and women in their efforts to make the world a better place in which to live.

Short biographies of the following with the special work they did to improve con-

ditions and to afford greater opportunity for a more abundant life, will be studied.

- Elizabeth Fry—Prison Reform.
Robert Owen—Industrial Reform.
Octavia Hill—Housing.
Jane Addams—Social Settlements.
Samuel G. Howe—Physically Handicapped Children.
Louis Pasteur—Health.
Florence Nightingale—Nursing.

LIFE AND LITERATURE READING LISTS

- I. General Reading.
"Silas Marner"—Eliot.
"The Scarlet Letter"—Hawthorne.
"The Flowering Wilderness"—Galsworthy.
"The Deepening Stream"—Fisher.
Poems—Wordsworth—Markham.
"The Everlasting Mercy"—Masefield.
Book of Ecclesiastes—Bible.
Essays—Bacon.
The Life of Emily Dickinson.
- II. Additional Reading.
"Life and Letters of George Eliot"—Cross.
Life of Hawthorne.
"Anna Karenina"—Tolstoy.
"The Modern Novel"—Follette.
"Some Modern Poets"—Dawson.
Wordsworth—Herford.
"Biography, the Literature of Personality"—Johnson.
"Biography and the Human Heart"—Bradford.
"The Story of the Theatre"—Hughes.
"Antigone"—Sophocles.
"The Death of Eve"—Moody.

Milk

By Lucy Rose Middleton

MILK is the most nearly perfect food we possess, and is certainly our most important single food. Since nature designed it as the complete food for young animals, it is not surprising to find that it contains practically all the essentials of a balanced diet. Its protein is of the highest quality for body-building purposes. Milk, sugar, or lactose, supplies heat and energy. It has the advantage over other sugars of being less susceptible to fermentation and less liable to irritate the stomach. The fat of milk is more readily available to the body than the fats of other common foods except eggs. The percentage of fat in milk has long been one of the standards by which milk is tested. An abundance of calcium insures growth and nutrition of bones. Most of the vitamins are present in milk, and it is accordingly a protective food against many of the deficiency diseases. Milk is attractive to the taste of most persons, and can be modified in many ways before consumption. Finally, milk is usually digested with ease.

If we are mindful of its high quality as a food, milk is really one of the cheapest foods in the dietary. This seems to be generally realized nowadays, for the amount of milk used in the United States has risen steadily. At present the consumption of this food is about one pint per capita per day, in contrast with one-half pint thirty-five years ago. About sixteen per cent. of the average dietary in this country consists of milk and its products.

Children, with a few exceptions, should get about one quart of milk a day, and adults one pint. Milk is not a complete food for older children and adults, since it lacks iron, which is a necessary constituent of the blood. Also, the body has need of foods of a bulkier nature. These are the main reasons why egg yolk, pureed vegetables, and other accessory foods are given to children at an early age.

In spite of the superb qualities of good milk as a food, bad and contaminated milk was formerly responsible for as much sickness and death as were caused by impure drinking water. Of all foods, milk is the most difficult to produce and distribute in a cleanly manner. All sorts of bacteria thrive in it, and many epidemics have been traced to impure milk. At present, the production of milk is under rigorous control of health authorities, who insist on standards of cleanliness in barns, health inspection of cows and milkers, and proper handling of milk on its way to the consumers. Carelessly produced milk teems with bacteria, and laboratories can readily determine the cleanliness of milk by counting the bacteria it contains. The grading of milk in accordance with its sanitary quality furnishes the purchaser with a ready method of knowing just what he is buying. Each grade of milk must meet the requirements of a commission of milk standards.

A tremendously important additional safeguard against milk-borne diseases is secured by

“pasteurizing” milk. In this process, the milk is heated to a temperature of about 145 degrees Fahrenheit for a period of one-half hour. Pasteurizing milk does not appreciably alter its taste or gen-

eral qualities, since the heat applied is far below the boiling point, but tests have shown that disease germs are practically all destroyed by the procedure.

Canapes for the Smart Dinners

NOTHING is gayer than a tray of colorful canapes served in the living room preceding the soup course or the main course of the dinner. These preliminaries are individual appetizers arranged on little beds of toast. They can be eaten gracefully with the fingers.

To prepare canapes.—Cut close-textured bread in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices. Remove the crusts and cut in desired shapes—squares, diamonds, crescents, oblongs, etc. Toast on one side and spread lightly with butter or mayonnaise dressing. Then arrange the various appetizers on the toast beds to make them look as decorative as possible. Serve within half an hour after they are put together.

Well seasoned tomato juice or ginger ale are excellent accompaniments.

Olive Canapes

Make round canapes, spread with creamed butter mixed with equal parts of peanut butter and seasoned with a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar. Make border of sliced stuffed olives and the center of finely chopped olives.

Tomato and Shrimp Canapes

Make rounds of toast with a slice of tomato of the same size. Lay some tiny frills of lettuce on tomato. Top with a shrimp which has been dipped in mayonnaise dressing.

Sardine Canapes

Spread oblong canapes with mayonnaise dressing. Place a sardine in the center and decorate with finely chopped olives.

Anchovy and Cucumber Canapes

Prepare canapes and spread with anchovy paste. Chop hard-cooked eggs finely, yolks and whites separately. Cover canapes by quarters with egg, alternately yolks and whites. Top with thin slices of cucumber.

Crab Meat Canapes

Spread rounds of toast with creamed butter mixed with an equal quantity of grated cheese and seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover with creamed crab meat, bake in hot oven until brown, and garnish with thin strips of red pepper.

Olives Wrapped With Bacon

Choose large stuffed olives and wrap in very thin slices of bacon. Fasten with toothpicks. Place under broiler and broil under medium heat, turning frequently to cook bacon evenly. Serve hot with the toothpick left in as a handle.

Stuffed Celery

Select small stalks from the hearts. Fill with a mixture of creamed cheese and Roquefort cheese, well blended. Season with salt and paprika.

Notes From the Field

Juab Stake:

THE accompanying picture is quite a chapter from Relief Society in the lives of our L. D. S. women. It represents five generations, ranging in age from the babe in arms, a few months old, to the great-great-grandmother 89 years of age. The four generations have been actively engaged in Relief Society work in all its various forms of activity, and such groups constitute the strength of our organization in all our stakes and wards.

attendance. The Alton Ward, forty five miles distant, had 100% teachers present. One of the interesting features of the morning session was the awarding of the literary text book *The Story of the World's Literature*, to four of the wards, making their 100% teaching for the past six months. This is felt to be the beginning of more efficient teaching in the stake. Dainty refreshments were served from 12 noon to 2 p. m., to three hundred people. The beautiful decorations of paper flowers



Mrs. Marie T. Peterson, Sitting; Mrs. Leona P. Belliston and Daughter, Ara; Mrs. Annie S. Peterson, Mrs. Caroline P. Thompson

Kanab Stake:

ONE of the most successful events of the season's activities was the stake teachers' convention held in Kanab, June 23, which marked the culmination of the season's work. These conventions are held each year in June, and are constantly growing better. Last year our ward executive committees furnished free transportation for all their visiting teachers,

a large percentage of whom were in were furnished by the Fredonia Ward. From 2 to 4 p. m. the public was entertained with a sacred pageant "The Beatitudes," wherein the teachings of the Savior were portrayed in story and song with more than fifty people participating. Each ward composed and conducted an act picturing the theme of its beatitude. The many beautiful lessons shown will not soon be forgotten.



1. STAKE BOARD MEMBERS, KANAB.
2. WARD EXECUTIVE OFFICERS, KANAB.
3. SOME OF THE VISITING TEACHERS WHO ATTENDED THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION, KANAB.



RELIEF SOCIETY, BOULDER CITY BRANCH, MOAPA STAKE

Moapa Stake (Boulder City Branch):

THE above picture shows the L. D. S. Relief Society in front of the Boulder City chapel. This enterprising organization has an enrollment of 47 women, with an average attendance of 30. Many non-L. D. S. women appreciate the lessons very greatly, and participate in this fine educational work.

Central States Mission:

THE wide diversity of interest and activity sponsored by Relief Society women is constantly called to our attention. The following note from the Central States Mission is a good example of this. The St. Louis, Missouri, district, during last season, sponsored a canning contest for the purpose of encouraging thrift among the members. A prize was given by the organization to the sisters excelling in this activity. The first prize was a quilt, and other

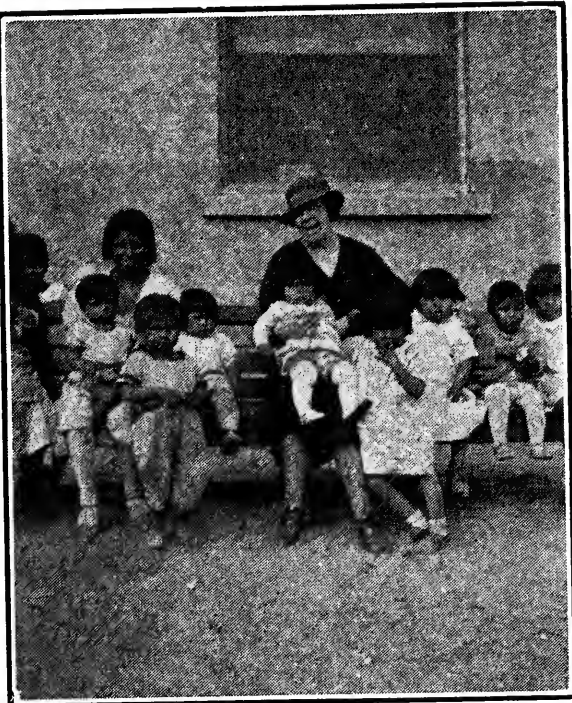
prizes were subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine*. The contest proved to be a great success. Women who had never thought of such an activity before proved quite expert in the art, and much fine fruit was saved for Winter supply.

Maricopa Stake:

AMONG the very interesting accounts of the *Magazine* campaign which was conducted through the Relief Society organization, we feel that Maricopa stake certainly won distinction, as the entire stake claimed 100% subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine*, with a total of 550 subscriptions in the stake. The following interesting plan of the campaign was submitted by the *Magazine* agent for the stake: "In July we held a Relief Society stake picnic for all the sisters of the stake and their husbands. The favors at the evening social were small banks, made from the round half pint size ice cream cartons. These were lac-

quered blue and decorated with gold. The effect was most telling. During the social the High Council Advisor to the Relief Society gave an excellent talk on the purpose of the bank, as well as humorously warning the sisters not to use the pennies for any other purpose than the *Magazine*. This scheme of giving to each sister a bank, and having it constantly before her, accomplished the very excellent result reported above."

IN addition to the splendid work which was done in the interest of the *Relief Society Magazine*, a most delightful story of the work done through the sisters of the Papago (Indian) Ward, is related. The sisters are so earnest and sincere in their desire to put over the plan of



CHILDREN OF PAPAGO WARD



PAPAGO WARD, MARICOPA STAKE

Relief Society work, and possibly in all our organization there is not a more beautiful story than the story of the Papagos. Their handwork is beautiful, and in addition to this, they are keenly alive to the opportunities offered through the Relief Society. The above picture is typical of the group, and the sisters who are doing wonderful work with them.

Minidoka Stake:

FROM the Minidoka Stake came the following interesting report of activity during the latter part of the year: "As a means of stimulating our visiting teachers in their work, a district teachers' convention was held in connection with our stake convention. The stake gave a prize (a bank to hold the *Relief Society Magazine* pennies), to the ward

having the best representation of visiting teachers present. This was given to the Eden Ward who had 100% of their teachers in attendance. We have asked that each ward have two banks (one for the *Magazine* and one for the Annual Dues), and that each member pay her pennies weekly. The secretary has a membership card upon which a record of this is kept. We hope in the future this will do away with the *Magazine* trouble and result in more paid-up dues."

"Each ward was requested to bring four articles to demonstrate the work carried over in their work and business meetings. Many beautiful articles were shown and new ideas gained.

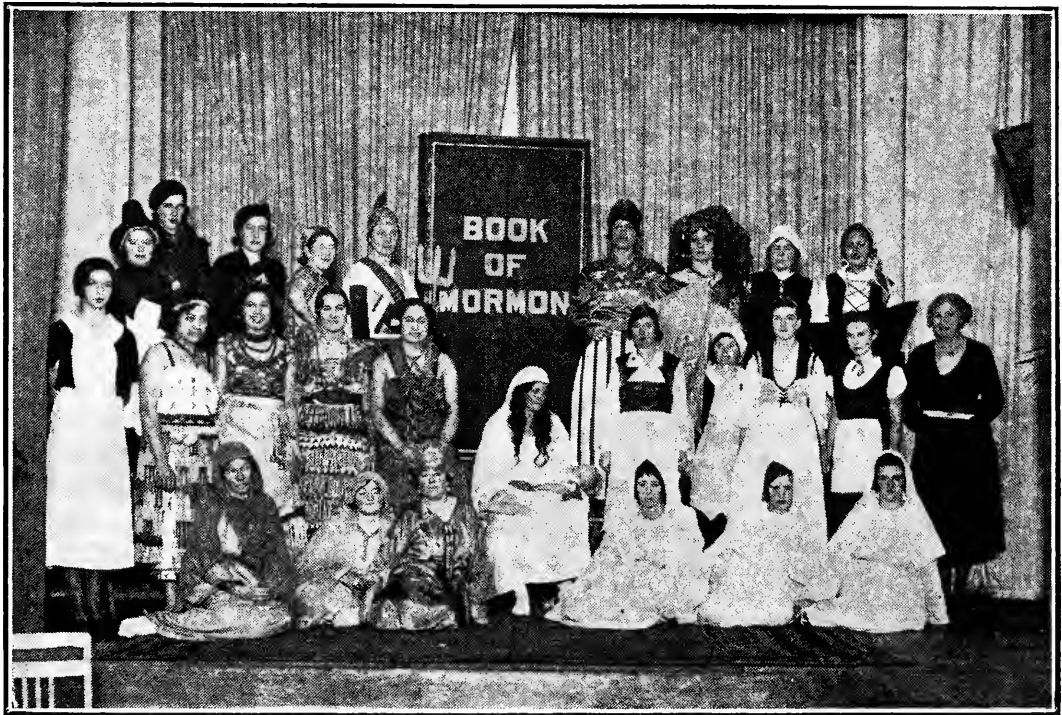
"After the convention program a social hour of snappy and appropriate games was enjoyed by all. Luncheon was served to 200 guests. The music for the convention consisted of the five songs specified by the General Music Committee of Relief Society as a Summer project for 1933.

"Our stake is taking advantage of the State Extension Department work under the supervision of Magdalene Clements. Home beautification and preservation of foods have been given. Making-over clothing will be taken up during the Winter months."

New Zealand Mission:

FROM the secretary of the southernmost Relief Society in the world comes the good tidings of great interest in Relief Society work. This branch is in the South Island of New Zealand. The organization is small, but most enthusiastic. While far removed from the other groups the members are keenly alive to the importance of the work. The meetings are held in the home of the president each week, and as far as possible the instructions received through the *Magazine* are followed.

FROM Mission Headquarters, in Auckland, New Zealand, we have received the picture below, which was taken of a pageant given during the last year.



PAGEANT, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor	Mary Connelly Kimball
Manager	Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager	Amy Brown Lyman

VOL. XXI

JUNE, 1934

No. 6

EDITORIAL

Our Flag

WELL may the stars and stripes be called "Old Glory" for the United States flag is 23 years older than the present flag of Great Britain, 17 years older than the French tri-color, nearly 100 years older than the German flag and 8 years older than the flag of Spain.

When the ties that bound the colonies to England had been broken, the Continental Congress appointed a committee, with George Washington as Chairman, to devise a flag that should stand for independence, dignity, and power.

When in 1777 the committee brought in its proposal, "Congress resolved that the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes alternate red and white and that the union be 13 stars, white in a field of blue, representing a new constellation." At first a new star and a new stripe were added for each new state but in 1818 Congress passed an act returning to the 13 original stripes, but still pro-

viding that a new star be added for each state that should come into the Union.

When one looks on a national flag, he sees back of the insignia the principles, truths and history of the nation. The stars and stripes symbolize liberty. The flag is a carrier of glorious tidings. Adopted when the people were scattered among the Eastern seacoast and when the Western progress was blocked by hostile Indians and wild animals, it now stands for a united people and waves from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

When one sees it waving to the breeze, his heart is stirred, his spirit burns, for it seems to say "I stand for liberty, for the noblest ambitions of humanity and for peace through the world and for the dignity and honor and protection of all who love liberty and equality and who claim the sheltering protection which I have always given."

Alcohol Education

PARENTS should see to it that their children are thoroughly informed regarding the physical, mental and spiritual effects of alcoholic beverages and of the evil designs of those whose only aim is to get gain, caring not that thereby they enslave boys and girls in the meshes of alcohol.

There are appalling conditions in many large cities. Recently some newspaper men visited a number of taverns in Chicago's residential districts and found boys and girls from 14 to 15 years of age asleep at tables, sprawled on the floors, staggering about dance halls, fighting and swearing.

There are 8,000 taverns in Chicago it is reported. "The old saloon plus women, equals the new tavern." They are found in districts that never tolerated the saloon.

Liquor and vice go hand in hand. Hundreds of young people

are going down the path of moral disintegration. The Hreald Examiner says, "Hundreds of Chicago's unguarded school children are exposed to ruin because of the uncurbed greed of saloon keepers who seek profits from boys' pockets. An eminent Boston Editor says, "Nothing short of the old-time organized effort can combat the liquor traffic." Brewers, saloon keepers and distillers are on one side and the Anti-Saloon League on the other. The League represents the church in this battle against liquor. The Christian church must go into action immediately and back up the organization that represents her in the fight."

Parents even in the smallest town should be on their guard lest the liquor evil come into their midst and grow unnoted until it has wrought great havoc among the young.

Passing of Judge Greenwood

IN the passing of Judge Joshua Greenwood, the State of Utah loses one of its valued sons. From early manhood his life has been full of activity. He has left a distinguished record as an educator, jurist, administrator, churchman. In his public service he gave this valued exhortation, "Never mind what is expedient; what is right is everything. Don't fear censure, or disapproval of a

course of action, if you feel confident that course is right. Vindication may and probably will come, but whether it comes or not, choose the right and stick to it."

Our hearts go out in sympathy to his wife, Hazel H. Greenwood, a member of the General Board of Relief Society, and to his children. May they emulate his virtues and may comfort and peace be with them.

A Special Feature

WE are beginning in this issue an unusual treatise. "Joseph Smith" by Professor James L. Barker. In order to put a large installment in this number we have increased our Magazine eight

pages. We hope our readers will peruse this article carefully as it is another evidence that Joseph Smith was divinely inspired in organizing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Wedding Announcements

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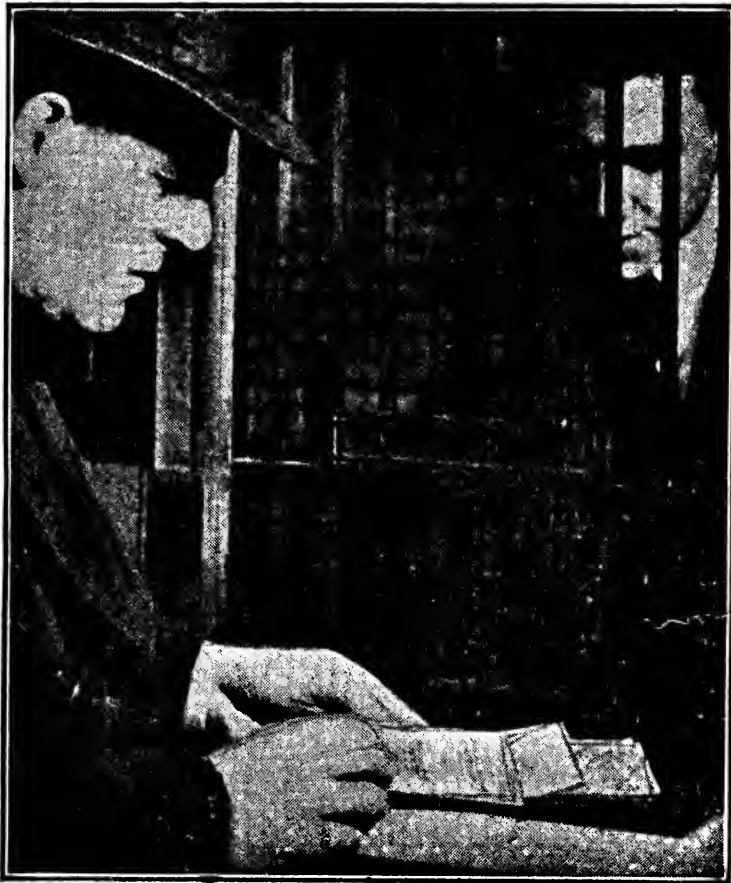
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
Magazine

Volume XXI

JULY, 1934

No. 7



Principles of Safety:

100% of our Loans are on Homes of our Shareholders.

100% of our Loans are in Utah.

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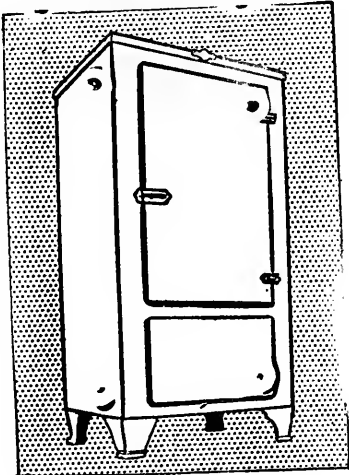
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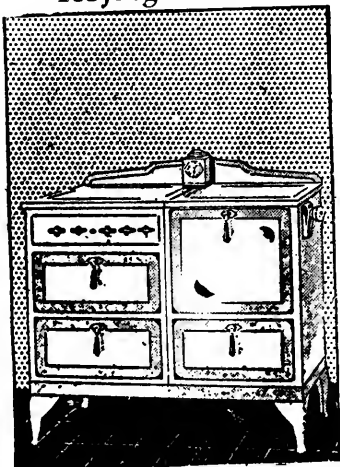
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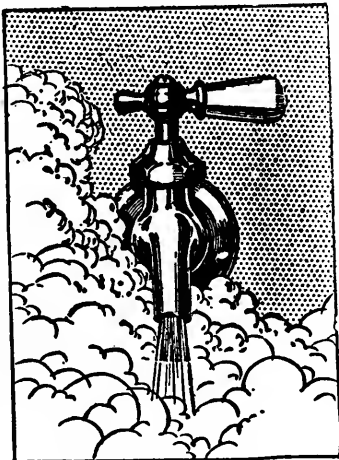
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Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI

JULY, 1934

No. 7

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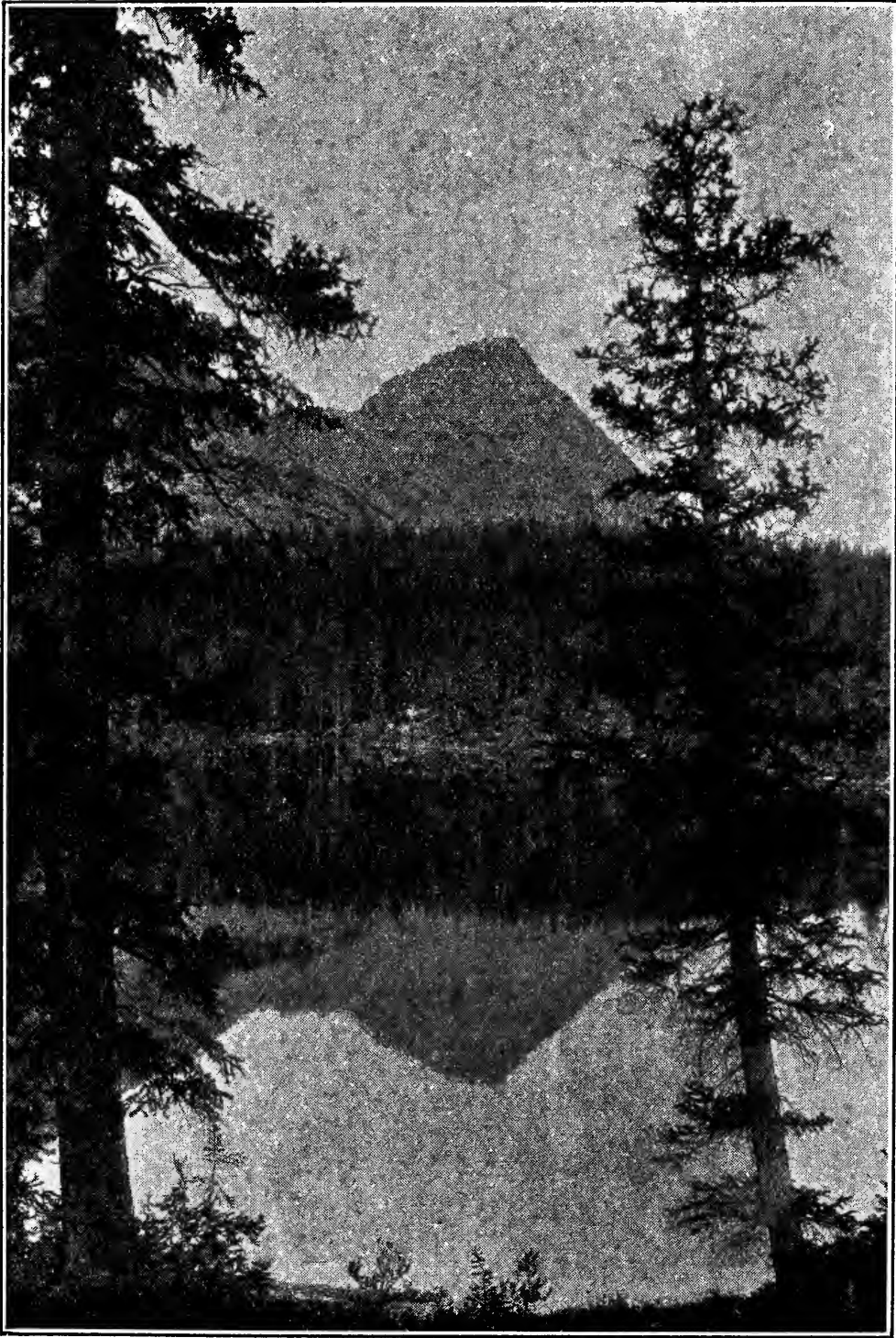
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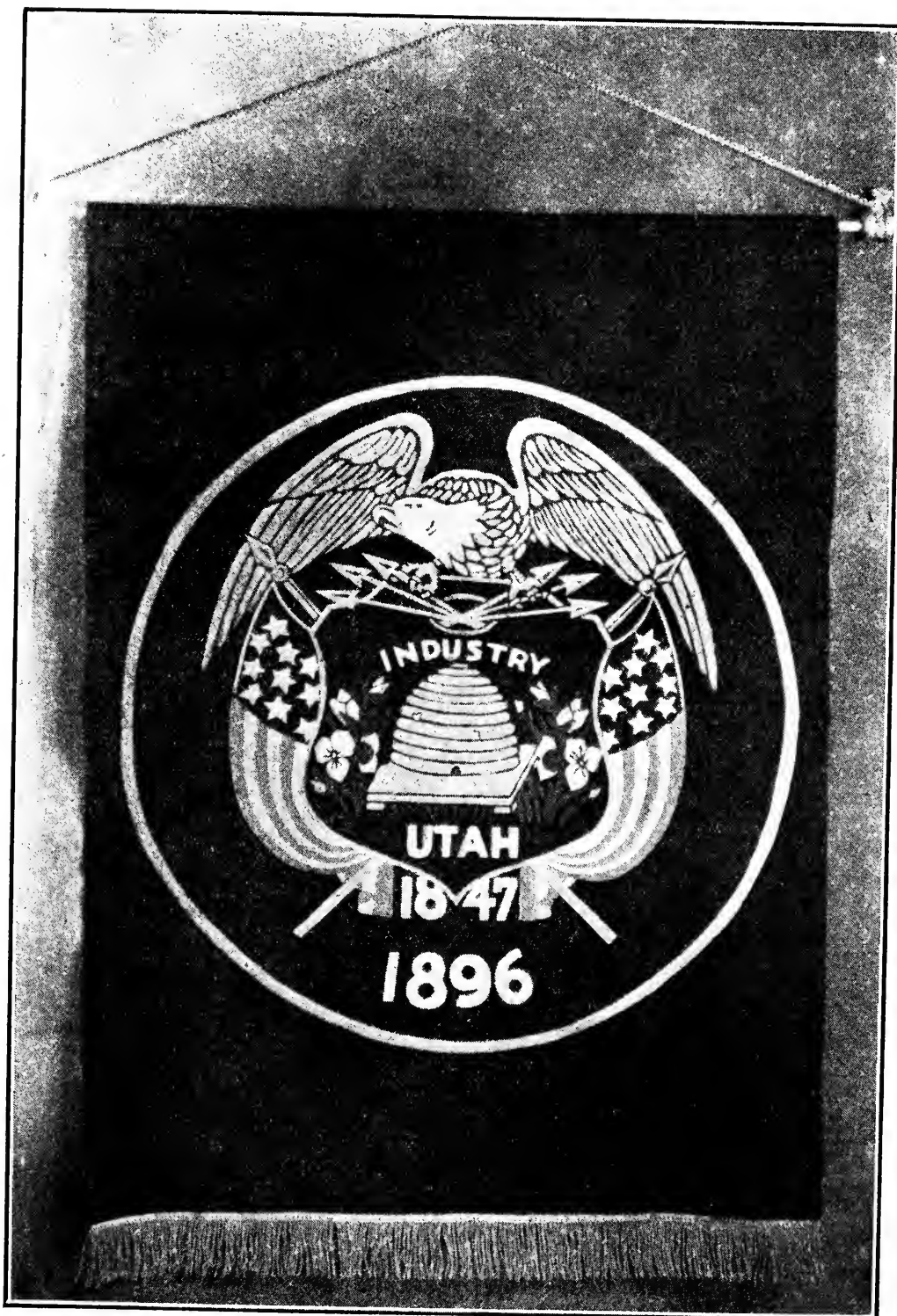
The Pioneer Mother

By Mabel S. Harmer

She gathered her babes and her frugal store
For a homeland yet to be won.
With resolve in her heart and unfaltering step
She walked toward the setting sun.

She left the green valleys and limpid streams
For a desert bare and forlorn.
But through peril, hardship and toil she kept
Her eyes toward the setting sun.

She paused but to cheer a breaking heart,
To comfort an ailing one,
To offer a prayer to God for peace
In the land of the setting sun.



FLAG OF THE STATE OF UTAH

The Relief Society Magazine

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Emotional Reactions to Unemployment and Relief

By Evelyn Hodges

PROBABLY the most important effects of the economic losses which have been suffered during the past few years are those which have altered the mental and emotional lives of individuals. The resulting sacrifice of old ideals, the loss of confidences, the shifting of values, have all played their part in changing personalities.

The possession of money has an important influence on our lives. It not only determines where and how we live, but aids us in satisfying most of our desires. It assures the possessor a place in the community and usually gains for him the recognition and respect of other individuals. It determines to a large extent one's ability to control his own future and influence that of others. Consequently, the loss of money tends to destroy the security and respect which money gave. It lessens one's feeling of personal significance. To what extent its loss, and the fact that there is no regular pay check, affects human behavior can only be surmised from the few studies which have been made and from our own practical experiences.

Statistics bear out the fact that there has, during these difficult years,

been an increase in first admissions to mental hospitals and also an increase in suicides. How much of this is due to financial losses we cannot be sure. A study by Karl M. Menninger of 646 cases of insanity proved financial losses to be a causative factor in only 6.2% of those cases. State hospital authorities usually agree that economic stress is only a precipitating cause. Court records do not show the increase in juvenile delinquency and in crime which might be expected. People have been surprisingly orderly and law abiding during this crisis. Dr. F. Allen of the Child Guidance Clinic of Philadelphia says,

"Anxieties associated with economic worries are related to definite things which are real and tangible. The impersonal and tangible nature of economic worries frequently enables the individual to handle his feelings with less evidence of disturbance. It is anxieties which do not have tangible form and meaning which can be most disrupting on behavior."

Suicides, first admissions to State Hospitals and court records do not tell of the struggles and feelings of the masses, the anxiety, fear, despair

and rebellion. Neither do outward expressions of people on the street, for those whom we find hysterical or despondent in the home often come to the office in a gay mood and exhibiting a fine sense of humor. People are putting on a front which is intended to hide the suffering which exists. They are on the whole being courageous and optimistic. Though communism has increased its number of followers, the average mind is not turning red.

According to Dr. Allen, individuals are taking four different attitudes toward loss of employment and economic resources. Most of them are at first overcome with a feeling of inferiority. They think it is their failure and begin to analyze themselves to discover why they are so incompetent, why they have lacked the foresight or wisdom which they believe would have averted the tragedy.

Following this period of self-criticism, most individuals begin to see that unemployment is not a personal affair and they place the blame on society. One group of individuals, realizing this, draws the conclusion that the thing to do is to make the best of it. These people try to be comfortable and as happy as possible, and usually discover new personal resources or develop old ones.

A second group falls into a feeling of indifference and despair when it sees industry and thrift go unrewarded. When individuals go through the steps of loss of property, eviction and dependency, how easy it is for them to say, "What's the use?" A feeling of helplessness comes over them and they lose the power of action.

An opposite attitude is true among those of a third group. These, unable to remain inactive, become ir-

ritable and quarrelsome. They quarrel with their neighbors or their wives. They dominate the children. Sometimes they are filled with bitterness and develop such a hatred toward society that they become easy prey to revolutionists, and they attack institutions which in normal times they supported.

CONDITIONS following the loss of work continue to develop these attitudes and to influence in many ways human behavior. Leisure time does not mean to the unemployed what it means to those with adequate ways of spending time such as car riding, playing golf and dancing. "The poor man has only his crowded home, where a busy wife does not want him around or the street where he tramps weary hours looking for work." An astonishing number of women whose work and responsibility has increased by the change and who are filled with the fear of hunger and eviction, nag at the husband, who is in the way, and urge him to get out. Some women begin to think they can get along just as well without him, especially if his chief significance to the family was formerly expressed by his pay check.

This attitude is often carried over to the children, and the man, realizing that he is losing the respect which was formerly his, tries to maintain it by command. He assumes an autocratic manner which increases the tension.

If creditors take back the furniture, or if the landlord serves an eviction notice, the feeling of humiliation and shame can never be quite forgotten. If the family moves in with relatives or friends, an already difficult situation becomes more difficult. New inconveniences and the presence of other people

have disastrous effects on disturbed emotions. The family, not able to maintain privacy, finds it harder to maintain a sense of unity and individuality.

If the wife takes the children and goes home to her parents who are unwilling to take care of the man, often affections become so weakened that the family is never reunited. A husband who in a heroic mood leaves home to look for work elsewhere, or goes because he thinks he is just one more to be fed, in many cases will never be welcomed back.

When separated individuals are reunited, their faith in each other and in family life may have been seriously disturbed or even destroyed.

Society has always condemned individuals who are not working. Because of this, and because there is an organic desire for action, which if not satisfied weakens the individual, men have developed a habit of work. Our whole series of moral ideals are based on this habit. In a state of idleness, man's mind and body deteriorate in much the same manner as time and disease wear down idle machinery. Muscles become soft and the will to do is weakened. Conditions which once seemed impossible become tolerable. Just the other day a man who was formerly an independent, wholesome individual said, "The worst thing about this depression is that it makes one so contented with things as they happen to be. I don't know whether I shall ever like to work again."

OTHER ideas are in a process of change. In Robert Nathan's book, "One More Spring," Alfred A. Knopf Inc., Publishers, an old man, a dealer in antiques, found himself in the midst of the depression, penniless, with all of his cher-

ished possessions gone excepting an old bed no one would have. His only food an egg, a small bottle of milk and half a loaf of bread. In thinking things over, he reminded himself that he had been willing, honest and industrious all his life. But, like everyone else, he had expected too much of those virtues. And he was too old now to change his ways. Perhaps if he had his life to live over again, he might do better for himself. His youth, for instance—what strange ideas he had had when he was young. Had he really expected to find love and joy in the world? And justice? Then he answers his own questions: Love and joy were for the young; wisdom and justice for the old—but "no one believed any longer in justice and wisdom—and as for joy and love, no one believes in those any more, either."

HABITS of thrift are affected. Hyrum Jones, who spent twenty years of his life working and saving until he saved \$15,000, now finds himself on the relief rolls. He says he does not believe in saving anymore. He intends to spend his money before anyone else gets it. There are many others like him, but there are also some who are directly opposite. They have lived on so little and become so miserly that it is questionable whether they will spend enough when they have it to live on a respectable standard.

The receiving of relief and our means of distributing it have had more bad effects than should have been necessary. Public opinion has treated the dependent family harshly.

Little Mary Wilson has lost much of her sweetness and has assumed an attitude of defense because the children at school have made fun of her poor clothing and call her

a beggar because she has accepted free lunches. Her former best friend never speaks to her excepting when she has something unpleasant to say.

The public is also too insistent in requiring those receiving relief to show their appreciation. The old dealer in antiques, already quoted, told his friend that, "To live by charity is to lose the only advantage of poverty, which is the freedom which goes with having nothing."

We who distribute relief have had a tendency to regard those who come to us as problems, rather than individuals with problems. Sometimes we require them to completely exhaust all of their resources, so that they finally come to us broken in spirit with insurance policies lapsed and credit exhausted. Five or ten dollars in a bank does not buy much food, but it may save a family's respect and feeling of security. A home without a mortgage makes the owner feel less like a pauper. If, by giving a man a pair of overalls and a shirt, he can save his only suit of clothes to wear on Sundays and thus keep his feeling of respect, we should not hesitate to give them. Shabbiness hurts worse than unemployment. Resourcefulness in keeping up appearances with little expense and in securing recreation should be encouraged. We sometimes fail to realize that those who need recreation most of all are those who have too many worries and too much leisure. We make plans for their food, but forget that a new article of clothing or a good evening's entertainment sometimes has more value than a meal.

Giving relief in kind is also demoralizing. People forget how to spend. After they have learned to regard a sack of flour or a few pounds of salt pork as something

which the government distributes at regular intervals, it will be hard to use their own hard-earned money to buy such articles.

Still, we must be careful not to make relief too easy or too complete, for in that way, we kill initiative and deaden responsibility.

AN ever important part of our work is to listen patiently to our client's story, let him relieve himself of some of his burdens by giving expression to his emotions. Help him to understand his possibilities and evaluate himself and then stimulate within him an urge which will help him to realize his ambitions.

The effect of unemployment and relief on adults, as severe as it may be, is even more disastrous on youth. The older generation has had an opportunity to try out its ideals and see them work, for a time at least. The man knows what work means, and has had the joy of having the products of his labor used and appreciated. He knows that there is a chance that he will again find his place of usefulness in society. The young boys and girls have gone through school resisting the temptation to stop and go to work. They have often been enthusiastic with the prospect of an opportunity to try themselves. When they learn that society has nothing for them to do, they are surprised, confused and frequently disillusioned. Added to their disappointment is the too frequent reproach of parents who criticize them for not finding work and discourage further schooling. Their eagerness and ambition is destroyed at a time when it should be encouraged. They begin to question all values and often confuse them miserably.

THERE are some constructive values which have developed where individuals have not allowed the feeling of helplessness to control their behavior. Unity of family life has been increased in cases where all members have been sharing and planning together. Much satisfaction has come through meeting situations which have been forced on one, in accepting restrictions and assuming responsibilities never required before.

Many individuals calling upon hidden or almost forgotten personal resources are entering into new activity. A carpenter, unemployed, is building a comfortable home, mostly from materials he has secured by tearing down other homes. Finished, it will be attractive, though it cost less than \$75.00.

One man has built a rock garden which has brought him so much recognition that he is making gardens for people who can pay for his work.

Another, who was formerly a common laborer, by attending school, has learned to do electric welding, and is also efficient as an auto mechanic.

A woman, never before gainfully

employed, is doing housework in return for dental care and for the children's music lessons.

There is more interest developing in forms of recreation which cost little or nothing, such as walking, reading, gardening, quilting and sewing. Conversation is coming back into its own, and is on its way to becoming an art.

Individuals are analyzing more what they read and hear. They are less often fooled by flowery phrases or nice talk. People are beginning to realize more that knowledge, resourcefulness and experience are savings which do not depreciate with the coming of misfortune.

These values arising from the depression are realized by such a small percentage of the people that it is doubtful whether they will go very far toward compensating for the destruction of morale. But if we can emerge from this struggle with a keener understanding of the needs of human beings and can develop a social order which will more nearly meet these needs and prevent such disasters from recurring, society will be better for suffering through this one.

The Pioneers

By Eva Matson Perry

Call the roll for the brave, noble band
Who left their all in their native land,
And traveled o'er a trackless plain
That they might serve God and praise
His name.

We greet you, the brave, the tried and
true.

As sons and daughters we honor you,
Not alone today, but in years to come
We will honor you each and every one.

Your lives have been filled with labor
and care,

It has bowed your forms and silvered
your hair,

But the Angels have kept a record above
Of your deeds of bravery, kindness and
love,

We will teach our children by story and
song

How bravely you suffered privation and
wrong,

And when clouds would gather so dark
and so drear

Your trust was in God and there was
no fear.

May we ever remember and honor this
day

When you, dear pioneers, have all passed
away

To hold your reunion with comrades
above,

Where dear ones are waiting to greet
you with love.

One Day Off

By Gwenevere Anderson

TOMORROW. Tomorrow perhaps I'll bring her back with me, dear little Lucy! Oh, if I only could!" Mrs. Donner kept saying over and over to herself as her hands deftly slipped cards in and out of books and placed the stamp of the library on them.

But the words, for some reason, did not seem to bring her comfort. Although the library was clean and quiet as usual, although it was pervaded with its own reassuring sounds of rustling papers and hurried footsteps to and from the stacks, there seemed to Mrs. Donner to be a feeling of unrest and uneasiness in the air. The familiar smell of dirty books and old paper seemed to carry something unusual and electric—an indefinable foreboding of disaster. She tried to shake it from her, but even as she looked up to see Mrs. Bray waiting her turn—Mrs. Bray, with her correct and cultured look—she felt uneasy.

Mrs. Bray waited with her two new rental books under her arm. She was thinking how peaceful the library and its workers seemed and congratulating herself that though she had given her husband no children, she at least always gave him a well-read and keen-minded companionship, despite the rush of her social obligations. What a well-ordered life Mrs. Donner must live—calm, with nothing of the whirl and storm of life to break it!

"You are looking a little tired today, Mrs. Donner," Mrs. Bray said in a voice that congratulated itself on its cultured quality.

"Am I?" The gray eyes that looked up from the card file did look

tired—or perhaps worried. "Well—I have my day off tomorrow."

"You must rest then. Thank you. Good day."

"Good day. Next, please."

ONE day off from work! One day away from those grinding hours to see her dear little Lucy! What did the day hold that had changed the joyous anticipation of a week ago to a feeling but little removed from dread? Only a foolish hunch, of course—only that she was too tired, or depressed by this gloomy morning; for the only thing that suggested morning was the hour itself. It was neither bright nor fresh, but foggy and murky, with an almost invisible drizzle of rain or falling mist.

Lights glimmered in the railroad station as though to deny that it actually was the beginning and not the tired end of the day.

"From Rock River, here, to Melb'ry, and return, lady, is four sixty-two," said the sleepy-eyed ticket agent.

"And when does the last train come back?" her voice quavered a little. Perhaps Lucy would be with her then!

"Five fifteen's the last."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Donner gathered up her change and her ticket, placing them in her neat brown purse as she started out toward the rain again.

The wheels going over the silver shining rails made a monotonous sound, and the rain drizzled ceaselessly against the pane. Mrs. Donner sat tensely erect in her seat, and her eyes seemed to look fixedly at the unseen, as if to pierce the veil

of the future and see what the day was to hold.

The doctor had said that on her next visit to the sanitarium, he would be able to tell her when her Lucy would be well. For nearly two years now, she had been hoping that each visit would be the last—for nearly two years of loneliness in a lonely-little room. It had sorely tested her faith sometimes to have to bear the anxiety alone. What a happy time and what a cheery home she and Lucy would have when they could be together again! That was worth waiting for until the time when it would be safe to bring Lucy home—when, as the doctor put it, “she had responded to the treatment.”

The head nurse at the sanitarium came forward smilingly as she recognized Mrs. Donner. (Oh, blessed relief, everything must be all right then!)

“Lucy is looking for you,” the nurse said brightly. “And Dr. Wilborough was just saying this morning that he *may* take the weights off next Thursday.”

At the word “weights,” Mrs. Donner seemed to see a scene that was printed indelibly on her mind—the little form under the sheet, with the limbs stretched over the end of the cot and held there by heavy weights. She knew of course that they hoped to clean the infection from the hip joint by stretching it apart and giving it a chance to heal. But it seemed as if they must stretch the youth and life out of the frail child’s body, too. And now to have them off! How could she have dreamed of disaster?

Mrs. Donner followed a younger but equally bright nurse out onto the sun porch, where many little white cots were arranged. The sunshine, after the early morning shower, was so bright that before Mrs. Donner

saw Lucy, she heard the child call:

“Mamma! Oh, it’s my dear, dear Mamma!” and a moment later the mother was holding the child’s dark, curly head close to her own graying one.

“You can’t guess, Mamma,” Lucy whispered, her arms still clinging about her mother’s neck, “what Dr. Will is going to give me for a birthday present next week.” And then, her voice shaking a little, “The weights off my legs! Oh, Mamma, won’t we be glad! And wouldn’t my Daddy have been glad!”

“So glad, dear.” Through her tears, Mrs. Donner was seeing another Lucy—two years old, her legs chubby and fat, as she was tossed high in a man’s strong arms. Perhaps it was best that Joe had not lived to see those little legs grow so helpless and thin. Perhaps now he could understand all this—why it had to be, and how best to bear it.

When Dr. Wilborough came in that afternoon, he found the mother reading to the child, both faces glowing with happiness. He smiled at Lucy, but his face grew grave when he greeted Mrs. Donner. (“Perhaps,” she thought, with sudden insight, “he hates to see Lucy go.”)

“I must talk to you about taking Lucy home,” he said. But when he had led her into his office, he hesitated a moment before he went on rather gruffly, “I think that I can let you take Lucy back home next week.” He cleared his throat. Why was he so hesitant? What more could be said beyond this joyous news? Then he went on, “She will never walk again, Mrs. Donner.”

It took a full minute for the bright hope to fade from her eyes and leave them looking at him dully.

“But I thought—” she began in a voice that seemed to belong to someone else, “that you said—you

were going to take the weights off—Thursday.”

“Yes. I have decided that it will be useless to continue the treatment. You see—” His voice went on, still gruff through its gentleness, explaining in scientific terms what had happened to the bone. She caught something about a wheelchair, about a bright sunny home for Lucy. “It’s in your power to make her life happy and useful,” he said. And even as she winced as though beneath a blow, she understood the pain, the deep sorrow, in the doctor’s voice.

When she turned away at last, she was a weary and aging woman.

“Tell her I had to catch my train,” she said, and went out onto the road to walk to the railway station and wait there two hours.

It had begun to rain before the train reached Rock River. The wheels on the gleaming rails and the slithering drops against the window pane seemed to say over and over, “She will never walk again, Mrs. Donner. She will never walk again, Mrs. Donner.”

Her head ached. She considered that in the morning, before she went to work at the library, she must go out in the drizzle and smoke and fog to look for a sunny place where

she and Lucy could live together. If only Joe were here!

She must have dozed for a moment, for someone seemed to have said to her, “Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. . . .” Was she always to have to walk in the shadow, then? Was there never to be any happiness for her and those dear to her? What was the rest of that, anyway? “. . . for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.”

She held her head high as she got off the train.

GOOD morning, Mrs. Donner,” Mrs. Bray said brightly. “Did you enjoy your day off yesterday?” (“How nice of me to remember that!” she thought.)

“I went to see my little girl,” Mrs. Donner answered.

“How nice! (How calm her life is! If I didn’t have so many social affairs and charities to see to—And a little girl of her own, too!)”

“She’s going to be home with me again now!”

As Mrs. Bray turned away, she wondered vaguely what strange quality made the librarian’s voice sound so odd and broken. It was not joy—but a sort of half-defiant faith.

Baby Jeanne

By Ruby Baird Anderson

Eyes of blue—
Sky’s own hue.
And plump and dainty arms.
Flashing smile
To beguile
With all your baby charms,

Darling Jeanne!
Lovesome Jeanne!
Your cunning baby ways

Will ever be
A dream for me
In olden, golden days.

Sweet to hold!
Joy manifold
Within my happy heart.
I love you so!
I’d have you know
You’re my career, and art.

Joseph Smith

By James L. Barker

II

Approval of Saints obtained in meetings for worship.

MONSIGNOR HUNT asks: "Is silence to be interpreted as approval or must there be an explicit and positive vote? If so, must there be official provisions for obtaining this vote? These are very important questions. Professor Barker does not attempt to answer them." In the earliest times, any meeting for worship could be made "the official provision" as in the L. D. S. Church today "for obtaining this vote." As already seen, an annual council and in some cases a semi-annual council of the churches depending on the bishop, was held. It was at one of these councils that Private de Lambese was deposed. The council furnished the official provision for obtaining this vote. The bishops could "be deposed by them (the councils)."

In the Council of Jerusalem "the multitude" took part. The date at which the lay element was excluded from the councils cannot be fixed, nor perhaps even, a date be given, when the presbyters were no longer permitted to vote. Neither can an exact date be fixed for the doing away with the order of the true Church³⁰ and for the creation of a professional priesthood often chosen and its decisions determined by civil rulers.

Changes in the manner of the selection of officials vital.

Were these changes of no im-

³⁰Ireneus frequently asserts that "all the faithful have the rank of priests (elders)." Harnack, History of Dogma, vol. II, p. 78.

portance? Is the fact which Monsignor Hunt admits, namely, that God had nothing to do with the choosing of his priesthood of no importance? Then why, throughout the New Testament is the fact stressed that God did choose his priesthood, and that no man "taketh this honor unto himself?"

In the Primitive Church, the Lord not only chose, but directed His priesthood.

Not only did the Lord choose his priesthood in the true Church, but He directed their efforts. Though He had personally instructed the Twelve, both before and after His resurrection, He nevertheless commanded that they were not to teach until they had been "endued with power from on high." And before beginning their ministry, they waited for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which the Lord directed Paul at every step in his ministry: "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him saying, Come over unto Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us forth to preach the gospel unto them (Acts 16:9-10)." "Paul was pressed in the Spirit and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ (Acts 18:5)." "And now when they had gone through Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered

them not (Acts 16:6, 7).” Thus Paul, of whom the “Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabus and Saul (Paul) for the work whereunto I have called them,” was not only guided by the Spirit in proclaiming the truth, but was constantly directed by the Spirit as to when, where, and to whom he should testify of Jesus.

The Savior prescribed both the method of choosing and ordaining the officers of the Church.

Monsignor Hunt is “quite ready to concede that any practice in the early Church which was essential to the administration of the Christian religion discloses the intentions of Christ.” Was the choice by the Lord of His own servants essential?

• I do not dispute Monsignor Hunt’s statement that “specific directions” were left by Christ for giving authority to Church officials. But where are they to be found? Is Monsignor Hunt accepting them as a fact because of a practice in the early Church? If he is, then does not the practice of ascertaining the will of the people when installing bishops in the early Church imply that Christ gave specific directions also in that regard?

In support of his statement that Christ left specific directions for “the giving of authority to Church officials” but not for “electing Church officials,” and that the manner of granting power to bishops, “being prescribed by Christ, was not subject to change,” Monsignor Hunt affirms “that the Apostles and their successors only could give power to succeeding bishops.” Had Monsignor Hunt stated that Christ had given specific directions for the election of Church officials, it would have been necessary to state what that method was and if, and why, the Church had deviated from it.

Monsignor Hunt has stated what he considers the agency prescribed by Christ for the granting of authority to bishops, namely “the Apostles and their successors only could give power to succeeding bishops,” and “Even priests could not ordain other priests, to say nothing of bishops.” Nevertheless, he offers no historical data in support of this statement. Has “the granting of authority” to bishops also been “subject to change?”

In the early Church not only bishops, but elders also could ordain elders. In Alexandria, the priests ordained their bishop.

How does Monsignor Hunt reconcile his affirmation that “Even priests could not ordain other priests, to say nothing of bishops” with the following: “Many indications * * * cause us to suppose * * * that the elders had towards the period of which the ‘Didache’ speaks ‘the powers of the order, of the bishops, for example that of ordaining priests, without having their ‘powers of jurisdiction’;”³¹ or with this: “It is probable that the episcopal colleges of these very ancient times counted for a little more in comparison with their presidents than our canons today with their bishop. According to certain recollections somewhat confused which tradition has transmitted to us, they retained for a considerable time the power of ordination, actually characteristic of the episcopal dignity. The priests of Alexandria provided for the replacement of their defunct bishop, not only by electing, but by *ordain-*

³¹Bien des indices . . . font supposer . . . que ces Anciens auraient eu, vers l’époque dont nous parle la *Didache* les “pouvoirs d’ordre,” de l’évêque, par exemple celui d’ordonner des prêtres, sans en posséder les “pouvoirs de juridiction.” Mourret, *Histoire Generale de l’Eglise*, vol. 1, 90.

ing his successor (italics mine). This state of affairs went back without doubt to a time when Egypt had no other church than that of Alexandria. It would not be astonishing if the same situation had produced the same consequences at Antioch, at Rome, at Lyons, or wherever local churches had an extended jurisdiction."³²

Not only does Monsignor Hunt offer no evidence in support of his assertions that Christ left "specific directions" for the "giving of authority" to Church officials, but none for the manner of electing them, and that "He provided that the Apostles and their successors only could give power to succeeding bishops," but the eminent Catholic authorities just quoted, disagree with Monsignor Hunt as to the historical fact. Contrary to Monsignor Hunt's affirmations that "the Church knew of no method of granting power to bishops other than the sacrament of Holy Orders, *in which the bishop was the minister*. Even priests could not ordain other bishops, to say nothing of bishops," Mourret records the fact that priests had the power of ordaining priests and Duchesne notes

³²Il est vraisemblable que les colleges episcopaux de ces tres anciens temps comptaient un peu plus; a cote de leurs presidents, que les chanoines de nos jours aupres de leur eveque. D'apres certains souvenirs un peu confus que nous a transmis la tradition, ils auraient conserve assez long-temps le pouvoir d'ordination, caracteristique actuelle de la dignite episcopale. Les pretres d'Alexandrie pourvoient au remplacement de leur eveque defunt, non seulement en elisant, mais aussi en consacrant son successeur. Cet etat de choses remontait sans doute a un temps ou l'Egypte n'avait d'autre eglise que celle d'Alexandrie; il ne serait pas etonnant que la meme situation eut port' les memes consequences a Antioche, a Rome, a Lyon, partout ou les eglises locales avaient un ressort extremement etendue." Duchesne, Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise, pp. 83. 84.

the fact that priests did ordain a bishop in the church at Alexandria and he assumes that priests may have ordained bishops elsewhere. Consequently Monsignor Hunt's argument is perhaps based on an incorrect statement of fact.

An apostle was a general officer; a bishop, a local officer.

Monsignor Hunt refers sometimes to Paul as a bishop. Paul himself says, I Cor. 15:7-10: "For I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was in me." Paul calls himself an apostle, and in the New Testament, he is nowhere called a bishop. The apostles, including Paul, had universal jurisdiction, but the bishop was limited in the Primitive Church, as in the latter-day Church, to the individual Church over which he presided. An apostle was a general officer; a bishop, a local officer.

The bishops were not the successors of the Apostles.

Monsignor Hunt would not be justified in calling Paul a bishop even if he were right in saying: "And the successors of the Apostles were bishops. They were chosen *one by one* (italics mine) as the Apostles died."

Were the bishops the successors of the apostles?

What historical evidence has Monsignor Hunt for his statement that "They (the bishops) were chosen one by one as the Apostles died?" The number of the Twelve apostles was limited to twelve. Why more

than twelve bishops, if they were chosen "one by one" as the apostles died?

Monsignor Hunt: "The first (bishop) to be chosen was St. Matthias to take the place of Judas. Then follow the others who one by one were made bishops." Even though there are no apostles in the Catholic Church today, there is no evidence for believing this statement to be true. Matthias was added to the eleven, "and he was numbered with the eleven apostles."³³ He was of those having universal jurisdiction as was Paul. He was not a bishop, and even for one believing that the bishops succeeded to the authority of the apostles, he was an apostle and not a bishop. Speaking of the officers of the Church during the first three centuries,³⁴ Funk says: "The latter offices [bishops, presbyters, and deacons] were destined to remain, whereas the former [apostles, evangelists, prophets and doctors] disappeared with the end of the apostolic age (such being the case with the evangelists) or, like those of the 'prophets' and 'doctors' were merged in the permanent offices of bishop and presbyter." In the Primitive Church the two offices were distinct; an apostle was a general officer, and a bishop a local officer.

As for Monsignor Hunt's statement: "They (the bishops) were chosen one by one as the Apostles died," he himself cites the appointment of two bishops by Paul. The apostles appointed bishops as needed to preside over the local churches.

"According to Tertullian, writing c. 199, the Roman Church claimed

that Clement was ordained by St. Peter (De Praescript. xxxii)."³⁵

Shotwell and Loomis cite the following quotation from Rufinus (c. 395), Praefatio ad Recognitiones:³⁶ "Linus and Cletus were, no doubt, bishops in the city of Rome before Clement but that was during Peter's life time; that is, *they performed the episcopal duties while he filled the office of the apostolate* (italics mine). He is known to have done the same at Caesarea, for there, although he was himself on the spot, yet he had with him Zacchaeus, whom he had ordained as bishop."

As to the relationship of a bishop to an apostle, note Mourret,³⁷ "Without attaching himself particularly to any (bishop's) seat, John exercises over all of them that universal jurisdiction conferred by the Savior on his apostles and which was not to be extinguished except with the last one among them." This same John outlived the first three bishops of Rome, and up to the time of his death, Mourret says he exercised over all bishops "that universal jurisdiction conferred by the Savior on his apostles."

Is not the pope bishop of Rome? Then, if the bishops are not apostles or the "successors" of the apostles, why does the papal list or the list of the bishops of Rome begin with Peter? Because in the early Church "there soon arose a tradition that the apostles themselves had appointed bishops in several communities, and hence came the custom of drawing up episcopal lists in Asia, in Rome, in Lyons. But *it was not before the year 220 that apostles themselves were set down in these lists as bish-*

³³In the Vulgate: "et annumeratus est cum undecim apostolis."

³⁴Funk, Manual of Church History, Vol. 1, p. 52.

³⁵The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. iv, p. 13, article Clement by John Chapman.

³⁶See of Peter, p. 162.

³⁷Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, vol. 1, p. 144.

ops of the community." (Italics mine).¹

And according to Shotwell and Loomis,² "It is probably not much before 354 that Peter himself was given the title of bishop and set definitely in the position of head of the episcopal line." If this late inclusion of apostles at the head of the lists of bishops is of any value as proof, it is entirely negative.

Eusebius³ (267-340) distinguishes clearly between the bishops of Rome and the apostles: "Soter, the bishop of the church of Rome, ended his life in the eighth year of his rule. To him succeeded Eleutherus, the twelfth from the apostles. * * *"⁴

Eusebius⁵ quotes Clement of Rome as follows: "For after the death of the tyrant he (John the Apostle) passed from the island of Patmos to Ephesus, and used also to go * * * to the neighboring districts of the heathen, in some places to appoint bishops, in others to reconcile whole churches, and in others to ordain some one of those pointed out by the Spirit."

Here again, an apostle, a general officer of the Church, is seen as quite distinct from the local and subordinate officers, the bishops.

At this time Clement "was still governing the Romans and he, also, occupied the third place in the list of bishops in Rome after Paul and Peter. * * * John, at once Apostle and Evangelist, still remained alive

in Asia and administered the churches there, for after the death of Domitian, he had returned from his banishment on the island."⁶ Was John the Apostle subject to the jurisdiction of Clement of Rome? If not, there is every reason for believing that Clement of Rome (the third Pope in the Papal lists) occupied the same position of subordination in regard to John as the bishops John was appointing in Asia.

As to the "one by one" above, it is not likely, means of communication being as poor as they were, that any apostle knew of the appointments of bishops by the other apostles until long after they had been made.

The action of the people is limited to acceptance or rejection, approval or disapproval.

Monsignor Hunt, as a secondary thesis, presumably to be found in the article in the *Relief Society Magazine*, summarizes the article to the effect that: "Teaching authority in the Church rests finally with the people, who may check, correct, and change the doctrinal definitions of their officials." There is nothing in the article to justify the terms "check, correct, and change." The people's action was and is limited to rejection or acceptance, approval or disapproval. The article says p. 594: "When the Apostles, by thought and discussion, had arrived at a decision, they were entitled to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, confirming or disapproving their conclusions, and the 'multitude' (the people) was entitled to the same inspiration by the same Spirit in voting their *approval* or *disapproval*, and all were in full possession of freedom of the will as to whether

¹A Harnack, article *The Christian Church* in the *New Schaff-Herzog Religious Encyclopedia*, vol. III, p. 266

²Shotwell and Loomis, *The See of Peter*, p. 710.

³Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History*, with an English Translation by Kirsopp Lake, found in The Loeb Classical Library.

⁴Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History*, Book V.

⁵Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History*, Book III, page 243.

⁶Eusebius, *The Ecclesiastical History*, Book III, page 241.

they would act in harmony with the will of God, as revealed by the Holy Ghost." There is no question here of the people "checking, correcting, or changing" "the will of God as revealed by the Holy Ghost."

The Holy Ghost was promised to the people.

However, the Holy Ghost was promised to the people and they were not dependent on Peter's and the other Apostles' word nor on the claims of an infallible church for a knowledge of the truth:³⁸ "Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, . . . And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him."³⁹ How could the Holy Ghost be a "witness" unto all "them who obey" God if, as Monsignor Hunt affirms, the Holy Ghost "was not promised to the people"?

But the Holy Ghost was promised to the people. The promise is contained in Acts II:38, 39: ". . . and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you and unto your children, and unto all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."⁴⁰ The people are promised and receive "the gift of the Holy Ghost" today in the true Church.

If, as asserted by Monsignor Hunt, the Holy Ghost was not promised to the people, how does he account for the reference to it in the

³⁸ Acts 5:29 and 32.

³⁹In the Vulgate: "Respondens autem Petrus, et apostoliserunt: . . . Et nos sumus testes horum verborum; et Spiritus sanctus, quam dedit Deus omnibus obedientibus sibi."

⁴⁰In the Vulgate: ". . . et accipietis donum Spiritus sancti. Vobis enim est repromissio, et filiis vestris, et omnibus que longe sunt, quoscumque advocaverit Dominus Deus noster."

earliest known canon of the mass as established by Dom Paul Cagin, a religious benedict of Solesme, and accepted by Mourret?⁴¹ Cagin concludes that the original document is Greek, "of which the manuscript of Verona presents a Latin translation." I quote: "And we ask that you send your Holy Spirit on the oblation of the Holy Church, that associating them all in one, you give to all the saints who receive (it) a fulness of the Holy Spirit for the confirmation of the faith in the truth. . . ." Has this prayer any meaning, if the Holy Ghost "was not promised to the people"? Why the prayer for the reception of "a fulness of the Holy Spirit"? A similar petition for the reception of the Gift of the Holy Ghost in the L. D. S. sacramental prayers is further evidence that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God.

In view of the fact that the Holy Ghost ("whom God hath given to them that obey him" and whom all—not just the clergy—should receive, "For the promise is unto you and unto your children, and unto all that are afar off, even as many as our Lord shall call") was His "witness of these things," it is difficult to see what justification Monsignor Hunt finds for this statement: "He (Mr. Barker) would say that the Holy Ghost guides the people. . . . The difficulty with that opinion is that the Holy Ghost was promised to the Apostles and their successors; it was not promised to the people."

⁴¹Et petimus ut mittas Spiritum tuum Sanctum in oblationem sanctae Ecclesiae; in unum congregans, des omnibus, qui percipiunt, sanctis, in repletionem Spiritus Sancti, ad confirmationem fidei in veritate, ut te laudemus et glorificemus per puerum tuum Jesus Christum." . . . Mourret, Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, appendice, vol. 1.

The people, not just the Apostles and their "successors" received the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost was not only promised to all who should obey; but the people, not just the apostles, likewise received the Holy Ghost.

The promise and the gift of the Holy Ghost was characteristic of the Gospel of Jesus as distinct from the baptism of John: "Paul having passed through the upper coasts, came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples, He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, unto John's baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him who should come after him, that is on Christ Jesus. When they heard this they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied. And all the men were about twelve."⁴² Does Monsignor Hunt contend that those who were rebaptized by Paul were either the apostles or their "successors" since he alleges "that the Holy Ghost was promised to the Apostles and their successors; it was not promised to the people"?

And again how does Monsignor Hunt explain the following, if the "Apostles and their successors" alone were to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost? "And they chose Stephen [a man not yet a deacon]

full of faith and the Holy Ghost," (Acts 6:5), or this: "Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: Who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (For as yet he was fallen upon none of them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." (Acts 8:14-17).

The "disciples" who said to Paul through the Spirit, that he should not go to Jerusalem (Acts 21:4) were not apostles, much less their "successors." Neither was the Prophet Agabus who "took Paul's girdle, and bound his own hands and feet, and said, Thus saith the Holy Ghost, etc." (Acts 21:8). And Mourret,⁴³ speaking of the prophets mentioned in Acts 13:1 and in 1 Cor. 14, says, "they spoke under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit." We thus see that the Holy Ghost was not only promised to all, "even as many as our Lord shall call," but that it was received by the people and not just by the Apostles and "their successors."

Enjoying the gift of the Holy Ghost, "the multitude" was entitled to the inspiration of the Spirit in voting their approval. "And Apostles and people were in full possession of freedom of the will as to whether they would act in harmony with the will of God, as revealed by the Holy Ghost."⁴⁴

(To be continued)

⁴³Histoire Generale de l'Eglise, vol. 1, p. 88.

⁴⁴November *Relief Society Magazine*, 1930.

⁴²Acts 19:1-7.

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By *Elsie C. Carroll*

VIII

AS the weeks passed after Peter's signing the contract with the delegation concerned with the new Real Estate company, Anne discovered no waning in his enthusiasm. He worked incessantly, and she did everything she could to relieve him of worries and responsibilities, and to make home cheerful and restful when he was there. That, she had long since decided was part of a helpmate's job. Even if a wife couldn't understand all the details of her husband's work, even if she could not become enthusiastic about his plans, even if she sometimes doubted his judgment and ability, she owed him loyalty and support.

A few times Anne had asked about the merger of the general merchandise businesses which was supposed to increase their profits so remarkably, and always Peter assured her that though the actual completion of the transaction had not been effected because of some technicality to be seen to, there was nothing to worry about. One of the stores hadn't sent in the necessary papers, but he was sure things were going to come out all right.

Anne had so many other things to occupy her attention, that she had little time to worry over Peter's work.

There was Quint's determination not to go to school to cope with. He had taken a dislike to the principal of the junior high school in their district when the man had refused to allow the group of boys who had been implicated in the stealing episode of the late summer to register until they had been reprimanded before the entire student

body and had publicly given their word for good behavior.

The boys refused to comply with this demand and there was a great conflict between the parents of the boys, and the school board, the board upholding the principal.

Though Quint had not been with the boys at the time of the misdemeanor, they had been his friends and he had an exaggerated sense of loyalty. He stubbornly insisted that he would not go to school under such a principal. Finally Anne arranged for him to attend the high school in the other part of town, the principal of which was a scout leader and one who understood adolescent boys.

She had no sooner settled this problem than the twins came down with scarlet fever. Though the case was light, she was quarantined with them for six weeks, trying to direct the running of the house as she put it "by remote control."

They were planning to send Gloria to college for the winter quarter, and there was much to do in getting her clothes ready.

Anne tried also to keep in close touch with Morris and Phyllis, doing many little things to keep Phyllis' interest alive in a correspondence course in literature she had persuaded her to register for, and making opportunities for her to sing before various organizations.

Every week there were letters to write to Suzanne, and materials to send which she wanted to use in her work. Suzanne never mentioned the experience she had had with the professor from Europe in her letters, and Anne couldn't help wondering if she was as happy and contented in her new work as her letters indicated.

Every day was full to the brim for Anne. She often thought that of all the careers in life none could give greater diversity, or greater responsibility than the job of being a helpmate to a man and a mother to a family of children of as varied personalities as hers.

One afternoon as she sat ripping up a dress she was going to fix over for Gloria, she heard Peter's step on the porch. She knew by its lagging hesitancy that something was wrong. Putting her work down, she met him at the door. His face was grey and he looked old and stooped. All his buoyancy of the past weeks had disappeared. He carried a long envelope in his hands.

"Why Peter, what is it?" Anne asked in alarm.

He came on into the living room and sank heavily into a chair before answering.

"It's the merger. There was a little technical loop-hole and Cramer, over on the west side of the county, has taken that to break up the entire plan. He has been luke-warm all the time, but we thought he'd come through. He's not only smashed our plans, but he's got the merchants on the west side to join a similar concern in the other part of the state." Peter dropped his head into his hands and sat in abject wretchedness.

"But you musn't take it like that, dear," Anne consoled. "Surely it isn't bad enough to make you look so ill."

"Bad enough! Peter laughed bitterly. "Anne, it's as bad as it could be. You know—those mortgages on the house, and the store—Anne it means—we're ruined!"

For an instant Anne went cold. She felt an impulse to say, "O why did you ever do such a thing? You know we decided never to risk the store or the home. I knew this wild

scheme was like all your others. But she restrained the impulse. As she stood looking down at Peter all her maternal instinct was drawn out by his suffering. She crossed to him quickly and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Don't look like that, Peter. Things can't be as bad as you imagine. You musn't give up to discouragement."

"The trouble is that I didn't give up long ago and admit that I was a failure. I should have settled down into a little groove of mediocrity where I belong. It has been a disease with me all my life, thinking I was capable of big things. I'm of small calibre and haven't been willing to admit it. I have gone on and on after repeated failures planning things beyond my power to carry out, dragging you through failure after failure and constant hardship and privation.

"If you had married Lem Parker or Hal Stayner see where you would be—in a palace in Washington, or on a big estate in California, without any of the worries I've brought to you. I feel like—" Anne put her hand gently over his mouth.

"Peter, I'm exactly where I want to be. I didn't marry Lem Parker or Hal Stayner because I wanted to be *your* wife, I wanted to be the mother of your children—I wanted to be your helpmate. It will be twenty-five years next month since we were married. I've never regretted for one moment, Peter, that I married *you*. We've had some hard places of course. But that's life. Life is like a piece of tapestry, or a painting, with lights and shadows making up the design. The picture could not be as beautiful if it were all light and brightness. And we've had a lot of happiness, Peter, and we're going to have a lot more."

"But how much more our lives

might have been if one—even one of the schemes or patents I've squandered time and money on had proved worthwhile. They've all been failures."

"We might have had more money, but I'm not sure our lives would have been any better or happier for that. We've had a liberal share of the good things of life. And it isn't as if some of those wonderful ideas of yours may not yet materialize into the things you have dreamed. It is to men like you, Peter, men with vision, men who are always dreaming of things to make the world a more comfortable and better place to live in, that the world owes its civilization."

They sat in silence a few moments. Then Peter, with a deep sigh, drew Anne from the arm of the chair over on to his knees.

"It is to women like you, Anne, that men owe everything in their lives that is really worth while. Yet it has been because I have always wanted to make life easier for you that I have tried to do things beyond my power. I have always felt that in spite of past failures I could succeed."

"And you *can*, Peter. You *will* accomplish at least some of the things you have dreamed."

"You always give me new hope. Perhaps you shouldn't. If you condemned my failures, and scolded and nagged—Oh, no, that wouldn't solve the problem, for then I shouldn't want even to try—anything."

"Let's not worry, Peter. We'll go on as before, and I'm sure things will not be as bad as your looks indicated when you came in."

"I'm afraid you don't understand how bad they are. With this merger going to the other part of the state, our business will drop; our credit will consequently suffer. We'll have to live on even less than we've been doing, even if we don't put

another cent into this real estate project—And what we have already put in means—with those mortgages which now we shall not be able to lift—why, Anne, it means giving up the store—losing this home. How can we go on as before?" The old beaten look returned to his face.

"Peter, we're going to take this—standing. Worrying isn't going to help. I feel sure that something will develop to help solve our problem. You say we'll have to live on less. Let's begin right now. Come on out into the garden where I saw a few late onions this morning. We'll have bread and milk and onions for supper as we used to on the Greymore ranch—twenty-five years ago—'when we used to be so happy and so poor.'" Laughing Anne pulled him to his feet and they went out to find the onions.

IN November Anne received a letter from Suzanne which both surprised and comforted her. She had often wondered how much of the cheerfulness and content her letters suggested were actual. This one assured her of the things she had hoped. Suzanne wrote that she was in love with the violin teacher of the school where she taught. He was a young widower with a little girl three years old who was born a few days before her mother's death. One part of the letter said:

"I wish you could see little Marjory. Horace says he is jealous of her. She is an adorable child and she loves me as much as I do her. O, Mother, thanks again and again for saving me from the foolish thing I was about to do three months ago. What if you hadn't come! What if I had never met Horace and Marjory—What if—

"O, but it's foolish to brood over tragedies that didn't happen, isn't it? It's better to enjoy the present blessedness.

"Mother, what I am trying to get around to is that Horace wants me to marry him, and may I bring him and Marjory home for Thanksgiving—You know that is your silver wedding day, and I'm arranging to have a few days extra holidays so I can come home—then if you and Daddy approve, Horace and I will be married at Christmas time. I hope we'll be as happy as you and Daddy have been. I hope I can be as wonderful a wife and mother as you are!"

Anne folded the letter with misted eyes and with a little prayer that her girl's life might be much more successful and worthwhile than her own.

ABOUT the middle of November, Morris came in one afternoon and told Anne that his company was sending him to Washington to an architects' convention. He was to read a paper he had given at a district convention a few months before.

"But the thing I really came over for, Mom," he said after he had broken the good news, "was to talk to you about Dad. Is it true that he mortgaged the store and the home to get money for that real estate venture, and that now the merger has failed to materialize he won't be able to pay the mortgages?"

"I suppose, Morris, that things stand about that way."

"Gosh! I couldn't believe it when I heard some men over in Shannon talking the other day. They said those fellows who were in with him on the real estate scheme were going to capitalize on his idea and leave him in the lurch. They're leaving this smaller project and are preparing to put the idea over in a big way down in Tennessee. That merger idea was his, too, and now the other side of the state will get the benefit of it, and Dad who thought it out will lose everything he has. Why

is it, Mother, that he can't make his ideas work to his own advantage?"

"He isn't a practical man, Morris. He's a dreamer. He's terribly discouraged now. He feels that he's a failure, and in spite of all I can do, he broods a good deal of late. He worries because the rest of us will have to give up things. I used to resent his spending so much time and money and energy on these inventions and schemes that have meant so much to him all his life, and I worried because we didn't get farther ahead in a financial way. But I have come to see things differently. Instead of feeling that your father is a failure, I regard him as a great man, whether we ourselves ever reap anything from his inventions or not. The individual isn't so important in the big scheme of things. If he's benefitting people in the western part of the state, or in Tennessee, that's a great and fine contribution to the world, and he shouldn't think he is a failure."

"But you may be turned out of your home. You may be living on charity. It isn't right. Something's got to be done."

A sudden light came into Anne's eyes.

"Morris, did you say this convention you are going to is in Washington? Maybe you can do something to save your father from his 'slough of despond.' Haven't you been reading lately of the practical use that is being made of conditioned air—in homes and schools and trains? I've read several articles on the subject.

"Sure. That's one of the latest things in civic improvement."

"Come in here, Morris." Anne's voice shook with excitement. "I want to show you something." She led the way to a little desk in her room and took out a roll of papers.

(To be continued)

A Labor of Love

By *Arthur W. Richardson*

HERE in the Lynn Massachusetts Branch of the Relief Society we are fortunate in having as a member one who has done more than anyone else in this state towards making the lot of the crippled child more bearable.

In the "Boston Post" of February 9, 1930, under the caption of "Crippled Children Bill Result of Mother Love," was a large photo of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fogg and her daughter, Geraldine. Quoting from the article which followed we read, "Rather dramatic was the appearance before a legislative committee the past week of Mrs. Gertrude Fogg, * * * in behalf of a bill to provide teaching of crippled children at home.

"For back of the woman's appeal was the instinct of mother love for offspring.

"Her daughter, Geraldine, 13, has been crippled from infancy from an attack of infantile paralysis. Getting her into school was a problem. In the primary grades Geraldine went to school in a kiddie kar under the protection of some playmate in the neighborhood.

"She passed into the Junior High school but her condition, in the opinion of the school principal, made it advisable to keep the girl at home. The principal was afraid that she would be injured falling down the steep stone stairs.

"Since September Geraldine has had to remain at home, dependent upon her mother and friends for the advancement of her education.

"Mrs. Fogg interested Representative Fred Hutchinson of Lynn in the problem which had its counterpart in every city and town of the

state, and a bill was filed. The bill provided that each city and town employ a teacher whose duty it would be to call at the homes of crippled children and teach them.

"The bill was reported favorably. Mrs. Fogg appeared before the committee and recited Geraldine's case.

"She had the sympathy of everyone, including Lynn school authorities and those of the state.

"The bill is now in the hands of Ways and Means and seems assured of success.

"I think Geraldine should have the chance given to every other child,' said Mrs. Fogg. 'It seemed to me that her handicap should make it more urgent that she be given every chance to finish her education under home influence. She has bravely gone on and to be denied common privileges would only accentuate her difficulty. That is why I strove so hard to make everyone see it as I see it.' "

Though the way seemed dark at times, the flaming torch in the hands of the indomitable Sister Fogg, led to victory.

In a local edition a letter from Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education for our state, to Representative Hutchinson is quoted in part as follows: "House Bill Number 497, introduced by you in the 1930 session of the legislature resulted in Chapter 368 of the Acts of 1930. The result has been that many children so crippled that they could not attend school have educational advantages. During the past year 53 cities and towns have afforded instruction to 409 crippled children in their homes.

"In my opinion this was a most constructive piece of legislation."

Not long ago Mrs. Fogg received a letter from Mr. Payson Smith in which he warmly commended her. He said, "I do recall with distinct satisfaction your interest in the en-

which provided the unfortunate crippled children with an opportunity to obtain education in their homes was one of the finest pieces of legislation ever enacted.

Greater than all other powers is that of mother love. It ever leads



GERTRUDE E. FOGG

actment of this law which promises to be of so great benefit."

Each year these crippled children have a banquet and an exhibition. Superintendent Gruver, of Lynn, at one of these affairs expressed the opinion that the legislative action

to higher and better conditions. This is but another example of the constructive channels into which that love may be turned.

A great opportunity may be knocking at your door.

Quinquennials

RELIEF SOCIETY AFFILIATION WITH NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL COUNCILS OF WOMEN

By Annie Wells Cannon

THIS summer from July 2nd to July 12th the International Council of Women will be held in Paris, France. This is the tenth World's Congress of Women, the first having been held in 1888 in Washington, D. C., and one each succeeding five years, marking the progress of women during those periods of time, hence the name Quinquennial is applied to these Councils.

Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, president of the National Woman's Relief Society, is now attending the meeting in Paris as a delegate from the National Council of the United States and as president of an affiliated society.

There have been special sessions of the International Council such as the one held last year in Chicago at the Century of Progress. These are held for a specific purpose, and are not the official gatherings known as Quinquennials.

It is well sometimes to look back over the years; to note the contrast and change in thought, and custom, and reverently recall the names of honored pioneers whose vision, courage, and indomitable urge for justice marked the onward and upward path for women.

THE humble birth of the American Woman's Suffrage Association occurred nearly ninety years ago, when at Seneca Falls, New York, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and the demure Quakeress, Lucretia Mott, held a meeting to discuss "Equal Rights" for women and to organize a society to pursue and de-

mand these rights. This was in 1848.

FORTY years later the first World Congress of Women was called by the American Woman Suffrage Association to celebrate the anniversary of this event.

This congress in 1888 was the first world congress of women ever held, therefore its importance and significance is well worth consideration for many reasons. It was history in the making for it was by far the most important and influential gathering of women the world had ever seen.

The National Woman Suffrage Association assumed the responsibility of the entertainment of all accredited delegates from American and foreign organizations as well as the expenses of conducting the Council.

The call invited all American women, especially those who sympathize with contemporaneous movements for the improvement of woman's position in the state, the church, and the home, and in educational and industrial life to help towards the success of the Council and send delegates.

The Utah women since 1879 had been connected with the American Woman Suffrage Association. In the winter of 1879 Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells and Mrs. Zina Young Williams (Card) went to Washington to memorialize Congress in behalf of the women of Utah, who were threatened with disfranchisement.

The Utah women had voted since 1870.

These delegates were warmly received by the Suffrage women. This was the beginning of the friendship and loyal assistance of great women like Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, Clara Barton and others which was as lasting as life. To the suffrage conventions during the next ten years Utah sent delegates. Naturally when the call was sent out for this great Congress of Women which invited representatives from all societies, the Relief Society and Young Woman's Improvement Association sent delegates and asked for place on the program. Mrs. Emily S. Richards received this appointment and read a paper giving the history and aims of the Relief Society, the Young Woman's Improvement Association and the Primary Association.

Besides the forward looking and brilliant American women like Miss Anthony, Lucy Stone, Frances Willard, Mrs. Stanton and others, from foreign lands there gathered some of the most learned and earnest women in every line of endeavor. Far away India sent Pundita Ramabai with her story of the cruel treatment of the child widow. France sent Mme. Begelat, directress of the work of the discharged women prisoners of St. Lazarre. Mrs. Ormiston Chant of Edinburg, Scotland; Mrs. Alexander Gripenburg of Finland and so on—a long list of names of women distinguished and known for their advanced thought and work in many lands.

At this congress it was decided to link together the several organizations in each country into national councils, these in turn to unite into an international council. The first or national councils to meet every three years in a Triennial session and these councils to hold an interna-

tional meeting every five years to be known as the Quinquennial. Later the Triennial was abandoned.

THE first Triennial of the United States was held in Washington, D. C., in 1891.

To this important meeting the Relief Society and the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association sent a large delegation. The two organizations of Latter-day Saint women became charter members. Their membership was not gained without opposition but Miss Anthony championed their application with her usual keen sense of justice and loyal friendship.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, Mrs. Jane S. Richards, Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, Mrs. Electa Bullock, Mrs. Phebe Y. Beatie and Mrs. Charles S. Burton were representatives from Utah and they came home much gratified at the success of their work. The Relief Society and the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association were thus affiliated with the National Council and through that with the International Council.

AT the time of the World's Fair or Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, the second World's Congress of Women was held in that city. This was the first Quinquennial.

It was largely through the efforts of Miss Anthony and the women of the Council that the very efficient woman's department under the supervision of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Potter Palmer (Bertha Honore) was established.

The Utah women besides their contributions to the state exhibit presented Mrs. Palmer for the Woman's Building with three portiers made of cream colored Utah silk embroidered in sego lilies, which

were afterwards returned to Utah and are now in the State Capitol.

The Congress was held in the Art Palace near the center of Chicago. To each organization a Hall in the Art Palace was assigned. The Utah organizations had Hall VII for special department meetings.

President Zina D. H. Young attended this Congress and was shown great honor. She was invited to have a seat on the platform at the Congress of Women Ministers and gave an address. She presided at the Relief Society meeting which was pronounced most interesting and received very full and flattering reports in daily papers. The speakers besides the president were Jane S. Richards, Sarah M. Kimball, Emmeline B. Wells, M. Isabella Horne and Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon, Dr. Gilchrist, a noted author and newspaper correspondent in her report to the Ashtabula News-Journal said "One of the most interesting meetings of the Congress thus far to me was that of the Utah women." Mrs. Gilchrist had written a book against the Mormon people and after attending this meeting she withdrew it from sale.

Mrs. Emily S. Richards and Miss Julia Farnsworth, now Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, the general secretary of the Relief Society also were speakers at the Congress.

Among the many distinguished foreign women in attendance was Lady Aberdeen who was elected president of the International Council, a position she holds at the present time and who will preside at the Quinquennial in Paris this summer.

THE third Congress of Women was held in London June 26 to July 5, 1899. This was the first time the Congress had been held in Europe and elaborate preparation

was made by the American women in anticipation of the event.

Mrs. Frances Humphrey Gaffrey, a wealthy socialite of New York City was president of the United States Council. Her gracious and liberal contributions of means and influence added greatly to the success of the Council.

Over fifty American women had part in some way in this Congress. Utah was well represented in this number.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells at that time was second recording secretary of the National Council and by virtue of this office was accorded a seat on the platform with the officers. She also was the representative of the Relief Society president, Zina D. H. Young. Mrs. Margaret A. Caine, a member of the general board, was a delegate. Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune, a patron of the Council, and Mrs. Susa Young Gates, both members of the Young Woman's M. I. A., were also delegates. Mrs. Lucy B. Young, Miss Lucy Gates, Mrs. Lydia D. Alder and Miss May Alder were also representatives from Utah. Mrs. Wells was a speaker in Convocation Hall, Deanery of Westminster Abbey and presided over one of the department meetings.

The brilliant and many entertainments rather disturbed the practical Miss Anthony as she feared they might detract somewhat from the real purpose of the Congress.

The reports from the different Councils showed marvelous advancement in educational, professional and welfare work through the organized effort of women. 47 meetings were held by the 5 sections besides executives sessions so Miss Anthony must have found plenty to do for even her energetic mind.

The most important social function was the trip to Windsor Castle

where the guests were received by Queen Victoria and later served tea in St. George's Hall where other members of the royal family were present. Besides this there was a reception at Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland, at Surrey House by Lady Battersea, garden parties by Lady Rothschild and the Countess of Warwick, and other gorgeous parties.

THE third International Council of Women and the fourth Congress was held in Berlin, Germany, June 6-20, 1904. The American contingent numbered about 150 though the actual delegates were limited as usual.

The new Internationalism was the main theme of this conference. That "Internationalism" which is so cooperative instead of competitive, peaceful instead of belligerent, and which results in honest friendship instead of jealous rivalry. Strange that thirty years after, the same object is still the subject of great conferences and apparently as far as ever from success.

Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne, a member of the general board of Relief Society attended this Quinquennial as representative of the president, Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenbury, second counselor in the Relief Society, and Mrs. Emily S. Richards also attended this Congress at Berlin.

Mrs. Horne gave two addresses at the Congress, one on Legislative work and one on Art.

Susan B. Anthony was at this time in her 85th year. She was the outstanding figure at this Congress and received an ovation whenever she appeared.

At the reception given to the delegates by the Empress Augusta, the

Empress insisted on Miss Anthony having a chair near her though everyone else remained standing. Turning to Miss Anthony she said, "You are my honored guest on this occasion, dear Miss Anthony." Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gillman were two of the most brilliant speakers present.

This Council officially recognized three languages, English, German and French. With such a mixture of nationalities it was imperative to have the proceeding repeated by interpreters which has since been the policy of all Quinquennials.

The hospitality of the German Council has never been excelled in charming and social entertainment.

TORONTO, Canada, was the city for the Quinquennial in 1909.

The Countess of Aberdeen again crossed the water to be present and was re-elected president. Mrs. May Wright Sewall was made honorary president.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry, representing the president, Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, and Mrs. Emily S. Richards were the Relief Society delegates. The same interesting and vital subjects were discussed and reported on—"Laws for Women Workers," "White Slave Traffic," "Woman's Activity in Trades and Professions" and always "Peace and Arbitration."

AT the close of the Congress nearly all the foreign delegates made a trip across the country and included Salt Lake City in their itinerary. The Relief Society and other affiliated societies entertained these distinguished guests with an organ recital, a ride to points of interest and a banquet at Saltair. Hon. John Henry Smith made the

welcoming speech. The venerable president of the Relief Society, Bathsheba W. Smith, then in her 88th year, was present. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells was toastmistress and responses were made by Frau Marie Stritt of Germany, Emily Janes of Great Britain, Mille Pape-lin of Belgium, Froken Kroeg of Norway, Baroness Ellen Van Platen of Sweden, Miss Fries of Holland, Marchesse Beanon Del Monte of Italy, Anna Hansen of Denmark. It was a rare opportunity for the Utah women to meet and listen to these great women from many lands. Early in the summer of 1914 the next Quinquennial was held in Rome, Italy. Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, first counselor in the Relief Society, was a delegate from the National Council of the United States and Mrs. Susa Young Gates, a member of the general board, representative for the president of the Relief Society, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells. Miss Mary Howells, daughter of Congressman Howells, and now Mrs. Stoddard, stake president of the LeGrande Stake Relief Society, accompanied Mrs. Williams to this Congress.

War clouds were hovering over all Europe and the excitement of military preparation and issuing of protocols disturbed every attempt to carry on the program. The work of years of peace, education and fraternal feeling seemed doomed to be shattered any hour as indeed it was and the Council adjourned in great confusion, the delegates desiring to return before the fire broke. There was much difficulty in getting passports reissued, money exchanged, and luggage attended to. In fact many of the delegates returned to their homes only to find their sons already called in to military service, and no one knew if

there would ever be another great council of women.

BEFORE 1920 the war was over, and the work of reconstruction begun. In this, the aftermath of the war the peace loving country, Norway, was chosen for the sixth Quinquennial which met at Oslo, formerly Christiania, the Capital.

Mrs. Ida Smoot Dusenberry represented the Relief Society president, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, and Mrs. Lucy W. Smith was a delegate from the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement organization.

The women of all the affiliated societies during the period of the war had engaged in every line of endeavor, nursing in military hospitals, work in munition factories, forced in to the fields as farmerettes, worked in gauze rooms, telegraph offices, every kind of business imaginable. Such changes in the status of woman had taken place that the new condition demanded new lines of thought and action, principally relief work among the broken homes and havoc created by the great holocaust. To bind up the wounds and soften the scars with tender care and bring a surer dawn of peace was the theme of this conference.

Many of the pioneers had passed on and new women with new strength and new thought had to prepare for a new world.

PEACE, Peace, Peace, was the watchword at the Quinquennial which met in Washington in 1925—May 6-14.

About 30 women were in the Utah party which attended this Congress. Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, president of the Relief Society, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, first counselor and patron of the national Council, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, general secretary, a

patron and recording secretary of the National Council, was one of the ten delegates of the United States, and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon of the general board went from the Relief Society. Mrs. Ruth May Fox, also a national officer and Mrs. McFarlane from the Young Woman's Improvement Association. There were hundreds of women from all the countries in Europe from South America, Pan America, Australia, India and the islands of the sea. Washington was beautiful with the bloom of cherry blossoms and magnolia and everything possible was done to make this council successful, but at the same time the bitterness of war settlements sometimes seemed to break the harmony. Lady Aberdeen now grown old in service presided.

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman because of her national position had the privilege of attending all the executive sessions and enjoyed other honors accorded only to officers.

The entertainments included a trip down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon where a program was held before the tomb of Washington. Lady Ogilvie Gordon placed a wreath from the Council and made a few remarks as did also the presidents of the Swedish and French Councils. There was a drive to Alexandria to the home of Kate Waller Barrett, a former officer and worker in the Council. The most impressive occasion was the meeting on Mother's Day at Arlington, the National Cemetery.

Thousands of women from all over the world gathered in solemn service in the great white marble amphitheatre. As the officers of the Congress marched along the arcades

to the platform while the United States marine band played the great audience stood at attention.

The service was conducted by the War Mothers of America. General Pershing, Lady Aberdeen and the president of the War Mothers were the speakers. The adorable Schumann Heinke sang two numbers, then the guests passed in front of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where taps were sounded.

In 1931 the Quinquennial was held in Vienna, Austria, and Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe, at that time presiding over the Latter-day Saint Relief Societies of the European Mission, was appointed to represent the Relief Society. There was a much smaller number of American delegates present, as the unsettled condition of central Europe produced a difficult situation for outside conferences.

EXTENSIVE and elaborate preparations have been made for the Quinquennial this year in Paris, France, and once again America expects to have a large representation. In that beautiful capital everything possible will be done for the entertainment of the women of the Council and the wonders of the city with its historic places and works of art will charm and allure them all.

A better understanding among nations and the outlawry of war will be the principal aim of this conference, a cause with which all women should unite that the words of the prophet may come to pass and "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."



GRANDMA PILLING

Grandmother Looks Back

By C. Frank Steele

THEIR ranks are thinning, these mother and grandmother pioneers. They have known the joys and the sorrows, the reverses and successes, the dreams and the disappointments connected with the "Winning of the West" and now as the years pass one by one we love and honor them with an increasing devotion.

It was an eventful day, the ninety-fifth birthday of Grandma Pilling of Cardston, Alberta. Her children to the fourth generation were there and though her eyes were somewhat dimmed with tears they were tears of love and gratitude. She had no complaints regarding those years of pioneering, first in Utah and then in Canada; she has no complaints now. Somehow in Grandma Pilling one sees embodied the courage, strength and faith of the western pioneer

women and it was a profoundly moving story she told her family that night, the night of her ninety-fifth birthday. The simple eloquence of her recital as she looked back over the way will ever remain in the memory of the Pilling family, one of the pioneer families of "Mormon" settlement in Alberta.

IT seems only yesterday," said this pioneer mother and grandmother, "that I was a little girl crossing the plains in one of those early pioneer parties. Well I remember the occasion of meeting your father and grandfather. While Richard and I were living in our little home the Lord blessed us with ten wonderful children. These brought joy to us in our modest but happy home in Layton, Davis county, Utah.

"Richard was a real pioneer and when we heard of the beautiful land in Canada we decided to sell our home in Utah and go there. . . . Shortly after crossing the Canadian border we came to a spot on the St. Mary's river where we set up our winter quarters, and commenced the building of a new home.

"It was while building this new home in the north that we diverted the water of the river from its natural channel and used it for irrigation purposes. It is now recorded in the government files at Ottawa that the Pilling family was the first family in Canada to divert water for irrigation purposes. The joys and pleasures that we had in that little home probably none of you under present conditions could understand. It was at our place that succeeding pioneer parties always stopped and crossed the river. It was a stopping-place for everyone, no matter who they were or where they came from. We had a welcome for all alike. When those tired parties used to stop at our home we nearly always cheered them with some lively music and dancing.

"Our social activity in those days was of the variety that we ourselves could furnish. In our neighborhood we had a fiddle, mouth organ, Jew's harp and accordion and these furnished lively music for our entertainments. Everybody lived as one big family, and we had lots of good fun.

"In those days we all trusted each other, we loved each other and lived for each other. The signing of a note, the making of a mortgage or the breaking of a promise were unknown. When a baby was born the nearest neighbor usually volunteered her services as a nurse and I was called to welcome the youngster into the world with no thought of

charging for my services, of course. It was perhaps here that I became known far and near as Aunt Catherine or Grandma Pilling.

"Those, my children, were the happy days!

"Our ranch buildings and home were located on a beautiful flat on the banks of the river, sheltered in the winter from the north and west winds by a high sloping hill which was truly the home of the wild rose while wild fruits of every description were abundant. With the exception of one individual, Old Beauty, our stock was not allowed to disturb this 'Garden of Eden.' Yes, Beauty, my favorite cow, at my call would come running from the herd on the hillside and always seemed to understand she was a privileged character.

"Although we had many, many joys in those days we also had our sorrows. However, we always tried to see the silver lining. Out of the sky one day came your grandfather's illness and death. It was surely a sad parting and all nature seemed to join us in our mourning.

"Though I have suffered much during my declining years my vision is good and as I look ahead I am wondering if you in the hundred years that may be yours will see the progress it has been my privilege to witness. Though only a child when the Gospel was restored it rang with a lasting truth. It has been my privilege to witness its growth and test its teachings and to enjoy its influence for almost a century.

"Now I call four generations to hear my voice and to bear witness of my testimony. I know the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. I know the Key of Knowledge was restored to earth with the gospel and I have lived to see the progress that came with it."

Tribute to Annie C. Hindley

ON Sunday, October 29th, 1933, a "Presentation" meeting was held in the Library Building of American Fork. An oil painting depicting an immigrant train of 1856 led by Captain John Hindley, father of Bishop John R. Hindley, bishop for twenty-three years of American Fork Third Ward, was presented to the Library of American Fork, making a fitting addition to the "Annie C. Hindley Memorial."

The "Annie C. Hindley Memorial" section of the American Fork Public Library has over 500 volumes of history, biography, high-class fiction and poetry on its shelves.

Sister Mary E. Abel, Secretary of the Stake, gave the following information regarding the Relief Society work of President Annie C. Hindley:

PRESIDENT ANNIE C. HINDLEY before being called to labor in Relief Society had endeared herself to the hearts of every Mutual Improvement girl in American Fork through her efficient labors for a number of years in the Presidency of that association. When the Alpine Stake was first organized she was taken from M. I. A. into the Relief Society work, being chosen as 1st Counselor in the Presidency of the Alpine Stake Relief Society, January 20, 1901. In this position she served faithfully for 12 years and was then chosen September 24, 1913, as Relief Society President of the Alpine Stake which comprised 11 wards at that time, numbering 817 members. For 13 years she served as President until her removal from the Stake January 24, 1926, which then comprised 19 wards

with a Relief Society membership of 1002.

Under President Hindley's supervision a Stake Burial Clothes Department was instituted. Health Clinics were held under the Auspices of the Relief Society. Sunshine visits were instituted that many sick and homebound could be made happy. Bazaars, Parties, Luncheons, etc., were held to raise means.

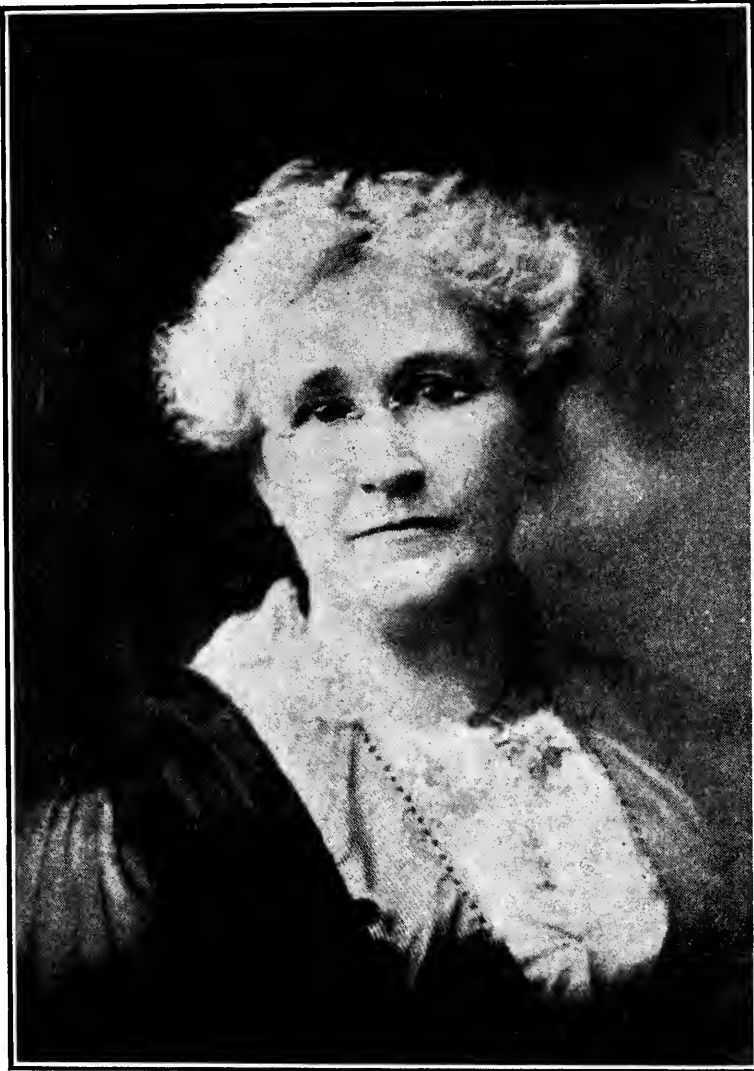
She was delighted to hear the report of these Relief Societies' activities before her release in 1925. The Relief Society membership which she had so wished would reach 1000, was reported 1002. The Burial Clothes Department under the able chairmanship of Sister Sarah S. Chipman from its small beginning January, 1923, reported 50 full suits with parts of suits sold and \$170.29 on hand. The Sunshine visits reached 5963. \$1583.23 was reported received from 14 wards out of the 19 from bazaars, parties, luncheons, etc.

President Annie C. Hindley was a real leader. A woman among women. She said "Come" not "Go." In any undertaking requiring physical labor her part was always fully done. She never asked of her sisters anything she was unwilling to do herself. Many dishes to tempt the appetite of the sick have been carried by her. Every opportunity to comfort and bless seemed to be her pleasure. She was surely a combination of Mary and Martha in her full sweet life of labor example and precept in the Alpine Stake. Therefore her name will always be held in loving remembrance by all who knew her for her sterling integrity and faithfulness to every trust imposed upon her.

Her daughter, Anna H. Curtis, gave the following beautiful tribute:

ONE of the Book of Mormon prophets once wished for the voice of an angel that he might better declare the Gospel. When I think of the life of my mother and

where and when born, when died, etc., but in giving a life of real value, those are not the important things. It is the soul of the person, what she did while on the earth to make life more worth while for those around her and what forces helped her in doing the things she did.



ANNIE C. HINDLEY

try to put in writing some of the things I feel about her life and her deeds, I wish I had the power of speech necessary to adequately describe her.

When we read biography of people, many outer facts are given,

One of the greatest teachings ever given was the one to "Love others as we do ourselves." I think very few of us ever ascend the heights that one must reach to live that great law. One of the purposes of earth life is to get a body for the spirit,

so that the body may become an even more perfect instrument for the spirit's use. Some spirits seem to conquer the carnal desires so much sooner than others.

If ever a person lived whose life from almost start to finish was entirely devoted to others—it was my mother's. First, she was the oldest girl in a family of fourteen and probably here came her first training in doing for others and forgetting self. When she left her father's roof, her schooling in doing for others had fitted her for her life's work.

She has given to her husband and her family the same unselfish devotion that she gave her own mother and father, brothers and sisters. It takes courage to forget self in the service of others and this courage mother had.

Her love for her religion was beautiful, for it gave her strength to love so well and so unselfishly. She was always ready to help others, to excuse their faults and to give of her own strength in relieving their wants. Her faith in God and this great latter-day work was implicit. Her knowledge of the truth gave her a peace in this life that was beyond understanding. She taught the Gospel by living it.

What we think or say or do now can in no way alter or change the facts of her life. Each day she lived she built for herself a monu-

ment that will outlast any word of mine. The hours she gave in service to the humble folk is a monument more worthy than stone or marble.

I have a little book that used to be my mother's, in which she kept dates of the wards she was going to visit and she has written little topics that she probably would talk on. Let me just name two:

"Happiness comes from doing and giving to others, not from what we ourselves receive."

"Kindness I feel is true religion."

In those two sentences are contained her creed—and she lived them every day in her life. Simple virtues are often unrecognized because they are so unassuming. Quiet courage and uncomplaining patience are great but often unnoticeable virtues.

The things she did were not the acts that men usually recognize as great, but they were the kind acts to those in need, that make for happiness of the less fortunate. "Pure religion and undefiled before God, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." I think that was the religion my mother tried to live.

She used to say if she had wealth, what a pleasure it would be to help the unfortunate and poor. But she shared what she had gladly, and not only shared but gave and went without herself. She surely believed "It is more blessed to give than receive."

My Best Friend

By Hazel Evelyn Timbimboo

Of all my friends, there's one I love
 Much better than the rest;
 She always understands me,
 And tells me what is best.
 I know sometimes I grieve her,
 I'm sorry that I do,
 For when I know I'm hurting her
 It always hurts me, too.

I've tried to be so saving,
 And kept my pennies well,
 I thought I'd like to surprise her,
 (But now you mustn't tell);
 I've bought a pink carnation
 To make her glad and gay,
 I'm going to give it to her
 First thing on Mother's Day.

Before the Indians Became Friendly

A PIONEER STORY

By Mamie Peters Call

SHINING like silver," David chuckled as he withdrew the ramrod and gazed down into the barrel of his heavy shot gun. Replacing the rod he laid the weapon upon the table and went to the cupboard and taking, what he thought, in the dusk, was his can of gun powder placed it beside the gun ready for quick action.

David and Laura Hughes were members of a band of pioneers who had chosen their farms along the banks of a large creek of water that came thundering through the canyon and then soothed by the broad expanse of the valley flowed gently along ready to be guided by the hands of toil.

The young husband and wife, having heard the truth of the gospel, turned their faces toward the land of the setting sun and finally settled in a valley of the Rocky Mountains. They arrived just as winter made his appearance and were obliged to live with relatives until the weather permitted David, with the help of new friends to build their own little log house.

The settlers were aware that up through the canyon was a camp of Indians. No unpleasant disturbances were made by the redmen during the winter season but when spring arrived they began to show restlessness. Because of the frequency of their visits and the boldness of these neighbors the men arranged brush and large boulders at the mouth of the canyon, in such a way that it would not attract the attention of the Indians, but, in case

of an attack, would afford a barricade behind which they could hide and prevent the redmen from destroying their little settlement.

IT was the evening of the fourth of July. There had been a glorious celebration and now all that remained to complete it was the dance to be held in the new public hall, which was just finished.

Laura fairly skipped into the hall and was soon carried away in a dreamy waltz, the first one she had danced with David for months.

The benches were all occupied with the older people and improvised beds filled with sleeping babies. Everybody in the valley was present, excepting two confirmed bachelors, who, after some persuasion, had consented to take their turn at guarding.

Time flew so rapidly to the dancers that they were indeed surprised when the fiddler laid down his violin and arose to leave the platform. They all knew that this procedure meant recess and midnight picnic, which was one part of the pastime. Even the watchers were to be remembered with a basket of the dainties prepared.

A din of merry voices was heard. Mrs. Jones declared that Laura's dried peach pies were the tenderest she had ever cut.

In order to convert the house, which was to be used also for church and public gatherings, into a dance hall it had been necessary to remove the benches and pile them outside against the building. All of the benches around the walls being filled

David and his friend Ned Thomas went out to bring in some extra ones so that the dancers would not be forced to stand during the repast.

"Listen," said David, grasping his friend's arm. Once more the sound came closer and closer until they could recognize it to be the noise of horses' hoofs and suddenly into the silent night rang out the guard's voice.

"The Indians are coming! Quick, quick!"

David called back to let Jake know he had been heard and Jake whirled his horse about and rushed back to help protect their little colony.

David kept a firm hold on Ned's arm or else he would have rushed into the building in such a frenzy that haste would have been retarded by the excitement.

"I will give the word," said David and into the building he stepped. It was not necessary to call for attention as David's voice had been heard but his words were not understood. There was a dead silence as he spoke.

"The women and children must remain here. The Indians are on the warpath and are moving down the canyon. We men must go to our post to meet them."

Women screamed and children cried but order was quickly restored and the little group of women and children sat down to silently wait and pray.

The men, who had as a precaution organized into a company were soon on their way and reached their crude barricade and were secluded before the Indians arrived even though their fearful war cries could already be heard.

David rushed home, seized his gun and can and being fleet of foot soon joined the advancing fighters

to give his life, if need be, to defend his neighbors and Laura.

Nearer and nearer came the warriors. Their hideous cries like the howling of so many wolves echoed through the midnight air. An order for loading guns rang out from the captain of the company.

David was located in an advantageous position and was all keyed up to fight. He quickly removed his ramrod and proceeded to pour the powder into the barrel of his gun—but alas—instead of his can of powder he had a can of black pepper.

He called himself a blundering fool and trembled with remorse at the situation. He could not explain to his fellow fighters because they were too far apart. He could not run back or others, not knowing his motive might follow. What could he do?

"Fire!" called the captain and every gun responded but David's. The Indians retreated but only to advance again in more fury than ever.

After the second fire there was a retreat, but just for a few moments. They came again even more vicious than before. Two of the whites fell wounded.

David felt fit for any kind of punishment. The cold perspiration stood out on his forehead as he thought of Laura.

The wary Indians had detected the fact that there was no action behind the big rock in the gully where David was hiding. Minutes seemed like hours and finally he cautiously peeped around the rock just in time to see a menacing face.

Nearer and nearer came the creeping Indian. David sensed the confidence his fellow pioneers had in his ability to prevent an invasion at this important position. If one

Indian were permitted to pass others would follow and make an attack from the rear. The angry enemy was so close now that David could hear his heavy breathing as he dragged himself along the ground. To strike the redman with his gun meant only an encounter in which the Indian would come out victorious with his deadly knife. In agony David put his hand over his heart and there in the breast pocket of his new gingham shirt reposed the unwelcome can of black pepper. Trembling with fear but determined to try David poured his hand full of the pepper and just as the face of the savage came into view he let the pepper fly into it.

A hideous cry of pain rang out and the vicious brave clambered up the hillside and disappeared up through the canyon.

The fight continued. Shots from the guns were answered by arrows shot by the Indians. Their uncanny war cries and determination to advance into the valley overwhelmed the fathers, husbands and brothers with a sickening fear for their loved ones who were waiting and hoping back in the dance hall.

David thought that the firing would never cease and was seriously

considering running back for his coveted can of gun powder when he again heard the cracking of willows. He was almost overcome with terror as the sound came closer and closer.

Once more the tricky savages had discovered the lack of apparent defense in the gully and were again attempting to crawl by without being observed by the whites.

Crouched close to the rock with his hand full of pepper David steeled his nerves as he saw the long bright feathers decorating the head dress and then the ugly face of the chief himself.

"Ugh," grunted the chief, but before he could even get upon his feet David had thrown the balance of the pepper directly into the big brave's eyes.

The Indians upon hearing the agonizing cry of distress from their chief, as he ran back up through the canyon, followed in a hasty retreat up to their camp.

David kept his secret for a long time and perhaps never would have revealed it if the old Chief had not visited them several months later and remarked, "Heap brave Welshman fight Indians with sneezing powder."

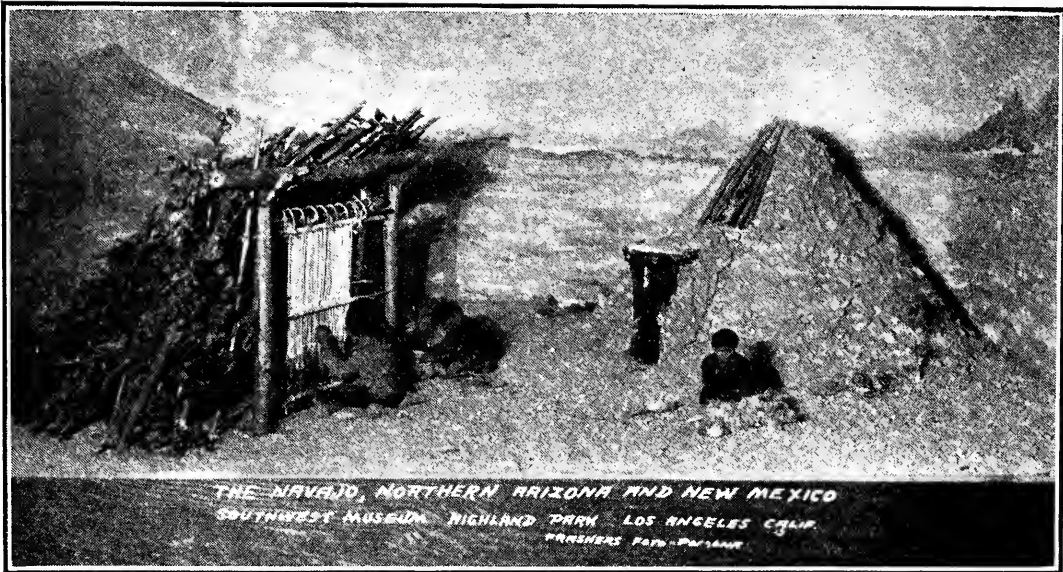
Navajo Indian Blanket Weaving

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

THE weaving of Navajo rugs will eventually become a lost art according to Charles A. Amsden, secretary of the Southwest Museum, located in Los Angeles. This institution is devoted to the American Indian. Mr. Amsden is compiling a book on Indian blankets, having spent five years in collecting and studying the native weaving in Arizona and New Mexico,

"Why should an Indian woman weave for four or five cents an hour when she can make twenty-five cents an hour working for white people?" asks this authority. "The movies, the auto and the radio are modernizing the American aborigine."

Nevertheless there has been a renaissance in color and design since 1920 in this ancient industry, the



simpler patterns and the vegetable dyes being used.

Red coloring is obtained by steeping the root bark of the mountain mahogany; orange from the root of the wild rhubarb that grows on the hills of the southwest. Clear yellow by boiling the yellow blossoms of rabbit brush; and dull blue is from the leaves of the indigo plant. Black is really charcoal from the burning of pinon gum.

On the advent of the European the Navajo obtained the much coveted bright red from baize. Originally this red flannel was woven in England, taken to Spain, thence shipped to Mexico, and eventually found its way by the devious channels of trade up into the southwestern part of the United States. Also during the latter part of the nineteenth century the Indians obtained yarns colored with aniline dyes from Germantown, Pennsylvania. But these were a great deal more expensive than their own native wools that were a drug on the market.

The Navajos are borrowers, according to this student of the tribe. They borrowed wives from the Hopis, crops from the Pueblos, sheep from the Spaniards, skins from the plains Indians, and designs anywhere

they happened to find them. Before the coming of the Spaniards they had stout looms on which they wove cotton clothing. The Navajos were rovers and often they obtained the cotton, along with their women, from the agricultural or Pueblo Indians.

After Coronado's expedition sheep were introduced and Navajo men became tenders of flocks and their squaws weavers of blankets. The sheepherding suited these nomads well. The weaving was done either in open boweries or in smoky tepees.

Cloth was woven on wide looms, often with black and white stripes that would go around the figure. The man's, or "chief's robe" was usually of broader stripes, and ornamented by some additional design, the craftsman showing cleverness in zigzags and diamonds. Besides robes, headbands, and girdles, the Indian women wove thick saddle blankets.

Following the Indian uprising after the Civil War when the Navajos on the warpath were subjugated by Kit Carson, a new era in weaving was ushered in. Nine thousand of this tribe were kept under surveillance. It was at this time that the Indian blanket became a rug for the white man. Consequently it was

woven thicker and a border made its appearance.

The Navajo is clever at borrowing designs as well as everything else. Symbolism enters into the weaving, and opens up a vast field of study. The forces of nature may be depicted as lightning or rain. The spear-point, or the hour glass, animals, reptiles, corn, or dancing men

may suggest a design. According to superstition this tribe came up from the underworld through a hole in the ground. A very handsomely made blanket showed this entrance from the nether regions wrought in red and black.

It had six sides—the directions—according to the Indian: north, east, south, west, up and down!

From Tepee to Tabernacle

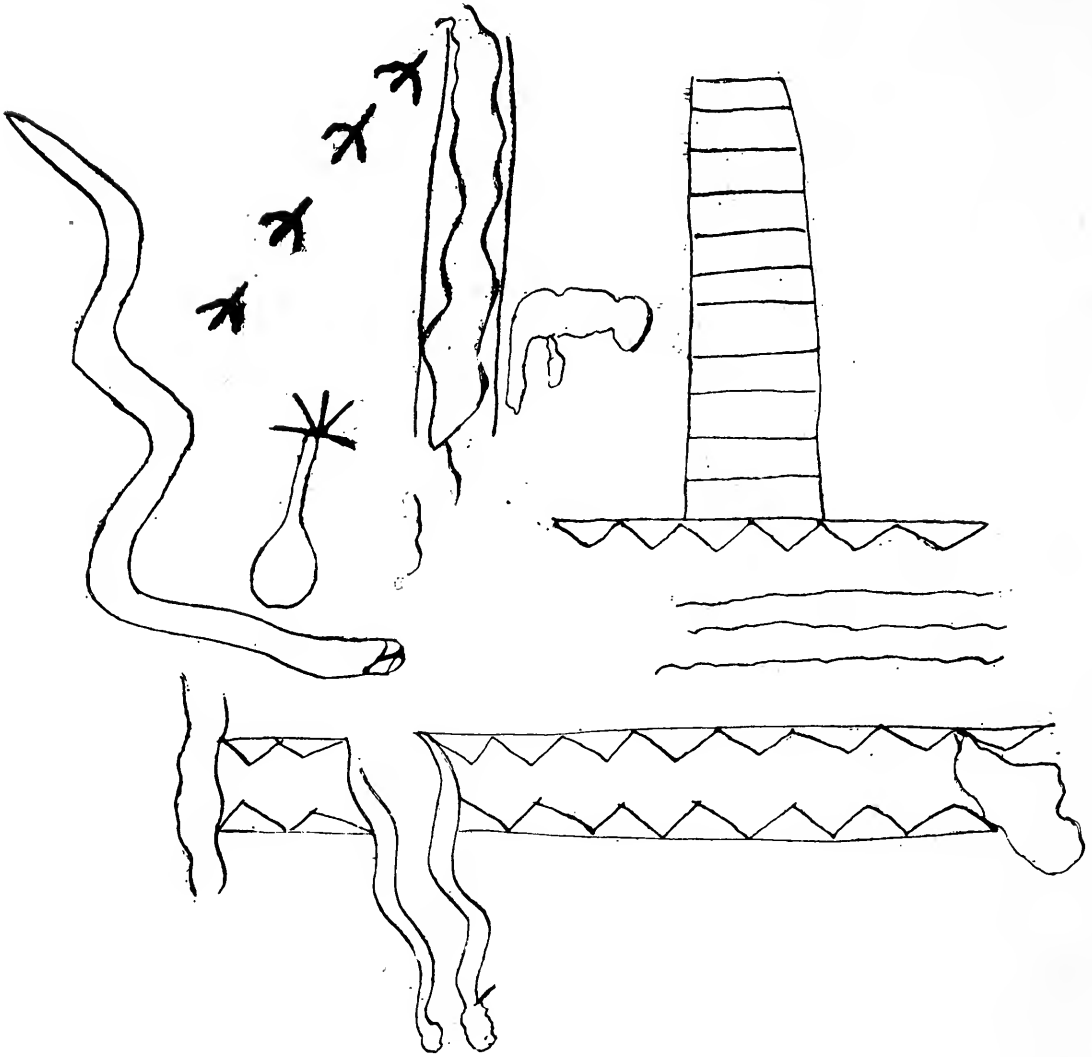
By Alveretta S. Engar

A VERY unusual assemblage of Lamanitish people, descendants of Father Lehi, was brought together in the great Latter-day Saint Tabernacle by the Genealogical Society of Utah, on the evening of Friday, April 7, 1933. The evening program proved to be intensely interesting and unique.

On the stand, occupying the choir seats, were seen native Indians, some of whom were dressed in Indian regalia. Other people having part Indian blood in their veins were asked to take their places in the seats of honor. The Hawaiian and Maori races were also represented. A choir of Mexican natives rendered



INDIANS ATTEND CONFERENCE AT WASHAKIE, BOX ELDER CO., UTAH



Latter-day Saint hymns in their own tongue. The Hawaiian and Maori contingent gave several numbers of their own native songs and music, accompanied by guitars.

FROM Canada, came a very intelligent Indian who told how he became converted to the Gospel. He declared that life had not been especially happy for him because of his birth, for, being part white the Indians did not have much use for him and being part Indian, he was shunned by the whites. However, through the influence of his white wife, who is a devout Latter-day Saint, he was led to investigate the Gospel. Through reading the Book of Mormon and through being

brought low in illness, he became acquainted with God's will concerning him. He related several wonderful manifestations in which his ancestors who had passed beyond appeared to him, preaching the truths of the Gospel and admonishing him to follow them.

THE whole evening's proceeding was a significant demonstration of the fact that God is remembering his promises to these people that they should accept the truths of the Gospel as contained in the Book of Mormon and receive it as a divine record or history of their forefathers and finally become a white and delightful people.

Among the Indian group was a

number of native mothers with very young babies (and not one of them cried!). Even from the extreme end of the Tabernacle, I observed that the babies' clothing, blankets, etc., were gleaming white. This pleasing picture brought vividly to my mind the great improvement over their condition some years ago. At one time I lived where we saw Indians every day, carrying their babies on their backs, bound tightly down in their bark cradles, the mother with only a piece of cloth wrapped around her for a skirt and the father with only a breech clout about his loins.

SOMETIME ago, I visited Southern Utah and copied this very interesting hieroglyphic, a story written on a rock ages ago by the ancestors of these Indians.

I wonder if there is any one living who could read the challenging story told by these few significant character pictures. According to Longfellow in his Song of Hiawatha, each character represents many facts, so

perhaps on that small space of rock was written pages and pages of history.

Now coming back to my opening theme, the Genealogical Pageant in the Tabernacle, President Ivins in his talk on the Destiny of the Descendants of Lehi, said that some of the tribes of Indians worship the serpent, not because of love for it, but because of fear of it.

In the hieroglyphic you will notice there are several serpents and also there appears to be a ladder. The thought suggests itself to me that perhaps by climbing the ladder of the Gospel round by round and when the minds and hearts of the descendants of Lehi are touched by Truth's enlightening power, the true and living God will be the object of their adoration and love.

Then from their lowly place in the Indian Tepee they will rise to a seat of honor in the House of God, which by their own hands they will assist in building.

Two Friends of the Indians

By Ezra C. Robinson

JACOB HAMBLIN

JACOB HAMBLIN, who was often referred to as the Apostle to the Lamanites, was born in Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio, on the 6th day of April, 1819. He, like Ira Hatch, married an Indian woman whom he loved devotedly. At the Spring Conference of 1854 he was called on an Indian Mission by President Brigham Young. The greater part of his life after this call was spent as a missionary among the Lamanites. His ministry was notable because of his intense love for this people whom he regarded

as indeed a remnant of the House of Israel. He was regarded by them as their undeviating friend.

When he came to Utah he settled in Tooele County. In 1850 he was in a band who went hunting Indians that had stolen horses and cattle from the settlers. As he approached a camp of Indians, the Chief sprang to his feet and said, "I never hurt you and I do not want to; If you shoot I will shoot—if you do not—I will not." He was not at that time acquainted with the Chief's language, but he understood what was said by the Chief. He said,

"Such an influence came over me that I would not have killed an Indian for all the cattle of Tooele Valley." And from that time to the end of his life he was a devoted friend of the red man. He relates that a party of white men were surrounded by Indians and their death sentences pronounced. Ira Hatch being among the number asked that he might be permitted to offer prayers—which request was granted—and the Chief's heart was so touched by the prayer that he ordered their release.

At one time Hamblin says he took his wife with him up the canyon where she could gather berries and small fruit while he got wood. He had intended to camp in the canyon all night, but a feeling came over him that his life and that of his wife would be in danger if they remained there for the night and so he commenced hitching his team up preparatory to going down from the canyon; his wife wanted to know why he was preparing to leave and he replied that he knew not, but he felt impressed to do so—and he knew it was the right thing to do—for the same reason that he knew the Gospel to be true—he had a testimony by the Spirit of God to him. Returning to the canyon the next day he found that the camp had been robbed and he saw the track of a big foot. Some time later he met "Big Foot"—an Indian called by that name. Hamblin was told by "Big Foot" that the intention was to kill his wife and him if they had remained in the canyon that night. "Big Foot" said to Hamblin, "If you had come two steps nearer to where I was in the brush I would have buried an arrow in your body up to the feathers."

Hamblin relates that at one time the "Holy Spirit forcibly impressed

me that it was not my calling to shed the blood of the scattered remnant of Israel, but to be a messenger of peace to them; it was also made manifest to me that if I would not thirst for their blood I should never fall by their hand."

President Young sent a letter of instructions directing Jacob Hamblin to do all he could to prevent the shedding of blood; not to let the Indians have any fire-arms or ammunition and he wanted the people to get along without the killing of any more Navajos. Indeed, this has ever been the policy of Brigham Young and the Mormons to live in peace with these people as well as with all the world.

IRA HATCH

IRA HATCH, son of Ira Stearns Hatch and Wealthy Bradford Hatch, was born at Farmer's Villa, New York on the 5th of August, 1835. He came to Nauvoo in 1844 with his parents. Driven west with his people, he lived for a time at Winter Quarters. In 1849 he came to Utah and settled at Bountiful. He was an Indian interpreter for many years and passed through many thrilling adventures and miraculous escapes from death. In 1882 he was called by Brigham Young as a missionary to labor among the Indians and for the remainder of his long and eventful life he continued his mission among his adopted people. His life among the natives was a veritable romance. At one time when he was surrounded and taken prisoner by the natives, some of the younger savages with their knives in menacing gestures cut off the buttons from his coat and began dancing around him with threatening war-whoops. His eloquent appeals in their native tongue, as he could talk fluently in thirteen native dialects, together with the

plea of a beautiful Indian damsel, touched the heart of the Chief and his life was saved. A romance developed and Hatch married the dusky maiden.

THE Hopis gave Ira Hatch the name of "Pu-am-ey," meaning "Eagle Alighting on the Ground." The name was derived from the familiar posture of the old pioneer—slightly bent forward, with both arms hanging loosely extended several inches from each side. Between 1855 and 1860 he had been a missionary among the Mojave Indians, and was well known throughout the Indian country of southern Utah and Arizona.

In the autumn of 1859 Brigham Young called Jacob Hamblin, a noted pioneer of southern Utah, to make a visit to the Moqui Indians of Arizona. On October 20, 1859, he and his party, consisting of Marion J. Shelton, Thales Haskell, Taylor Crosbey, Benjamin Knell, Ira Hatch and John W. Young, left the Santa Clara settlement, thirty miles south of Mountain Meadows, on the journey to the Moquis.

The party remained among the Indians a few days only at that time, but in the following year Hamblin again visited them, accompanied by a party including George A. Smith, Jr., son of President George A. Smith. In the month of October, 1860, a party of nine men, including Ira Hatch, was organized at the Santa Clara settlement to join Hamblin, and on reaching the Colorado river the party crossed the stream in safety. On the second day after crossing the river, however, the party failed to find water and the realization came to them that unpleasant, if not dangerous, conditions confronted them. On the afternoon of the second day the men encountered four Navajo Indians,

who informed them that if they proceeded to the next watering place they would all be killed. The Indians invited the men to go to the camp of Spaneshank, a Navajo chief, not far distant, and assured them that protection would be given by the chief.

The invitation was not accepted, and the march to the water hole was resumed. Navajos from every direction began surrounding the column of white men, and an interpreter informed them that the Indians would not permit the white men to reach the Moqui settlements. Camp was made and the interpreter announced that the white men would be permitted to return whence they came if they would trade all the goods carried with them, especially the ammunition, for what the Indians had to offer. While the trade was being consummated, George A. Smith, Jr., turned back on the trail to recover his horse, which had strayed off and disappeared over a low hill.

When Smith failed to return after a wait Hamblin sent two men after him, and they found him severely wounded. Three bullets had been fired into his body, as well as a number of arrows. The wounded man was brought back to the camp and died on the trail on the return to Santa Clara. The white men were being followed by hostile Navajos and it was impossible to enter the body, as the stopping of the column would have brought on a fight with the overwhelming number of Indians. The body was placed beneath a cedar tree and covered with a few cedar boughs. In later years parts of the skeleton were removed and given proper interment. Ira Hatch stated that it was the greatest trial of his life to be forced to leave the body of the young man unburied,

as the lad's father some years before had told Hatch that he left his son in his especial care. Jacob Hamblin, in his narrative of experience among the Indians, states that he knew no man more brave, more cool-headed than Ira Hatch. The murder of the young man is attributed to the younger element of the Navajos, the older men of the tribe having acted as an escort to the white men until they considered the party safe.

SPANESHANK, the Navajo chief, was friendly toward the white people. In many of the written annals of southern Utah this chief is referred to as "Spanish Yank," a corruption of the Indian name. C. L. Christensen of Moab, who, besides being a missionary among the Indians for many years, also acted as interpreter, speaks the Navajo, Moqui and Ute languages fluently and is authority for the statement that the real spelling of this chief's name is "Dah-nish yant," meaning, "He Did Tell the Truth." This chief had married a Piute woman at Kanab, his wife being a descendant of Chief Kanosh. Such an inter-marriage among the tribes was contrary to Indian custom of that day; especially unusual was it for one of the Indian aristocrats of the Navajos to marry a despised Piute or Hopi. To escape the nagging of their fellow tribesmen, the couple crossed to the south side of the Colorado river and remained there a number of years. Their firstborn was a daughter, and shortly after her birth the parents removed to Kanab, where the mother's people resided. After a few years the mother died and the father left the little girl in the care of a white family. He returned to his own people and later married a woman of that tribe.

At the time that George A. Smith, Jr., was killed, the wives of Jacob Hamblin and Ira Hatch were with the party of the white men, and the hostile Navajos claimed the wife of Hatch as a member of their tribe and attempted to seize her. Hatch hit one of the Indians over the face with a heavy rawhide quirt until the blood squirted in a stream. Being surrounded by a hostile band, with a wounded man on their hands, this was a brave deed; but withal it was fraught with danger and invited possible disaster to every member of the party.

It is related, however, that the older Indians cried out: "He is worthy of his wife; see how he fights for her." This turned the tide in favor of the whites, for the older Indians fell in behind the column as well as taking the lead, and thus prevented the bloodthirsty, younger Indians from swooping down and annihilating the whites. Hamblin, in his narrative, states that at times the hostile Indians came so close that they were within range of the rifles of the whites. As related above, the protection given by the older Indians ceased too soon and Smith was killed.

Ira Hatch was popular among both the Hopis and Navajos, having at no time any trouble with them with the exception of the encounter mentioned. He accomplished a great deal of good among them and his memory is revered among them, even to the generation grown up since his death at Fruitland, N. M., some years ago. Missionaries and other whites who knew his wife speak of her as an Indian woman of fine fiber, as a good wife, and as a mother who so trained her children that they were a credit and blessing to her.

To Your Tents, O Israel!

By Lorene Pearson

FROM near at hand, from the prairies rolling away to the horizon and beyond, even from Winter Quarters huddled on the other side of the Elk Horn River, Millie felt the terrifying silence and emptiness of the wilderness on every hand.

For a moment Millie thought that no one but herself was awake to greet this dawn that meant the beginning of the trek westward to Zion. But perhaps it meant more to her than most. This was the beginning of her life as the wife of a pioneer.

She raised herself on her elbow and looked out from under their wagon at the cattle and horses within the circle of wagons. They, too, seemed unaware of the significance of this dawn. The whole world was asleep.

She felt suddenly important, for she was to be different from all these plodding, hard-working women in this caravan and all the other caravans she had watched depart for the west. Why become clods like they were with husbands that paid them no attentions at all and expected them to work like slaves? No, indeed. She would demand the same gallantries that Carl had shown before their marriage.

She looked down at Carl's handsome sleeping face and smiled a little nonchalantly. She shivered, for the air was cold and spring had not yet promised to stay. She knew that there would be ice on the Elk Horn River that ran between their camp and the distant Winter Quarters. But the men had said an early start meant everything in the Salt

Lake Valley if food was to be raised for the next winter. Men were so practical and responsible! She felt the impulse to twist Carl's ear impishly.

Suddenly a bugle sounded—long quivering notes that made the vast silence hesitate and then recede to the far away hills. Out of covered wagons, from pads beneath the wagon reaches crawled men and women and sleepy children not yet wakened to the meaning of the bugle notes. Gradually the voices became louder and more merry and excited. The horses neighed and the cattle moaned low and throaty messages to the calves. Dawn glimmered along the eastern skyline. Little fires began leaping in the strange blue light and women began bending above them to place kettles so that they might heat the breakfast porridge.

Millie went about her duties like the other women but her day was spoiled. With numbed fingers she stirred the yellow meal into the boiling water. Carl had not even said good morning when the bugle sounded. He had leaped up and set off for his oxen so that they might be hitched after breakfast while Millie did up her dishes and put them away. He hadn't even kissed her. And suddenly she remembered the other women saying, "He'll soon forget his courtin' ways."

Rage filled her heart. She had married Carl because she wanted to be the center of his universe, she wanted his interests to revolve about her. But it was very evident that something had happened now that they were trekking westward.

Carl came up with the oxen, a big strapping fellow, with high excitement in his face. He did not share it with Millie, however. He asked for his bowl of meal, sat restlessly on the wagon tongue and looked far away, over the hills to some distant valley.

"Please," she whimpered when he had finished, "Just one more look." Carl was irritated but all the same he followed Millie to the rear of their wagon, keeping his eyes on the activity in camp. When they had loaded the wagon Carl had taken her back here to look at all the supplies, had squeezed her with one great arm, whispering, "It's all for you darling." She hoped for a repetition. But it seemed she was to look at the six hundred pounds of breadstuff, the bags with seed and the shiny ploughshare by herself. Carl's gun stood near the seat in front and directly below it the hundred rounds of ammunition. He had been specially proud of his protection and had showed Millie how to use the gun, "so you'll be a real pioneer." But this morning he had forgotten everything evidently.

"Remember," he commented sternly, "We haven't yet arrived at Deseret."

He had no more than said this when the voice of their company captain called the word to get in line and Carl had to work fast to get the oxen hitched, leaving Millie to hurriedly put out the fire and place the bowls and spoons and kettle in the wagon and climb upon the seat. Without any help, too, she reminded herself.

THE whine and crack of the long whips set the wagons in motion. The oxen bellowed, the men called loudly to them and the boys on horseback galloped back and forth along the long line of wagons. "We're

off," shouted Carl to his neighbor, (not to Millie), and soon the camping spot on the Elk Horn River was lost in the dust. Winter Quarters, a few miles back, became a memory. Ahead of them lay over a thousand miles of unpeopled deserts, vast silences, unknown dangers.

"Oh, Carl, Carl," Millie called to her husband, striding along beside his wagon in the ecstasy of the start. "I'm afraid," she said. He frowned at her and went on guiding his oxen and shouting at them to get along in line. Finally he shouted back, "Sister Andersen with her six little children isn't afraid."

Well, he hadn't thought she was useless baggage when he was courting her, she was the most wonderful girl in all the world.

The wagons crept noisily over the first low hill and there beyond were other hills—to the skyline. A faint trail zigzagged away towards the unknown. Of course, she must remember what Carl had told her time and again that many trains had gone before them, and that Brigham Young and his small party had blazed the way, when there were no trails. But all the same it was frightening.

Millie watched the wheel by the front seat turn and turn. Slowly it creaked, carrying dust particles that dropped before the tire reached the top and began to descend. Up and over, up and over and he would not talk to her. There would be hours and days, even months of this sitting and waiting!

Some of the older women were knitting as the wagons moved along or were piecing quilts, but that was old women's work. She was still young and just a bride and she knew she was no different than other brides when she expected privileges. But even Carl seemed leagued against her and looked admiringly

at the woman in the wagon ahead of theirs, mending as she rode along, a child in her lap.

THE sun rose and reached its zenith. All along the line went the word to halt. The women once more made little fires and set kettles to boiling and dropped the ground meal of the corn from shifting fingers. Carl helped Sister Andersen, who was making the trip alone, Brother Andersen being on a mission to England. And he didn't even notice what effect it had on Millie!

When the porridge was done he came over and sat against the wheel eating his noon meal, a far away look in his eyes. Suddenly he muttered, more to himself than to anyone else, "We'll be ploughing ground in two months if we travel at the rate we did this morning."

The oxen were grazing quietly on the new grass. The great silence crept ever and ever closer as it had at dawn, a vast, omnivorous, oppressive thing that took great strength to withstand. Millie wanted to lean on Carl's strength, wanted to feel his protection. But before she could say or do anything a shout pierced the noon stillness, echoed down the line and the wagons were hurried into formation again.

Now Carl was looking fiercely at the rolling horizon, swinging his shoulders as he walked along and cracking his great whip as though she didn't exist. The strange grasp of this migration, this pioneering! It seemed to take men's hearts and minds, lead them on, oblivious of all else. And she resented it bitterly. It was not what she had willed would happen. And here she was going out into this pitiless country with no chance to flee, out into a hideous inescapable kingdom where no one would pay her the least attention.

Well, she would not give in to it, she would not become just a cog.

TOWARDS sundown Millie could tell that Carl was getting tired. He swung his whip less frequently and with less vigor and his eager strides had subsided into a measured tread. Her own back ached at each jolt of the wagon and bitter thoughts clogged her mind.

But even with his weariness, when the halt was called, the captain of their hundred asked Carl to go for wood at the stream for Sister Andersen. Carl's wagon was nearest the stream, but it formed a part of the great circle that would be the corral for the horses. Millie sat stubbornly on the wagon seat, determined not to move an inch until Carl should help her as well as other women.

She looked gloomily at the brush where Carl had disappeared, three hundred yards distant. Suddenly she saw something moving, a bright something that did not look like the clothing Carl had on. She stood up on the wagon seat. Over the tops of the brush she could just see an Indian creeping towards the place Carl had entered.

Her first impulse was to shriek the news to the camp and raise a general alarm, but her sense—not present this whole miserable day—returned to her with a snap and she did the only safe thing.

She snatched up Carl's loaded gun and set off towards the creek. Quickly she ducked in the willows and crept towards the spot of bright color that came through the trees. Then she saw them. Carl, unaware of danger was gathering dry sticks. Behind him, with tomahawk raised high above his head, was the Indian.

She raised the gun to her shoulder and shouted. The Indian whooped and disappeared. Carl, taking in

the situation at once, smiled broadly and came to Millie's side.

"You darling," he said, "the nerve you've got. Who says you aren't made of the stuff that makes pioneer women." He picked her up, rifle and all and set off for the edge of the brush. "Now you are one of us," he whispered. "You have heard the call to tents."

"Yes," said Millie, "I see now. To work together is much more fun than having you work for me."

THAT night when the silence crept in from the prairie wastes and the men and women were singing hymns around the fire she crept

out of the circle of light and knelt down to pray. Silently she admitted that now she could understand the proverbs that she used to turn off lightly for now she was a pioneer, now she would try to be so that The heart of her husband could safely trust in her, so that he would have no need of spoil. She would do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

On the morrow she would ask to take care of three of Sister Andersen's children for the remainder of the trip. "She would stretch out her hand to the poor; and reach forth her hands to the needy."

A Heart Courageous

By Eulalia S. Welch

I WAS seated by the cheerful open fire watching Sister Plant as she moved about the living room in her wheel chair gathering up music books, minute books, etc., preparatory to leaving for Relief Society Conference.

She went about with a smile on her youthful face, a face full of peace and happiness in spite of twelve long years spent in bed or in her chair.

I marveled, as I glanced about the room, at the evidences of her energy and versatility. On the piano lay her violin in readiness for her next pupil. On a table in the corner were piles of pillow cases, guest towels, and all sorts of fancy things all finished for the Stake Exhibit. Above the mantle hung one of her beautiful paintings, a Maori village, which she told me was to be dedicated to Sister Mary Bean and presented to the Stake Board Mem-

bers. The picture now hangs in the Relief Society room in the Boise Stake Tabernacle.

"Oh yes, I do all of the sewing for my two girls," she said in course of our conversation. "With an electric machine I can do it easily.

"The sisters have been so kind to come here always for our meetings. That is why I could be Secretary for so long. I always have time to prepare the lessons too, and can substitute when necessary."

The sweet older daughter adjusted her mother's wraps and with careful tender hands eased the wheel chair over the threshold and onto the side walk, and we were on our way to the Ontario Ward Conference in the bright autumn sunshine.

Sister Plant's parting words, "You can be down but you never need be out," will ever be to me a source of comfort and inspiration.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JULY—The truest patriotism lies not in colorful gestures but a consciousness of one's duty to his country by obeying and sustaining the law.

MR.S. HENRY W. BAKER, the only woman member of the Battle Monuments committee left last month for France with Gen. Pershing for the dedication of the monuments, now completed. These monuments on the different battle fields of France and Belgium tell the heroic story in marble and are most significant. Mrs. Baker is a past president of the Service Star Legion and will represent that society at the International Council of Women in Paris this July.

MR.S. VICTOR ASTOR was spokesman before a congressional committee in behalf of changes in the immigration laws, especially as regards deportation. She says, "It is just plain common sense if you want to be human."

HELEN JACOBS, U. S. tennis champion, failed in her bid for the French hand court championship to Peggy Scranen of England.

JEAN BATTEN made a new aviation record for women in her flight from England to Australia.

MR.S. GIFFORD PINCHOT of Philadelphia, and Frieda S. Miller of New York are both working for minimum wage laws for women and to wipe out sweat shops, while Eleanor S. Herrick, regional chairman of the Labor Board of New York has assisted in settling over 400 serious labor disputes. She was a factory worker herself and

brings both training and experience to her office.

MR.S. LEE GREEN RICHARDS of Utah was elected national vice president of the Daughters of the Revolution at the convention held in Maryland.

MISS DOROTHY DIXON of Utah University will be a speaker at the American Library Association convention in Montreal.

MARGHERITA SARFATTI of Rome, who spent a day in Salt Lake City, recently, is the author of "Dux," the official biography of Mussolini.

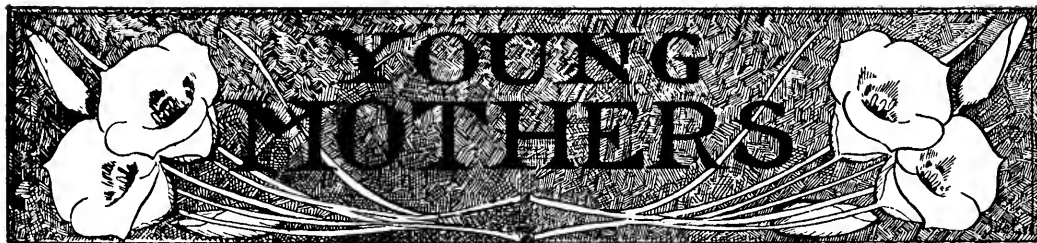
MISS MARIE FOX of Salt Lake has won a scholarship at Mills College entitling her to a year tuition at the conservatory of music in Munich, Germany.

AT Queen Mary's court held at Buckingham Palace thirteen American women, beautifully gowned and bejeweled, were presented.

ASTRID of Belgium is the newest queen in Europe, Ioanna of Bulgaria the youngest, and Marie of Jugoslavia is said to be the most beautiful. Among the seven queens only one, Wilhelmina of Holland, reigns in her own right.

MINNIE M. BRESHEAR writes of the formative years of Mark Twain in such a telling way that one feels his own words were true when he said, "All that goes to make the *me* in me was in a Missouriian village."

SIGNE TOKSVIG'S biography of Hans Christian Andersen is spoken of by the reviewers as "a story of gentle human living."



By Holly Baxter Keddington

RELIGIOUS training for children must have its foundation in the home. A friend wrote that at Easter time she had been asked to tell the story of Easter to the children of the small community, and after telling the story she asked questions only to discover that many of the children had never heard of Jesus or of God. True this was not a L. D. S. Community, but I just wondered how many of us expect outside influences and training to provide our children with their religious background. How can a mother answer the many questions of wonder about this world we live in, that are almost daily asked by the children of all ages, without mention of the works of God? Whether we are in the park, riding in a car, hiking to some appointed goal, questions of every kind are asked. And I do hope they are answered in a satisfactory manner. A Sunday School board member has estimated that even though your child is regular in his attendance to both Sunday School and Primary that he is receiving no more than seventy-five hours of religious training per year. He wonders at that rate how many years it would take to teach the three "R's".

THE experience of a child guest in the home is one of which every child and every home should avail itself. The home must not be critical of the visitor and the child will find many new and interesting

ideas of conduct and general living that he will take home with him. Your children will have to be trained so that they will be good hosts as well as good visitors. In an article not so long ago these are some of the qualifications of a good visitor—He will not be inquisitive—under too suggestive—"picky" with food—seclusive or temperamental, but should be helpful where possible—one of the group—anxious to please—above all make the adjustments of food, sleep and play to that of the host family. Few children will be able to live up to these requirements but many will be little trouble on such a visit. Visits to grandmothers, aunts, uncles and cousins are grand week-end or over night visits and the child usually appreciates home more if he is allowed to view the world a bit.

* * * * *

Answers to questions:

S. J.—Yes. My linoleum is ready for varnish again and by the time you read this it will have it. Thin the varnish down for the places under the table, range, etc., where it is not worn, then you will not notice the piecing.

R. Y.—Your question is answered to some extent in the June Journal. If you want more could you write again? The cultivation of the reading habit is well worked out in "Child Welfare," October, 1932, pp. 86-87. Possibly your library has it.

Your letters were very kind I am sure.

Notes From the Field

St. George Stake:

AMONG the reorganizations of the past year was that of the St. George Stake, in which Sister Miles was released. She presided over the St. George Stake Relief Society for over thirteen years during the time the stake covered all of Washington County, Utah, and it took nine days in a "white top" to visit the 25 scattered wards. Sister Miles was a most efficient and capable stake president. Her sweet smile and quiet dignity gave her a presiding grace which won the love and admiration of the people. This was attested by the social held in her honor after the reorganization. More than two hundred guests gathered to do honor to her. Among the guests were the Stake Presidency, Ward Bishoprics, and a representative from every ward in St. George and Zion Park stakes. Following the tribute to the retiring president and her board, a gift was presented,

which brought forth a beautiful response.

While Sister Miles represented the faith and strength of the pioneer she also was keenly alive to the development of modern thought, and brought to bear upon her work the fine training made possible through modern scientific methods.

Another dear sister who was honored by the stake was Sister Coates, of the St. George West Ward, who has worked for many years in the presidency of this ward. She is best known and loved for the beautiful service she has rendered sewing for the dead. She began this work at the age of fifteen years, and today, at the age of seventy-five is still active. Her outstanding record is typical of Relief Society workers. She has not only given this fine public service, but has raised a family of twelve children of her own and three grandchildren, accomplishing this great work while experi-



JOSEPHINE J. MILES AND HER BOARD



PAGEANT REPRESENTING THE ORGANIZATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY,
WEST WARD, ST. GEORGE

encing the incidents of early pioneer days in Dixie. The West Ward made the 17th of March program an honor day for her, presenting her at the close, with a friendship quilt which carried the names of 450 of her friends. The above picture is of a pageant given by sisters who have given long years of service in the St. George West Ward Relief Society.

Eastern States Mission (Washington Branch):

THE anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society was commemorated in Washington, D. C. by a concert sponsored by the Relief Society. An abundance of musical talent in the branch made possible the presentation of a varied and rich program. The concert was held on the evening of March 17th, in the recreation hall of the new Washington chapel. The artists appeared in formal dress, as did the young ladies of the branch, who acted as ushers. The entertainment

was arranged by the officers and members of the Relief Society, and many of those who appeared on the program are actively affiliated with the Society. Following the concert the officers received the members of the branch and their friends, who were especially invited to attend, in the beautiful class room of the Society. Refreshments were later served in the banquet hall. The Relief Society in Washington is fortunate in having among its members a large number of young married women. The enthusiasm with which this organization carries out the regularly outlined work as well as special activities, is outstanding.

California Mission:

THE members of the Gilroy Relief Society, with their families, gathered at the home of the First Counselor, Sister Lila Avery, about five miles southeast of Gilroy, to celebrate the Relief Society Annual Day, March 17, 1934. The Relief Society colors, gold and blue, pre-

dominated in the decorations. Mari-golds and blue Iris were the main flowers used, while the centerpiece on the dining table was a large birthday cake frosted in gold and wreathed and lettered "Relief Society 1842-1934" in blue. The dinner was furnished by contributions from the local members, and cooked by Sisters Lila Avery and Anna Hug. It was served family style in the large dining room of the Avery home.

San Francisco Stake:

AS usual, the San Francisco organization had a most successful year of Relief Society work. This began with a delightful entertainment in the amusement hall of the Diamond Ward, which was decorated to resemble a dining room on board ship. Small tables were used, with centerpieces of dainty ships of various kinds. The officers and crew were dressed in white duck and navy blue midddy suits. A short program was given, and an address

of welcome to the sixty-five ladies present who were about to embark on the season's lessons. This took the form of a world cruise. Lectures at various ports were given on work and business and other subjects in the course of the year's work. Community singing was led by the officers. A sailors' dance in costume was one of the pleasant features. One of the guests gave a beautiful reading "The Story of the Sea." Deck games were conducted, and a dainty luncheon was served after the games. The stake officers were special guests of honor. It was a very beautiful beginning for a most successful year's work.

Montpelier Stake:

THE picture below represents the pageant, "College of Opportunity" as it was presented by the members of the Montpelier Fourth Ward Relief Society. The pageant is inspirational and educational, and was witnessed by a large group of people.



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EDITORIAL

Two Notable Conferences

WE congratulate the Mutual Improvement and the Primary Associations for the outstanding conferences they have just held. The attendance was phenomenal. Between meetings the streets of Salt Lake City were crowded and put on a festive and colorful appearance as the young women with their bright dresses flitted here and there. The faces of both men and women were radiant with satisfaction. They had come from afar to get help in the work so dear to them and they were receiving more than they had dreamed of. The changes in the M. I. A. program for next year met with hearty approval.

The foresight of the Church leaders in instructing the M. I. A. years ago to study the problem of leisure time and to prepare to direct the leisure-time activities of the Church is now recognized by all. This organization is known throughout the world and leaders everywhere are pointing to the Mutual Improvement program as the finest that is given

to youth by any people. The Primary are looking to the leisure of the children in a like earnest and efficient way. The session devoted to Youth and the New Day is generally acclaimed as one never to be forgotten.

The concert where 3,000 men and women sang so beautifully under the able leadership of Noble Cain will not soon be forgotten by those who listened enraptured to their music. These singers had been gathered from practically all the western states and some had come from the states bordering on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

The display of hobbies and the session devoted to hobbies was most helpful and we believe throughout the Church there will be a realization of what a splendid thing it is to have a hobby and to be outstanding because of one's knowledge of some special subject or because of the wonderful collection one has of things he has made or gathered that are especially interesting to him.

The great advancement made by these two organizations is remarkable. The people of the Church can hardly realize how greatly indebted they are for the training given to their children by the faithful men and women who so efficiently officer and teach in these organizations.

One woman remarked, "I used to be opposed to the Conference being

held in June, thinking it would be better held in the fall, but now I think it is right. It will take us all summer to prepare for our winter's work." May the next season see the greatest enrollment these organizations have ever had and may they do the most efficient work and make the greatest success in all their lines of activity.

Utah State Flag

UTAH has the first state flag ever made. It was adopted by the legislature in 1903. The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers made the creating of interest in the state emblem and gathering of authentic history of the flag and its adoption their special project for the month of May, 1934.

Officers of the organization have urged that this old flag made of Utah silk, embroidered by Agnes Teudt, be placed in a glass case large enough to display it unfolded, and that it shall there remain. This they feel is a necessary precaution since the flag, now about thirty years old, is beginning to show the wear and tear of being moved around and being made of Utah silk it would be impossible to duplicate it. In 1911 it was made the Governor's flag by the legislature, then in session.

Through the efforts of the Sons and Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, a second flag was made and presented to the Battleship "Utah" in 1913. The flag was made by an eastern firm who put a gold circle around the design which was not a part of the original pattern. Many people felt this added to the beauty of the flag. Through the efforts of Annie Wells Cannon, who was a member of the legislature, at that time, it was accepted and the colors and the circle adopted. Later, when the

Battleship "Utah" was scrapped, the flag was burned, according to the regulations governing flags when they become tattered and torn.

In the spring of 1922, Governor Maybe was asked for a state flag to be displayed in New York in a patriotic parade of states. Several organizations responded to the call and the flag was embroidered by Miss Dollie McMonegal. This emblem is now displayed in a show case in the Capitol Building.

When in 1926 a call was made for a flag to be hung in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Governor Dern asked the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers to make a flag. This one was embroidered by Hanna Wilcox Dupont, who followed the pattern adopted by the legislature of 1913 and 1917.

Soon thereafter Governor Dern made a second request of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers to make a large flag and again Hanna Wilcox Dupont embroidered the flag. This flag is now in Memorial Hall at Valley Forge.

Arrangements have now been made to supply Utah State flags of any size and many of the people of the state who have been unaware that they possessed such a beautiful emblem will become conscious of it and it will doubtless be displayed in many places.

Honors to Worthy Men

THE University of Utah at its June Comencement Exercises conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on two of Utah's distinguished sons — J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and George H. Dern. President J. Reuben Clark has won wide recognition through his knowledge of international law. He rendered outstanding service as Ambassador to Mexico. He was called upon by President Roosevelt to be one of a party to go to South America and study conditions there and is now serving as President of the Foreign Bond Holders Protective Council. George H. Dern, former Governor of Utah, is now Secretary of War, and in that capacity is widely known throughout the nation.

THE Agricultural College of Utah is proud to now number among its roster of notables President Anthony W. Ivins. It conferred upon him at its June Commencement Exercises, the honorary title of Doctor of Laws.

President Ivins is a remarkable man. All who converse with him recognize his culture and wide information, yet he never attended a high school, college or university. His reading has been so extensive, his observation so keen, his experience so varied that he is outstanding in any group. We are sure our readers will appreciate what he said in an interview with a *Deseret News* reporter, so we quote it herewith.

I HAVE graduated in many occupations but this is the first time I ever received a degree."

With this comment Anthony W. Ivins, of the First Presidency of the L. D. S. Church, today recalled much

that he had done in a long lifetime of activity.

"My graduations have been many," he said. "I am a graduate at cooking and dishwashing. Maybe the food wasn't prepared according to the methods of domestic science but we never had to throw any of it away.

"Few men have shoveled more dirt in a lifetime than I have in my occupation as farmer. I have eaten fruit from trees that I have planted in soil where only thistles and sagebrush grew before.

"I am a graduate blacksmith. I have shod enough horses to mount a good sized detail of the United States army. I was an expert at this and had much of it to do.

"I have read and studied geology until I am familiar with the rocks and their formations. I have read and studied chemistry until I am somewhat of a chemist.

"Although I never studied engineering I have surveyed and platted land, laid out canals and roads which have met the approval of the government.

"I have fixed broken legs and sewed up scalp wounds and otherwise been a medical doctor, mostly because no one else around could do it any better than I could. I have treated people for nearly all diseases in the catalogue.

"I served as a lawyer for years and have convicted criminals, even though I never had a degree."

With a whimsical smile the white-haired veteran of pioneer days paused to further recollect his "graduated" occupations.

"I guess at one time or another I have done most everything," he remarked.

"Have you ever worked on a newspaper?" he was asked.

"Yes. I was once editor of a school paper."

"In addition to all these occupations, each of which was followed as a means of earning a livelihood, President Ivins has indulged in many hobbies. He says they are not hobbies but just things he's interested in.

"What is your greatest hobby?"

"Books," he said readily. "I have traveled all over the world by means of books. I have been in the arctic with Franklin, Kane, Bartlett, Peary, Amundson, and Steffenson. In the antarctic with Shackleton, Byrd and Scott.

"I have been over the long Labrador trail with Dillon and Wallace. Through the rockies with Bridger, Kit Carson, Bonneville and Fremont. I have been in Kentucky with Boone, and in Texas with David Crockett. I have been in Arizona with Frederick Remington.

"I have traveled up and down Mexico with Prescott, Bancroft, Solis and others. I have been to Central America with Stevens and Catherwood.

"I have been up the Amazon and down the Orinoco with Casper Whit-

ney. I have been in Peru with Prescott and Pedro de Leon, and around Cape Horn with Magellan, and the Cape of Good Hope with Vasco da Gama."

That's just a brief sample of his greatest hobby. President Ivins has often told of becoming acquainted with the Bible and other works of scripture while in the saddle riding range and herding cattle, another of his unmentioned occupations.

When asked what his reaction is to the honor being bestowed upon him, President Ivins thoughtfully said:

"I am quite composed. I am neither elated or depressed as it comes too late in life to make any material difference. I am, however, grateful for the honor carried with it and happy to be found worthy to receive it."

When President Ivins went to Logan he was accompanied by Mrs. Ivins.

"I wouldn't think of going without her. She has been with me during thick and thin, and in all these things I have talked about she has helped. The honor is as much hers as mine."

A Noted Visitor

A RECENT visitor to Salt Lake City and Relief Society headquarters, was Miss Florence Hutsinpillar, Mothers' Aid specialist of the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C. She had been visiting the western and northwestern states. While in the city she was the guest of Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.

Miss Hutsinpillar is one of the leading Social Workers of America. During the World War, and for a number of years after, she was Director of Denver City and County

Charities. This public department under her supervision made an enviable reputation for excellent family work in general, and for Mothers' Aid work in particular. A visitor to the Boston Public Welfare Department, at the close of the War, upon asking for suggestions on Mothers' Aid Work, was informed that the best Mothers' Aid Work in the country was being done in the Denver City and County office, under Miss Hutsinpillar. It was only natural, therefore, that Miss

Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau, should select Miss Hutsinpillar for the important post of Mother's Aid specialist in the Bureau.

During the World War Miss Hutsinpillar's office was used by the Western Division of Red Cross, as a training center for family workers, and it was here, under her supervision, that Mrs. Lyman and a group of Relief Society women received training. The group consisted of Mrs. Lyman; Mrs. Annie D. Palmer, then of Provo; Mrs. Hendrick-

son, of Logan; Miss Cora Kasius, of Ogden; and Miss Beth Bradford, of Salt Lake City.

The General Board of Relief Society entertained at a luncheon in honor of Miss Hutsinpillar at the Lion House, where covers were laid for twenty-four.

While in Salt Lake City Miss Hutsinpillar addressed the Joint Staff Meeting of Salt Lake, which was largely attended by the Social Workers of the community; also the Social Service Institute at the University of Utah.

President Robison Attends Quinquennial

WE are delighted to announce that President Louise Y. Robison has been chosen one of nine delegates from the United States to the quinquennial meeting of the International Council of Women to be held in Paris July 2 to 12.

In addition to attending the International Council of Women, President Robison will be a delegate to the world congress of the W. C. T. U. to be held at Stockholm July 19 to 25. She will visit Relief Societies in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, Norway and Den-

mark. Sister Robison left Salt Lake Wednesday, May 30th and after visiting her son, Rulon Y. Robison, in Boston for three days sailed from New York June 6th. She also plans to visit the birth places of her father and mother in Bath and Devonshire.

All our Relief Society women will rejoice in the honor that has come to their President and will pray that she may be kept well and equal to every opportunity that comes to her.

May she travel in safety and be able to accomplish much good. Our best wishes go with her.

Oriental Rhymes

ANNA JOHNSON, a very unusual young woman, has just gotten out her second volume of verse called "Oriental Rhymes." About a year ago Miss Johnson took a trip to the Orient and what she

saw and heard and experienced has given the inspiration for the poems contained in this volume. One can open the pages of the book anywhere and get a beautiful thought and marvel at the versatility of the writer.

Beer saloons, night clubs, beer dance halls are springing up like mushrooms. Debauched high-school boys and girls in the 'teen age, highways strewn with wrecked cars and strewn with blood, tell the story that beer has come back to work damage and not good to the people.



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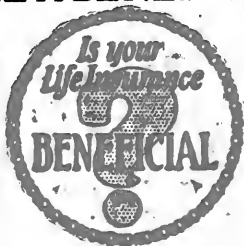
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
Magazine

Volume XXI

AUGUST, 1934

No. 8



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI

AUGUST, 1934

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WHEN many are out of work people, driven by need, will take any kind of work at any wage they can get. "The sweat shop boss has taken advantage of the depression but the Blue Eagle has clipped his wings."

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the nation's first consumer, who sewed the initial label into her winter coat, says: "I am happy to see this thing we all fought for so long come true; a label to identify garments made under proper working conditions. It must have the backing of all organized women. This is the psychological time to arouse public opinion. We are thinking in terms of economics. Self interest and public interest, as well as humanitarian feeling demand that working people work under good conditions. I hope and believe we are going to go on working for better and ever better conditions, until we are assured that everyone is having a happier and freer life. If the women of the country will all work together it can be done."

Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, says: "In our industrial civilization protection against excessive hours of work and a less than subsistence wage is socially necessary. It is important to the community

as well as to the employee that men and women be protected against starvation wages. In the wake of the sweatshop comes an inevitable train—child dependency, delinquency, illness and old age—for which, on debased wages, no provision can be made. Not only is the well-being of the worker and his family endangered, but as a purchaser he is limited to the most meagre necessities. He can contribute nothing to the community prosperity, and must usually turn to relief agencies to supplement his inadequate earnings. The safety of our industrial standards rests with an informed public opinion. We must reinforce the gains we have made in our long and difficult progress toward a civilized industrial order."

Women should become "label minded" and support the fair-dealing manufacturer and merchant. Women should demand garments marked with the symbol of the New Deal. As they see the white satin label with the Blue Eagle they will know that the garment has been made under the code of fair competition. Unless women support this movement it will fail. If they unite in this campaign it will be a wonderful success and will do away with sweat shop conditions.



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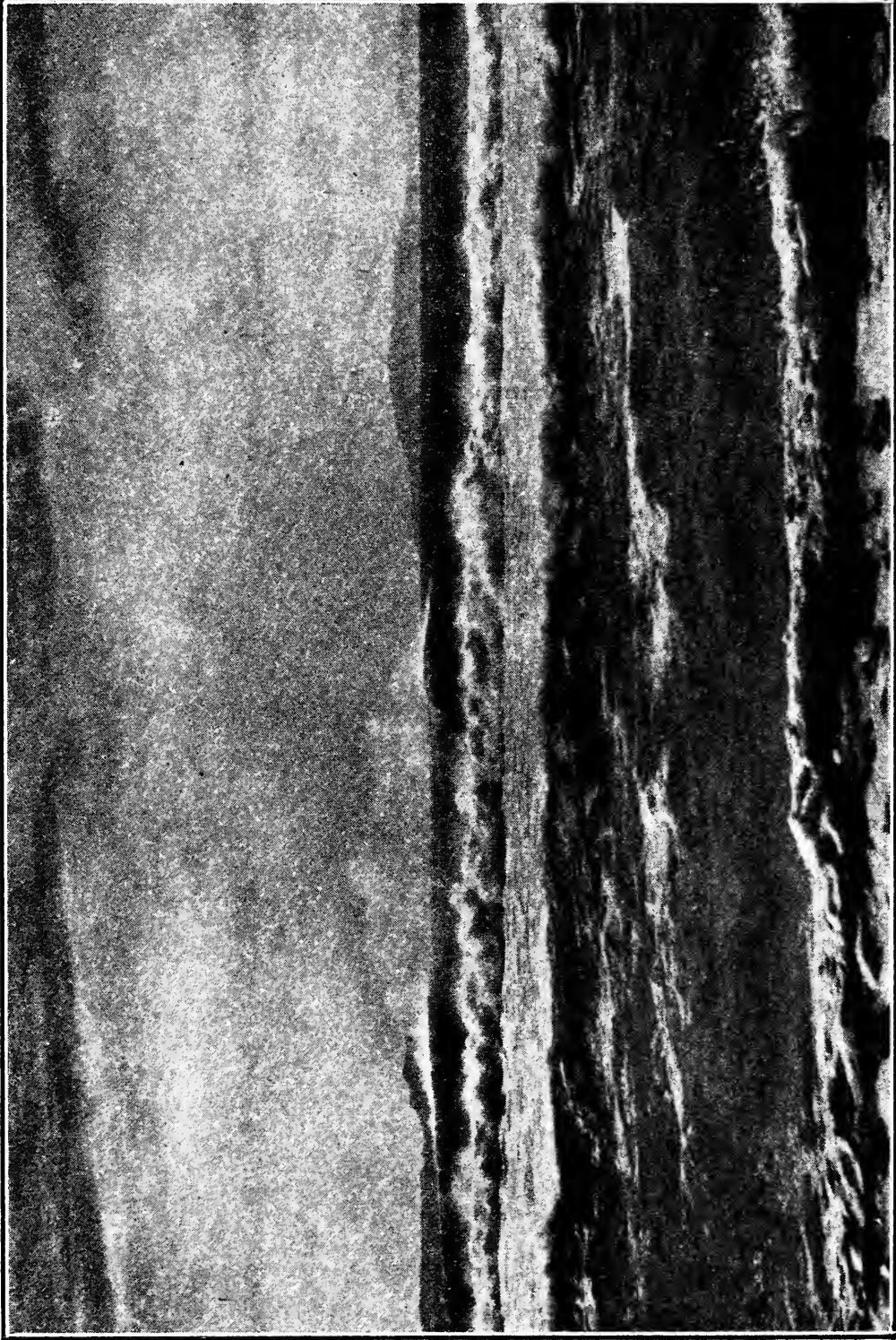
To an Expectant Mother

By Theora Jensen Box

Odes have been written to great and small,
Sonnets of praise to each and all.
To father, to mother, to sweetheart and love,
To the maker of the universe, God above.
But none to my knowledge has been given
To the expectant Mother.

What a wonderful work she has done
To prepare a body for the soul to come.
None but she knows the pain, the fears,
The dreams of a lifetime or planning of years.
She goes to the very gates of death
To give to her unborn his life and breath—
His expectant Mother.

But the pain and the trouble is all repaid
By the glorious creature she has made.
And the smile in his eyes, the touch of his hand,
Makes none but a Mother understand—
That a Baby, a human soul is given
To the greatest creator under Heaven—
The expectant Mother.



THE MIGHTY OCEAN

The Relief Society Magazine

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The Heritage

By Rosannah C. Irvine

IF any one had told Robert Clayton that he was the most popular man on the campus he would not have believed it. He was too modest for that, but he was the most popular man, and he had a host of devoted friends. To be sure in these days of flagrant law breaking, most of them thought that he was prudish because he refused to be a "good fellow" and take a drink with them. However, he was so charmingly casual about it that no one could take offense. Although they smiled at him, many of them secretly admired him for standing by his principles. There was one group of boys, though, who had quite a different feeling for him. They despised him for his ideals as well as for his popularity. That was the "Durant bunch".

One night at a class party Albert Durant offered Robert a glass of "home brew" apparently with the utmost good will. Durant's animosity toward Robert was an open secret. Robert was the only man on the campus who was unaware of it. Or if he did know it he chose to ignore the matter. He only laughed good naturedly when Archie told him that Durant had boasted that he would "get that saint Clayton." So

now when the liquor was passed to him he courteously refused it. Albert had been drinking heavily. He rose unsteadily to his feet and raised his glass.

"Fellows," he said, instantly there was silence, "get hold of this man Clayton. He's too chicken to take a drink just because his old man's a drunkard."

The Durant faction howled with glee, but before the liquor had touched their lips the surging indignation of the roomful of decent, fair-minded boys overwhelmed them. In one leap Bob's pal was on Durant. Before he had time to do Albert bodily injury half a dozen boys dragged him into a corner and held him down.

"Don't be a fool, Arch," they hissed. "We'll have the dean on our necks if we don't watch our step. You know those kids are aching for a fight."

No sound came from Robert's white lips, but the tragedy in his eyes revealed his suffering. The party was spoiled by the incident and soon broke up. As Bob and Archie were leaving, Durant, by this time in a maudlin state, forced his way up to Robert and said,

"How's the booze hound's little boy?"

Robert's answer was swift and to the point—of Durant's jaw. He went down in a heap. He struggled to his feet cursing, and lunged at Bob. Again Robert, the peaceable, struck, and once more Durant crumpled to the floor, silent but blinking feebly. Archie took Robert's arm and pulled him away, giving Durant a none too friendly kick in passing. The two roommates walked the short distance to their fraternity house in silence. Archie's heart was aching in sympathy, but he could find no words to say.

Long after Archie had fallen asleep Robert lay with staring eyes, sick with indignation and shame. There was no disloyalty in the thoughts that crowded his mind. It was the pity of it! That his wonderful father whom he loved with all the ardor of youth should be like that!

Only twice had Robert seen his father under the influence of liquor. Then he had not seemed like his merry, gallant father at all, but like some sullen, ill-natured stranger. There were often months — once there had been two years between lapses. When he was normal the family was divinely happy. The regret which he suffered so poignantly for his fault made Mr. Clayton feel, when he was himself, that all the loving devotion which he could give his wife and son was not enough to atone for their shame and humiliation when he was different.

WHEN Robert had finished high school his father insisted that he should go away to college. He believed that the boy needed to get entirely away from the indulgent home environment. The boy himself was thrilled with the idea. The

mother's heart was filled with foreboding. She pleaded that it would be best for him to go to the state university so that he might live at home. Mr. Clayton was determined, however, and Robert was so eager that under their combined urging she finally gave a reluctant consent.

Before Robert left for college his father had a long and utterly frank talk with him.

"My son," he said, "I want you to make me a solemn promise. That is that you will never touch a drop of intoxicating liquor."

"That's easy, Dad," cried the boy eagerly. "I promised mother that long ago, and I've kept my word. It couldn't be any temptation for me because I don't even know the smell of the stuff."

"Yes, Bob, I know how you feel. I was that way myself once. Unfortunately there is a stronger reason for my exacting the pledge from you than the natural desire to have you keep your word and uphold the law. It is time you knew the terrible truth. It is something which everybody knows but of which we never speak. It is the curse of drink in our family. It has descended from father to son through many generations. At least one of every generation, so far as I know, has become a victim to the horrible malady. It brings unhappiness, disaster, and spiritual breakdown. You know the suffering which I have caused your dear mother. It would kill mother if you fail her too. Remember that it doesn't require character to yield to temptation. It takes strength and determination to stand by a principle in the face of ridicule. That was my downfall. I overestimated my strength. I knew the danger, too, but after the first surrender something of courage and character seemed to die in me. After all it

is a question of character. Up to the time that the Volstead Act became a law, I was like you are now. I had never tasted a drop of any kind of liquor. Your mother and I were very happy. With prohibition all her latent fears for me and you also were set at rest. You were a small boy then. I don't know what demon possessed me, but as most of my friends were doing I ordered a big supply of wines and whiskey and other kinds of liquor sent to the house. And I began to drink. You know the result. I am like all the others of my tribe who have become the victims of drink."

"Didn't any of the others overcome the habit?" Robert asked curiously.

This was the first time that his father had ever mentioned the subject to him. He had not realized before what a struggle his father had perhaps had in trying to conquer this appetite. His mother had always dealt kindly with her husband. She had never been harsh or bitter with him for his fault. At the same time she had been untiring in her efforts to build up her son's resistance against the evil.

"Very few overcame the habit," Mr. Clayton answered. "Almost without exception the result has been the same. It is like a malignant disease. You come of a long line of Puritans on your mother's side. We believe that the sturdy strain from them will overcome the taint in mine. You are the last of my race. We are banking all our hopes on you, son. Don't fail us. It lies in your power to break the spell."

Robert knew enough of the evil effects of drink to make him anxious to avoid it. He pledged his word to his father without a qualm. Tenderly he laughed at his mother's fears.

"Why, mother darling, you can trust me absolutely. Don't forget that I'm as much your son as father's. You've always said that I'm like the Claytons. And you know there has never been anything like that in your family."

Mrs. Clayton, looking into the strong, eager face of her son, took heart.

SOON after the party Durant called on Robert. He seemed very friendly and contrite.

"Clayton," he said, "I can't tell you how humiliated and sorry I am for what happened the other night. My only excuse is that I didn't know what I was doing. Booze has been the downfall of all my people. You're wise to let it alone. I wish I could. This affair has taught me a lesson. A man can't afford to make a fool of himself. I wouldn't have had this happen for a million bucks. I have no right to ask you to forgive me, in fact, I really don't see how you could. But I do want you to know that I am sorry and that I'd just do anything to make it right."

Being so thoroughly honest himself, and having such innate refinement, Robert mistook the polished manners of Durant for integrity. He accepted the apology with all the friendliness of his amiable nature. Archie Watson was not so placable. He was a canny Scot. He was sure that Durant was guilty of duplicity.

"That shows what drink will do for a fellow," Robert remarked when their guest had left.

"Oh yeah? Don't count too much on that line of his. They say that whiskey brings out the real nature of the animal. But that skunk doesn't need liquor to bring out the bad in him. It's there all the time. Don't kid yourself, Bob. He's no

friend of yours. He hates you like poison."

"Forget it, you old heathen! Why don't you practice what you preach? The brotherhood of man and all that."

"Nuts! Who wants to be brother to a snake?"

One afternoon shortly after that Durant came to their rooms again.

"Say fellows," he said genially, "Gus and I wondered if you wouldn't come over to the house tonight and chew the fat for a while."

"Sure," responded Robert promptly. "You can, can't you, Arch?"

"No, of course I can't go tonight," said Archie crossly. "You both know perfectly well I can't. It's the last meet of the season."

"Oh yes, I'd forgotten," Robert said. "Thanks a lot for the invitation. We'd be glad to come some other time."

"That's the worst of it. Gus and I counted on you for tonight. It is the only night we have free for two weeks. Can't you get out of it just this once, Watson?"

"What do you think I am," asked Archie indignantly. "You know I wouldn't do that if I could; and I couldn't get off tonight of all nights in the year."

"Well, that's tough luck, but I guess it can't be helped. You'll come anyway, won't you, Clayton?"

"I was going to do a little studying, but I guess I can come over for a little while."

"Great! We'll be seeing you then." Durant left in high good humor. For some time after his departure the boys were silent. Archie paced the room restlessly. At last he spoke thoughtfully.

"Bobby, please don't go over there tonight."

"Well for crying out loud! Why not?"

"There's something fishy about it. That's why. I'm telling you, Durant hates you worse than he does me, and that's saying plenty."

"Honest, Arch, I've never seen anyone nurse a grudge like you do. What's the idea?"

"Well, he's a sneak. Everybody knows it but you. I can prove that this affair is a trick."

"All right. Shoot."

"The whole Durant bunch was in the gym this morning when I was talking with the coach. They heard every word I said, so they knew that I couldn't go there tonight. Afterward they were in a huddle and having a perfect fit over something. On top of that comes this lousy invitation."

"Well? What of it? That doesn't prove anything."

"No? Well, I'm telling that this affair means no good to you, Bob. Every jack man of them has sworn to get you. I've told you before, but you wouldn't believe me. You're the only man on the campus who doesn't know its so."

"Ah nertz! There's no earthly reason why they should hate me. You walk around with a chip on your shoulder. If you're looking for trouble you imagine lots of things that don't exist. You ought to snap out of it, Arch. Improve your disposition, son, and you'll be happier. I'm awful sorry you can't go tonight, but as long as Durant has made such friendly advances I simply won't hurt his feelings by refusing to make up. I'm no infant you know, Arch. I think I can take care of myself."

"You think you can, but you don't know those weasels. The whole bunch isn't worth two hoots. Don't

go, Bob. Please! Scare up a toothache or something."

"You're a regular old grouch, Archie. I can't beg off now any more than you can get out of your meet. I'll be O. K. There isn't anything they could do to me. So ditch your worries and trot along to the gym."

ROBERT was startled on entering Durant's room to find the whole "bunch" there. He had expected to meet Durant and his roommate only. He had a strong inclination to run away. He wished heartily that he had taken Archie's advice and stayed away from the place. The boys saw the consternation in his face and rushed forward and dragged him in. Their greeting was hilarious, but seemed to Robert very amiable and fraternal. He appreciated their friendliness. Their genial welcome disarmed his suspicions and put him at his ease.

Presently Durant called to a boy who was stirring something in a large punch bowl.

"On with the drink, Ed. We're dying of thirst."

When it was ready he handed Robert a glass saying courteously, "It's a harmless fruit punch, Clayton. We're all drinking it tonight in your honor. As a matter of fact, we're all on the water wagon, for the time being at least."

Robert accepted the glass. He felt immensely flattered because of their consideration. He took a sip, and looked up inquiringly at his host. It was different from anything he had ever tasted.

Durant, who was watching him, laughed pleasantly.

"Great stuff, what? I reckon you never tasted anything like that before," he remarked. "It's a secret formula used in our family for

generations. Our old darkey mammy used to make it for us at home. I was raised on the stuff. It wouldn't harm a baby. Here's to our future good times together."

Robert drained the glass to the toast and many others as well. The punch, which was mostly champagne, went to the poor boy's head. At first he was unconscious of the treachery, and before he realized it he was too far gone to care. There were always ready hands to serve him. It was a thoroughly organized plot. His companions drank sparingly at first that they might "see the fun."

By ten o'clock Robert was, as he expressed it himself, "gloriously tight." With the help of many strong hands he had climbed to the table and was singing at the top of his voice, to the wild applause of the group, when the door burst open and Watson flung into the room. Quivering with rage he flew to the table, but ten lusty, young bodies intercepted him. The name of the Deity burst from his white lips. It was not profanity. It was a heartbroken prayer. All the emotions of his being were expressed in that one great word.

Struggling to reach his friend, he cried, "You dirty rats! I suspected trouble, but I didn't think that even the rottenest of you would do a thing like this!"

Robert joined loudly in the shout of derision which greeted his words. Seeing that force was useless, Archie tried persuasion, but Robert with maudlin stubbornness refused to go with him.

"Scram, pansy," he gurgled.

Seeing that his efforts were futile, Archie, in desperation, rushed to their own fraternity, resolved to rouse the whole house if necessary. When he opened the door of their

room a man rose to meet him. He was a tall, handsome man, with white hair, but a face fresh and young, and so strikingly like Robert's that Archie recognized him instantly as the father of his friend. His first feeling was one of relief. This, however, was instantly banished by the sickening thought of the scene he had just witnessed.

"Is this Archie? I'm Bob's father. Where is my boy?" Mr. Clayton had no premonition of evil.

Archie felt as if his heart would burst. He would rather have died than tell this proud father what had happened to his son. He was quite unconscious of the tears on his face as he blurted out his story.

"Robert!" groaned Mr. Clayton. "Take me to him."

"Mr. Clayton, we'll have to have help. There are about a dozen of them, and Bob is unwilling to leave."

"He'll come with me."

Without ceremony Archie opened the door of Durant's room. The boys turned on him fiercely. By this time they were all intoxicated and in a humor to pitch him out. For

several seconds they were unaware of the presence of the older man. Then they recognized him as Archie had done as the father of their victim. Impelled by the piteous grief in the father's face they instinctively rose to their feet and were silent. Robert, who was seated at the head of the table, gazed for one moment into his father's eyes, then bowed his head on his arms and sobbed. Mr. Clayton went to him and laid his hand gently on the boy's shoulder.

"My son!"

The young men standing around, even the most depraved, were suddenly sobered and awed by the expression which illuminated the father's face. A new and divine purpose had entered into his soul, hope, courage, and,—at last a defiance of the bitter heritage.

Putting his arm around the boy he raised him gently to his feet and led him from the room.

"Come, my son," he said. "You and I are going to fight this battle together!"

Wait

By Bertha A. Kleinman

Mismated—who shall judge beyond the veil,
 Where lives misshapen and misspent are scored,
 When dross shall fall away and error fail
 And only Beauty triumph in the Lord!
 When loveliness shall claim its own at last,
 And truth of yours shall search for truth of mine,
 When into discard all the sorry past
 Shall slip away and leave the chaste design.
 Mismated—nay, for only Love endures,
 And in the splendor of the tapestry,
 Where skein of mine is blent with skein of yours,
 No discord shall disturb the harmony.
 The veil is drawn. Beyond the Sunset Gate
 Perfection lies. Strive yet awhile and WAIT.

From an Ogden Kitchen to Fifth Avenue

By Cora Carver Ritchie

THE business world had gone mad with a night-mare of failures. Stabilized business concerns, controlled for scores of years by efficient men, tottered and fell. Men's hearts were numbed by the unusual conditions. Courage seemed a word of the dim past. The world lost all sense of values. Manufacturers, east and west in every country of the world, felt the depression. The cry came from big houses everywhere, "We need no more help. There is no business. This depression has killed our trade. We will not buy because we cannot sell."

Into this picture of gloomy grays, came the remarkable words of Ada Quinn, founder, owner and manager of the Kathleen Quinn Wholesale Garment Co., located at Ogden, Utah. "Yes, I need expert help! We are rushed beyond capacity. We run extra night shifts to try to keep orders filled."

In answer to long distance phone calls she said, "No, I cannot promise any more orders ahead. You will have to wait your turn."

Just seven years ago Ada Quinn, housewife, mother and social welfare worker decided she would like to go into business for herself. She didn't know or care particularly what kind of business. Her big problem at that time was to find work for women, especially widows. She wanted to put into effect the theory that real social welfare work comes through helping others to help themselves. She had made rugs, quilts, aprons, etc., in the Relief Society. Why not make aprons to sell?

She says, "I set myself to work

to learn the art of buying materials and making aprons for sale purposes. I had only five dollars so I bought a few yards of gingham and a few spools of thread and started out. I made four different lots of aprons before I sold any. I picked them to pieces time and time again before I was satisfied. I was so tired I sent my little boy to town with them. I had my first thrill when the manager of a large store in Ogden took them and ordered eleven dozen more."

WITH her five dollars, her idea, one family sewing machine and her will to work, she was launched on her business career. From that moment success was hers. Difficulties were to be met on all sides, but she possessed unlimited courage.

Orders for fifty dozen aprons came next. She bought another sewing machine and called in more women. She laughed as she spoke of her early experience. "I bought an old electric motor and attached it to my machine. Every time we tried to hurry, off flew that old motor. Then my kitchen became too small and I moved into a four-roomed shack that stood in my back yard."

Orders kept increasing. Other business houses began to notice her. She declared her first big scare came when other houses tried to put her out. When she refused they threatened her saying, "We will push you to the wall." Her friends became alarmed and tried to get her to sell out. Her husband, who had aided her in many ways, coaxed her to

give up her business. Her business friends said, "Sell now before they get you. Save what you have." But Mrs. Quinn was the daughter of frugal-fighting pioneers and was on the battle field of business to stay or die. She realized that she lacked business education and experience, but she says, "I knew the men who were trying to copy and put me out were only men in a woman's game, so I knew I had a good fighting chance.

She decided to enlarge her busi-

ness, so she built a large brick factory. Today it is a modern up-to-date, well lighted, well ventilated factory, a veritable bee-hive of happy busy workers, turning thousands of yards of bright colored prints and laces, tape, braids, voiles, etc., into the now famous Katheleen Quinn House Dresses and Aprons. She fills orders not only in eleven dozens or fifty dozens, but three thousand dozens at a time. Her aprons are sold in the largest stores in America and as far as



QUINN FACTORY, 1927

ness and get greater net returns by buying direct from wholesalers, so she took a trip to the East. Here she met her first big set back. The wholesalers refused to even show her samples. They considered her business too small.

Determined to keep on, she bought from jobbers in such large quantities and kept her credit so good that she soon became well known. In just a few months time salesmen from the East and West called on Mrs. Quinn to display their samples.

Her business outgrew the four

Panama. She has no salesman. She and her daughter, Katheleen, do all the buying and selling, drafting patterns, and managing the office help, and training the girls and seamstresses.

MRS. QUINN maintains a staff of designers and drafters, but she oversees everything. In fact, the Quinn Factory is a woman's business. She can do any part of the work herself from the discreet, hard business deals with buyers, to the tiniest, daintiest seam work. Her

task is stupendous. She says, "I am proud of my women. Several of them have been working for me since my factory started. In a large measure they have helped me succeed. They are now expert seamstresses." That is another fine thing Mrs. Quinn has done; worked out her ideas to help more women to help themselves.

To the question, "How do you account for such popularity of your house dresses?" She thought a moment then said, "I believe that first of all it is the fine quality and exquisite workmanship. Some of my women are real experts, then too, color combinations are absolutely essential. I study hard to get the right color effects. I always loved color. Colors that do not harmonize have an ugly and depressing effect on me. I want only the beautiful."

So beauty seems to be a prevailing idea in all of her work. Nimble fingers coupled with competent

judgment has made the "Quinn House Dress and Apron" attract nation-wide attention and praise. Thus Mrs. Quinn transformed the kitchen apron into a thing of beauty. She put thought, color and life into an otherwise drab garment and made her idea sell by the thousands to particular women everywhere.

MRS. QUINN has eighteen patents on her aprons giving her exclusiveness as well as protection. Her daughter, Kathleen has recently opened a new sales store on Fifth Avenue, New York, where she sells to all points in America.

She no longer takes a few dresses to town in the back of her car to peddle, but she supervises at her factory in Ogden the careful pressing, packing and delivery of cartons to her home town stores and every big city in the United States.

Of her early trips to Salt Lake City she says, "I had real stage fright



MODERN OPERATING ROOM, 1933

when I first started to sell. I went past the door of a big store four times before I dared to enter. The first manager I asked turned me down. The next one bought. Today, to these same managers she answers phone calls, letters, telegrams, etc., saying, "You will have to wait your turn."

ONCE more woman has won a fight that shows the dauntless courage of her forefathers. A fight that is instilled in her daughter, Kathleen, who when she was in the big Eastern market; the only young girl among hundreds of expert buyers and sellers, dared to put her mother's kitchen aprons before the whole world as the best apron ever made. She sold to the best houses in New York. So from an Ogden Kitchen Apron Factory to the most exclusive shops on Fifth Avenue, New York City, goes the Kathleen Quinn House Dresses. The Ogden Kitchen Apron is sold in the largest syndicates and chain stores in the entire world. In only seven years time with only five dollars as a start a brave woman proved that she could win in face of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles.

MRS. ADA QUINN, who is one of a family of eighteen children, was born in Peterson, Utah, sixteen miles from Ogden, the daughter of Joshua Williams and Hannah Martha Green, who crossed the plains in 1862 and 1863. She married Edward Nelson Quinn and lived in Washington, D. C. for several years and has since made her home in Ogden, Utah. She has three living children. Howard, Kathleen and Robert.

Mrs. Quinn says, "From my earliest childhood, neatness and love of the beautiful were instilled in me by my mother. She taught us all to sew a fine seam in early childhood. "So from her parent's teachings and her own experiences in operating a successful business she passes this worthy quotation to all. "The world is the same today as ever. Any one with an idea can succeed if she will not be discouraged by obstacles placed in her path or listen to people who say 'it can't be done.' You are not defeated until you acknowledge it." There is no depression in the Quinn Garment Factory. The world is a busy one and it still looks sky blue to Mrs. Ada Quinn.

Houses

By Ada Hurst Brown

From a distance they look like twin
houses,

The color and lines are the same,
But the feeling the first of them
rouses,

Makes the other seem lifeless and
tame.

For the first has a lovable look

Of laughter and labor and play;
Some roller skates peep from a nook,
And a kiddie-car blocks the front
way.

A rag doll lies stretched on the walk;

Its arms unsuccessfully try
To hide a crude picture in chalk,
That grins up at each passerby.

The second house stands still and
trim;

So clean and so pitifully neat—
Heartbroken and quiet and prim—
A picture of lonely defeat.

Though it longs to be second to none,
And 'twas meant to be one of a
pair,

It can't be a twin to that first one,
For no little children live there.

Anne Brent, Helpmate

By Elsie C. Carroll

IX

THE thing that had troubled Anne most when she had learned about their financial condition had been that they could not send Gloria to college as they had planned. Although they had met financial reverses frequently in their twenty-five years of married life, when Morris and Suzanne were through high school they had managed to allow them to go on with more specialized training. It seemed a dreadful thing not to be able to find a way to bring her dreams for all the children into realities.

It didn't matter how much she and Peter had to sacrifice, if they could only do the things they wanted to for the children. *Their* future lay in the accomplishments of the children. Gloria had been looking forward for years to going away to college, and now that her friendship with young Hal Gillmore was becoming more firmly established through their frequent letters, she was more eager than ever to go to the State University where he was a sophomore.

But finally Anne was forced to tell her that their plans would at least have to be postponed. The way Gloria took the disappointment made the mother realize that the little girl of a few years ago was a woman. Only for a moment had Gloria's chin quivered and her eyes blurred. Then she had smiled bravely and said:

"It is all right, mother. There are still lots of things I can learn at the store—if I can keep my job there. And I need to learn so many

things that you can teach me, too—about cooking and sewing—things that I—may need sometime more than what I'd get at college."

"It means a lot to me, darling, to have you so sweet about this," Anne said huskily. "And you are to remember that we're not giving up our plans—we're just postponing them."

QUINT had seemed the greatest problem of all the children, because Anne felt that she never could get near him as she did to the others. Once she had said to Peter, "When I want to talk to Quint about something special or personal, I feel as if he rushes inside himself and closes the door and pulls down the blinds."

But the boy was responding to his new school environment in a way that thrilled the mother. The principal of the East Side Junior High, perhaps flattered that the Brents had gained special permission from the board to place the boy under his supervision, was taking a special interest in him and was discovering things about Quint his parents had never known.

"That boy is a born naturalist," he told Anne a few weeks after school commenced. "Have you noticed the kind of pictures he's always taking with his kodak! He has some of the finest studies of bird and insect life I have ever seen. I had him up talking to the class the other day about the habits of the meadow lark. I'm surprised at the amount of firsthand information the youngster has. At first he was so shy about confessing his knowledge

I hardly knew how to get it out of him. He seemed to think that being interested in butterflies and beetles was something to be ashamed of until I told him some stories about a few of the great naturalists of the world and showed what passions they had for such things."

Anne knew that this information about the boy's interests was going to be a valuable key for her future use when Quint went inside himself and closed the doors and pulled down the blinds."

PETER'S despondency over the approaching financial catastrophe became more marked as the weeks went by and there seemed no possible way of averting the trouble. Anne tried repeatedly to give him the assurance and old faith he had lost. He had been so sure that the plans he had set going were sound that he had signed papers which promised to pay the money he had borrowed, in three months. The time would be up the first of December. The prospects looked gloomier every day, since business had slumped to the point that he would scarcely be able to pay the interest, let alone the principle. And he knew that Sandy McGregor, from whom he had borrowed the money, would hold to the original agreement with the persistence of a Shylock.

ONE afternoon a few days before Thanksgiving Peter came home earlier than usual. Anne knew immediately that he had some new worry. During their years together Anne had learned to read Peter's moods in his face as if it were an open book.

"I went to see McGregor this afternoon," he said. "I thought I might be able to persuade him to give me six months or a year, and

if he did—something might turn up to save us. But of course it was useless. Everybody knows he's as hard as flint."

"Never mind, Peter. Why, even if we have to give up both the home and the store we can get along. We still have that little place out on the east bench. We can go there. You know Suzanne is planning for Gloria to come and stay with her after she is married to help take care of little Marjory, and she can do some work in the college there. I'm sure Principal Morgan will take Quint for the rest of the year and let him take care of his furnace and mount and label specimens for his room and board. He was talking to me just the other day about the long distance the boy has to go, and said he wished we would lend Quint to him.

"Why, there would be only you and I and the twins, and the little house would do nicely. It would seem almost as if we were starting life over again out there where we lived when Morris and Suzanne were little and we wouldn't starve, for I have the basement full of canned fruits and vegetables and meats. Why, Peter, it would be wonderful to have such a change—to get away from everything and have a nice rest. You've worked too hard and had too much to worry about the last year or so. It would do you good."

"Good! It would be the end. Down and out at forty-eight. Why, a man should be in his prime at that age."

"And so would you be after a few months of rest and relaxation; why, by next spring you'll be ready to start all over."

"You're a stoic, Anne," Peter said appreciatively. "The way you always take what comes on the chin, makes me want more than ever to amount to something."

ANNE went ahead with preparations for Thanksgiving as though there were no such thing as financial ruin looming ahead. She was, of course, also making special preparations because Suzanne and her fiance were coming, and because it was her's and Peter's silver wedding day.

Phyllis was coming with Junior and they hoped Morris would be back from his trip to Washington. Gloria announced that Hal Fillmore would be another guest for the day. His mother was visiting a sister in Arizona and since she would not be home, Hal had written that he would like to spend the day with Gloria.

Anne could see that Peter was trying to keep up a cheerful front for her sake, but she knew that he was utterly disheartened. The feeling of incompetence and futility had taken complete possession of him. She dreaded to think what might happen if something didn't change his mental attitude. She hoped that seeing Suzanne and meeting Horace Marshall, his prospective son-in-law, would break his apathy. Then, too, she had another source of hope and expectancy which she communicated to no one.

SUZANNE came the day before Thanksgiving. To Anne she seemed the loveliest creature in the world. Her love and happiness had added a new beauty to her naturally sweet face. She fairly glowed. Anne recalled the sophistication her life in the Boston art colony and her association with the European professor had given her. Contrasted to that, she now seemed a softened and glorified being, and Anne thanked God over and over that he had given her the courage and resourcefulness to make that dramatic dash across the continent to rescue

her child from youthful folly.

Little Marjory found her way immediately to the hearts of the whole Brent family. Jan and Jean were in perpetual dispute as to whose turn it was to do things for her. Even Quint brought down his books of pictures and boxes of specimens to amuse her.

And as for Horace Marshall, Anne confided to Peter that if she herself had been given the privilege of choosing their son-in-law, she couldn't have done a better job than Suzanne had done.

Phyllis and Junior came early on Thanksgiving morning, and Gloria met the 11:20 train for Hall Fillmore.

Anne planned to have the Thanksgiving dinner in the evening, hoping that Morris might arrive in time for it. But a little before noon, a telegram from him came, congratulating his parents on their silver wedding anniversary. Anne was distinctly disappointed.

ALL during the day neighbors and friends dropped in or telephoned their felicitations. Letters and cards came by special delivery mail. An air of festivity pervaded the household to the extent that, for a time at least, even Peter seemed to be lifted from his apathy and showed something of his old buoyancy.

But when they sat down to the table at six o'clock, perhaps the very bounty of the dinner spread before them, made Peter remember what was actually facing them, and his old haunted look returned. Anne was trying to think of something which might dispel his gloom, when the door opened and Morris came into the room. There was a chorus of greetings and he was directed to the place at the table Anne had insisted on having set for him.

"I can't eat," he said, "until I have performed a little ceremony." He went and stood beside his father's chair.

"This is a silver wedding day. I'm sure everyone here is mighty thankful that Peter and Anne Brent were married twenty-five years ago. Now just to make the occasion seem a bit more silvery, I have the pleasure of handing herewith a check for \$17,000 dollars to Peter and Anne Brent."

Peter gazed with startled eyes at the slip of paper Morris was holding before him. Anne's heart was beating wildly. Her mouth felt suddenly dry.

"This check," continued Morris, "is from the National Heating company and is a payment, a part payment, by that company for the use of an idea on conditioned air worked out and patented by Peter Brent several years ago, and recently used by that company." Morris laid the check beside his father's plate.

Anne watched Peter's face as he gradually comprehended the meaning of Morris' words. She had been so afraid that the effort to prove and establish Peter's right would prove too intricate a problem. She herself was overwhelmed. When light began to shine in Peter's eyes, he picked up the check and studied

it, his hands shaking as they held the slip of paper.

"Why—this—this *can't* be true. Seventeen thousand dollars—enough to—save us. I—I can't believe it. And—that patent—why I never expected to hear anything from it."

"And you probably never would have," said Morris, "if Mom hadn't believed in it sufficiently to save all your papers and prints and correspondence with the Bureau of Patents, which made it possible to establish your right and to get this much of a settlement from the company without much red tape."

WHEN the house was still that night and Anne thought that everybody was asleep but herself, Peter suddenly spoke from the darkness.

"Helpmate! That's the right name for you, Anne. I would be a poor stick to admit that I'm licked with a woman like you pulling for me. I *can* make good."

"Of course you can. You have made good, even if that check were barred." She reached up and caressed his cheek with her hand. "It is a great thing to be a wife and a mother, Peter, to be a helpmate to one's family. I was just lying here thinking how good, how wonderful life is."

THE END

My Garden

By *Patience Nielsen Davis*

Within my heart where none can see,
A lovely garden grows.
I wonder if each friend would know
The blossom she bestowed.

A loving thought, a kindly deed,
From friends along the way.
Are in the garden of my heart,
Among the blossoms gay.

So when the weeds of discontent
Attempt to hide their grace,
Or winter winds of daily Care,
Their beauty would deface,

A sunny smile of some dear friend,
Dispels their chilling gloom.
And in the garden of my heart
For weeds, there is no room.

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My Trip to the Mountains to Gather Elderberries

By Rose G. Roundy

DURING the year of 1933 fruit was very scarce in Escalante and times were so hard that people could not afford to buy from peddlers that came in to the town with fruit to sell.

Time was passing and our bottles were still empty. We learned from shepherders that there were plenty of elderberries in the mountains for everybody, but how to get them was the problem. Not very many people had cars, and those who did, could not afford gasoline to run them. A group of women got together and decided upon a plan. Our truck driver, Mr. Jed Ayer, said he would take as many as the truck would hold for twenty-five cents a piece.

Our crowd consisted of eight men and thirteen women. We all prepared lunch and started at eight-thirty on a Wednesday morning. We traveled twenty miles to the top of our beautiful mountain. Our driver stopped and said he wanted everybody to gaze for five minutes at the scenery. Bryce Canyon is wonderful, but not more beautiful than were the scenes that met our gaze that morning. It was about the latter part of September. A few of the tenderest leaves had turned to gold, bright red or pale yellow and others green of different shades. It was a picture no artist but God could paint. After we had satisfied our souls, we started on again. Leaving the main road we turned south following an old pole road for about two miles, when we came to the end of the road, and we had to proceed on foot. Everybody got out of the truck and

gathered buckets, baskets and sacks, and started down the mountain side into what is called "The Hole." It is a mile or so down and very steep: in fact, almost straight up and down in some places. It is also very rough, the mountain side being covered with rocks which look like limestone. But everybody felt fine and enjoyed the mountain air.

On reaching the bottom, the picking began. It was a wonderful sight to see those bushes hanging with clusters of blue berries resembling grapes, only smaller. We scattered out and rambled some two or three miles, leaving a bucket or basket when it was filled, to be picked up on the return.

ABOUT twelve o'clock everything we had to fill was heaped up and running over. Then the journey back began. We all stopped at the spring for a cool drink and to bathe our burning foreheads. It had been fun going down, but now all were tired and hungry, and when they gazed up that mountain side it looked ten times as long as it did when they were going down. Each person had brought two or more buckets, baskets or sacks and all these had to be carried up that trail. A shepherd, Mr. Leslie Griffin, was hunting sheep in that vicinity at that time and had been very generous in helping to fill our vessels. He also filled two fifty pound sacks to send down to his mother. He was riding a mule that was none too gentle, but he offered to help get the berries to the top of the mountain. So we

loaded them on the mule and he made several trips to the top, the men also made two or more trips, coming back to meet the women folk who were traveling as fast as they could with the loads they were carrying. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see men, women and a mule all loaded with elderberries and strung all the way up that rocky mountain-side. When about half way up, some of the women began to get weak, one sister taking a severe sick headache, but the good old mule again came to the rescue. She was put on the mule's back and sent to the top. On reaching the truck she was lifted off and one of the men took the mule back and got another lady, whom he brought safely up. At last everybody was up; but where were we going to put the berries? In totalling up our load we had eighteen buckets, twelve bushel bas-

kets, and twenty-two fifty pound sacks. It began to look as if we would have to walk back, but we finally got them and ourselves all in. We then began looking for a spring so we could quench our thirst and eat our lunch. We finally located one. How good the sandwiches and tomatoes tasted! At last the headaches and the weariness were all forgotten, and it was a happy crowd that sped back down the mountain.

THE next few days were spent in making jelly and bottling elderberries. Everybody agreed that it was the cheapest fruit they had ever put up, and made advanced dates for the next year, should there be any berries. What treats we had during the winter, for the berries were delicious any way they were eaten, in pies, puddings, dumplings, ice cream or just fresh.

The Blue Bottle Bank

By Sadie Adamson

AS I seated myself in the living room of a friend of mine, I gazed in admiration upon a lovely plant in a candy bucket.

"You like it?" She smiled in appreciation. "I grew blooms nearing tea-cup size at one time, thirteen in number."

"It's the rarest plant I have seen in years," I replied. "It's most too good to be real. You must love flowers, even daisies and clover blossoms in the rich green grass," I ventured as I looked out over a stretch of lawn.

"I can't smell them when I'm gone," she breathed.

At the porch of the house next door two little girls were placing dandelions in its rude holes. A part of the porch was decorated with yellow blooms.

"Note how busy they are," I commented.

"Yes, they are only little ones," she replied, as she handed me ten dimes for a renewal subscription to our Relief Society Magazine. She recorked a small blue bottle from which she had taken the money and

placed it high on a china closet shelf. "A crude sort of bank," she confided, "but it helps to do the trick. Those dimes are like those children, only little once. Growing as they achieve their purpose. If I waited to give you the dollar at once I should very likely not have it. I never borrow from the future."

As I passed the cactus on leaving, her words came back to me in their sweet cadence. "I can't smell them when I'm gone," and "I never borrow from the future."

Leisure

By E. L. Roberts

Leisure—

What a blessing—
And a curse.

Work is an unmixed blessing—
The blessing of peace, all absorbing and unconscious.
Draining every thought and act in one forgetful movement.
It is sufficient and omnipotent, taking up all the slack
Of mind's directing energy.
It is Nirvana.

But, *Leisure*—

It is weakness and strength, peace and despair, heaven and hell.
What a responsibility.

Leisure—

Freedom to seek easy companionship,
Relaxing mind and morals and softening character.
Freedom to let the senses play with pleasure,
To let experience probe the depths and the delights of sin.
Freedom that the mind may move in useless circles;
To dream its fool dreams of achievements glory-laden;
Or that it might enact the age-old drama of struggle,
Where the dreamer wins and crushes with his heel;
Or gathers greater glory by lifting vanquished with gracious gesture,
And becomes twice the hero.
This is weakness.

Leisure—

Freedom to contemplate the awful mystery of life
And to plunge the soul into the reality of despair,
The despair of incomprehension.
Freedom to let thought invade the nest of Doubt,
And tease the serpent until it strikes and poisons sweet Belief,
Which dies and leaves life single and unattended
In its mysterious course.
This is hell.

Leisure—

Which frees the all-beholding mind,
To fly about the singing universe in search of God,
To leap from thought to deed and see God in it all.
Freedom to play with beauty and with poetry and with art,
To spread Love deep upon the Easel of the earth in finite colors.
Freedom to plan new earths,
And new heavens.
These in turn to be replaced
With newer harmonies.

This

Is the leisure of noble moments,
It is the leisure of God and is in His image.
It is heaven.

Relief Society Head in England

We are sure our readers will be interested in the accompanying article taken from the *Millennial Star* of June 21, 1934, and the message to Relief Society workers written by President Louise Y. Robison and appearing in the *Millennial Star* of June 28, 1934.—*Editor*.

RELIEF SOCIETY workers in England, for the first time in the history of the British Mission, have had the privilege of extending a welcome to a general president of their Church-wide organization. On June 13th, Sister Louise Y. Robison, who for the past six years has directed Relief Society activities throughout the Church, landed at Plymouth for a brief visit to England. She is enroute to France to attend, as a delegate from America, the quinquennial meeting of the International Council of Women, to be held in Paris July 2nd to 12th inclusive.

Sister Robison, with President and Sister Hugo D. E. Peterson, recently appointed to head the Swedish Mission, was met at Plymouth by Elder Stephen L. Dunford of the Bristol District. From there she proceeded to London, where she received official welcome from President and Sister Joseph F. Merrill of the European Mission, and President and Sister James H. Douglas of the British Mission. Though London will be her headquarters during her stay in England, and will claim most of her time, it is expected that Sister Robison will find time to visit several representative Relief Groups in adjacent districts. Doubtless many of the British Mission Relief workers will have the privilege of meeting her and, in their assemblies, will receive the benefit of her experienced counsel in their organization problems.

The selection of Sister Robison as one of the nine United States

delegates, representing the American National Council of Women at the international meet, is considered a signal honor to the Latter-day Saint Relief Society, since the delegation will include some of the most representative women in America.

Meetings of the International Council of Women are held every five years, and attract representatives from all over the world. Discussions aimed to promote peace and good will are given considerable prominence in the programme of the ten-day session, as the organization is committed to a policy of international peace. Subjects also expected to be treated include equality in education, opportunity in leisure, trends of the future, child welfare, economics, education, legal position of women, security through employment, international relations, social hygiene, and the place of women in the changing world. Lady Aberdeen, Countess of Tamar, who is president of the International Council, will preside over the coming Paris meetings.

Sister Robison was sustained as president of the Relief Society of the Church on October 7th, 1928, its seventh president. She is an outstanding woman, gifted with spirituality, love and tolerance, and a pleasing personality that endears her in the hearts of all who have occasion to meet her. Under her energetic direction, the Relief Society has grown and prospered, and its agencies of help and loving service have expanded to meet the spiritual and material needs of each

passing year. Her interest in social problems has taken her to many conferences and conventions. Last summer she was a delegate at the summer meeting of the American National Council of Women, held just prior to the dedication of the Relief Society memorial in Nauvoo, Illinois.

Sister Robison is interested in the progress of women the world over. Consequently, she has a vision of great work to be done, and the courage to do her part. Her experience and the exalted philosophy of the Society she represents will make her a valuable advisor at the July meet in Paris.

A Message to Relief Society Workers

From President Louise Y. Robison

KINSHIP of people of the world is most realistic when a visit is made to the land of the birth of one's parents, where grandparents have lived; where they met life, courageously or otherwise; where they have died and were buried. There is a real affection for cities and fields where one's ancestors have worked and played, and in a measure this interest extends to the entire nation.

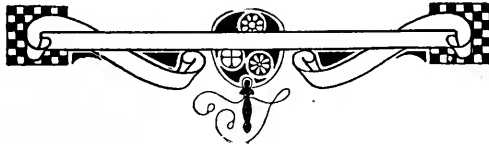
Many Latter-day Saints have this feeling for the nations of Europe. From each country have come men and women who have built up the Church. Today, the descendants of those courageous forebears are lovingly and prayerfully interested in the Church policy of strengthening its organizations in their parents' native land.

Today, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is offering to its members the same opportunity for their development as was given years ago to men and women who later became leaders in the Church. We have many illustrious examples.

There are few children in our missions today who have a more difficult childhood than Brigham H. Roberts had. Without the privilege of education as a child, with the hardships of pioneer life as a young man, yet he became one of the most brilliant speakers and writers in the Church, known nationally and internationally for service to Church and country.

The challenge is here for us today. The person who is willing to make the effort—and it requires effort—to study and understand the principles of the Gospel, plus the courage to live its principles, will become a leader, and leaders are needed in every country.

Sisters of Relief Society in the European Missions are our members. We are interested in their welfare, and are eager to work for their advancement. Our prayer is that they will leave to their children a record of service to humanity and of leadership in Church activities, as our parents from these same nations have left to us.



Joseph Smith

By James L. Barker

III

The wishes of the people were consulted at the Council of Jerusalem.

Were the wishes of the people consulted at the Council of Jerusalem (Acts 15)? Monsignor Hunt says: "There is not the slightest indication that they assembled 'to consider of this matter'." According to the Bible text then, for what purpose did the people assemble? No other purpose is discernible and there is every indication in the text that Peter, Barnabas, Paul and James did address their remarks to the "multitude" as well as to the elders, "Peter rose up, and said unto them. Men and brethren, . . ." and "James answered saying, Men and brethren, hearken unto me: Simon hath declared how, etc." Thus the remarks of Peter and of James were addressed, not only to the elders, but directly to the "multitude." Monsignor Hunt finds "no evidence whatever to support the statement that St. Peter presented the matter of the observance of the Jewish law to the 'multitude.' To the contrary, St. Peter presented the matter to the 'apostles and ancients.' Apparently, all that the people did was to listen. In the second verse of the chapter it is stated that the two parties in the dispute decided to send representatives to Jerusalem to present their case to the 'apostles and priests (elders).' Apparently, it did not occur to them that they should present the matter to the people."

In the present-day Church, any matter for consideration is presented first to the "apostles and the priests (elders)" and afterwards to the "as-

sembly." In this case, if we are to accept Paul's account in the second chapter of Galatians, the matter was first presented to the apostles. (This is also to be inferred from Acts 15:2 cited by Monsignor Hunt.) In Galatians 2:2, "Paul evidently intimates that, besides his private conference with Peter, James, and John, there was also a public deliberation with the brethren in Jerusalem in general." ". . . We must accordingly take the account of Paul in Gal. 2, as a valuable complement of the narrative in Acts 15. And as the private transactions with the apostles themselves, which alone it was to Paul's purpose to detail, would naturally precede the public deliberation and decree, we must first notice the statement of Paul."⁴⁵

Luke's narrative in Acts 15, "by no means precludes the supposition of a previous private interview, which, in the nature of the case is extremely probable; and his relating merely the public transactions is readily explained by the documentary character and object of his work."⁴⁶ The apostles, therefore, and elders, and as many private Christians as were interested and could find room (Acts 15:1, 12, 22) came together for a general consultation."⁴⁷

⁴⁵Schaff, *History of the Apostolic Church*, p. 249, Charles Scribner. New York, 1853.

⁴⁶Schaff, *History of the Apostolic Church*, p. 248.

⁴⁷Schaff, *History of the Apostolic Church*, p. 253.

According to Mourret, "St. Cyprian declares his unwillingness to issue a decree without first having obtained the opinion of the clergy and the consent

According to Monsignor Hunt, "There is not the slightest indication that they (the people) assembled 'to consider this matter'."

"Concerning the people, two things are stated. The first is that they were present; the second is that they held their peace. That is all. It is of great significance to observe that after St. Peter delivered the essential part of the verdict, 'the multitude held their peace.' Of course they held their peace. They recognized the spokesman of Christ." Undoubtedly the people respected Peter and the effect of his words would produce a silence, but there is another reason for holding "their peace": Barnabas and Paul were about to speak. And after they had finished speaking, 'the multitude' "held their peace" again, because James was about to speak to the "multitude" on the same subject. These speeches of Barnabas and Paul and James were a waste of time if, as Monsignor Hunt says, "With his (Peter's) decision all difference of opinion disappeared." Moreover, the final decision of the assembly was to adopt a compromise proposed by James.

Mourret⁴⁸ says concerning this Council of Jerusalem:

"Nevertheless the apostles and the ancients (elders) were assem-

of the *plebs*." Mourret, *Les Origines Chretiennes*, p. 381.

The *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*, article *Councils*, p. 185, notes the submission of ordinations to the people: "a canon of the 6th Century, Gallean document, known as the canons of the 'Fourth Council of Carthage' which passed into general Western canon law, enacted 'that a bishop is not to ordain clergy without the advice of his clergy, so that he may look for the *assent* and witness of the people.'" This practice had not entirely disappeared at a comparatively late date (ninth century).

⁴⁸*Histoire Generale de l'Eglise*, vol. 1, p. 82.

bled in council. They were awaiting what Peter and James would say."

"'My brethren,' said Peter, . . ."

"St. Luke remarks that after Peter had thus spoken, it was difficult in fact to contradict words so full of authority and good sense. Paul and Barnabas were then admitted 'to relate the miracles and prodigies that God had performed among the pagans.' When they had finished, James arose. If the hierarchical authority of Peter was undisputed among the faithful, the moral authority of James was universal in Jerusalem, even among the Jews. His assiduity in the temple had obtained for him a particular esteem among the zealous; his quality of 'brother of the Lord' assured for him a particular deference. James quoted the ancient prophets, then he concluded: 'For my part I am of the opinion that we should not create difficulties for those who are converted to God among the pagans. Nevertheless I am of the opinion that we should write them to abstain from the pollution of idols, from fornication, and from strangled animals ("animaux etouffes dans le sang")."

"That was to accept clearly in principle the law of liberty proclaimed by Peter and Paul; but at the same time it *recognized the necessity of preparing the transition*. The entire assembly adopted the view of James."⁴⁹ Not just Peter, but Paul and Barnabas also, had spoken, and the decision formulated, not by Peter, but by James, was finally adopted by the "entire assembly."

Mourret says too that "The assembly of Jerusalem (not just Peter or just Peter and the elders) reached

⁴⁹L'assemblee toute entiere se rangea a l'avis de Jacques."

the following decision: 'It has appeared good to the Holy Ghost and to us, etc.' "

Monsignor Hunt affirms "That there can be no question that the narrative about the Council in Jerusalem throws light upon Professor Barker's thesis. It throws entirely too much light. It shows that the thesis is wholly false." Is Monsignor Hunt making up by strength of statement for the weakness of his evidence?

Catholics trying to justify their Church position on the question of authority and the non-participation of the people in Church decisions, usually admit, as does for example L. Cl. Fillion,⁵⁰ Professor of Holy Scripture in the Catholic Institute of Paris that the words *with the whole Church* designate probably nothing more than the tacit assent of the assembly; at least, it is certain, according to verse 23, that the apostles and the priests-bishops alone took an active part in the preparation of the decree. One may readily understand that the proposition of St. James *rallied all votes*, because it was so perfectly wise."⁵¹ For Mourret, James' proposition is accepted by the assembly because it was "of perfect wisdom."

The decision was not formulated by the people, but was submitted to them for their approval. In the

⁵⁰Holy Bible (Latin text and French translation) commented according to the Vulgate for the use of seminaries and the clergy, Librairie Letouzey et Ane, Paris, 1924. Vol. 7, footnote p. 720.

⁵¹"Les mots *cum omni ecclesia* ne peuvent guere designer qu'un assentiment tacite de l'assemblee; du moins. il est certain, d'apres le vers. 23, que les apotres et les pretres-eveques prirent seuls une part active dans la preparation du decret. On comprend aisement que la proposition de saint Jacques ait rallie tous les suffrages, car elle etait d, une parfaite sagesse."

latter-day Church (as then), the people do not take "an active part in the preparation of the decree."

Bulls and acts compelling the human conscience, not "definitions of doctrine" nullify free will.

Monsignor Hunt asserts that: "Professor Barker contends that popular participation in doctrinal definitions is necessary in order to prevent officials from 'compelling' the consciences of the people." The article does not speak of participation in doctrinal definitions, but only of their approval by the people; the people were not asked to define doctrine but to express their approval and acceptance of doctrine, at the Council of Jerusalem. It is this abandonment of the custom of consulting the wishes of the people with the ensuing consequences that is referred to in the following: "after this time when unfit candidates were chosen for the ministry, the people having lost their means of protection (the right of expressing their approval or disapproval, their acceptance or rejection) were unable to rid themselves of negligent or worldly priests; if liberty of conscience was infringed upon, they no longer had any efficient means of protesting . . . the Pope has in times past issued bulls for the stamping out of heresy, and sincere men, following the best light they had, have been burned." The following is an example of such attempts "to compel the consciences of the people":

Bull of Pope Gregory IX
against heretics⁵²

"We excommunicate all heretics,

⁵²Given at Viterbo on the ninth of November, 1236. Translated from the German translation of Hoensbroek, *Das Papsttum in seiner sozial-kulterellen Wirksamkeit*, pp. 638-9. Breitkopf und Hartel, Leipzig, 1900.

Cathari, Pasagians, and all others under whatever name whatsoever. They have various faces, but they are all tied together by their tails. Anathematized by the Church, they shall be turned over to the civil court in order that they may be punished with befitting punishment (punishment by death). If any among them are willing to repent, they shall be condemned as a suitable penance to life-long imprisonment. We also excommunicate the friends of heretics and decree that whoever does not decant from his malicious disposition shall lapse into infamy, he shall be incompetent to hold public office and to give testimony; he shall neither be able to make a will nor to inherit. Whoever remains excommunicated for a year shall from then on be condemned as a heretic. Such a heretic shall not have the right of appeal; no judge, no lawyer, no notary may be at his service. Whoever shall bury such excommunicated heretics is himself excommunicated, and he shall not be absolved until he has publicly exhumed them with his own hands and has thrown away the corpses of the damned. We also forbid that any layman dispute in public or in private about the Catholic belief; whoever does so will become entangled in the snare of excommunication. Whoever knows of the existence of heretics, shall point them out on the pain of excommunication. The sons of heretics or of the befrienders of heretics shall be admitted to no kind of office or benefit."

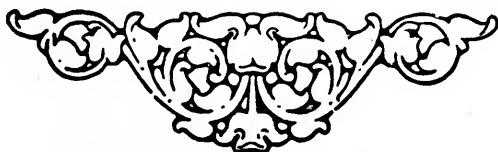
Monsignor Hunt says that Professor Barker's statement that "No one may question the rightfulness of his (the pope's) actions" is news to him. Throughout the article in the Relief Society Magazine the official "actions" of the pope are referred to. "The Christian life is premised on free will, but such bulls and acts compelling the human conscience (not 'definitions of doctrine') nullify free will, and make it, as it were, non-existent. They strike at the fundamental condition of a religious life." It is official action and not his private life that might "compel" the "consciences of the people."

Who could question this papal bull or oppose its execution?

Monsignor Hunt says "the Church cannot destroy free will. Christ did not 'compel,' and the Church cannot 'compel' any man's conscience."

"Professor Barker seems to be firmly convinced that the Church, by some terrible weapon, either physical or moral, compels her people to accept the Gospel. . . . In any community, even the most strictly Catholic community in the world, there are those who abandon the faith, and each apostate is living proof that the Church does not 'compel.'" Evidently Monsignor Hunt is speaking of the present only, for had he recalled the past, he should have said, not that "each apostate is living proof that the Church does not 'compel,'" but that apostates were *dead* proof that the Church did "compel."

(To be Concluded)



Aid for Our Project

By Dr. Russell B. Swenson

ORIGIN OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

ACCORDING to the story of Joseph Smith and the eleven witnesses the *Book of Mormon* was brought forth in a miraculous manner. Through the instructions imparted by the angel Moroni. Joseph found the plates from which he translated the Book of Mormon. He accomplished the latter through the power of inspiration, and published the book in 1830. The men who assisted him most in copying the book and in publishing it were later known as the three and the eight witnesses. The former testified that they had seen the plates shown to them by an angel. The latter stated that they simply saw and handled the same under ordinary conditions.

ORIGIN OF THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

THE *Doctrine and Covenants* consists of revelations given through Joseph Smith from 1823 to 1843. These revelations pertain to the organization, the guidance, and the spiritual and ethical ideals of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The bulk of them were given during the first six years of the Church's existence, from 1830 to 1836. During this period the main body of the Saints was in Kirtland, Ohio. Thus, out of the 133 revelations, 111 were given in and before 1836. Of the latter, the first 18 were given before 1830. These revelations were first bound together and called the Book of Commandments in 1833. Later these were revised and published as the Doctrine and Covenants in 1835 at Kirtland, Ohio. The later revelations were added in succeeding editions of the latter book.

ORIGIN OF THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

THE first part of *The Pearl of Great Price*, the Book of Moses, was given as a revelation to Joseph Smith in 1830. The second part, the Book of Abraham, had its origin when the Prophet Joseph purchased some Egyptian papyri which were found on some Egyptian mummies. The Prophet states that they were in the handwriting of Abraham, written while he was in Egypt. The translation was called the Book of Abraham.

ORIGIN OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

THE *Old Testament* is really a miscellaneous collection of the sacred literature of the Hebrew people. The word *Bible* which we have given to the Old and New Testaments comes from the Greek word *Biblia* and means books. The Old Testament consists of poems, songs, stories, history, prophetic discourses, laws, proverbs, wisdom, meditations. The Jews had it divided into three parts: the Pentateuch, or the five books of Moses; the Prophets, and the Hagiography or Sacred Writings. This division points to the parts which were earliest regarded as sacred scripture by the Jews. The Jews in Alexandria included our Old Testament Apocrypha as part of their sacred scripture, but the Palestinian Jews never accorded

them a position in their canon. By 400 B. C. the Old Testament was quite complete, but its exact text as we have it was not formally ratified by the Jewish scribes until about 100 A. D.

ORIGIN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

THE earliest writings of the *New Testament* seems to have been the letters of Paul. Next comes the Four Gospels and Acts. Revelation and the other documents which are generally known as the Catholic Epistles were the last to appear. At first these writings circulated as independent writings in the different Christian Churches of the Roman Empire. As time went on and the Lord did not appear in his second coming, more weight was attached to the written words of him and his disciples. Accordingly collections were made of these which finally were compiled into our New Testament. The first collection seems to have been that of the Pauline epistles. Then the Gospels circulated around. Acts and the other epistles were finally added. Much dispute took place between various sections of Christianity as to the eligibility of Hebrews, II Peter, Jude, James, Revelation, and II and III John as Sacred Literature. Also some canons added other books we now know as apocryphal. Finally about the middle of the fifth century A. D. the collection of New Testament books as we now have them became quite predominant throughout the Christian world.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

Genesis: the book of the origin of things, i. e., the world, man, sin, and civilization.

Exodus: an account telling of the oppression of the children of Israel in Egypt, their flight and sojourn in the desert.

Leviticus: contains the laws relating to holiness. The name itself refers to the Levites the priestly caste of the Hebrews.

Numbers: carries on the narrative of the exodus to the 40th year of the exodus. It takes its name from the census which was made of the twelve tribes.

Deuteronomy: The name means second law. "It records the events of the last month of the forty years' wanderings of the children of Israel. The greater part of the book is occupied by the discourse in which Moses, before his death, sets before the Israelites the laws which they are to obey, and the spirit in which they are to

obey them, when they are settled in the Promised Land." (S. R. Driver, *Literature of the O.T.*, p. 70)

Joshua: tells of the conquest of Palestine by the Israelites and the dividing up of the land among the various tribes. It ends with an account of the closing events of Joshua's life.

Judges: "The Book of Judges derives its name from the heroes whose exploits form the subject of its central and principal part." (Driver, *Ibid*, p. 160) It depicts the lawless disorganized state of the Hebrew tribes before the selection of a King.

I and II Samuel: The two books were originally one book. Getting its title from the fact that Samuel is the prominent figure both at its opening and for some time subsequently. It begins with the birth of Samuel and extends to the close of David's life.

I and II Kings: deals with the reign of Solomon, the history of the two kingdoms, Israel and Judah, and concludes with the fall of the latter when Jerusalem was captured by the Babylonians.

I and II Chronicles: like *Kings* originally formed one book. It treats roughly the same period as that of *Kings*, but it has a different point of view, namely, that of a more priestly ecclesiastical type. Thus it deals to a large extent with genealogies, statistical registers, descriptions of religious ceremonies, organization of public worship, etc.

Ruth: was written to show more tolerance to foreigners. Thus the great illustrious David was shown to be the descendant of a Gentile woman. It more than likely represents an opposite point of view to that of *Ezra* when the latter was striving to have the Israelites give up their foreign wives.

Ezra and Nehemiah: "begin exactly at the point at which the Book of *Chronicles* ends, and carries on the narrative upon the same plan to the time when the theocratic institutions under which the compiler lived were finally established through the labors of *Ezra* and *Nehemiah*." (S. R. Driver, op. cit., p. 516)

Esther: "shows how *Esther*, a Jewish resident in the Persian capital, Susa, rose to be queen of *Ahasuerus*." (Driver, *Ibid*, p. 478) It also relates how she saved her people from persecution and gives an account of the origin of the Jewish feast of *Purim*.

Job: is a dramatic poem which tries to fathom the cause of human suffering. Behind the simple story of his sufferings lies some of the most profound thought in the entire Bible.

Psalms: are a collection of Hebrew poetry and songs of praise to their God. From the standpoint of literature they are the high point of the Old Testament.

Proverbs: introduces us to the wisdom literature of the Hebrews. This wisdom had a special meaning. "It was applied to the faculty of acute observation, shrewdness in discovery or device, cleverness of invention. . . Their teaching had a practical aim: not only do they formulate maxims of conduct, but they appear also as moral advisers." (Driver, *Ibid*, p. 392, 393)

Ecclesiastes: is also a part of Hebrew wisdom literature. It has a considerable amount of keen insight into the problems of life, but with a rather pessimistic point of view. "All is vanity. What profit hath man of all his labour wherein he laboureth under the sun."

Song of Solomon: is a poem of love which has been assigned to *Solomon* according to tradition. Its imagery is highly sensuous.

Isaiah: is perhaps the greatest prophetic book in the Old Testament. Its spirituality, love of justice, conception of God are high points in Hebrew literature. He is especially bitter against the injustice which he sees among his own people.

Jeremiah: is called the gloomy prophet because of his bitter invectives against the narrow religious bigotry of his day, and because of his predictions of national disaster at the hands of the Babylonians if Judah continued her unwise highly nationalistic policy. Like *Isaiah* he is one of the loftiest figures for his highly universal concept of God and for

his stress upon individual responsibility in religious living.

Lamentations: "The Book consists of five independent poems, all dealing with a common theme, viz., the calamities that befell the people of Judah and Jerusalem in consequence of the siege and capture of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans, B. C., 586." (Driver, op. cit., p. 456)

Ezekiel: relates the prophetic utterances and religious thought of Ezekiel, one of the captives taken to Babylon. His conviction was "that further judgments were imminent for them in the future: and his anxiety to win at least the souls of individuals (3, 16ff; 33, 6ff) who might form the nucleus of the purified Israel of the future." (Driver, Ibid, p. 279)

Daniel: "The book of Daniel narrates the history of Daniel and the visions attributed to him." (Driver, Ibid, p. 488)

Hosea: "Hosea prophesied in the Northern kingdom under Jeroboam II and succeeding kings." (Driver, Ibid, p. 301) His aim is to show the great forgiving love of God for erring Israel. Hosea's wife had been unfaithful to him, but he had forgiven her. Surely God would be equally compassionate to Israel. There will be punishment, but there will also be a bright future if Israel repents.

Joel: is a book of judgment. He urges repentance before the coming of the terrible "Day of Jehovah". The people must have responded, for in the latter part he tells of the material blessings which God will pour out upon them. Above all will there be a great outpouring of the spirit of prophecy, and the terrors which will come will not afflict the Jews.

Amos: sets forth the stern unflinch-

ing justice of God. He is especially bitter against the luxury and religious pride of the kingdom of Israel in the north, and shows the calamities which God is going to rain down upon all nations who don't live justly.

Obadiah: This short prophecy is almost entirely concerned with the ruin which is about to fall upon the tribe of Edom, just south of the Dead Sea.

Jonah: like Ruth is chiefly concerned to show God's love for non-Jews as well as Jews. It goes much farther in this respect than Ruth. As an exposition of God's love for all people it can't be surpassed in the Old Testament.

Micah: was a younger contemporary of Isaiah. He "speaks as a man of the people, who sympathized with the peasantry in their sufferings, and he attacks, not indeed with greater boldness than Isaiah, but with greater directness and in more scathing terms, the wrongs to which they had been exposed at the hands of the nobles and rich proprietors of Judah. . . . while Isaiah evinces a keen interest in the political movements of the time, Micah appears almost exclusively as an ethical and religious teacher." (Driver, op. cit., p. 326)

Nahum: The theme of this book is the fall of Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrians. He gloats over the downfall of this powerful city because of the past cruelty and harshness which it had exercised upon his people. He gives utterance to some extremely vivid and terrible pictures of the event he is describing.

Habakkuk: is a sort of a dialogue between the prophet and Jehovah. The former questions the Lord about the violence and injustice

which prevails on every hand. The latter answers that the Chaldeans are to be the instrument of punishment for the above evils. But in the end the pride of the Chaldeans will be their downfall.

Zephaniah: predicts the approach of the terrible "Day of Jehovah." Special condemnation is heaped upon Jews who were infected with foreign ways of life, who were corrupt with intrigue, and those who were religiously indifferent. Out of the coming trials a purified remnant will be loyal to God. These will dwell in safety in their own land.

Haggai: attempts to enthuse the Jews who have just returned from the Exile to complete the temple to Jehovah. He shows that the drought and failure of crops is due to their neglect of this important duty. As long as the temple remains unbuilt they will remain an unclean people.

Zechariah: was a contemporary of Haggai and cooperated with him in seeking to induce the people to finish building the temple. It has an earnest call to repentance in the introductory part. Then follow eight symbolical visions with an appendix (6, 9-15), "the whole being designed for the encouragement of the Jews, and especially of Zerubbabel and Joshua, respectively the civil and religious heads of the community, in the work of rebuilding the temple. The significant features of each vision are pointed out to the prophet by an angel." (Driver, *Ibid*, p. 345) The latter part of the book deals with Messianic judgments.

Malachi: is a book of exhortation. He rebukes the priests for being neglectful of their duties, the people who made foreign marriages,

those who questioned the divine government of the world, and those who had been neglectful in the payment of their tithes. He announced a day of judgment when Jehovah would appear to purify his unworthy priests and punish his guilty people. "The prophecy concludes with an exhortation to obey the requirements of the Mosaic Law, and with a promise of the advent of Elijah the prophet." (Driver, *Ibid*, p. 356)

THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

Matthew: This is the most Jewish of the gospels and contains the most elaborate collection of Jesus' teachings. Scholars think that it was written at Antioch a generation or two after the death of Jesus.

Mark: This is the earliest Gospel, written presumably at Rome. It has very little of the teachings of Jesus, but lays great stress upon his miracles. It is noteworthy for its vigorous and vivid language; however, the latter is often quite crude when compared with the literary standards of the day.

Luke: This is the most literary of the gospels. It is manifestly written for Gentile readers. Its outstanding features are: its stress upon Jesus' sympathy for the poor and the Gentiles; the parables of God's forgiving love, like the Prodigal Son; the prominence of the Holy Spirit; and the importance assigned to women.

John: This is the most Greek of the gospels and was written most likely at Ephesus in Asia Minor. It is highly mystical and uses a great deal of allegory in presenting the life and teachings of Jesus.

It is notable for its stress upon love.

Acts: is a history of the Christian Church from the death of Jesus until the arrival of Paul at Rome as a prisoner. Its purpose is to show the spread and expansion of Christianity throughout the Mediterranean world, especially through the ministry of the two chief apostles, Peter and Paul. It also has an apologetic interest, namely, to show that Christianity is not harmful but beneficial to the Roman Empire.

Paul's Letters: The following are generally accepted as being written by him: Romans, I and II Corinthians, Galatians, Philippians, Colossians, I and II Thessalonians, Philemon. A few scholars question the authenticity of Ephesians, and most of them reject the Pauline authorship of I and II Timothy, Titus and Hebrews. Paul's letters are striking for the great intensity and enthusiasm of the author's thought and expressions. Each letter was written in response to a critical problem or question in various early Christian churches. They contain many references to the importance of Jesus' death and personality, but few regarding his teachings. They are the most human and spontaneous of all New Testament documents, and were written about a decade or two before the earliest gospel.

I and II Timothy and Titus: contain advice and instructions for young bishops and elders regarding their qualifications for office and the way in which they should conduct themselves as leaders.

Hebrews: was apparently written to the Church of Rome from Alexandria. The former is exhorted

to show itself a leader in teaching and religious living compatible with the glorious example of its former leaders and martyrs. Noteworthy features are its stress upon faith, warnings against heresies, the importance of Christ as the foundation of Christian salvation. The Greek of this letter is the most literary and elegant of the New Testament documents.

James: is more like a sermon than a letter in its form despite the epistolary heading. Stress is given to living the practical ethics of religion, which is well summed up in the statement, "faith without works is dead." It shows interest in democracy, philanthropy and social justice. The writer is very simple and direct in his language.

I, II and III John: are letters written in the vicinity of Ephesus in Asia Minor. They show a strong relationship to the Fourth Gospel and were written mainly to combat the rise of an early Christian heresy.

I and II Peter: The former was written to the Saints in Asia Minor to strengthen them against persecution. To avoid suspicion and to give no offense they are to be obedient to government authorities and to avoid every appearance of evil.

II Peter was written considerably later, some think about the middle of the second century. Its chief purpose is to combat heretical uprisings and to meet the skepticism of the day regarding the second coming of Jesus.

Jude: was written some time before II Peter. Like the latter, its main aim was to meet the problem of certain Christian heresies. It has so many close resemblances to II Peter that scholars are of the

opinion that it was used by the latter.

Revelation: was composed about the end of the first century A. D. near Ephesus. Its purpose is to encourage the Saints to remain steadfast to Christ in face of the terrific persecutions which are about to befall them. It describes the end of the world, the overthrow of evil on the earth, the millennial kingdom, and the final judgment. Though its Greek is often crude and ungrammatical, yet its imagery and dramatic power are unexcelled by any book in the Bible.

BOOK OF MORMON

I and II Nephi: gives an account dealing with events from the exodus from Jerusalem to the death of Nephi in the Promised Land. Besides the narrative it contains prophecies and sermons, mostly by Nephi.

Jacob: gives the account and teachings of Jacob, the brother of Nephi.

Enos, Jarom, Omni: give brief accounts of struggles between the Nephites and Lamanites, the discovery of the colony of Zarahemla, Coriantumr, the career of King Benjamin.

Mosiah: gives the sermon of King Benjamin to his people, the career of the prophets, Alma the Elder and Alma the Younger, or more especially, the conversion of the younger Alma and the sons of Mosiah.

Alma: deals mostly with the career of Alma the Younger, his preaching, the work of Mosiah's sons as missionaries among the Lamanites, the Lamanite wars.

Helaman: is concerned chiefly with

the corruption and intrigue of the Nephites, struggles against the Lamanites, career of Samuel the Lamanite.

III Nephi: describes the appearance of Jesus to the Nephites, his preaching, institution of his church and its ordinances.

IV Nephi: relates the years of millennial peace and prosperity which succeeded the appearance of Jesus to the Nephites. Then after about 230 years evil and dissension arose once more, causing the division of the people into Lamanites and Nephites.

Mormon: gives an account of the career of Mormon and his wars with the Lamanites.

Ether: relates the story of the Jaredites, their migration to this land from Babel, their rise and downfall as a mighty people.

Moroni: contains formulae for ordination of priests and teachers, the administration of the sacrament, some letters of Mormon to Moroni, and the final farewell of the latter as he finishes the book.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

The Book of Moses: contains an account of "the words of God, which he spake unto Moses at a time when Moses was caught up into an exceeding high mountain." It tells of the purpose for which God created the universe, the creation, rebellion of Satan, the fall of Eden, career of Cain, ministry of Adam and Enoch.

The Book of Abraham: describes the career of Abraham, his youth, education, experiences in Egypt where he was almost sacrificed, his knowledge of astronomy which he received from the Lord, and an account of the creation.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

AUGUST—How sweet to know that some of life's joys are free for all—blue skies, melody of soft winds and running streams and shade of lovely trees.

A good book is a good companion during the long summer days, and it is the true philosopher who accepts whatever the hour brings and finds content therein.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is one author, it is said, who never had a manuscript rejected. She published 50 books.

KATHERINE BREGY, essayist and poet has published a new book, "From Dante to Jeanne D'Arc." These essays represent adventures in medieval life and letters. While maintaining the Catholic viewpoint her interpretive artistry and insight is most attractive.

CORNELIA LIND MIEGS has been awarded the Newbery medal for her "Invincible Louisa," the story of the life of Louisa M. Alcott. The book is claimed as the most distinguished juvenile book of the year.

ALENE CORLISS' newest novel, "Let Us Be Faithful," will appear this fall. The book was first announced under the title, "From This Day Forward," but by a strange coincidence Ruby M. Ayers had selected that title for her new novel.

HELEN MACKNIGHT DOYLE'S autobiography, "A Child Went Forth," is a charmingly told story of pioneer life leading to a humane work in the medical profession.

MARGERY SHARP, an English novelist, has received fine praise from the critics for her latest

book, "The Flowering Thorn." Hugh Walpole calls it "delightful reading" and predicts the author is likely to become one of the most important humorists of the day.

WOMEN lawyers of Kansas City denied membership in the Bar Association have organized a Bar Association of their own with a membership of 30. It will be interesting to see if the national association will refuse membership.

EMMA STEBBINS, sculptor in 1867, carved in Italian marble an heroic statue of Columbus. Last month 67 years after this statue was found unpacked in a storage yard in Central Park, New York. The Park Department are now planning to clean it and place it in Columbus square.

MADAM SCHUMANN HEINK, in her radio talks for baby food, says, "According to the doctors I was very wrong, but I always sung and rocked my babies to sleep." Blessed babies, to have had such glorious lullabys.

QUEEN ASTRID, of Belgium, has another son. The boy is named Albert for his illustrious grandfather. He has been given the title, Prince Albert of Leige, a title dormant since 1789.

MME. MARIE CURIE, co-discoverer of radium, died July 4, at Salanches, France.

Twice Nobel prize winner, for her scientific research, Mme. Curie maintained an even modest way in life. The medical world say, she saved 50,000 lives during the World War through her discovery of radium and countless thousands of cancer sufferers have received relief and cure through radium treatment. She was indeed a world wide benefactor.

Grandmother's Garden

By Beatrice Williams

OLD-FASHIONED hollyhocks! What a wealth of beauty is brought before my vision as the spoken name vibrates along the strings of memory, and brings back the picture of the little old garden in front of Grandmother's house. I can see it now as we turned the corner and inside the fence so tall and stately stood the hollyhocks; white, pink, and deep red, some single, others double. They seemed to be sentinels guarding the little picket gate. When the gate was closed behind me I always turned, and gazed at the hollyhocks with awe that they would allow me to pass into that quiet little kingdom where Grandmother was queen, and they only nodded and swayed quietly in the breeze.

On up the graveled path lined with bachelor buttons of all colors

resembling a fading rainbow; mignonette, nodding gold-buttons, giant marigolds, red roses where the honey bees lingered, and on each side of the path stood two old yellow rose bushes sending forth their perfume. Back of the rose bushes were two large cherry trees, their fruits, such a bright red, hung from their branches as though they were tempting all who passed under the arch which they formed over the path. Beyond their shade was an old stump four feet high, and two feet in diameter, over which multi-colored morning glories crept.

Grandmother was always standing beside the stump waiting for us, and before entering the little cottage I looked back past the stump, beyond the cherry trees' arch, and the roses to the hollyhocks: no wonder they stood so proud with such beauty and love within their keeping.



The Spirit of the Magazine

By Winona F. Thomas

A PLAYLET FOR USE DURING THE DRIVE FOR MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Characters

JENNY SYMES, the hostess.

BETTY, her ten year old daughter.

MRS. LYNN, a Relief Society teacher.

MRS. BEAL, a Relief Society teacher.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINE.

EDUCATION.

RELIGION.

HEALTH.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

STORIES.

POETRY.

HOME MAKING.

AMBITION.

CHARITY.

LOYALTY TO ORGANIZATION.

Costumes: Jenny Symes and Betty should be dressed in house dresses, Mrs. Lynn and Beal in street dresses, and the others in long white robes.

Scene: The play takes place in the living room of Mrs. Symes' house. As the curtain rises, Jenny Symes is seated at the left side of the stage with a table in front of her. Betty is on a low stool in center, fixing roller skates. Mrs. Lynn and Beal are seated right.

MRS. SYMES—That was a nice lesson. I enjoy your lessons and visits so much. It takes my mind off my monotonous daily tasks.

MRS. LYNN—Yes, they are good lessons. And now—before we go—we have something for you.

MRS. SYMES—For Me?

MRS. BEAL—Yes, it is a little bank. Last month in our work meeting, we made one for each of the sisters.

MRS. SYMES — Isn't it pretty. What is it for?

MRS. LYNN—It is to help you to collect pennies and small change so

that when it comes time to subscribe for the magazine, and pay your membership fee, you will have the money all ready.

MRS. SYMES—But I never have taken the magazine, and I very seldom go to Relief Society meetings, I don't believe they expect me to pay a membership fee.

MRS. BEAL—Yes they do. If you are enrolled and don't pay it, the organization has to. This way of saving a little at a time will make it easy to pay your obligations.

MRS. LYNN—I think you would like the magazine if you were acquainted with it.

MRS. BEAL—If we are to finish our district, we must be going.

MRS. SYMES — I have enjoyed your visit very much. Come again.

MRS. LYNN—We will, thank you. Try to come out to our next meeting. (*Exit*)

BETTY (*picks up bank*)—Can I have this to play with?

MRS. SYMES—No, of course not. You may look at it, but don't take it. It is for me to save pennies in so I can take the magazine.

BETTY—If I help you save pennies, can I have what's left toward some new skates? These are wrecks.

MRS. SYMES—Yes, that will be fine.

BETTY—Look, one of the women forgot her magazine. Shall I take it to her?

MRS. SYMES—Yes, hurry. Or no—wait. Let me look at it. I have never looked through one before. I'll see that she gets it this evening.

BETTY—If you need me, I'll be out on the side-walk. (*exit*)

MRS. SYMES—All right. (*speaks of magazine*) It is nice print.—It isn't all cluttered up with advertising.—But I never get all my work done now. What would the house look like if I took time off to read? Perhaps that is what I need. I'm getting kitchen minded. I would like to take this magazine.

(*Enter the Spirit of the Magazine*)

SPIRIT—Did you invite me to come in?

MRS. SYMES—Who are you?

SPIRIT—I am the Spirit of the Magazine.

MRS. SYMES—Why did you come here?

SPIRIT—I felt that you needed me. It gave me great joy to think that at last I was welcome in your home.

MRS. SYMES—Have you tried to enter here before?

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—Yes, many times. Each year since you left your childhood home and established one of your own, I have tried to get in. But I have never before felt that I was wanted. I could have helped you in so many ways.

MRS. SYMES—I know I need help. But I haven't much money. There are so many ways to spend every dollar we get.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—Where can you spend a dollar which will bring you as much in return?

MRS. SYMES—If you could convince me of that, it would be easier to collect the necessary money.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—Let me show you some of the ways you will be benefited if you take the magazine. The first is Religion. (*Religion enters*)

RELIGION—The Relief Society is

primarily a religious organization, founded by a Prophet of God, for the purpose of saving and enlightening the souls of women. Besides the theology lessons which are printed in nine issues each year, there are articles written by our inspired Church leaders. In faith we can follow such people as these.

“Lord, show the way and guide therein

These willing feet of mine.

Help me to do Thy holy will,
To feel Thy life within me thrill
And know Thy joy divine.”

(*Religion stands on the left of the Spirit, who remains in center*)

(*Enter Education, who stands on the right*)

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—This is the education which comes with the magazine.

EDUCATION—A college education can be gained by anyone who will study and master the lessons in the magazine. The human soul can be compared to a statue which is hidden in a block of marble. The sculptor must remove the superfluous matter and clear away the rubbish. The statue is already there. The sculptor merely finds it. What the sculptor is to a block of marble, education is to the soul. The educated person has wealth which no power can diminish, riches which are always increasing, possessions which the more he scatters, the more he has.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—For the sake of your health you should subscribe for the magazine.

HEALTH—The magazine frequently contains articles on health. Our bodies you know, are tabernacles, fashioned by an all-wise Creator as an earthly abode for a holy spirit. We must keep them free

from impurities and care for them properly.

“God made the world with flowers
and trees

And tiny grains of sand.

The sky, the clouds, the mountain
breeze

Are products of his hand.

When his work was finished his
plans he made

And began a work anew.

He fashioned His master-piece
when he made

A beautiful body for you.”

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—If you would use wisdom in caring for your children, take the magazine.

SOCIAL SERVICE—You will be greatly helped in caring for and training your children. There is so much mothers need to know, and so much new knowledge available, that it is a serious mistake not to learn all we can. When we think how precious a little child is, how recently he has come from his heavenly home, and the reason why he was placed here, we can see how great our responsibility is in helping him reach the highest degree of perfection which he is capable of attaining.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—You will next see the benefit of the stories.

STORIES — The magazine each month contains stories on subjects of interest to us all. The influence which stories can have on the lives of the readers is remarkable. If you can tell me the type of stories a person reads, I can tell you the kind of a man he is. Indeed, it is much easier to judge him by the stories he reads, than by the company he keeps. The stories in the magazine can be depended on to be true to the highest ideals of women,

and to inspire them on to lead more noble lives.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—The poems give that touch of beauty which everyone must have.

POETRY—The poets who write for the magazine, have a gift for expressing universal thoughts in a way that ordinary persons who are not able to see the beauty about them can thrill with the poet in feeling it.

“They walk along illumined paths,
A pageantry of light,

They sing a song of men made free,
They sing of health and might.”

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—The magazine will help to solve your home problems.

HOME MAKING—There are many suggestions for home making. It may be menu or recipes, or it may be directions for beautifying the home. If we wish to cultivate in our children a taste for beauty and harmony in their surroundings, we must begin early. The foundation for what a person is in later life is laid in the pre-school period in the home.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—The magazine will help you in your desire to make your life better than it has been before.

AMBITION—It is natural for all living things to grow toward the light, and the light will lead to higher levels. The great thing in this life is not where we are, but in what direction we are moving. If we are to reach the higher levels we must climb, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but end each day with a knowledge that we are higher than we have ever been before.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—The mag-

azine will teach you to be charitable.

CHARITY—"Charity never faileth," is the watchword found in every magazine. We are taught to be charitable to every one who is less fortunate than we. We must take time to be courteous, to be thankful, to be kind, to help those who need it. If we will but put ourselves in the place of others, we will find thousands of little kindnesses we can do, which will bring blessings to them and happiness to us.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINE—Last, but not least is loyalty.

LOYALTY—In loyalty to the organization you should support the magazine. It is not published as a money-making enterprise, but for the benefit of the members of the Relief Society. In order that the subscription price can remain at its present level, it is necessary that more women take it, thus doing their bit to keep the price within the reach of all.

Mrs. Symes remains seated at the table. The women standing behind in a half circle. They remain in place to sing the song.

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE SONG

WINONA L. THOMAS.

NELLIE P. LARSEN.

March time.

1. There are man - y rea - sons you should take the mag - a - zine: Its
2. If we would reach per - fec - tion like the ones on high, We

val - ue to the members can be quick - ly seen; It brings to them in -
should not wait for self improvement bye and bye; Time will not wait for

structions from those called to lead, In language plain that all who will may read.
an - y - one to save his soul— The mag - a - zine will help you reach your goal.

CHORUS.



We gain a gos - pel mes - sage, each time we read the mag - a - zine;



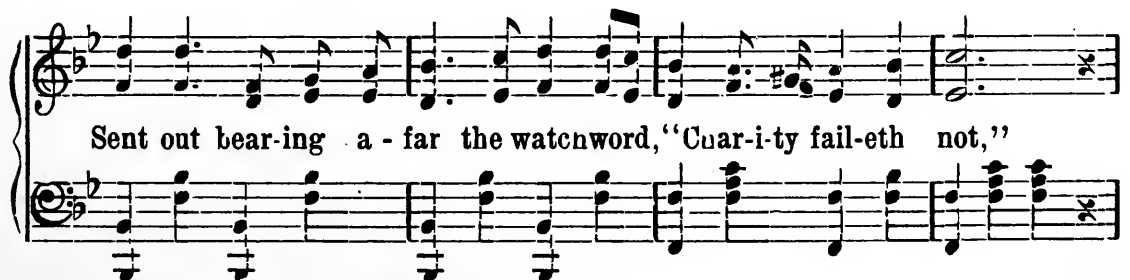
It seems to me a gos - pel mes - sage, comes from its pag - es clean; It



car - ries a spir - it that must come from a - bove, And



bind our hearts to - geth - er, in u - ni - ty and ove.....



Sent out bear - ing a - far the watchword, "Cuar - i - ty fail - eth not,"

Driv-ing a-way our ig - nor - ance, with all its dangers fraught; And

shed - ding its light in darkness, turning it in - to day— A

trust - ed light to guide us on..... our way.

An Indian Tradition

By *Annetta M. Bennion*

THERE is a tradition among the Arapaho Indians, that the Sun Dance has been danced since long before the white man ever came to this the western hemisphere. This has been handed down from one generation to the next.

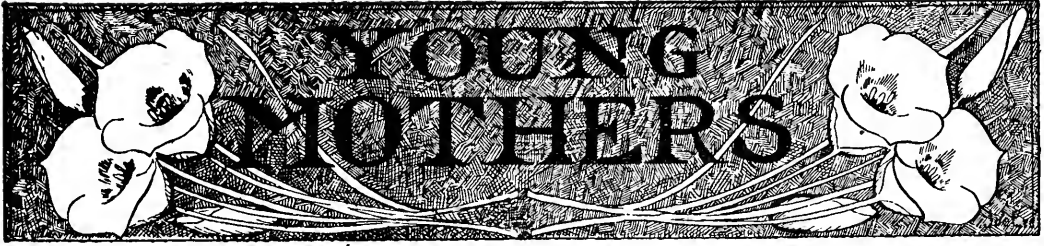
This may not mean much to a person not knowing the significance of the Sun Dance, but he who understands it and realizes that it is danced for a religious purpose; and is very sacred to the Indian tribe, will readily agree that that is a strong proof in favor of the Book of Mormon.

In the Sun Dance there are twelve large poles all leaning against one larger pole in the center. The twelve

poles stand for the twelve apostles of Christ, and the one center pole is the life—or the life of God. There are four Eagle feathers suspended from the top by a rod. This rod represents the rod of God.

For three days and nights they dance without food or drink, and only those who endure 'till the end shall be blessed, and those who become exhausted and faint are to have some great gift.

We know that the Indians had no Bible at this time, so how should they know about the twelve apostles of Christ, or of Christ himself if Christ had not visited them (the Lamanites) on this western hemisphere and ordained twelve apostles.



By Holly Baxter Keddington

IF you have a tot entering school for the first time, these suggestions may help you. A kindergarten teacher says that all a 5 to 6 year old needs to know when he enters school is: to cross street alone, wash face, hands, clean teeth, comb hair, put on wraps, mits, galoshes, take care of self at toilet and be able to associate with a group. When I asked about the use of crayons, scissors, etc., or knowing songs, rhymes and games she said that it was not necessary—that the child was better off learning with the group.

THE problem of socializing a shy child is often a very discouraging task and the hardship is not all on the teacher. No one knows the torture an unsocial child suffers when he sees other children entering into games, songs and the like, and he is not one of them. To get along with the children of his own age is

a splendid lesson to learn early.

Many children use the function of elimination as an excuse at school, but if mothers explained that public toilets (and school toilets are public) should be used only in emergencies, much of this trouble would be eliminated. If your child leaves the room more than the average, you should consider it a kindness if the teacher reports it to you. In such a case your child may have acquired a bad habit or he may need the attention of a physician.

I believe every child should be informed of the danger of infection from contact with unclean objects. Teach him to be scrupulously clean in his habits so that if others are careless he will be safe. Hand washing is a splendid habit to encourage for a child so often puts his hands unconsciously to his mouth and he does not know what undesirables they may harbor.

My Compensation

A song leaps up in a Mother's heart
When a lad has chosen aright;
Or when he brings a wee, rain-drenched
bird
Clutched under his sweater, tight.

It leaps at the song a young daughter
sings,

A softly crooned lullaby,
As she sits and rocks her play baby
"Sleep baby, for mother is nigh."

The heart fairly bursts with a glorious
pride

As a father praises a son,
A tender pat on a worthy head;
A smile for a task well done.

These songs in a mother's tender heart
As the last child climbs the stair
Make life such a happy heavenly thing
Hallowed with thankful prayer.

Holly B. Keddington

Notes to the Field

ELIZA R. SNOW MEMORIAL CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT, 1934

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Two prizes are awarded — a first prize consisting of \$20, and a second prize consisting of \$10. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit not winning special awards receive honorable mention. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine*, and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.
2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.
3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.
4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.
5. Only one side of the paper should be used.
6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on

which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem that it is entered in the contest.

8. The contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

9. Members of the General Board, and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

10. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

11. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

12. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

13. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

OFFICERS, remember that our *Magazine Drive* will be from September 15th to October 15th. You should now be making your plans and preparations so that the Drive will be carried through in a business-like and effective way.

WOMEN who value the *Magazine* and have salesmanship ability should be appointed as agents. They should look over the field, consider the conditions of their ward, and then plan to effectively and quickly put the campaign over. They

should look over their lists carefully to see who is already subscribing and when their subscriptions expire. We deeply appreciate the effective work that has been done during the past year. Our subscription lists have risen markedly and we hope to merit the same loyal support during this next year.

MANY schemes have been thought of by our different organizations for getting subscriptions. Can you think of something novel and new for this year? If not, try something that has been tested and found efficient in the past.

WE publish herewith instructions to *Magazine* agents. We hope they will read them carefully.

INSTRUCTIONS TO RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE AGENTS

Subscriptions Payable in Advance: The subscription price of the *Relief Society Magazine* is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions will not be accepted at the *Magazine* office unless accompanied by a remittance, and *Magazines* will not be mailed to subscribers until the subscription price has been paid. In order to comply with this ruling and to avoid errors, subscriptions will not be taken by telephone at the *Magazine* office.

Receipt Book, Use of: Agents should give each subscriber a receipt for money received. The agent should keep a record on the corresponding stub in the receipt book, of the name of the subscriber, the amount received, and the period covered by the subscription. This record will serve as a guide to the agent in soliciting renewals. Agents are supplied with receipt books by the *Relief Society Magazine* office upon request.

Subscription Blanks, Use of: All subscriptions taken by agents should be written on subscription blanks. A separate blank should be used for subscribers in each town. Agents should be sure to give all the information requested on each blank, and to sign name and address on each blank sent in, so that a receipt may be mailed to the agent. Agents are supplied with subscription blanks by the *Relief Society Magazine* office, upon request.

Give Complete Address: Agents will please give the correct and complete *post office address* opposite every subscription entered on the blanks, so that subscribers will not be disappointed and *Magazines* lost.

A subscription for a stake or ward Relief Society organization should be addressed in care of an officer of that organization, who will be responsible to the Society for the *Magazines*.

Change of Address: Requests for change of address should be written on a separate sheet and not on a subscription blank. Give the *old* as well as the *new* address. If it is necessary to change a name, give the name as it is now appearing on the *Magazine*, as well as the name as it should appear in the future.

Renewals: When a subscription is renewed, give the name exactly as it appeared on the previous subscription. Be sure to state with which number of the *Magazine* the subscriber wishes to begin the renewal, so that two copies of the *Magazine* will not be received for the same month, or so that a number of the *Magazine* will not be missed.

Complaints: Complaints should be written on a separate sheet and not on a subscription blank.

Remittances: Money received for subscriptions should be remitted by

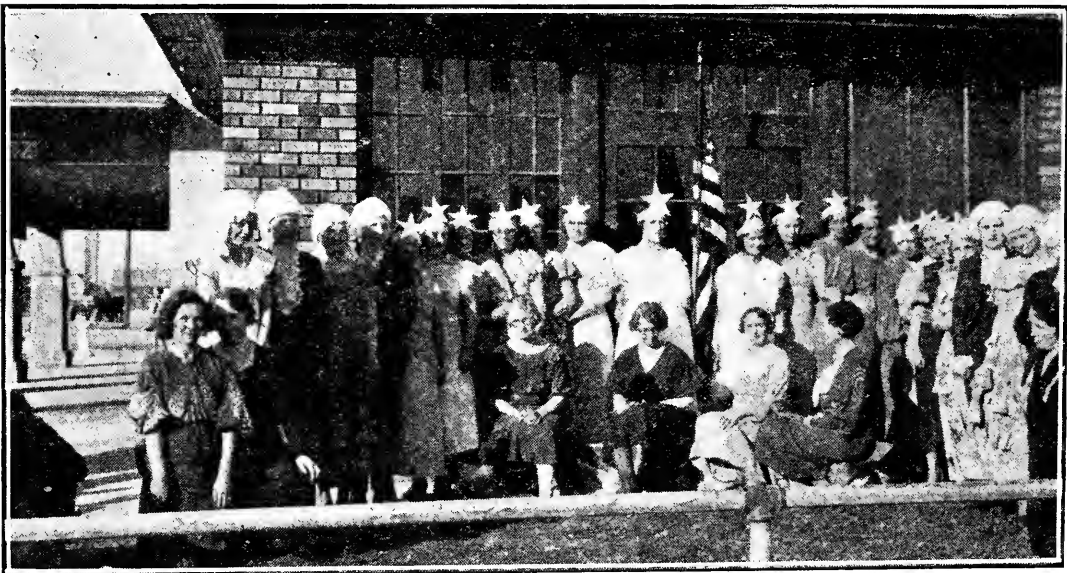
check or money order, made payable to *Relief Society Magazine*.

Address of Magazine Office: Subscriptions and letters regarding subscriptions should be addressed to *Relief Society Magazine*, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Agents: *Relief Society Magazine* agents give their services, without

commission, just as do other Relief Society officers and workers, and pay for their own subscriptions. However, in order that they will not be at personal expense, they may deduct the cost of postage and money order fees from the amount sent in for subscriptions.

Notes from the Field



LEWISTON FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

Benson Stake:

THE above picture represents a patriotic pageant which was presented in a program held in February by the Lewiston First Ward Relief Society. The pageant was arranged from the sketch, "The Gathering of the Stars," printed in the February, 1928, *Relief Society Magazine*. The pageant was very beautiful, and all those who participated in it were married women. Twenty-four of the group were mothers and some grandmothers. The program was presented in connection with the Work and Business Meeting, and there were over 105 guests present at the entertainment.

Millard Stake:

THE Relief Society Ward Conferences in the Millard Stake were most successful last year. The music and programs made a special appeal. In the report of the president, appreciation was voiced for the unity and hearty response of the sisters to the calls made upon them. Sunday eggs were donated during the month, and these were sold and the proceeds realized were used toward Annual Dues and *Relief Society Magazine* subscriptions for those who could not pay for them. A scheme also of dropping three pennies each week into a box, which totalled up at the end of the 52

weeks to the sum necessary for paying the dues and a subscription to the magazine, was most successful. A class of Singing Mothers was organized. The pageant, "The College of Opportunity," was presented by the active Relief Society workers.

Yellowstone Stake:

THE accompanying interesting picture represents the first organization of Relief Society as it was presented by the Ashton Ward.

teaching for the past two years. This enviable record is a result of the desire of every member to be of service to the families in her district. Only in the case of sickness, or for some other equally justifiable reason do teachers ask to be excused from their obligation, in which event another Relief Society member takes her place. The fifty-three teachers representing twenty-six districts are all very sincere and cheerful in the discharge of their duty. They work



ASHTON RELIEF SOCIETY
Representing the First Relief Society

Oquirrh Stake:

THROUGH fine cooperation and whole-hearted effort, the Relief Society visiting teachers of the Magna Ward in Oquirrh Stake have established a record of 100% in their

in harmony and give evidence of an earnest desire to improve their work whenever they can. Each member of the teaching corps exhibits a personal pride in the record the group has made and has pledged her support to its maintenance.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON	President	
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN	First Counselor	
MRS. JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD	Second Counselor	
MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND	General Secretary and Treasurer	
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Mrs. Cora L. Bennion		

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor	Mary Connelly Kimball
Manager	Louise Y. Robison
Assistant Manager	Amy Brown Lyman

VOL. XXI

AUGUST, 1934

No. 8

EDITORIAL

Cleanse the Movies

FOR a long time there have been sporadic efforts to cleanse the movies. Now a concerted effort is being made that is causing the movie producers to tremble, it is reported. Twenty million Catholics are called upon by their leaders to pledge themselves to not attend any motion pictures except those shown in homes and Catholic institutions. No member of the "Legion of Decency" will go to a motion picture theater until the producers run only clean pictures. It is said that many of the motion picture theater owners would be glad to eliminate objectionable films but claim they are helpless under the block-booking system, which compels them to take the bad with the good. Many Protestants and Jewish leaders have endorsed the campaign, and it is said that it may be taken up by all creeds and be extended throughout the world.

The Literary Digest says, "It is

estimated that the average weekly attendance at motion-picture theaters in this country is 77,000,000 people, of whom 23,000,000 are under twenty-one. If all Catholics join the Legion of Decency, and adhere to its solemn pledge, Hollywood will be touched to the quick—in the cash register, which, say Catholic leaders, is the only place it can be touched. Producers who believe in the starkest realism for the screen will have a little lesson in realism themselves."

Adolph Zukor, head of the Paramount, says, "Never before in the history of the industry has there been such an effort to clean house from within as now."

It will be a wonderful attainment if this campaign succeeds, so that this popular form of recreation will be cleansed and such objectionable films as have been shown for many years will cease to appear in any theater.

The International Council of Women

THE International Congress of Women opened on Monday, July 2, 1934, in Paris, France. This quinquennial meeting has particular interest for Relief Society as President Louise Y. Robison is in attendance. The office also is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Martha Gaeth, President of the Relief Society in the Czechoslovakian mission, giving the information that she has been named as a representative of the National Council of Women

of Czecho Slovakia to the meeting in Paris.

PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL COUNCIL MEETS

ON Thursday, July 5, at 2 p. m., an international broadcast came over the Columbia system, and the voice of Miss Lena Madessin Phillips, President of the National Council of Women was heard in a most interesting discussion of the subject "The Right of Women to Work."

A Home Project

DETAILS of A Home Project to be undertaken by members of the Relief Society and their families will be presented by the visiting General Board Members at the convention. Aid in putting over this

project will be found on page of this Magazine.

We hope as a result of this undertaking there will be a reawakened interest in the Scriptures and that our people will find delight in learning more of Sacred Writ.

Prepare for Next Season

IN this issue we print the first lessons for next season's work. We call attention to the lesson headings published on page 375 of the June Magazine and the accompanying reading lists.

While the vacation days are here many will find more time to read than after the meetings resume in

the fall. Let us learn to spend profitably our time and employ it not for passing pleasures only, but for future gain. Those who attend the meetings bringing a store of information on the subject being treated will benefit all who attend. They will be "living light fountains" whom it is good to be near.

THE first six months under repeal have provided convincing evidence that there is absolutely no hope for a cure of liquor evils in any of the various control systems.

Conditions under control, already terribly bad, will constantly become worse with the further development of gigantic liquor sales systems and fabulously financed advertising cam-

paigns—plus the inevitable operation of the habit-forming effect of intoxicating beverages.

Accordingly, all our Anti-Saloon League superintendents and workers are being urged to redouble the efforts to prevent repeal of state and local prohibition laws, the last and best remaining defense against repeal evils.—*From Anti-Saloon League of America.*

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

CHRIST'S COMING AND THE MILLENNIUM

1. *Christ's Coming Foretold.* The Scriptures abound with statements relative to the second coming of Christ. More than 3,000 years ago the Psalmist sang: "Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him." (Psalms 50:3) Concerning the same matter Isaiah declared as follows: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you. . . . And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." (Isaiah 35:1-10) It is evident that neither of these prophecies has reference to the first coming of Christ, since "devouring" and tempestuousness did not attend him at that time; nor had the "ransomed of the Lord" returned to Zion. Lack of available space prevents further reference to the almost numberless

Biblical prophecies relating to the Master's second advent.

2. The word of modern Revelation is equally as emphatic concerning this transcendent event. Here are the words of the Son of Man himself: "Lift up your voice as with the sound of a trumpet, both long and loud, and cry repentance unto a crooked and perverse generation, preparing the way of the Lord for his second coming. For behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, the time is soon at hand that I shall come in a cloud with power and great glory. . . . I come quickly. I am your Lord and your Redeemer. Even so. Amen." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 34:6-12) **A g a i n :** "Wherefore, be faithful, praying always, having your lamps trimmed and burning, and oil with you, that you may be ready at the coming of the Bridegroom—for behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, that I come quickly." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 33:17, 18)

3. *Signs of Christ's Coming.* The precise time of Christ's coming no man knoweth, "neither the angels in heaven, nor shall they know until he comes." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 49:7) The world, however, is not without knowledge of the general time of his advent or of the signs that will immediately precede his arrival, as witness the following: "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars: and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and

the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." (Luke 21:25-28). Again the Master said to his Church on the Western Continent: "He that feareth me shall be looking forth for the great day of the Lord to come, even for the signs of the coming of the Son of Man. And they shall see signs and wonders, for they shall be shown forth in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath. And they shall behold blood, and fire, and vapors of smoke. And before the day of the Lord shall come, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon be turned into blood, and the stars fall from heaven. And the remnant shall be gathered into this place; and then they shall look for me, and, behold, I will come; and they shall see me in the clouds of heaven, clothed with power and great glory, with all the holy angels; and he that watches not for me shall be cut off." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 45:39-44)

4. Regardless of the clarity of the Savior's word in this connection, there will be many unprepared for his coming. Here is the Lord's own word: "At that day, when I shall come in my glory, shall the parable be fulfilled which I spake concerning the ten virgins. For they that are wise and have received the truth, *and taken the Holy Spirit for their guide, and have not been deceived*—verily I say unto you, they shall not be hewn down and cast into the fire, but shall abide the day. And *the earth shall be given unto them for*

their inheritance; and they shall multiply and wax strong, and *their children shall grow up without sin unto salvation.*" (*Doctrine and Covenants* 45:56-58). Surely the foregoing promises should be sufficient to inspire all Latter-day Saints to good works: those who disregard these promises may very properly be characterized as "foolish."

5. *Events at Christ's Coming.* Immediately prior to the coming of the Son of man, "All things shall be in commotion; and surely, men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people." Then, "Angels shall fly through the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying: Prepare ye, prepare ye, O inhabitants of the earth; for the judgment of our God is come. Behold, and lo, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out and meet him. And immediately there shall appear a great sign in heaven, and all people shall see it together." Following this most impressive spectacle, "There shall be silence in heaven for the space of half an hour; and immediately after shall the curtain of heaven be unfolded as a scroll is unfolded after it is rolled up, *and the face of the Lord shall be unveiled*; and the saints that are upon the earth, who are alive, shall be quickened and be caught up to meet him. And they who have slept in their graves shall come forth, for their graves shall be opened; and they shall also be caught up to meet him in the midst of the pillar of heaven—They are Christ's the first fruits, they who shall descend with him first, and they who are on the earth and in their graves, who are first caught up to meet him; and all this by the voice of the sounding of the trump of the angel of God." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 88:92-98) Thus, when

the Master comes to earth—accompanied by “all the holy angels”—the dead who have died in the Lord shall rise from their graves, and they, together with righteous people living on the earth, shall be caught up into the clouds of heaven to meet him. Truly a most glorious spectacle.

6. *The Unfaithful.* It will be impossible for the wicked to remain upon the earth during Christ’s millennial reign, doubtless because of their inadaptability to such an environment. Accordingly, the decree has gone forth that they shall be taken from the earth. Here is the word of modern revelation: “For the hour is nigh and the day soon at hand when the earth is ripe; and all the proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble; and I will burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that wickedness shall not be upon the earth; for the hour is nigh, and that which was spoken by mine apostles must be fulfilled; for as they spoke so shall it come to pass; for I will reveal myself from heaven with power and great glory, with all the hosts thereof, and dwell in righteousness with men on earth a thousand years, and the wicked shall not stand.” (*Doctrine and Covenants* 29:9-11) Doubtless all this will be brought about in conformity with Divine justice and the highest good of the individuals concerned. The spirits of the wicked must learn of the goodness of God through the things that they suffer, and when the thousand years are finished they will be brought forth in the second resurrection to be judged and rewarded according to their merits. “They shall be servants of the Most High; but where God and Christ dwell they cannot come.” (*Doctrine and Covenants* 76:112)

7. *The Changed Earth.* During the millennium the earth will be vastly different from what it is at present. The final regeneration, however, will not take place until the thousand years have passed. Concerning the condition of the earth during the millennium, the Lord has said: “Prepare ye for the coming of the Bridegroom; go ye, go ye out to meet him. For behold, he shall stand upon the mount of Olivet, and upon the mighty ocean, even the great deep, and upon the islands of the sea, and upon the land of Zion. And he shall utter his voice out of Zion, and shall speak from Jerusalem, and his voice shall be heard among all people; and it shall be a voice as the voice of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder, *which shall break down the mountains, and the valleys shall not be found.* He shall command the great deep, and it shall be driven back into the north countries; *and the islands shall become one land.*” (*Doctrine and Covenants* 113:19-23) It is thus evident that much of the waste land of the earth will be redeemed, also that the islands and the continents will be gathered together in one place. It is interesting to observe that in past geological time the geography of the earth has undergone great change: The boundaries of both the land and the sea have repeatedly experienced readjustment; climates have ranged from warm to cold; mountains have come into existence, only later to disappear; and deserts have sprung up where formerly there was fertile lands. In a word, the whole face of the earth has undergone repeated change. Thus, if Deity has done this in the past—by virtue of his control over the laws of nature—surely no one can reasonably deny his ability to make desirable read-

justments in the future; both orderly and wide-spread.

8. *Inhabitants of the Earth.* Included among those who live upon the earth during the millennium will be both members and non-members of the Church. Satan, however, will be bound (*Doctrine and Covenants* 45:55), and conversion to the principles of righteousness will doubtless be much easier than at present. Those who still dwell in the flesh, and are quickened, will have the privilege of associating with those having passed through the resurrection. The Savior will be a familiar visitor among them.

9. *Isaiah's Description.* "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed. And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands; they shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them. And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." (*Isaiah* 65:20-25)

10. *Temple Work.* The Millennium will not be a period of idleness, but of intensive and intelligent activity. The Latter-day Saints believe that during the Millennial reign temple work will be emphasized and that it will be greatly facilitated because of the ease of heavenly communication which will exist at that time. After the thousand years of peace, will come the second resurrection and the final judgment.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Give your personal reasons for believing in the coming of Christ.
2. Why in your judgment has the Savior not revealed the precise time of his coming?
3. Relate in detail the parable of the wise and the unwise virgins.
4. Why in your judgment will the wicked not be permitted to remain on the earth during the millennium?
5. Why would the earth in its present condition not be suitable for the millennial reign?
6. In what ways may the gathering of genealogy be made easier during the millennium?

Teachers' Topic

HOLIDAYS

HOLIDAYS are of great value, both in their moral and intellectual influences, and they have been the occasion for the expression of fine thoughts and high ideals ex-

pressive of some of the best traditions of the human family. That is why these subjects have been selected for the coming year for the Teachers' Topic. It is believed that the discussions will be informative, bright and interesting.

LABOR DAY

NOT the least important among holidays is Labor Day. Human labor is at once the leading agency in the production of wealth and the most important element in the well-being of a community. Cheap labor in any country means poverty. No people can be prosperous where labor is not duly recognized.

Labor Day in the United States is a legal holiday for workers, first celebrated by a few states in 1887. It falls, with few exceptions, on the first Monday in September. Like many other holidays the spirit of the day really is the expression that found utterance in the guilds and trades union of medieval times. It was set apart by law in 1897 in about

three-fourths of the states in the Union, and is observed by meetings for the discussion of labor questions and parades are general.

In Europe generally May 1st is observed as a labor festival and in London, Paris, and other cities demonstrations in favor of reforms are made by trades unions and similar organizations.

If one would know a fulness of life, he will be one of the workers of the world. To labor is a God-given right and command. No greater expounder of this principle can be found than the Apostle Paul and other great preachers of the Gospel of Life and Salvation. There is no excellence in anything without labor.

Literature

(Third Week in October)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

THE NOVEL A HUMAN DOCUMENT

"The truth of humanity goes on forever, interchangeable and inexhaustible in the variety of its disclosures."—*Conrad*.

LIFE is Man's great adventure. To understand the facts of Life has been Man's supreme task through the ages. Through experience Man has learned the truths of human life. Zest for life recorded as "Once upon a time" preserved for the ages the epic experiences of races and heroes—The Siege of Troy; Ulysses, the Greek; Sigurd, the Volsung; The Rhine Gold; The Love of Tristram and Iseult; Joseph, the Hebrew; The Quest of the Holy Grail.

Looking at Life, Man saw a definite pattern. Man, the artist, using the pattern and materials of Life created new combinations, experiences to illustrate the truths he had

learned. This newest chapter in Man's Book of Literature is named "Fiction." Here the truths of Life are recorded through a series of imaginary facts. Scenes familiar and scenes strange are there recorded. There also is portrayed a gallery of human characters whose lives reveal the great passions that sway the heart of man—hate and despair and jealousy, love and truth and beauty, the problems of life and destiny—King Arthur, Sancho Panza, Falstaff, Hamlet, Faust, Pippa, Leatherstocking, Becky Sharp, Jean Val Jean, David Copperfield, Anna Karenina, Tom Sawyer, Uncle Remus.

Experiences real and imaginary

have always been a source of pleasure and inspiration to Man. Imagination is the magic key that will unlock the great human record, Fiction, for Man's delight and inspiration: perchance—"To arrest Man, and compel him to gaze entranced—a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile." How great then is the power of fiction.

The Novel a Human Document

THE novel is today's most prosperous literary form. The life-story of the novel records humble beginnings, a youth of isolation and condemnation, the slow admittance to literary circles formerly denied, the rise to financial supremacy in the literary world of today. Story-telling is as old as the mind of man. The simple experiences of life took on heroic aspects when related to a sympathetic audience. The Greeks looked upon prose as useful only for everyday expression. The tale early took the form of the ballad (a short narrative poem adapted for reciting or singing) and the *chanson des geste* (shonson du zhest, songs of great deeds.) Medieval literature records few prose narratives. Boccaccio's (bok ka cho) "Decameron" did much to make the prose narrative popular. It was not until the eighteenth century that the way was opened for the modern novel.

The English novel of the eighteenth century was a logical successor of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," stories of real people of the day against the contemporary background of the fourteenth century, and Malory's "Le Morte D'Arthur," tales of the legendary hero, King Arthur. "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe (1719), the first great adventure story in English, gave to fiction the qualities of vividness, exactness of detail, and faithfulness to

real experience. Samuel Richardson has been called the first great English novelist. Being a moralist, the principal aim of his novels was to inculcate virtue. "Pamela" (1740) is the story of a virtuous young servant girl told through her letters. This work gave to the novel development a definite plot pattern and the element of sentimentality. Henry Fielding wrote "Tom Jones" in 1749, using a new pattern in the realistic record of the adventures of a hearty, vigorous, self-willed youth. Thus with definite characteristics and enduring qualities the English novel was sent on its way to attain great heights.

The fiction of the nineteenth century was early marked by the romantic spirit. Romance reveals life, yet takes license with the facts to create a rosy-hued picture. As a revolt against classicism and formalism, the romantic spirit was in reality individualism or humanitarianism. Scott, the great romancer of "Waverly" fame created a great literary pattern through his historical romances. His worthiest followers through the century were Hugo, Dumas, Cooper, Stevenson, and Kipling. As men are all romancers, at heart yearning for realization this phase of fiction must endure.

Realism is the greatest mode of expression developed by fiction. Realism has been termed a faultless mirror held up to a living world, rejecting nothing, altering nothing. The selection of materials becomes then the constructive or destructive element of this mode. The early realists, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, were also great humanists selecting materials with intellectual and spiritual integrity. Each in turn portrayed the phase of human experience that stirred

him most; Dickens, the sufferings of humanity; Thackeray, the social follies of man; Eliot, the development of character; Meredith, the spiritual truths of life; Hardy, the power of destiny. Contemporary fiction pays tribute to the great modern realists; Wells, the Utopian socialist and scientist; Arnold Bennett, the portrayer of man "his own star" with self-control as his greatest source of power; Galsworthy, the disciple of social justice; Conrad, through studies of men of many climes probes into the pressure of environment upon human behaviour; the Russian novelists, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, explorers of the mind and soul of man. It is the stern veracity of the realism of a great novel that makes it a work of art.

Fiction is the literary master of today. There is no doubt but that it will continue so to reign. It is the form most reflective of the complexity of modern life. Today's battle of books is responsible for some strange happenings. Today authors write to sell. Best-sellers may or may not have literary qualities; popularity is no indication of immortality. Much contemporary romance has become submerged in sentimentality. The pathos of romance is that it has become the literary vehicle to meet the human hunger for happy endings. The romantic tradition in all its beauty and truth is being followed by a few great writers today. Realism has passed from naturalism to barbarism through the unworthy selection of materials. The new experimental novel shows clearly two great influences, the influence of Russian fiction and the influence of modern science. The morbid tendency of Russian novelists to soul consciousness coupled with the influence of psychology to become explanatory have directed

modern fiction to deal in explanations. The experimental novel up-to-date deals chiefly with the problems of the subconscious and the sex life of man. A characteristic of the novel of today is the fact that it has come closer to life, in that it portrays but a section of life, life goes on after the novel closes.

Fiction has become a great educational force in the modern world. It is a creative art in that it creates something in its audience. Its universal appeal lies in the fact that it is "a criticism of life." Its great responsibility is that it should make one dream nobly, giving intelligible shape to the best of human desires. Great fiction cries to humanity, "Why doest thou wonder O Man, at the height of the stars or the depth of the sea. Enter into thine own soul and wonder there."

George Eliot, Novelist

INTO the challenging newness of Victorian thought came a master mind, George Eliot. It was the world of Thomas Carlyle, historian and essayist, Herbert Spencer, philosopher and scientist, and George Lewes, psychologist and journalist. As assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* in 1851, Mary Ann Evans earned their approbation by her intellectualism and philosophical attainments. When her first novel, "Scenes of Clerical Life" was published under the unknown name, George Eliot, they said a genius, the genius of a man.

Life had prepared Mary Ann Evans with rich experiences to become the novelist George Eliot. The educational advantages of her youth with private tutors and in private schools provided an excellent preparation. The crisis in her spiritual life became a bitter reality when her liberality of thought came in

conflict with the stern Calvinism of her beloved father. Then came the dramatic struggle of a romantic heart and a classical mind. Her friends lovingly called her "Clematis," a tender vine which must have a shrub against which to rest its grace. George Lewes, a brilliant journalist with a magnetic personality, became the strength to the vine. He it was who discovered George Eliot's genius and encouraged her to write a novel. Mary Ann Evans, a frail, sensitive creature from her own experiences, knew the weakness of the flesh and the triumphs of the spirit. Thus George Eliot, the novelist, occupied with the moral issues of life became a great interpreter of life—its hopes and despairs, its yearnings and disappointments, its triumphs and defeats, its joys and sorrows, its strength and its weakness.

The rural novels, "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner" are the best of George Eliot's prose works. As a poet her strength and power is best represented in "The Choir Invisible."

"George Eliot and Real Women"

GEORGE ELIOT as a novelist of human souls and especially of the souls of women is the subject of an understanding essay by Henry Van Dyke in the volume "Companionable Books." Dickens did not accept the genius of George Eliot as that of a masculine mind when the authorship of "Scenes from Clerical Life" was questioned. He noted in the work the sympathy and insight of a woman's mind. It is a woman who stands out in most of the novels of George Eliot. In her gallery of women as wife, sweetheart, daughter, or sister we see the mystery and power of love upon a

woman's inner life of thought and emotion. In "Adam Bede," one of the saddest stories in literature is Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher whose beauty of face and inner life are one; Hetty Sorrel, the sweetheart "made of roses" but "no better nor a cherry wi' a hard stone inside it"; Mrs. Poyser, the humorous motherly wife of the old farmer. The story is simple, a strong man loves the pretty face of an adventurer's sweetheart. Tragedy stalks in betrayal. To the beautiful Dinah comes the task of bringing the erring Hetty to repentance. "The Mill on the Floss" is an autobiographical novel. Its portrayal of the devotion of Maggie Tulliver for her father and brother, and her own erring love for the trivial Stephen Guest ends in the triumph of sisterly love. Dorothea Brooke in "Middlemarch," a story of middle-class lives in a country town, has been characterized as "a perfect woman, nobly planned." Romola in the great religious novel of the same name was in reality Maggie Tulliver again. Eppie, the golden-haired girl who saved Silas Marner, the miser, is considered the brightest star in the gallery.

The women of George Eliot are created with extraordinary skill, but it is upon the spiritual portraits of women who sacrificed for others that she bestowed her most loving care.

Silas Marner; The Weaver of Raveloe

"Silas Marner" is a beautiful idyll of country life in England about the year 1820. The author conceived it as a kind of legendary tale. It is in reality a poem in which Providence plays an important role. The theme of the novel has been expressed thus: "A hungry life, at first balked by adverse circum-

stances, wasting itself on something unworthy, often from pure ignorance as to where anything nobler is to be found—but after struggling, finally finding better and larger life and love.” George Eliot intended to portray “the remedial influences of pure, natural human relations.” Upon the title page of the novel the lines from Wordsworth are placed:

“A child more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining
man,
Brings hope with it, and forward
looking thoughts.”

Silas Marner was a handloom weaver of Raveloe, a village in Warwickshire. Fifteen years before the story opens he had been a respected and earnest member of a dissenting church society which met in Lantern Yard, a northern manufacturing town. From his mother he had gained a little store of wisdom about the medicinal properties of some common herbs. A close friendship existed between Silas and another church member, William Dane. For many months Silas had been contemplating marriage with a devout young woman of the same congregation, at such time as their meager mutual savings should be adequate. Then came the theft of the church money. Silas was unjustly accused. It was decided to try the case by the casting of lots according to the custom. Silas was found guilty and cast off by the church members and by the woman he loved, who later married Dane, the guilty rival. Silas left Lantern Yard with his faith in God and man completely shattered, to settle later in Raveloe.

In Raveloe Silas lived a solitary life. Working day in and day out at his loom he slowly amassed a store of gold coins. For fifteen

years he had been growing less human and more miserly. The villagers meant very little to him. His only pleasure was counting over the gold which he kept in a hole underneath the floor near his loom. Then came the night when returning from the delivery of some linen he found the gold gone. In desperation he rushed to the Rainbow Inn and told the villagers gathered there of his loss. The facts of the robbery were not known till long after. The good-for-nothing younger son of the village squire, Dunstan Cass, was the thief. Squire Cass was the greatest man in Raveloe. After the death of his wife, driven by loneliness he chose to preside in the parlor of the village tavern, the Rainbow Inn. His two sons, Godfrey and Dunstan grew up in loneliness and idleness. To the villagers Godfrey Cass was once a wholesome young man, fit candidate for the hand of Nancy Lammeter, a desirable mistress for Cass House. Of late Godfrey had been slipping. Dunstan was known throughout the shire for the sowing of wild oats. Godfrey had recently married a barmaid in a nearby town. Dunstan, knowing his brother's secret, made Godfrey pay heavily for his silence. Dunstan in need of money for gambling debts took Godfrey's horse Wildfire to sell. On the journey Wildfire was killed, and Dunstan in desperation stole Silas' gold and disappeared. Godfrey's wife after long neglect was making her way to Raveloe to announce her marriage to Squire Cass, when near the cottage of Silas the woman overcome by cold fell in the snow and died. The little child, Eppie, crawled from her arms into the weaver's cottage:

“Silas seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it

seemed as if there were gold in the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold, brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hands and grasp the restored treasure. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel; it was a sleeping child around, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head."

The child touched his heart, and with the help of a good woman, Dolly Winthrop, he brought her up, calling her "Eppie." Slowly the people of Raveloe became kinder to Silas, helping greatly in his restoration to normal life. His spirit "began to feel the freshness of the world." The little "golden head" made Silas forget the loss of his money.

Sixteen years passed. The draining of the stone pits near Marner's cottage reveals Dunstan's body and the stolen gold. Godfrey Cass had married Nancy Lammeter after the body of Eppie's mother was found in the snow. At last Godfrey was constrained to reveal Eppie's identity. Nancy, upon hearing Godfrey's story, regrets that Eppie had not been adopted by them sooner since they have no children. Presenting their case to Silas, Nancy and Godfrey offered to adopt Eppie. Silas allowed them to speak to Eppie. Holding firmly the hand of Silas, Eppie made her choice, "because he took care of me and loved me from the first." Before the marriage of Eppie and Aaron Winthrop, Silas and Eppie visit Lantern Yard. The old place had gone, no trace was

left—the eternal process of redemption was complete. In the words of the author:

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

The character of Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloe has been given a place in the gallery of the great characters of fiction. The novel, "Silas Marner," is now accepted as a classic; its appeal is universal. Many novelists have surpassed George Eliot as an artist, but in aspiration and vision she is surpassed by only the greatest of literary masters.

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:

1. "The Story of the World's Literature," Macy, Chapters 32, 35. •
2. "Silas Marner," George Eliot.

B. Program:

1. Reading:
 - a. "The Choir Invisible."
2. Discussion:
 - a. The Novel a Human Document.
3. Review:
 - a. George Eliot, Novelist.
 - b. Silas Marner.

C. Objective:

This lessons is planned to give an understanding of the art of fiction because of its significant place in the literature of today.



Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

PIONEERS IN HUMAN WELFARE

JESUS AND HUMAN WELFARE

I KNOW men," said Napoleon in exile on St. Helena, "and I tell you that Jesus Christ is no man. Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends. . . . What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extended over all the earth! Is this to die? Is it not to live?"

One of the reasons why Jesus Christ continues to intrigue our interest and to draw our love, after two thousand years, is that he manifested such profound concern for people who were handicapped by sin or physical or mental defects and that he taught principles which, wherever applied, have ameliorated their condition. Indeed, even those persons who do not believe in the godhood of Christ, accept wholeheartedly his social teachings as the highest ever advanced. In fact, these teachings, especially the spirit in which Jesus worked among those who needed his aid, constitute the basis of about all that has been done in human welfare activities since his time. It is this aspect of his teachings and practice, not the theology side, that we shall be concerned with in these lessons.

1. THE FACTS IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

JESUS was born in Bethlehem, Palestine. His mother was Mary, and his reputed father was Joseph, although he was in a special sense the Son of God. One of the Gospels (Luke's) traces his ancestry back to David, king of Israel. But, although Jesus was born in Bethlehem, he grew to manhood in Nazareth, which has been characterized as the most despised town in the most despised province in the most despised nation on earth at the time. "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" was the way in which Nathanael, unbeliever, put his objection to what Christ was doing among the people, and this was thought a sufficient "argument" against his work.

An incident related by Luke shows Jesus to have been what we call today precocious. While he was visiting Jerusalem with his parents at about the age of twelve, he was found by them talking with the wise men of the Jews, who marveled at his knowledge and wisdom — which astonished and pleased Mary and Joseph. With this single exception we know nothing of his childhood and early manhood in Nazareth. But Luke tells us in the most general terms that "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

At thirty years of age Jesus entered upon his public ministry, which lasted only three years. But not before he had prepared himself by fasting and prayer and thought.

This, it seems, was after his baptism by his cousin John, whose work had already begun. Forty days and forty nights, we are told, Jesus fasted in the wilderness, after which "he was an hungered." Then it was that the tempter came to him, to try him by appealing to the physical appetite, the love of power, and the love of personal glory.

Students of the Gospels usually divide the life of Jesus into several parts. First, the Early Judean Ministry. He began his public work in Jerusalem at a Passover. Here he drove the money changers out of the temple; talked with Nicodemus about being born again; and, on the imprisonment of John the Baptist, withdrew into Galilee. Second, the Galilean Ministry. During this time he changed his residence from Nazareth to Capernaum; chose twelve men to be apostles, of whom six were humble fishermen; uttered those incomparable sayings that we are familiar with in the Sermon on the Mount; proclaimed the approach of the Kingdom of God, and foretold his own sufferings and death; was transfigured on the mount in the presence of three of his apostles; and became so popular as to excite the hatred of the Pharisees. Thereupon he returned to Jerusalem with a popular acclaim that added fuel to the flames of that hatred. Third, the Journey to Jerusalem and his work there. During this period occurred the raising of Lazarus from the dead at Bethany; the third prediction of his death and resurrection; denunciations against the Pharisees; and the tragic events of the Last Week in Jerusalem—the arrest, the betrayal, the trial before Pilate, the Crucifixion. Last of all, comes the Period of the Resurrec-

tion, with the various appearances to the disciples, his instructions to the apostles; and the Ascension. The Mormon historian, of course, would add another period—the Ministry of Jesus among the Nephites and the revelations of him to Joseph Smith.

Meantime, it should be said, two things ought to be noted in the Jewish ministry of Christ. First, Jesus grew in the favor of the masses from the time of his first sermon in the synagogue at Capernaum till he entered Jerusalem; but, as he became more and more popular, he drew down upon him increasingly the wrath of the Pharisees, who were determined, if possible, to destroy both him and his influence with the people. The cause of this popularity is not far to seek. To begin with, he knew more of God and of his life than the Jewish teachers generally. Then, with this knowledge as opposed to their book-learning, went the idea that he spoke with authority. But more perhaps than either of these was the feeling in the multitudes who followed him that here was a man who loved them. There was a secret something in him that easily and quickly won their hearts. Second, as one goes over the details of the life of Jesus, one gets a clearer conception, as one reads, of his mission as the Savior of the world. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Jesus himself had to lead the thought, not only of the disciples generally, but of his apostles, from vagueness to clarity. At first they had the mistaken notion that he was to deliver the Jews from the Roman yoke, whereas he had come to deliver them, and all men, if they would, from the bondage of sin and ignorance and the ills of both the flesh and the spirit.

2. SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN CHRIST'S TIME

SOCIAL problems are at heart moral problems. When we raise the price of food because we can, not because it is necessary; when we take too much of the earnings of labor to the hurt of the worker because we have the upper hand; when we force poor people to live in slum districts where filth and ignorance and crime breed and fester; when we allow children to grow up undernourished and untaught—we are committing a moral as well as a social wrong. In the Old Testament, therefore, the word "righteousness" properly covers what we today understand by the words, "ethics," "morals," and "justice." And so, when the major prophets, and some of the minor prophets as well, attempted to sere into the very souls of the people, especially of the leaders, the idea that God demanded righteousness, we have no difficulty in understanding the social implications of the sentence.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord," cries Micah, "and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And Isaiah says, "Seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

Undoubtedly, as Rauschenbush points out,* the "sympathy of the

**Christianity and the Social Crisis*, Chapter I.

prophets, even the most aristocratic of them, was entirely with the poorer classes." Both Isaiah and Micah inveighed against "joining house to house and field to field," by which they meant the land-hunger of the wealthy; Amos condemned those capitalists who "sold the righteous and the needy for a pair of shoes;" and others warned the judges in Israel against having one measure for the poor and another for the rich.

But not only was the sympathy of the prophets with the poor; the law was made largely to protect the poor against the oppression of the rich. Every seven years the fields were to lie fallow, and whatever grew on them belonged to all, like our berries on the hills and in the forests. The owners of grain fields and vineyards were cautioned against too careful harvesting of corners, so that the poor might profitably glean. A hungry man, passing a field, was at liberty to help himself—not as a privilege, but as a right. Moreover, the laborer must be paid at sundown. The Sabbath was in reality a labor law. "that thine ox and thine ass, and the son of thine handmaid, and the sojourner may be refreshed." No slave could be held forever, and when he became free he was to be loaded with gifts that he might get a fresh start in life. Thus in ancient Israel "the manhood of the poor was more sacred than the property of the rich."

And so, we repeat, social problems are moral problems, only on a large scale. It was on this excellent foundation that Jesus built his greater social structure.

3. SOCIAL TEACHINGS OF JESUS

AS the social standards of the Israelites before Christ were higher than those held by contem-

porary nations, so the social standards set up by Jesus were immeasurably above those of both the prophets and the law.

First of all, his estimate of human worth, on which all social theory and practice must ultimately rest, was far above that of his predecessors. The prophets and the law, as we have just seen, leveled at all oppression of the poor, partly, it would appear, through compassion. Jesus put the matter on higher ground. *The soul of the poor man was as precious as the soul of the rich man.* As a matter of fact, he did not distinguish between individuals, when it came to measuring personal values in and of themselves. Here is the classical statement of the case: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" With this idea of the inestimable value of human souls, Jesus sent his apostles "to all the world" to preach the gospel to "every creature." It was probably with this idea in mind, too, that he rebuked one of the apostles for trying to keep little children away from him, instead of encouraging them, on the ground that they "were of the kingdom of heaven."

Furthermore, Jesus looked upon every individual as consisting of a soul, or spirit, and a physical body, both of which needed to be taken care of. The spirit was more important, because it was eternal and, therefore, could not be destroyed, like the body. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." And this dual being was enjoined to be "perfect," even as God is perfect.

And then, secondly, Jesus contemplated a new order of society, which he often spoke of as the King-

dom of Heaven. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as in heaven." There is no evidence to show that, by this phrase, he meant a political government, certainly not that the kingdom of heaven is something within us. The Jews of his time were looking forward to the establishment of a Messiahship, and Christ accepted this idea, with modifications, as the basis of his idea of the new social order. It was to be an order in which the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man should be the ruling principle.

It goes without saying that this new social order contemplated marriage and the home. "They twain shall be one flesh"—this sentence represents the union of husband and wife in *natural* bonds, bonds of mutual love and purpose. And Jesus, contrary to the practice of not only the dissolute Romans of his time, but of his own people as well, was inflexibly opposed to divorce, except in recognition of an already broken union. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Also in the new order children, as in Jewish tradition, would be "the heritage of the Lord," and he who had his "quiver full" should be "happy," because he would not be "ashamed."

It would not be an exaggeration to say that the groundwork of Christ's social teachings is laid in this passage:

"A certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

"He said unto him, What is written in the law? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast answered right: This do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself,

said unto Jesus. And who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering said—

“A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jerico, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

“Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.” (Luke 10:25-37)

From the beginning there have been Christians who have thought that praying and reading psalms would save them, just as there are persons who would have us believe that waving a flag is the height of national patriotism. To such, apparently, these words were addressed by Jesus:

“When the Son of man shall come in his glory, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

“Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

“Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hun-

gered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

“And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” (Matthew 25:31-40)

But Jesus did more than teach. He practiced his own doctrines—that is, he helped those who were in need as occasion presented itself. To be sure, much of the help he gave is beyond what any mere mortal can do, for he performed many miracles in behalf of those whom he aided. It is the spirit, however, in which he worked among the poor that is valuable to his followers generally. His sympathy for the helpless went far beyond anything to be found in the men of the Old Testament.

He built up the self-respect of the poor, for one thing, by noticing them and then ministering to their needs, while at the same time he either ignored or rebuked those who were in the habit of receiving attention. If, as he said, “the poor ye have always with you,” yet he gave as a sign of his Messiahship the fact that “the poor have the gospel preached unto them.” Every reader of the Gospels knows of his sympathy with the woman who put an insignificant sum of money into the contribution chest. “This poor widow,” he said to his apostles, whom he called specially to him for the purpose, “hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.”

He gave succor to the physically handicapped. On one occasion “two blind men followed him, crying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on

us. Then he touched their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you! And their eyes were opened." (Matthew 9:27-31) St. Mark has this about the healing of a deaf man, who had also a defective tongue: "They bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit and touched his tongue; and straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain." (Mark 7:31-36) In Mark, too, (2:1-12) we have a case of palsy healed, which is too long to be quoted here. Luke tells us (17:11-19) that as Jesus went to Jerusalem "ten men that were lepers lifted up their voices and said, Master, have mercy on us. And he said, Go, shew yourselves unto the priests. And as they went, they were cleansed."

Here, considerably abridged, is a case of what we of today would call insanity, but termed by Mark "possession." (5:1-20) When Jesus "came out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who night and day was in the mountains, crying and cutting himself with stones. Jesus said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit. And the unclean spirits (for their name was Legion) went out, and entered into the swine. And they that fed the swine came to Jesus, and they saw him that was possessed

with the devil, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind."

Perhaps it should be repeated that the purpose in giving these miraculous healings is to show the universal sympathy of Jesus for the poor and the physically and mentally handicapped.

Jesus also indicated the attitude that should be taken toward the sinner. This is shown in such well-known parables as "The Lost Sheep," "The Lost Penny," and "The Prodigal Son." It is further manifested in his words to the woman taken in sin: "Neither do I accuse thee; go thy way and sin no more." He had no words of harshness, but only of compassion, for the sinner. To go out and find those who had broken the moral and social law—this was an obligation which he placed on his followers everywhere.

Suggestions for Discussion

From the four Gospels and Christ's ministry to the Nephites (Third Nephi, in the *Book of Mormon*) select the social teachings of Jesus. Every member of the class should read at least one of these references. In what ways could the Good Samaritan have been a good neighbor other than by binding the wounds and providing physically for the traveler? What traits of character did Jesus manifest in his relations with his fellow men? Name persons in history who have shown similar traits in their service to mankind.



Mission Lessons

HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

LESSON I—HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

"Today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope."—*From the Sanskrit.*

HEALTH is necessary to happiness, now, and in the future. Great contributions have been made in recent years by science to safeguard Public Health. Annual physical examinations of adults and health examinations of school children have contributed much to the happiness of the world.

We cannot say any longer that "My boy, John, is thin like Grandfather, and that Mary's cough is chronic just like Aunt Nell's." In these days we must know why John is underweight and do something about it. Perhaps Aunt Nell died of Lung Fever, now known to be Tuberculosis.

We must no longer take things for granted—there is a reason why one child has repeated attacks of sore throat and another snores badly and sleeps with his mouth open. The Doctor can tell us why he is subject to sore throat! And what we should do about it. In like manner the causes of earache, bad posture, and frequent colds, may be discovered and proper treatment given. It may be possible in the light of modern medical science to find even the cause of Grandpa's rheumatism.

In olden times, many people believed that disease was caused by bad spirits and witches, and they were more interested in who caused the illness than in any method of correction. Our ancestors carried charms to ward off disease. We remember the Asafœtida bags hung from the children's necks. The Chinese build walls to keep bad

spirits away and the Blacks of Africa still depend upon witch doctors.

Modern science can teach us what to do if we would be well and happy. We must substitute knowledge for superstition. Prevention is greater than cure, and right living, cleanliness and sanitation are the true bulwarks against disease. "To cure is the voice of the past, to prevent, the divine whisper of today."

Had we lived in the Fourteenth Century our expectancy of life would have been but twenty years. The average length of life was so short, that as late as the time of Napoleon it was only thirty-five years. Today, life expectancy has been increased to nearly sixty years, and our children may still enjoy a further increase. It is not that adults take better care of themselves now than in olden times, that the span of life has been so extended, but rather the fact that more babies are saved at birth and children better safeguarded in infancy.

Science and medical education have not only lengthened the number of years of life for the vast majority of human beings, but have also taken away the fear of pain and many of the discomforts and handicaps of disease. The crippled child now has a chance, and the blind are made to see and the lame to walk.

The first human beings were deeply concerned with their health; the history of medicine forms an interesting chapter in the story of the world's progress. Moses gave the

Children of Israel some very definite rules governing the sick and those, "Thou shalt nots," form an excellent guide to health and sanitation today. Jesus, the divine healer, spent much time blessing and "healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."

The ancient Egyptian priests were very proficient in the care of the sick and taught the Jews what they knew of Hygiene.

The Greeks were outstanding among ancient people, for their knowledge of the care of the human body. They developed some trained physicians and surgeons, who taught not only the benefits to health, which come from a strong body, but also that health is the royal road to beauty.

The Romans established baths at most of the Thermal Springs in Europe to promote health and cleanliness. The remains of these healing stations still exist. Surgical and dental instruments have been found among the ruins of Pompeii rather similar to some which are being used in many hospitals today.

Ancient Italy gave us great Anatomists whose descriptions of the structure of the human body are outstanding.

France contributed the great Pasteur, who taught that disease is caused by small organisms, too small to be seen by the unaided eye. From him came the Pasturization, or gentle heating of milk, to kill these organisms. And thus the lives of millions of babies have been saved.

England gave us Lord Lister, called the father of surgery, because he was the first to apply the methods of sterilization, which methods have made modern surgery possible. In like manner each of the countries of

Europe has made its special contribution to health and hygiene.

Medicine has advanced more in the last fifty years than in all the previous centuries of the life of civilized man, and the world is fast becoming a safer, freer, and happier place to live in.

Smallpox, which once was a most dreaded disease, claiming the lives of great numbers of people—even many Kings and Queens of Europe—now is almost a thing of the past.

The Plague, which many times swept over Europe and Asia, killed millions of people. The death cart was once heard in the streets of all the great cities, with the cry of, "bring out your dead." Now Cholera is limited to only a few cases in the largest of the port cities of India and China.

Before the light of modern science, Yellow Fever, Typhoid, Malaria, and many other diseases have almost disappeared. Today we are protected by many health agencies. Since the World War, an international health organization exists, and assists health officers with local problems. We have organizations for the prevention of Tuberculosis and the study of Cancer; we have our great hospitals and infirmaries, well-trained doctors and sympathetic and intelligent nurses. At no time in the history of the world have disease and death had so many enemies.

As individuals, we each have our contribution to make to this great epoch of progress. Our environment is such that we cannot live for ourselves alone—we must inform ourselves about the rules of health and sanitation—we must report diseases to the proper source and we must have the physical defects of our children corrected—we must

give more intelligent care to our sick at home and learn when to call the doctor. Early diagnosis may save life, and frequent examinations are imperative.

A mere increase in knowledge is not enough to safeguard health and prevent disease. The knowledge must be interpreted, accepted, and practised by the people. Steering our ship of health for the right port, requires that we chart our course thoughtfully. Health is a matter of knowledge, plus discipline. We must know what to do, and then do it.

It has been found that mental progress and physical fitness tend to go together—children who rank high mentally are, in general, enjoying excellent health. When a person is in good health, his whole body is in fine working order. He feels full of life and vigor, and radiates cheer-

fulness. A man's ability to accept life's reverses depends largely upon his state of health.

Health is a greater boon than wealth, and happiness depends primarily upon it. As John Galsworthy wrote, "Substitute health and happiness for wealth, as a world ideal, and translate that new ideal into action by education from babyhood up."

The intelligent cooperation of the public is the all-powerful weapon against disease. The common things in life are the things that are often the least understood. For the purpose of a better understanding of some of the common enemies of health and as a reminder of facts which may have been forgotten, these necessarily brief and elementary lessons on health and home nursing follow.

To A New Born Babe

By Elzada C. Brinkerhoff

Little one who lies within my arms,
 Dear little gift of holy love,
 Within your tiny hands my heart
 You hold, O break it not, my love.

Your downy hair seems softer far
 Than sheerest fabrics spun
 On fairy looms with threads of light
 From stars, from moon, or midnight sun.

Your two dark eyes, your questing mouth
 Awake within my mother heart
 A quiv'ring ecstasy of awe
 To think your life from mine did start.

O how bereft my heart would be,
 How bitter years would seem to me
 If baby's eyes no more I'd see—
 God grant you long may stay with me.

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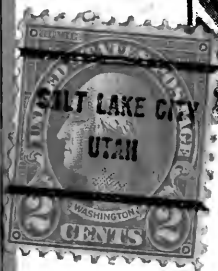
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Camping Out

By Martha Jones Barnes

It was summer in the mountains,
The sun withdrew her beams ;
And the goddess of the night-time
Had prepared her happy dreams.

The lone way down to the river
Gave no hint of light or gleam
Save the faint reflected star-light
As it danced upon the stream.

Graceful birches stood in silence,
All the woodland harps were still,
Not a sound except the water
As it tumbled down the hill.

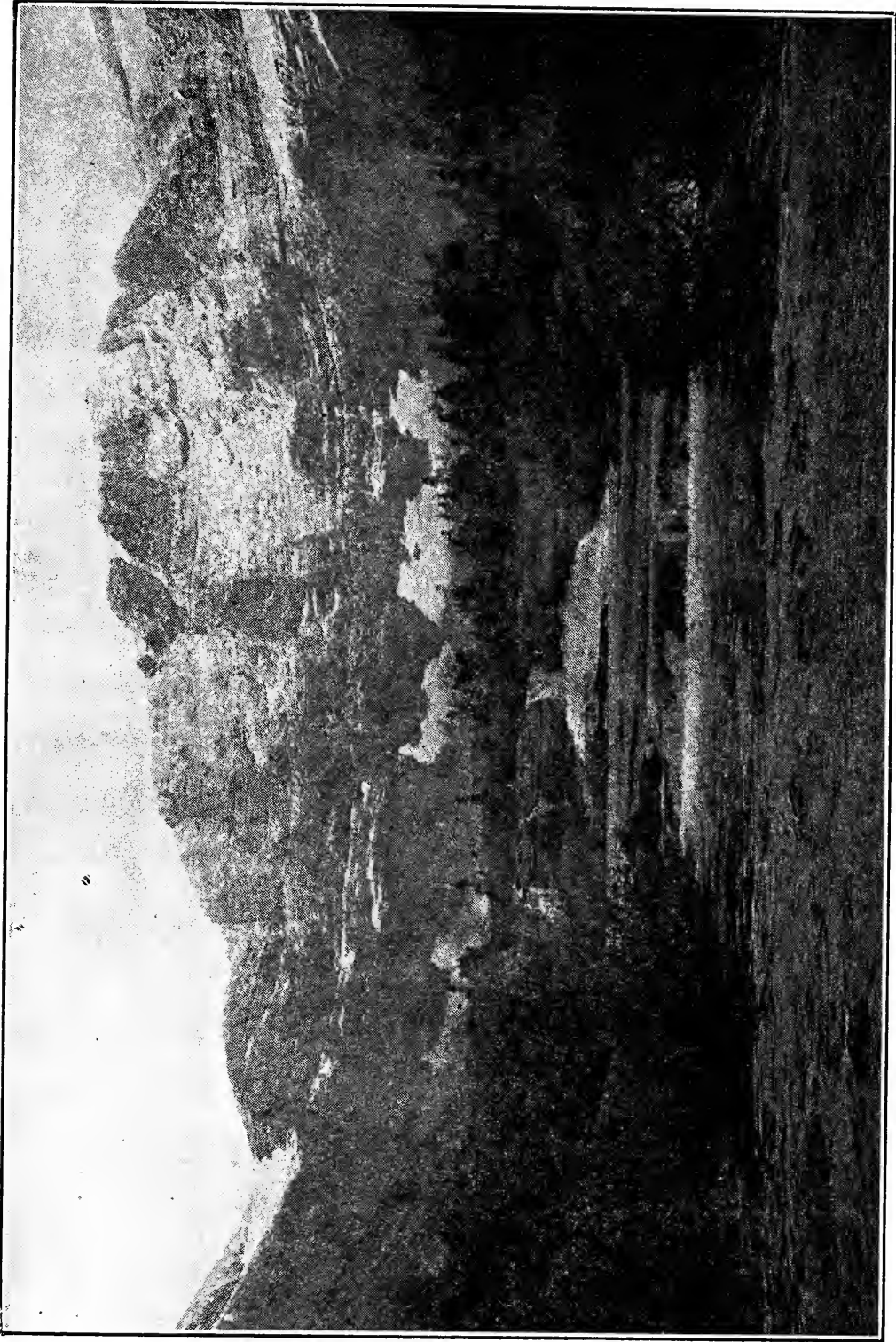
And the wood upon the campfire
Had now ceased to flare and crack,
While the sky above the hill-tops
Had been changed from blue to black.

Over head bespangled blackness
With its silver and its gold
Seemed to radiate desires
Deepest myst'ries to unfold.

And from out there in the bigness
A something seemed to fall
That is lacking from the pulpit
Or the confines of church wall.

I would say it's not the going
Or the doubtful mess of trout
That attracts the eager fisher
With the lure for camping out.

It is not the lack of comforts
Or the fry pan greased and black.
It's the cry of mother nature
As she calls her children back.



HELEN CASCADES, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
Photo by Fred H. Kiser

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Citizenship—Responsibilities and Privileges

By Annie Wells Cannon

CITIZENSHIP is a challenge. It is a gift of the nation to its sons and daughters. Citizenship is not a natural gift, with which one is born, neither is it acquired with labor or purchased with wealth. To the native-born it comes automatically at the age of 21. To the foreign-born it is granted by expressed request after a set period of residence in this country and some knowledge of constitutional government on the part of the individual.

The status of citizenship demands more than just to be a law abiding citizen, it demands participation in public affairs. It is intelligent citizenship that proves patriotism. True, many people have rendered fine service in building community life without the privilege of the franchise, as was notably the case with the women of the nation who notwithstanding ability, loyalty and education were barred from political freedom on account of sex until 1920.

The passage of the 19th or Susan B. Anthony Amendment was indeed a challenge to the women of the United States. This challenge has been generally accepted with understanding and gratitude. Many schools and clubs have been established in order to gain correct knowl-

edge of government, to study political science and become intelligent voters.

The responsibilities of citizenship are many, and they are grave. The good citizen accepts this fact, for thereby the best of life's privileges and its truest rewards are obtained.

IN St. Paul's Cathedral, above the monument of Sir Christopher Wren, who rebuilt London after the great fire of 1666, is inscribed this legend: "If you would see his monument, look around you." This legend may be any man's or woman's whose keen sense for honest endeavor in community welfare makes one public spirited. Scarcely a community, however small, but points with pride to the name of at least one person whose service has been outstanding in promoting some activity for the benefit of the people. As the great composer, Richard Wagner in choosing his home city, Bayreuth, in which to build his theatre and demonstrate to the world the beauty of music-drama, made that city the mecca for all music lovers, so have countless others made small and large communities famous through civic loyalty.

There is a mountain valley town in Utah, where on a public square

has been erected a monument to its first school teacher, a pioneer mother, Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond—whose services were such that she could never be forgotten.

Springville, a town set like a gem in the heart of the Wasatch mountains, has become widely known as an art center because its inhabitants have unitedly fostered and encouraged an artistic atmosphere. This town supports an art gallery and holds annual exhibits to which come hundreds of visitors and always do the town people point with pride to the pictures of their native sons and daughters whose works have become well-known. There may be seen choice pictures of Hafen, Harwood, Evans and others while in the city park are statues and fountains designed by no less an artist than Cyrus E. Dallin. As one passes along the way the home of J. J. McClellan, organist and composer, or Hannah Cornaby, poet, or others of note may be pointed out, each one a talented contributor and loyal citizen. It is due to the public spirited citizens of this town that her gifted children are remembered and the cultural, artistic and healthful beauty of the place maintained.

One might enumerate examples indefinitely to prove that happiness and success are obtained by entering the game of building up, not holding aloof or tearing down. Real thrills come through accomplishment.

THE home, that institution out of which has grown the deepest and longest experience of the human race is no longer an isolated and independent estate, even in pioneer lands. There are no more frontiers, because of modern communication and invention. Then, too, suffrage economic conditions, and educational privileges have so altered and broadened man's perspective that it

has become imperative for one to have relation to, and interest in community life. There is, therefore, an almost mandatory need for cooperation to obtain the best results in the "art of living."

Today we belong to a family group, to a city or township, to a state or nation. The city or township has most to do with our health and education, the state makes the laws for our security, the nation safeguards our liberties and regulates our larger activities. In consideration of these facts a certain degree of political education is necessary to maintain proper rule and order by the people and the ballot is the power of control.

IT is inherent in every Latter-day Saint to honor and respect authority both of the Church and of the government. This people have always been taught that the Constitution of the United States is a divinely inspired instrument. The 12th article of their faith is, "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law," or in other words we believe in being loyal citizens.

By the use of the ballot one has the power to express a choice, not only for the officers that are to govern but for the form of government one may prefer. The franchise is the voice of the people and when one fails to use that power he denies himself an inalienable right. The good citizen not only recognizes the duties and obligations of the franchise but appreciates its advantages and privileges, while the indifferent citizen may lose opportunities and frequently incurs unnecessary expense and embarrassment. This was the case of the man who lived a number of years in this country and had a family of children, before

taking out his citizenship papers. One day a census enumerator came to the door and in obtaining dates and figures discovered there were four members of the family who were over 21 years of age at the time the father became a citizen and never looking into the matter themselves, these children just assumed they were legal voters, also one of them held an elective office. When this was made known it became necessary for all four of these children to take out naturalization papers and of course the one in office was forced to retire. In this case there may have been the excuse of not understanding, but that was not so in the case of another man of foreign birth who felt he preferred the English government and refused to become naturalized. He was a prominent business man and married an American girl, who through that marriage lost her citizenship, until the Equal Rights party was instrumental within recent years to change the law. This man became a stockholder in a large business corporation and was ambitious to be one of the directors. It happened that one requirement for directorship was citizenship. Then he was greatly embarrassed, as were his children, to discover that they, too, though native born and recipients of free education in the schools, had not the right to vote. Many citizens are also careless about their registration. They let the days, set by the officers when the books are open to check on themselves, pass by, thinking, of course, "I can vote, I always do," but do they? There have been many instances when a vote has been challenged because the name has been left off the list. A very active political worker had that experience. She was ill on one election day and did not vote. In making up the lists the following year her name was left

off. Had she inquired on registration day, everything would have been all right, but she had forgotten. Her vote was challenged. There was nothing she could do.

Frequently there is dissatisfaction and complaint after the party tickets are in the field. A fact which need not obtain if all citizens would realize that the Primary affords every one a choice of delegates to the convention where the candidates are named and the ticket formed. It is a salient fact, that far too often the Primary—the people's own meeting, is left in the hands of the local politician, who knows his opportunity and controls the group; consequently his delegates are at the convention, the election follows. The ticket may not be the most desirable but if not the dissatisfied parties lost their chance when they failed to attend the Primary.

TO many people public affairs, especially public office, is distasteful. At the same time a certain knowledge of the laws and ordinances is a necessity in order to carry on any kind of business or conduct one's individual affairs.

The very air we breathe, the water we drink, the milk and other food necessities, the care of waste material, and all those things pertaining to the health and safety of family and community life are more or less regulated through law and order; the more the better, the less, the more disastrous.

To see that these things are properly regulated are some of the privileges of citizenship and numerous others pertaining to the culture, beauty and pleasure of the community are within reach where citizens are aware, awake, and cooperative.

Many farms, houses, villages or towns lie where smoke or particles

from smelters or factories so poison the air that even vegetation dies. How dangerous, therefore, to the delicate organs of the human system. Water, the most vital thing in a community, is sometimes full of impurities, often wasted, and occasionally the subject of dispute, even to a point of tragedy. Milk and other food supplies unless properly inspected and cared for may be a source of epidemic or death instead of sustenance and appetizing pleasure and so on, through a list of many and varied life-giving sources, the good citizen with vision and desire for public welfare averts disaster, remedies evil, and attains the best possible conditions for himself and others.

The church is always a help in community life, because the spark of divinity which gives one faith helps to perfection in result.

The Latter-day Saint communities which are notable for the rapidity of growth and acquisition of many privileges, center almost entirely around the Church which is the motivating power both without

and within and as a people one finds cooperation and enthusiasm in forwarding all the advantages and privileges of community life.

IT is a most fortunate community whose citizens seek to obtain health, education, beauty, and protection for its inhabitants; whose citizens are aware of, and care for the natural resources and study to obtain good schools, public libraries, social centers, build good roads, plant trees and gardens, have parks, public amusements and see that they are properly supervised and at the same time are aware of dangers by neglect or difficulties that may confront them. Such a community would be an Arcadia. It is not impossible, and is worth the effort. Even an approach to such a condition might be a good experiment. The person, aware of opportunities, and mindful of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship and willing to serve for the common good is the true patriot. Of such a one it may well be said, "Look around and behold his monument."

I Heard a Robin

By Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

I heard a robin singing in an apple tree today,
 Just when the sun was sending forth its first rose-tinted ray;
 The honey-suckle blossom threw its scent upon the air;
 All Nature seemed to join with him to banish earthly care.
 His song of cheer, cheer-up, cheer-up was music, oh so sweet;
 I wish you could have heard him, in that quiet spring retreat.
 He may have little trials just as human beings do,
 But he sings thru all his troubles, whether skies are gray or blue;

I heard a robin singing when the sun was in the West;
 All day he'd labored for his mate and birdlings on the nest;
 I thought if he could be so happy then why should not I
 Although the sky is cloudy, 'twill be clearer by and by.
 I sang a song, look up, look up, the sky is just as blue
 Behind those clouds of darkness, and the word is just as true
 As when 'twas spoken long ago, "He careth for his own."
 "I never will forsake thee, no, nor leave thee all alone."

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

I

EVERYTHING about the Haven farms represented permanency and stability. Between the rock fences, built by the first pioneering forebear, to the taut, barbed wire ones erected by the present owner and his two sons, there stretched wide acres of fertile, well tilled land. The weathercock on the painted barn seemed to proclaim to the world that Richard Haven was carrying on for posterity. The rock house was thick walled, substantial. Richard Haven and his father before him, and the sons he was rearing, were lovers of the soil, and strove for perfection in its fertility. The cellar was well provisioned; the panic of '93 had made little apparent effect upon their prosperity. It had become a village commonplace for one neighbor to say to another, "That is almost as well done as if Richard Haven had done it."

On an afternoon in April in '98 Richard Haven stopped his work earlier than usual and turned homeward. Already the fall wheat was beautifully green with promise; the potatoes were all planted, the new lambs were in a sheltered pasture, and the whole farm seemed blossoming. But the pastoral peace of his possessions did not strike an answering chord in the soul of Richard Haven. True, Richard, the firstborn, and Oliver, the second son, had finished proving up on their adjoining homesteads, which meant many additional acres of good land. They were dependable, dutiful sons, but clouds of war were hovering

over the nation. Surely the President could not tolerate the depredations of the Spaniards upon the long suffering Cubans much longer. In the name of humanity, the American nation would have to rise to the defense of the weak; Utah would respond; the Haven boys would respond; and Father Haven would be the first to urge their enlistment. Still, the outcome of any war service is problematical and Richard Haven, alone on his front porch, struggled within his own soul over the conflict of loyalty and paternal love.

As he sat thus, Oliver came driving the fine herd of registered dairy cows up from the pasture. Esther, the foster daughter whom they had reared from infancy, went out to open the gate for him. What a wonderful girl she was! Even now her jellies rivaled mother's; her bread was the talk of the village. In a pinch she could milk or harness the horses to the surrey. And Richard Haven had no doubt that when the county fairs got organized Esther's quilts would take all prizes. Truly she had been as a daughter in the family. If war came and both sons could be spared to return, and one of them would marry Esther, life would indeed be kind to the Havens!

Presently Richard came in from the field, driving the plow team. Heavy purebred Clydesdales that they were, they recognized their master in this sturdy, erect young Haven scion. Richard's dark hair lay in wet curls on his forehead, his olive skin glowed with the pleasure of a day full of honest toil. When

the milking and the separating were over, he would eat a bountiful supper with his parents, his brother Oliver and the foster sister Esther; then he would retire to a long night of well earned, restful slumber, undisturbed by the clouds of monarchical abuse which were devastating the little island in the Atlantic. If he dreamed at all, it would be of the fair haired, youthfully beautiful Kareen who lived with her guardian in the last house in the village. Funny people, Richard thought as he fed and bedded the horses and turned toward the house; so different from the other villagers. Too much money to begin with and not enough to do. *Duenna*, as they all called her, ought to make Kareen learn to work, as Esther did, instead of running unrestrained over the village, trying to play on other people's organs and pianos. If they had so much money why didn't they get her a musical instrument of her own? But she was beautiful, and young, and could be taught!

At the supper table Mrs. Haven produced the day's mail, as was the usual custom. Headlines of the paper blazed that *War was declared!* The President had called for volunteers! Richard Haven glanced from his wife to Richard; from Richard to Oliver. Mental telepathy flashed from the four Havens to each other. Words were unnecessary. Only Esther, the fondling, turned pale with fright and dropped her fork clattering onto her plate.

"I'm glad the crops are all in," Oliver spoke in calm, even tones, befitting the dignity of his family.

"We'll be back for harvest," added Richard, "and the ditches and levees are ready for irrigating. "I believe you can run the farm alone 'till we're back, father. It won't

take very long to whip those Spaniards."

"I will take your places!" cried Esther, glad for the chance to find relief in words. "I know how to turn the water over the fields, and I can milk. It'll take all my time, and I guess I'll just put my quilts away till you're back." She gulped and fought for self control. As Kareen found joy in singing and improvising melodies on borrowed organs, so Esther lived for the joy of watching quilts take form under her skillful needle.

"There, there, Esther child," soothed Mrs. Haven, "we'll manage somehow. How did you get along at Kareen's house this afternoon?" Mrs. Haven's face showed no sign of wartime emotion.

"I went down to Kareen's house to trade quilt pieces," replied Esther. "Leastwise, I thought I might be able to. I need some bright red to finish my 'Wild Rose quilt,' and I thought perhaps they might have some they would trade for the extra blue I have. I hadn't ever been in their house before, and I guess I won't be going again soon. Mrs. *Duenna* said—"

"The word *duenna* means 'guardian for a young girl,'" explained Mr. Haven. "It is not her true name. But she is honest and law abiding with us and is a true convert to the faith. There is none in the village who pays a prompter tithing. We must respect her secrecy."

"Well," added Esther, "Mrs. *Duenna* said that people of Kareen's rank did not stoop to quilt making. That it was a peasant occupation. She kept me standing. When I started to sit down she said, 'wait until Kareen tells you you may sit,' so I started home," added Esther with a touch of self sympathy, "bringing my blue quilt blocks with

me. When I got down by that big clump of wild roses which border the land, Kareen jumped out at me, a roll of red silk in her hand. It was the most beautiful red I had ever seen. All new, whole cloth! Kareen said, 'Esther, I'll give you all of this, if you'll let me come to your folks house every day and play that wonderful piano in your parlor! And you mustn't tell her,' pointing her hand back toward their house. 'She won't let me play or sing; and if I can't do both I'd just as soon die right now.'

"Poor child," muttered Mrs. Haven, "she is welcome to come and practice, for the piano merely stands idle. Kareen has a wonderful voice. I heard her singing out in the pasture the other day."

"*You must not deceive,*" Richard Haven spoke sternly. "If Kareen practices on our piano, it will be with the consent and knowledge of her guardian. You return the silk cloth to her in the morning." On the trivial matter of two yards of silk cloth, Richard Haven had spoken more fully than over the declaration of war.

"I'll bring you some quilt cloth from Cuba, Esther," whispered Oliver, and Richard Haven junior spoke with a vehemence that disturbed his mother.

"And I'll bring Kareen something to play on! I can't bring a piano or an organ, but I'll get her a mouth organ, or a jews harp, or a violin, or even maybe one of those native made, funny looking things, they call 'sweet potatoes'! I don't know who her parents are, or why that lady brought her here, but I do know the girl isn't to blame. If it's a sin for her to make music, it's a shame to keep her doing nothing!"

"She wants to come to choir practice, but she can't," added Esther.

"If it's a sin for her to make music," repeated Richard Junior, "they ought to teach her to do worthwhile things, like cooking and sewing and preserving. Idle hands won't do her no good."

THE next day the "trotting mare" was harnessed to the surrey and the entire family drove to town where the sons enlisted as volunteers for "the duration of the war." The little county seat was crowded with excited men. They drew together in little groups, their faces grave and anxious. The Monroe Doctrine had been violated. The down trodden little island of Cuba was not unlike the thirteen original colonies that had fought for independence from mother England. There were broken wisps of talk about a man from New York named Roosevelt who was determined to get into the fray. He was gathering sturdy, hardened men from all over the union to join his company.

"Seems to me," Richard Haven's quiet voice always had a respectful audience, "that our government's woolen uniforms will be plenty warm for our boys in that island. It's warmer there than here."

Mother Haven shopped to conceal her real feelings. It was no use wasting an opportunity when once you got to town. A hardware store displayed new brushes for cleaning the stubborn disks of the separator. At the sight of them Esther's eyes brightened. Mrs. Haven also purchased new brooder pans for the incubator. "We'd best be hatching lots of eggs, Esther child," she added, "there'll be good markets for all farm produce this year."

Their errands over, the Haven family turned homeward. Even if the sons were subject to war call, cows must be milked and horses fed.

As the surrey stopped in the backyard, the sound of music floated to their ears. Unmistakably the music was coming from the Haven piano!

"Whoa," cried Richard in stentorian tones. Immediately the music stopped. From the low porch window there literally tumbled the disheveled form of a young girl, clad in finer clothes than Esther had ever owned, her head crowned with a wealth of flowing curls. Without stopping to explain her presence she ran swiftly toward the side gate, and on to the main road.

THAT night Oliver lingered on the back porch and turned the separator for Esther. "Esther," he said diffidently, "I ain't much for love making or fancy speeches. But before I go to this war, I want you to know I'll be hoping to marry you when I get back."

"I'll be hoping to marry you too, Oliver," whispered Esther in return. "I'll do the best I can to care for the farm. I got thirteen quilts now, so if I don't get to make more while you're gone, they'll start us out."

"I brought you some red stuff," added Oliver. "Don't know whether

it is as good as that Kareen offered you, but it's red."

TWO weeks later the news of Dewey's victory at Manilla swept over the nation, and immediately the volunteers were called for service. There was a farewell party in the school house with patriotic speeches and songs; laughter and tears. Oliver kissed Esther at the station, while the eyes of Richard Haven roamed expectantly over the little audience of kindly neighbors and friends. As the train pulled in, his vigilance was rewarded. Down the road came a wild whirl of color, crowned by yellow curls; and the impetuous Kareen dashed into the little group, breathless and star-eyes.

"Duenna wouldn't let me come to the farewell, cause there was music," she cried, "but I ran away!"

Without more explanation she sprang upon a pile of wool sacks on the platform and sang in clear ringing notes:

"Dewy was the morning,
Dewy was the day,
Dewy was the admiral
Upon that day in May!"

(To be continued)

A Camp After a Storm

By Weston N. Nordgren

The campfire gleams—
A dull red glow
Reflects the sighing breeze.
A whiff of cedar wood-smoke comes
Assailing our nostrils—
A smell of rain hangs from the trees.

The clouds have passed—
The brilliant moon,
In silvered vapor tresses,
Hangs amid the stars—
A beauteous queen
As everything she blesses!

The earth, new-soaked
With pure and cleansing rain;
The smell of ozone in the atmosphere;
The tautened canvas of the tent;
The smoke from sodden ashes;
The leafy mold, so brown and sere.

And Nature rules—
Our God of Love is nigh;
Rise up, ye civilized one!
O'ercome temptations of the flesh!
In yonder canyon dawns the rosy morn,
New life awakens, and the day's begun!

Joseph Smith

By James L. Barker

IV

How does the Roman Catholic Church today regard the use of force to compel the acceptance of doctrine?

Though free agency was recognized as God-given, its exercise was forbidden and an attempt made by force to nullify it.

But what of the Catholic Church today? Does the Church today condemn, condone, or does it defend this attempt? Let the following answer:

"It was a very heavy burden of responsibility—almost too heavy for a common mortal—which fell upon the shoulders of an inquisitor, who was obliged, at least indirectly, to decide between life and death. The Church was bound to insist that he should possess, in a pre-eminent degree, the qualities of a good judge; that he should be animated with a glowing zeal for the faith, the salvation of souls, and the extirpation of heresy; that amid all difficulties and dangers he should never yield to anger or passion; that he should meet hostility fearlessly, but should not court it; that, when circumstances permitted, he should observe mercy in allotting penalties; that he should listen to the counsel of others, and not trust too much to his own opinion or to appearances, since often the probable is untrue, and the truth improbable. . . History shows us how far the inquisitors answered to this ideal. Far from being inhuman, they were as a rule men of spotless character and sometimes of truly admirable sanctity, and not a

few of them have been canonized by the church."⁵⁸

We forget the men who died for conscience sake in our deep sympathy and undying admiration for the inquisitors, not a few of whom "have been canonized by the church."

However, in as far as it was successful in the attainment of its official purpose, the inquisition "nullified free will" and tended to destroy the very foundation of all true ethical and religious life. If the practice of voting approval of the bishops, etc., and of voting approval of important pronouncements, had still been in vogue, such bulls would have been impossible. The people would not have voted their own burning for the "crime" of a conscientious difference of opinion. The Church would have excluded "heretics" from its membership, but there the matter would have ended.

"Popular participation in doctrinal definitions" is not necessary to "prevent officials from 'compelling' the consciences of the people." In the L. D. S. Church today, the people are not asked to "define" doctrine, and they never have been; and in the historical Catholic Church had they been asked to approve doctrine as in the L. D. S. Church today and their right to approve or disapprove—to accept or reject—doctrines and officials had been recognized, there would have been no "compelling of the human conscience." And I repeat: "Whatever machinery the Primitive Church pos-

⁵⁸The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. VIII, pp. 30, 31.

sessed—voting to approve their bishops, etc.—that might have prevented the compelling of the human conscience, the Catholic Church has lost, and I know of no machinery it has either invented or restored to take its place.”

How does the Catholic Church now regard heresy and forcible measures taken to suppress it?

“In the first place, nearly all ecclesiastical legislation in regard to the repression of heresy proceeds upon the assumption that heretics are in wilful revolt against lawful authority, that they are, in fact, apostates who by their own culpable act have renounced the true faith into which they were baptized, breaking the engagements made by them, or by sponsors in their name, when they became members of the Church of Christ. It is easy to see that in the Middle Ages this was not an unreasonable assumption. The Church of God was then indeed a city set on a hill. No one could be ignorant of her claims, and if certain people repudiated her authority it was by an act of rebellion inevitably carrying with it a menace to the sovereignty which the rest of the world accepted. This at least was the case with the Cathari, the Waldenses, and the Albigenses, with the Lollards and the Hussites, and it was still the case with the immediate followers of Luther, of Calvin, of Knox, and of the other early Reformers.”

“Every lawfully constituted society must put down on principle the propagation of such sedition as threatens its own existence, and this is not persecution so long as reason and humanity are respected in the means of suppression employed (italics mine).”

“Persecution begins when no reasonable proportion is observed

between the *force used in compulsion* and the importance and power of the interests which it is sought to control. To determine the exact point at which *legitimate repression* passes into persecution is hence a matter of extreme difficulty (italics mine).”⁵⁴

The above does not contemplate a simple “definition” of doctrine only, but “force used in compulsion” and “legitimate repression” to compel its acceptance. Circumstances permitting, it would justify all the horrors of the inquisition.

Doctrine may be defined, but it is wrong to try to force people to accept it.

Monsignor Hunt writes in the *Intermountain Catholic*: “If Professor Barker’s words mean anything, they mean that there can be no authoritative definition of doctrine. According to him, it is wrong for Church authority to declare that a doctrine is true; to do so, interferes with freedom. On this principle, it can make no difference whether the defining authority be one man, a group of men, or a majority of the people. The moment the teaching authority announces that a particular doctrine is true and that the contrary is false, that moment according to Professor Barker, a grave injustice is committed.”

Where does the Relief Society Magazine article say anything justifying the statement “that there can be no authoritative definition of doctrine” or “that it is wrong for Church authority to declare that a doctrine is true; to do so, interferes with freedom” or, that by defining doctrine, “a grave injustice is committed”? It nowhere says anything of the kind.

⁵⁴The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. XIV, p. 761.

The principle of common consent, the practice of ascertaining the wishes of the people, was repudiated and force used. The continuity of the Church was broken.

Monsignor Hunt wonders if I "would go on record to the effect that the Church continued to enjoy full authority, assured by the presence of the Holy Ghost, as long as popular approval was given to clergy appointments." There is no reason for believing that "full authority (was) assured by the presence of the Holy Ghost" after they had denied that he had been promised to the people, and after the people had ceased to experience the "witness" of the Holy Ghost as they had experienced it in the Apostolic age.

When the Church ceased "to enjoy full authority" would not be determined alone by popular approval . . . given to clergy appointments," but by the importance and number of other changes as well. One may well agree with the Catholic Encyclopedia:⁵⁵ "It may be safely said that the continuity of a society is broken when a radical change in the principles it embodies is introduced. In the case of a church such a change in its hierarchical constitution and in its profession of faith suffices to make it a different church from what it was before. . . . When, therefore, the truths previously held to be of faith are rejected, and the *principle of government* (italics mine) regarded as sacred is repudiated, there is breach of continuity, and a new church is formed." The Catholic Encyclopedia applies this reasoning to show that the protestant churches can not be a continuation of the Primitive Church. The same reasoning applies to the Catholic Church. To apply it in only the

one particular under discussion: The principle of common consent was practised in the Primitive Church as in the L. D. S. Church today. It safeguards the exercise of free will, itself indispensable to the exercise of all true ethical and religious life. It is fundamental. The Catholic Church did away with the practice of common consent and made a long sustained, persistent effort to stamp out heresy by force, to "nullify the exercise of free will," to destroy the one necessary condition of a religious life, and the Catholic Church still defends its course. The continuity of the Catholic Church with the Primitive Church has been broken and a new Church—not based on free will, but on constraint and anathema—has come into being.

The fact that Joseph Smith restored the application of the principle of common consent, safeguarding the exercise of free will, is strong evidence of his quality of prophet.

Comparative proof, criticized by Monsignor Hunt, is approved both in theory and practice by Catholic writers of repute.

Monsignor Hunt is of the opinion that I "cannot resist the impulse to indulge in a little abuse," because I affirm that "A Catholic or Protestant may be a candidate for the ministry, prepare for it, and aspire to the highest honors in the gift of the Church. Any priest or pastor may perform his ministry from sincere devotion to Christ or, on the other hand, theoretically, he may do it as a means of livelihood, just as his brother, to gain a living, may become a lawyer. . . . The Catholic and the Protestant Churches have lost the safeguard of sincerity (unpaid service) established by the Savior, and have found nothing perhaps to take its place."

⁵⁵The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. III, p. 757.

In this statement, I am not judging any individual, but pointing to a weakness in the churches.

Monsignor Hunt objects to my "criticising" the Catholic Church. The "criticism" results from the comparison of the latter-day Church, the Catholic Church, the Protestant Churches, and the Primitive Church. Nevertheless the method of comparison ("criticism") to which Monsignor Hunt objects is approved both in theory and practice by Catholic writers when expounding their own faith. In speaking of the "marks" of the true church alleged by the Catholic Church, the author of the article "Iglesia" in the *Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada*, vol. 28, p. 926, says: "Moreover the proof furnished by the marks may be two-fold: positive and exclusive or *comparative*. . . . With all this, for the greater clarity and force of the demonstration, let us verify the marks *comparatively*, verifying the fact that all of them are found in the Roman Catholic Church and *that none of them are found in the dissenting churches* (italics mine)." Eminent Catholics apply this theory constantly, comparing what they consider the truths of the Catholic Church with what they condemn as errors in the contrary beliefs of other churches. Why should not all men, untrammelled by "Indexes" or other prohibitions, prove all things and adhere to that which is best?

No professional paid ministry in the Primitive Church. The Twelve were undoubtedly supported by the faithful, but the great mass of Church workers were unpaid. No one could be a candidate for the ministry or for advancement.

The thing that matters then is: Is the comparison accurate?

In the Primitive Church, had Peter and the other apostles been

candidates for the ministry? Or could anyone be a candidate for the apostolate or even for the office of a bishop? In all of the historical churches, a man may prepare and be a candidate for the ministry. In the latter-day Church, as in the Primitive Church, one may not be a candidate for the ministry.

Monsignor Hunt states that St. Paul "stated that Christ had commanded that the clergy should be supported by the people. His words are clear: 'Know ye not, that they who work in the holy place, eat the things that are of the holy place; and they that serve the altar, partake with the altar? So also the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.'

In the Primitive Church, as now, the priesthood had the right to use the revenues of the Church for their own support or otherwise, as directed by the Holy Ghost. But then, as today, all men considered worthy received the priesthood, and the greater part of all religious service was performed without pay. A professional salaried priesthood did not exist in the early Church.

"As to the rhetoricians and philosophers one has no idea to what a degree Christianity set them on edge. In it they saw competition. The direction of souls, for which, in the time of the wise emperors, they believed indeed that they had received a special calling, they now saw pass into the hands of obscure preachers without titles or revenue, without instruction even."⁵⁶

In the R. S. M. article, I referred to the transition in the church from this unpaid priesthood to a professional ministry. Of this change, Harnack⁵⁷ says: "Soon after the cre-

⁵⁶Duchesne, *Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise*, pp. 199, 200.

⁵⁷History of Dogma, vol. 1, p. 130.

ation of a professional priesthood, there also arose a class of inferior clergy. . . . This development was not uninfluenced by the heathen priesthood, and the temple service." And: "We may perhaps say that the development that made the bishops and elders priests altered the inward form of the Church in a more radical fashion than any other."⁵⁸

As we have seen, although all those accounted worthy were given the rank of elder in the priesthood in the early Church, no one could be a candidate for advancement, and there was no rigid division between priesthood and laity, since all the faithful would at some time or other receive the priesthood.

After the resurrection of Jesus, the saints had all things in common, still later they had, it seems, a voluntary system of tithing which, in the course of time, became in some cases a compulsory tax.

"During the first two centuries the church service was reduced to the greatest simplicity. As to the ministers of the religious service, they lived from the common funds, doned their patrimony in order to live solely from the altar. Those who had not made a profession of renouncing their patrimony were understood thereby to have renounced their share in the ecclesiastical distribution, and they placed the upkeep of the poorest to the charge of the rich clergy. Not a few, following the example of St. Paul worked with their own hands. In a word, 'The ecclesiastical patrimony was absolutely not to be distinguished from that of the poor'."⁵⁹

⁵⁸History of Dogma, vol. 1. p. 131.

⁵⁹Didache xii; Funk, Patres apost. 1, 30-32.

⁶⁰Mourret, Les Origines Chretiennes, p. 270.

The great mass of churchworkers were unpaid, and the work of the church was performed in the early church with the same guarantee of sincerity, as today.⁶¹

Test of the sincerity of the missionary.

The Didache⁶² says: "Let my prophet coming to your house be received as the Lord. But let him remain one day only, and if it is absolutely necessary two days only, but if he remains three, he is a false prophet. In departing, let the apostle receive nothing, unless it be bread to reach the next station. If he asks for money, he is a false prophet." This is rigid, but it tested the sincerity of the "prophet."

"In the Church founded by Joseph Smith, the sincerity of the members is tested by the unpopularity of the church and by tithing; and the work of the priesthood with the exception of a few is entirely unpaid (in exact correspondence with the usage of the Primitive Church); the sincerity of all those

⁶¹Eusebius, Ecclesiastical History, V, xxviii, 10:

"These were both disciples of Theodotus the cobbler, who was first excommunicated by Victor, who, as I said, was then bishop, for this way of thinking, or rather of not thinking. Natalius was persuaded by them to be called bishop of this heresy with a salary, so that he was paid a hundred and fifty denarii a month by them."

Note of the translator, Kirsopp Lake:

"That is rather more than £5. This is the first clear instance of the payment of bishops, but compare ch. xviii, 2."

Ch. xviii, 2:

"Then he goes on saying: 'Does not all Scripture seem to you to forbid a prophet from receiving gifts and money? Therefore when I see that the prophetess has received gold and silver and expensive clothes, how shall I refrain from blaming her?'"

⁶²Didache, ch. xi, v. 3, presumably 80-100.

who receive some remuneration has been previously tested over a period of years by the payment of tithing and unpaid service in the church. Further, why be insincere? It is impossible for anyone to be a candidate for an office or to seek advancement and, if advancement comes, it brings only opportunity for more unpaid service. Thus by removing all selfish main-springs of action—desire for gain, ambition—sincerity has been safeguarded on every side. Without sincerity, religion is a vain word; but outside the Church, no religious organization has any machinery for adequately testing it.”⁶³

⁶³Article in November *Relief Society Magazine*.

The cumulative evidence of the divine calling of Joseph Smith.

The fact that the Church has the same tests of sincerity as in the Primitive Church; that it harmonizes and illuminates what is known concerning the organization and customs of the Primitive Church; that it secures unity through the direction of the Holy Ghost, reconciling the contradictory principles of authority and the liberty of the individual; and that it clarifies historical details otherwise obscure—this cumulative evidence is the strongest kind of proof of the divine calling of Joseph Smith.



Fifty-Fifty

By Delphia H. Cragun

IT was noon at the Boyd farmhouse. Preparations were well in hand for the big meal of the day—dinner.

The old Boyd farm-house was a large, square, frame building, which nestled in the family orchard. It was the climax to a long struggle for Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd, especially Mrs. Boyd who had sacrificed for twenty-five years in order that this wonderful house might be built. Most of the large family of fifteen boys and girls had already married and had homes of their own. Mrs. Boyd lived only two years after the building was completed, just long enough to make new rugs and linens, carpets and curtains to meet the needs of such a home, and lastly to see her two youngest children married and move away.

After Mrs. Boyd's death, Mr. Boyd still looked upon the home as his crowning glory, and was soon casting his glances about to find a new wife to care for his needs and especially the home.

Mr. William Boyd was a kindly old gentleman, but in him were rooted the traditions and usages of a long line of English ancestors. His small stature and comely mien belied his conduct in his home, for wasn't he truly the head of the house? Weren't all questions of import decided by him? This day was no exception for he left the field early and came to the house to set the good wife, Mahala, and his home in order.

Mahala was a short, stout, red-haired woman, who had only recently come from England. She had lived forty-five years in single blessedness and then by some queer co-

incidence had met Mr. William Boyd who had only recently become a widower. After meeting Mahala, Mr. Boyd had made quick work of their courtship and Mahala married him for better or worse. *She* explained she was getting along in life and needed a home. *Mr. Boyd* explained he was sadly in need of a house-keeper to take care of the home. The neighbors had their explanations, also; many and varied were the excuses for Mr. Boyd's marriage. Some said he was so lonely, and they were sure his wife wouldn't want him to live alone in the big house; and besides, he would make this poor lonely old maid a good husband. Another said that he should have waited, at least a year, before marrying. And others felt it would have looked better if he had married the widow Hillcrest. One was sure that Mr. Boyd couldn't be in love with Mahala and that it was merely a business transaction. However, the fact remained that Mr. William Boyd had proclaimed his love to Mahala, and that they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

WHEN Mr. Boyd came in from the field, he found Mahala rushing madly around the kitchen in her haste to prepare the dinner. Her face was scarlet, her hair, somewhat ruffled, and her feet were tired and sore. She did not greet him with the usual good-natured smile, for she had been meditating on what had happened during the two months she had been Mrs. William Boyd. She reflected that Mr. Boyd had been very profuse in bestowing endearing

terms upon her; had even gone so far as to refer to her as mistress of her own little home, but in reality she was just a servant with never a minute to call her own. It is true Mr. William Boyd had a wood-pile back of the shed about a half-mile from the house, but Mahala carried the wood from the wood-pile to the house; the well was out in the garden where the old home had been, and Mahala carried many, many buckets of water to supply the home, and this unassisted by anyone.

Mahala had been married three weeks when an Interurban Railroad project was launched and the men who were working near by had asked for board and lodging. This Mr. Boyd graciously offered them and just as graciously took the money without so much as handing Mahala one penny. At first Mahala had given this very little thought, but when she needed a dollar or two and she had to ask her husband, William, for it, it had set her thinking and thinking. However, she could not devise any definite plan of action.

It was while Mahala was in this frame of mind that Mr. Boyd made his appearance.

"Well, Mahala, my darling, what seems to be wrong with you, my lass?" said William after noting Mahala's changed attitude.

"Oh, I'm a bit tired and weary. There seems to be so much to do," replied Mahala.

"I'm surprised you are tired after having such a good night's rest. You never have any wood to chop and the garden and well are near by. At least they are no farther than would serve to get you out in the fresh air. I buy all the groceries and household needs, and I'm sure you should be grateful for that," said Mr. Boyd.

At this moment, there was a knock

on the door and Mr. Boyd hurried to answer the same. To his great surprise and gratification he stood face to face with the superintendent of the new railroad, Mr. Billings, who was there for a day's inspection of the road. He asked to speak to the lady of the house. Mr. Boyd assured him he could act in his wife's stead, for she was very busy at that moment preparing the men's dinner. However, Mr. Billings insisted and Mahala came shyly to the door.

"Mrs. Boyd, I am Mr. Billings, the superintendent of the new railroad. I came to ask if you would mind if I have dinner here today. I realize you have not had time to prepare extra, and I hope my having dinner with you will not inconvenience you."

"Why, it's perfectly all right with me, but I'll have to ask my husband," said Mahala. "He always decides such as that."

"Well," said Mr. Billings, "if you are willing, I shall consider it all right with Mr. Boyd. After all, you are the one who does the cooking and serving; so, I'll go back to the men and will come to dinner with them."

As Mahala entered the kitchen, Mr. Boyd said, "And what did the grand gentleman have to say to you?"

"Oh, he asked if he might have dinner here with the men today, and I said he might."

"Don't you think it would have looked a bit better if you had said, 'I'll ask my husband'?"

"That is exactly what I did say but he assured me that if it was all right with me, that no further arrangement was necessary."

There was no more time for argument, so each set about his work. Mr. William Boyd, as usual, was checking up on his wife while she

did the work. He casually noted there would have to be another place at the table, which Mahala arranged.

At this moment, twenty-one hungry men, including the superintendent, were hastening down the hill toward the Boyd home. They were met by the gentle breezes, laden with the savory odors of roast-chicken, potatoes, peas, corn, rolls and lemon pie, all of which quickened their pace. Mahala was an excellent cook, although her husband often explained to her that he thought she might get along with a little less on her menu, and that the food was served a bit too dainty; the men ate more than if the food were of a coarse type. Mahala heard his complaints but was still of the firm conviction that her meals were the kind the men enjoyed, and she continued to serve food fit for a king.

SOON all was in readiness and the men rushed in, washed, and were seated at the table. Mr. William Boyd gave the orders and Mahala carried them out, but it seemed to him, not so willingly as before. He boasted to Mr. Billings of his wonderful home, the farm, and everything in general; not forgetting to mention the most excellent meals he served. The conversation shifted from one group to another and finally dessert was served, and dinner was over.

One of the foremen rose and to the utter astonishment of Mr. Boyd suggested they give Mrs. Boyd nine cheers for her excellent meals; after which they asked her if they might stay still longer, although the work was shifting some distance away. At this moment Mahala felt her whole being tingle, and she felt as she had never felt before; that she really was an individual apart from Mr. Boyd. She told them that they might stay longer, without so much

as thinking to ask her "Lord and Master," who at that moment was looking very worried and chagrined.

It was the week end and pay day, so Mr. William Boyd drew a pad and pencil from his pocket and prepared to check up the board and room, but no one seemed to notice him. Mr. Billings stepped forward and paid Mahala for his meal, and the other followed by handing her that week's pay. As they left, each bowed or said something to Mr. Boyd and his wife. When all had gone, Mahala looked straight at her husband, who was evidently figuring out how he would approach her, for in some way he must get the money she was in possession of. He knew that Mahala had undergone a change and he feared to disturb the turbulent waters. He cautiously began, "Well, my dear, I sure am glad the boys paid, for I have a place for every cent of that money. I must get supplies for next week—meat and groceries, pay the light bill, and get a new suit. You sure are a fine wife and help-mate." And at that he came toward Mahala.

"Yes, we surely can make good use of this money," agreed Mahala. "I have been figuring up the last few days and from my figures I discover that after all expenses are taken out, there will be between fifty and sixty dollars a month left for us. I will go to town with you and give you one half of what is left after I have purchased the supplies."

Mr. Boyd was standing in the center of the room with a most surprised look on his face. He made a gesture as if to speak, but Mahala continued, "I know this is the way you have wanted to arrange things before, fifty-fifty, but you needed me to work it out for you. You need a new suit and I need so many things I haven't time to mention them all, but at any rate we will be

able to get these things and many more. And hereafter, Mr. William Boyd, when you tell me that I am the best wife and helpmate in the whole world, I will know you have made no mistake."

He was weak and helpless. He sat down and in the few minutes he pondered, he wondered, first, how

Mahala dared to be so disrespectful; and second, he thought of hundreds of things he had so selfishly done.

Mahala came to his side and began to talk and plan with him for the trip to town. Among other things, they decided that after the boarders had left their home, a long trip to the coast would be a fitting honeymoon.

A Scrap-Book of Memories

By Estelle Webb Thomas

RECENTLY, I asked a friend who was obliged to lie in bed for many months, how she managed to while away the time. "Partly with my scrap-book," she answered, and handed me a bulky volume from a bed-side table. I examined it with interest, the backs were of the usual scrap-book order, but for me, at least, the contents had unusual appeal.

At the age of ten my friend had commenced to paste in scraps of her "dress-up" and party dresses with the date of the first wearing, and a description of how the dress was made. Sometimes there was a snapshot of herself in it, or she had drawn a little sketch and the change in styles alone, made the book interesting. If the dress was a "ready-made" she had written in the data and put the scrap of cloth in after

the dress was past wearing.

As the book progressed there were significant items such as, "Wore this the first time I went out with Bob." Or, "Wore this at Alice's fifteenth birthday party." "Wore this to the Junior Prom. Went with Charlie." A peach-colored chiffon was "Bridesmaid's gown at Patsy's wedding." One dainty, flowered organdy had this honor, "Had this on when John proposed!" One graced the sad occasion, "When John told me goodbye before sailing for France."

Since John never returned from France what a sentimental value those two scraps must have! Still, the scrap-book, like any other good book, has a happy ending, for a few pages farther on are scraps of lace and ivory satin and the legend, "My wedding dress!"

The Segó Lily

By Merling D. Clyde

All Hail! the Segó Lily
With its creamy cup flung bold,
Enticing the winged insects
To find its heart of gold.

Down in the meadow, violets
And modest cowslips grow;
While wild pink roses fringe the
lane,
All fragrant in a row.

But the sturdy segó lily
On hot hillsides in June,
Just sets the bees to humming there
In breezy, busy tune.

Glad to carpet the barren plain,
Its upright bloom to blow,
Content to grace to rolling hills
Where purple sages grow.

Romance in the Commonplace

By *Ezra J. Poulsen*

HOW often we see the drab, the commonplace, and unattractive in people and situations, and turn away with exclamations of distaste! If we had looked a little closer, or had tried harder to understand, the impression we received might have been entirely different.

There would be less jealousy, less sectionalism, less strife, if we trained our eyes to see more clearly the hidden and half hidden truths that lie all about us.

The flower almost concealed by the stone may be very small on the wide expanse of desert; yet to the eye trained to see, its beauty is not lost, and the entire area of apparent waste becomes possessed with interest-romance.

Very recently a young New Yorker was riding across the Wyoming desert in company with the grandson of Utah pioneers. As the seemingly endless miles unrolled, one after the other, the easterner, used to the lights, and the throbbing movement of the great city, uttered exclamations of disgust, and finally despair, at the terrific waste lying all about; and to lessen the tedium of the journey, he talked enthusiastically of the wonders of New York. He mentioned tall buildings looking down into canyon-like streets; he talked of marvelous four-track highways, bordered by beautiful flowers, of cities by the sea, and stately homes on the Hudson.

His companion, however, while enjoying the accounts of the many accomplishments in the East, was seeing an entirely different vision of the surrounding landscape. He saw white wagoned caravans moving bravely against the setting sun; he

saw the tired faces of women and children, and the toiling forms of men. For him there was interest and romance everywhere, since he and his immediate progenitors had been actively engaged in building the West. What a wealth of information, what a change in point of view the other man might have obtained if he had probed a little deeper into his friend's mind!

A young man recently made the remark that on a business trip to an isolated community in one of our western states, he felt a chill of sorrow as he approached the place to think that people had to live in such an isolated, uninviting part of the country; but a little later, after he had become acquainted with the people, had taken part in their social life, and had learned of their inner cheerfulness, and friendliness, he felt they were the most blessed people he had ever met. Furthermore, he saw a new beauty in the naturally rugged surroundings when he came to see with eyes seasoned to gaze upon the hills of home.

Thus it is all in the point of view. Great souls live in obscure places, in small humble homes that are mere shelters against the wind and rain; and narrow, selfish souls are often found in high places, and frequently neither are known for what they really are. Life grows richer as we look into the heart of things, and see their true values, and as we learn to realize that the possibilities of happiness lie all around us in whatever circumstances we may be placed.

THE power to see beyond the obvious, the mere surface of things is well illustrated in the following

story told of the late Karl G. Maeser, one of Utah's beloved pioneer educators.

Dr. Maeser was riding down the Rhine on a small boat in company with a young Elder from Utah. To his highly cultivated German mind, and responsive heart the verdant hills on either side, topped with the gray towers and walls of ancient masonry, aroused sentiments quite beyond the understanding of his companion. Finally the old professor giving expression to his feelings, exclaimed, "How beautiful!" The young man, who had failed to be impressed, was somewhat amused; and lifting his eyes toward the ivy-

grown ruins of an old castle, which his friend, almost overcome with emotion, was gazing upon, he remarked that he saw nothing but a pile of rocks with some vines growing over them.

Just rocks and vines—he saw nothing more; but the thousand years of rich human associations he failed to see. For all of us there are castles on the Rhine; and if we will, we may discover the sublime beauty in the line from Wordsworth,

"To me the meanest flower that
blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep
for tears."

Clinics

IN many localities pre-school clinics are held at which mothers are advised of any physical infirmity in their children. These clinics are not conducted by the state but are sponsored by local effort. A clinic in your locality would certainly be a worthwhile project for a group of mothers. Professional men have given lessons and helped with other uplift work surely a clinic to deter-

mine the need for tonsil removal, dental work, proper diet and correction of other defects in small children would be worth the time and effort.

The equipment is negligible. A clean room, scales, chairs, desk or table, pencils and cards for records will be enough. The physician or nurse may suggest other supplies.

Sketches of Salt Lake

By the Late Josephine Spencer

A WATER COLOR

The sea a scroll of indigo;
A brilliant sunset's afterglow
Blurring the sky—its copper haze
Streaked with some lingering jets of
blaze.

Afar two purple islands float;
Between their banks a pleasure-boat
Flashes her light—a cool, white star,
Against the red horizon bar.

IN OIL

Over the hilltops' edge of green
A blue sky, bending low;
And through the pine-trees, dimly
seen,
A young moon's silver bow.

"Below the slope a brilliant sea
With shores of purple gauze,"
And in the west, hung dazzlingly,
Some fair world's red mirage.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SEPTEMBER—month of hope and beauty. Asters and golden glow vie in loveliness with fleecy clouds and purple hills. Children's laughter makes music with the dancing leaves and fragrance of lush meadows and fruited orchards whisper, "harvest time."

LADY LINDSEY, wife of England's ambassador to America, is American born. She says "being a diplomat's wife isn't all trains and tiaras, one has to be very much a career woman herself."

FRANCES E. WILLIS, one of three women in the American diplomatic service, has been transferred from Stockholm to Brussels. The other women in the foreign service are Ruth Bryan Owen, minister to Denmark, and Constance Ray Harney, vice consul at Milan, Italy.

MRS. RUTH HAMPTON of Chicago is assistant director in the agency government of America's non-continental domain. She will have charge of Hawaiian affairs.

MMARGARET HAYES of California, a Civil War nurse, died this summer at the age of 101 years. Another centenarian, Rachel Burris, died near the same time, age 110 years. The 10 decades of the lives of these women marked marvelous events in the nation's history.

MMAUD ADAMS at the age of 62 has returned to the stage for a tour of "one nighters" as Maria in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

KKATHARINE CORNELL was recently voted the most popular

stage actress by the senior class of New York University.

MMARIE DRESSLER, famed film actress, whose recent death was so widely mourned, completed her autobiography before she was stricken. Her book, "My Own Story," will be greeted with interest if like herself it tells the genuineness of life's struggle. It was her rich qualities of mind and heart more than her art which won the affection of her many friends.

MMME. RAMOLA HIJINSKY has written the biography of her artist husband, the famous Russian ballet dancer. She tells the strange story simply and directly, even so it is intensely dramatic.

JJESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE has recently published her own story, "The House of My Life," which the critics recommend as a tonic to the younger generation who may be hesitating over their own careers. She relates sincerely how she arrived in her chosen way of self-expression and met many choice spirits of her day.

PPHYLLIS BOTTOME'S latest book, "Private Worlds," with its unusual background and setting—a mental hospital—has become very popular. Though it is by no means her best novel, it is interesting, and as a psychiatric study is intensely dramatic.

HHOBART'S "River Supreme," Phyllis Bentley's "The Spinner of the Years," and "The Valiant Life" by Margaret Wilson, are among the most recent novels written by women.

Development of Spirituality

By Lydia Wilson McKendrick

Given at Liberty Stake Relief Society Union Meeting, March 22nd, 1934

“Act in the living present, Learn to labor and to wait.”

WE are the sculptors of our own existence. The goal we set is the model by which we work, and the present is the clay with which we are working, molding our tomorrow by our deeds of today.

Let us consider each life as a garden. Every heart should be a little secret garden which we should carefully clear of weeds and always keep full of sweet flowers and plants. This kind of a heart garden would be a blessing to all both individually and collectively. Yes, even a benediction. God means that we should make our lives so beautiful that they shall be the medium through which dreariness shall be transformed into loveliness.

The picture of a garden runs through all the Bible. The first home of the human race was a garden. Jesus was buried in a garden. When He arose that first Easter morning, spring flowers were blooming all about His grave, filling the air with fragrance. There is a legend, too, that as He walked away from the open tomb lilies sprang up in the path on which His feet walked. It is true, at least, that wherever His feet have walked all these centuries flowers of joy, of peace, of spiritual gifts, and life itself have grown. He, through His life and spirit is changing a wilderness into a garden of roses.

We should always live our best and serve our best. God expects this of us. Living at one's best is constant preparation for instant use. In one of St. Paul's letters to Tim-

othy the old apostle gave this young man a most earnest charge. He bade him stir up the gift of God within him. Timothy was not doing his best, the glory in him was not shining out, was not *warming* and *brightening* the world as it should. There is no lack of spiritual gifts in God's children, but they are not at their best and need to be stirred up. The plainest of us carries concealed splendors within, if we knew to what extent I am sure it would inspire us to our best life and effort.

The Lord has planted a spark of Divinity in each of us. He has not given us vast learning and wisdom to solve all the problems, or unfailing wisdom to direct all the wanderings of our brothers' and sisters' lives, but He has given to everyone of us the power to be spiritual, and *by* our spirituality through *activity*, to lift and enlarge and enlighten the lives we touch, what is greater joy than this?

WE are heirs to great gifts of the spirit and if we so live that we are worthy, and have the capacity, we *will* enjoy them. Spirituality is a very much desired gift and is within the reach of us all—I believe we all have this gift to a greater or lesser extent, but it is like all other gifts, we must *use* it or *lose* it.

The surest road to Spirituality is to each day keep the commandments of God a little better than we did the day before. The truest religious life is one whose devotion gives food and strength for service, the way to

spiritual health lies in the paths of consecrated activity. Devotion fits us for this activity. We can not become spiritually minded or happy with the canker of jealousy lurking in our souls, for jealousy will kill all true active service and will keep us from having the great gift of an understanding heart. One of our every day prayers should be as the prayer of that great woman, Francis Willard, "Oh God, make me beautiful from within."

We lose development in spirituality when we wilfully break the Sabbath day,—not all at once but little by little and step by step and since it is the responsibility of the mothers of Israel to preserve and develop faith in the home and family this developing spirituality through keeping the Sabbath day is one of the very first steps.

We should see to it that we do not suffer or allow our families to suffer from Spiritual hunger through inactivity. If we train ourselves to look upward, to walk erect, to gather

our souls' food from branches of the tree of life, our whole being will grow towards spirituality and heavenliness.

"Spirituality is a gift to be used every day,
Not to be smothered and hidden away;
It isn't a thing to be stored in the chest
Where you gather your keepsakes and treasure your best;
It isn't a joy to be sipped now and then
And promptly put back in a dark place again.
'Tis a gift that the humblest may boast of,
And one that the humblest may well make the most of.
Go to and live it each hour of the day,
Wear it and use it as much as you may;
Don't keep it in niches and corners and grooves,
You'll find that in service its beauty improves.

Spare the Child

By Mabel S. Harmer

THE other night I sat at a banquet which began about nine o'clock and ended about eleven due to the number of speeches and entertainment numbers that were interspersed between courses.

Several times during the evening a lovely child of four was placed upon the table to sing. The woman across from me, together with many others, cooed, "How sweet." The woman at my left whispered under her breath, "Barbarous, perfectly barbarous!" I was inclined to agree with the woman on my left.

The child sang ten or twelve num-

bers during the evening, all sentimental love songs that she could not have understood in the least. She was very sleepy and yawned between her songs—but the mother received her child's praises with a pleased smile. Her vanity was gratified and evidently that was what she wanted since the child could not possibly have been receiving any benefit from the performance.

IT is all too common a thing for a mother or teacher to exploit a talented child for her own gratification. Mother loves to have her friends

tell her how well little Jane sings, dances or recites and if Jane gives an unusual performance it may bring in more pupils for teacher.

And what does Jane get out of it? First, she loses her sleep—since most entertainments are held in the evening. Her nervous system probably suffers because it takes most children a long time to overcome the fear caused by suddenly being the center of attraction of numerous eyes. Later on, as she becomes used to a great deal of praise and attention, she loses much of her charm.

A mother proudly told me once that her eight year old daughter had taken part in over one hundred performances during the winter. I tried to be polite in my reply. From the time the girl was a tiny tot, this mother has spent a great part of her time in having the child trained and seeing that she was kept in the public eyes. She has even gone to the lengths of having her written up for the local papers. As a result the public has been led to expect more of the girl than it will probably ever realize—for while the girl has talent and is highly trained, she lacks the genius of a real artist.

SOME years ago, as a young and very foolish teacher of dancing, I had two talented youngsters come to me for instruction. In a short time I presented them to an eager public. Why not? It was good advertising for me—people were very happy to use them as a feature for some performance for charity and their parents were delighted at the adulation the little girls received.

And the children? One, an only child, became most dreadfully spoiled and sophisticated. The other,

a daughter of parents of moderate means, became dissatisfied with her home life as she grew older and all but ran away to join a cheap traveling show.

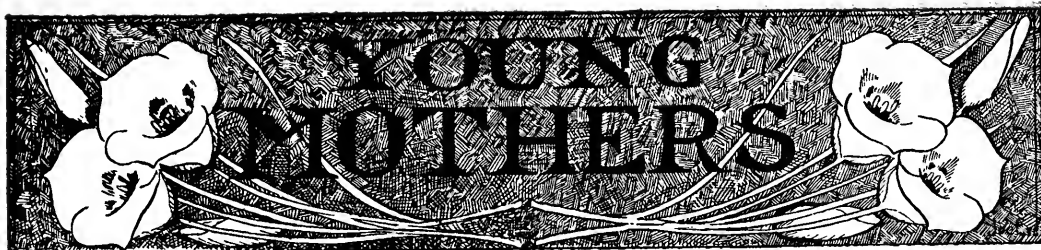
I resolved then and there that no matter what kind of prodigies my own children turned out to be, they would be spared the doubtful benefits of performing in public. It was rather too bad to experiment on some one else's children for the sake of my own.

OF course, a child is a tremendous attraction at any time and can always "steal the show" with her adorable ways. It is really too bad to take her out of the limelight—if you are considering the audience. But why consider the audience?

What is the use then, you may ask, of training children in the fine arts if their light is to be kept hidden under a basket? There really is much to be gained in developing a child's talent aside from performing in public. First, there is the development that the child receives and her ability to appreciate the arts as she learns more about them. There is the very real enjoyment that a child receives from being able to dance, or sing, or play even if there isn't another soul in the world to enjoy it besides herself.

There is abundant opportunity for her to perform at home, with a group of other children, at school or before an audience composed of children.

As she grows older most of these objections are eliminated and she may if she desires, display her talent and training before an adult audience. But until that time—spare the child from the ill effects of appearing in public.



By Holly Baxter Keddington

A READER of this page asked if I would give mothers a few ideas on how to be better wives. She said she was trying to be a good mother but she felt sure that the wife was becoming somewhat submerged. This is true to a great extent, and a woman may be a very good mother yet be a very poor wife. I sent questionnaires to husbands of various vocations, ages, temperaments and religions and here are the results: Two questions were asked and I have tabulated the answers using the terms used by the husbands. Some may seem interchangeable but I have classified them this way for clarity. First question: What do you consider your wife's finest trait? Love of home and family 24, Loyalty 18, Unselfishness 11, Courage 8, Even disposition 6, Dependability 6, Sincerity 4.

Second question: What characteristics do you most admire in women? Love of home and family 42, Loyalty, Faithfulness, Fidelity 33, Poise, Charm, Grace 28, Even disposition 19, Femininity 16, Physical attractiveness 16, Intelligence 14, Co-operation, Foresight, Broad-mindedness 13, Honor, Virtue, Purity 12, Sincerity 11, Affection 10, Charity 10, Courage 10, Cleanliness 9, Efficiency 6, Patience 6.

Now you can check up on yourself, if you compare favorably with this list I congratulate you, if not so good, "It is never too late to learn."

MOTHERS and fathers should meet their child's principal and

teacher so there is a feeling of co-operation between home and school. The teacher will be able to do more for a child if she feels her efforts are understood in the home. Many children have peculiar characteristics or physical handicaps that need explaining. How much kinder to both teacher and child if an explanation is made instead of waiting for some trouble to expose the defects. A parent need only visit school for a short time to realize that teachers deserve far more tolerance than they receive.

SAGES predict an early, rainy fall so I am suggesting these bits of amusement for the shut-in days. Cut funny-pages between lines, stack the pictures in order and sew on left edge with large stitches. Many weeks "Funnies" can be packed in a shoe box and put away for other bad days. Scrap-books of wall paper, card-board or oil-cloth 10 or 12 inches wide, for pictures, drawings and pressed flowers may be the first step in developing an artist, decorator or what not.

I AM asked how I read so much. One makes time to read just as one makes time for almost everything. Maybe I read when I should be doing many other things. Reading is both my uplift and my downfall, for I have been spanked and teased for reading out of turn, but on I go, reading every chance I get. For the most and best reading in a condensed form read "Reader's Digest." It is in most libraries or may be had for 25c per copy or \$3.00 per year.

A Lonely Grave

By Mary Whiting Berry

FIFTY-TWO years ago my grandmother Mary E. Whiting's family, started by covered wagon to Utah from Arizona. At House Rock, just thirty miles north of the Grand Canyon bridge, they halted their journey to dig a lonely grave and place in it the young daughter May Whiting, nineteen years of age.

For many years the rough cowboys and ranchers have paused to repair the old picket fence. Years ago, when President Cluff of the B. Y. U. made a trip into old Mexico, his company passed by the lonely grave and he wrote back to my grandmother about the visit, and she answered him. He seemed to think she should be removed from this lonely spot, but not so with the relatives. After thirty-two years we attended a reunion at the grave to place a new granite rock and cement monument. People wondered why

this caravan of cars were going into the desert. It took our grandmothers five weeks to travel on the long road while this new generation came in a day, two hundred of them, from Idaho, Utah, California, and Arizona. That lonely spot was a town for three days.

Aunt May seemed indeed to be with us. The spot was sacred and never did the living and dead seem to draw so near together. It was like we had imagined in the great beyond on the morning of the resurrection day. Sisters who had not seen each other for thirty years were reunited over this lonely grave, and men and boys worked feverishly to finish the beautiful mound, old men and also brothers of the one dead, were even there on invalid beds. Tears were shed as if the grave had been made today, instead of fifty-two years ago.

The Shrine in the Wasteland

By Bertha A. Kleinman

There's a lonely mound in the wasteland,
In the heart of the desert plain,
A grave that lies out in the twilight
And under the falling rain;
Like a shrine to a loved one's memory,
It stands in the solitude,
And the night winds whisper above it
Like a prayer of beatitude.

There the monolith spire at House Rock
Like a sentinel guards the plain,
Like the tower of a vast cathedral
Like the shaft of a temple fane.
There the shouldering bulwark watches
And tempers the winds for her,
As the shifting sands of the desert
Drift over her sepulchre.

It was there in the early Maytime,
In the May of her sweet young age,
That Death's angel stood in the valley,
And halted our pilgrimage,

And sweet May like a May time blossom,
Like a lily smote from its stem—
Lay down in the heart of the prairies
And we left her to slumber with them.

There's a sweeter calm in the wasteland,
There's a hush in the noon-day glare,
There's a kinder gleam in the starlight
Since we planted that dear shrine there;
There's a tender glow in the sunset,
And the dawn like a crested wave
Floods over the desolation
To hallow that lonely grave.

The years have been long since we left her
To sleep on the hillside alone,
But Old House Rock is staunch in his
vigil—

And dearer and dearer has grown
That desolate mound in the wasteland,
And many the travelers who tread,
To strew their wild flowers above her
And tell of the lovely one dead.

Today we have gathered around her.
 As sad recollections entwine—
 Her kinsmen, her home folk, her loved
 ones,
 As pilgrims come home to their shrine,
 And our hearts shall be tender and fonder
 For the tear drops bedimming our eyes,
 And our love shall be truer and stronger
 As we mark the dear place where she lies.
 God temper the wind and the tempest,
 God's watch-care be over the spot,

As the Maytimes are merged in the ages,
 And the races of men are forgot.
 Sleep on in the heart of the prairies,
 Your slumber is safe in their care,
 And the Gardens of God are the brighter
 Since the star of your presence is there.

—*Inscribed in loving tribute to May
 Whiting, who died May 15, 1882,
 and was buried in House Rock
 valley, age twenty years.*

Happy Mothers

By Marba C. Josephson

THE love of wholesome books
 is the basis of much good.

The desire for reading good books has its inception from the nurture given the seedling which sprouts in every child's mind. Each youngster has as active interest in the material of which books are made. This interest expresses itself in various ways: some children have imaginary playmates; others have wonderful fancied experiences.

Mothers especially have the privilege of molding this wayward fantasy into a worthwhile faculty. Controlled imagination becomes vision. Vision enables the one who possesses it to project himself into situations and to perceive the results of certain actions without having actually to experience the consequences of bad ones. Mothers through wise reading to their families can cultivate the right, happy vision—not only for the children but also for themselves and frequently for the fathers.

HABIT is an important part of reading. A certain time and place should be selected and never deviated from for even one day. Generally speaking, the best time is right after the evening meal and be-

fore bed time. Reading will act as a halfway stop between the violent exercise of normal children and the absolute inactivity of sleep. The children can draw up their favorite chairs or curl up on the floor near mother. The light should be a good one and should be so adjusted that there is no glare for either mother or children. Mother's chair should be comfortable. Her voice should be natural and yet expressive. Young people read by imitation largely. As mother reads, so the younger ones will read.

THE greatest problem naturally is what to read. Most of the reading done should be informational and entertaining. Stories concerning the people in different countries, short biographies of famous men and women whose lives are unusual enough to hold the attention of active youngsters, fairy stories, animal stories, each of these groups has its place. Kipling's *Just So Stories* arouse an interest and satisfy a craving of normal children in any locality. *The Jungle Books* by the same author will require some modification in one or two of the stories. If they are expurgated somewhat they will instil

a love and a respect for animals. The Uncle Remus books of Joel Chandler Harris are worth while and especially helpful in making children feel a oneness with animal life rather than a fear of it.

Some reading should be merely for the sheer beauty of expression and of rhythm. The Bible answers this requirement of beauty. The Bible is of course informational as well and therefore has double value. Children need the solemn grandeur of the Creation and the Psalms, perhaps long before they can understand the significance of the words. In these days of irreverence and carelessness the reading of the Bible literature is to be particularly commended.

Youngsters respond especially well to poetry. The rhythm strikes an answering chord in their hearts. *Silver Pennies*, edited by Blanche F. Thompson (a dollar publication of MacMillan Company, I have read repeatedly to my family. I especially recommend it for children of all ages. Often while I have been reading it to the children when their father was supposedly busy, I have glanced up and caught his amused but interested look.

The book in addition to being good reading stimulates the children to a creation of poetry. My little girl (who is only three and a half) after listening to one of the poems began a chant of her own which was quite poetical as well as being highly imaginative. The little song of *Silver Pennies* made my boys—rough and ready as they are—eager to locate some immediately that they might enter fairyland. This creative urge resulting from reading this collection will impel mother to strike off little poems resulting from questions that the children ask,

READING must not be limited to mother—although mother or father should read a little every day to the children. The children themselves must read—and for an audience. One's problems of managing a group of lusty youngsters can be partly solved by selecting books of short stories that the first and second graders can read to those younger. Mother can then mend with an eye to the more difficult words or can prepare the meals by keeping one ear tuned to catch any meaningless words or phrases.

When a child first starts reading at home it is quite a chore—for mother as well as for the performer. But if mother insists on daily reading of not longer than ten minutes at a time, she will find that the reading habit becomes fixed. After a short time, the difficulty of recognition of new words is cut down and the youngster reads for the joy of the story. A little later he reads for the happiness of being able to give the story to some one else. A home audience is so much more receptive than a school class where all follow the same page with an eye for words rather than for story.

In these days of talkies and radios, reading in the home serves a still further purpose—it will help train the children in the art of listening. Much as I should hate to do without these two outgrowths of our perfected mechanical age, I cannot help view them both with some degree of alarm. The theatre depends largely upon the auditors for its success. Consequently, the individual members of the audience feel a responsibility in helping the actors to do their best. In the talkie palace, on the other hand, the audience has no effect whatsoever on the performance. Whether there be one or a hundred spectators, the picture reels

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off the same. Often, the inattention is appalling. The radio brings the world within our doors, but it also brings the attendant evil of inattention. We need to train the children to listen to well-modulated reading.

Reading of the right sort can hardly be overdone. Children's ideas and ideals of family life, of government, of humanity, of morality, of God, result largely from reading. We parents have a duty that is second to God's in its immensity: we place in the hands of our children the keys to life's greatest joys or its worst tragedies. In our choice of books to read to them and the selection of those books which we have them read lies the opportunity to mould into their very beings the characteristics which will keep them

staunch and upright even in the time of greatest stress.

The joys from reading aloud well-written literature will more than compensate for the extra hour that mother must work after the children are in bed. The reading will give thoughts to take her mind from the routine tasks that frequently take the joy from home work. The remembered kindling of the fires of imagination in the hearts of her children will warm her own heart now and through all the years to come.

Although it may not be possible for every mother to leave her young ones an inheritance of dollars and cents, yet it is within the reach of each mother to give for all time a priceless heritage in the ability to appreciate good books.

All Places are Distant from Heaven Alike

By Caroline Eyring Miner

WHEN I was a child I used to recite a little poem my mother taught me, each verse of which ended, "Choose who will a city life, I will be a farmer's wife." At the conclusion of each rendition of this little piece I always made a very emphatic post-script, "I don't mean it, though," which caused some comment on the part of my elders.

I didn't mean it then, and as I grew older I declared more emphatically than ever that I wouldn't be a farmer's wife. Farm life had some good points, of course, the frolics in the great out-of-doors, the pets that one could have, the fruit and garden stuff that were so delicious, but I didn't like the endless work, the worry and uncertainty of crops, the little money one could get, and the dullness. On the other hand I saw only one side of the city life,

its bright lights and excitement, the money that everyone seemed to have to spend on sodas and picture shows. I never saw the poverty, the suffering, the ugliness of the slums and Ghettos.

Perhaps my bad Fairy punished me for my childish insincerity in reciting, "I will be a farmer's wife," when I didn't mean it, or perhaps my good angel knew what was best for me, for at any rate I became a farmer's wife.

And somehow it seems exactly the right place to live, this farm. As I have grown older I have learned to understand that it doesn't matter so much where one lives for "All places are distant from heaven alike"—the heaven within one's heart. The little family group about the home are the angels of that heaven and they are with one no matter where one lives.

The Bread Winners

By Agnes Just Reid

SEATED before a pine table on which burned a tiny kerosene lamp the Breadwinner bent intently over a pair of scales. Carefully he poured from a soiled sack a small mound of shining particles. Weighing it, he put it into a cracked saucer and poured another mound from the sack.

It was tedious work, but the eyes of the young Breadwinner gleamed. It was fascinating to handle this gleaming sand; it was the where-with-all of this untamed country. Weighing, counting, computing, but it was no use. Try as he would he could only make a hundred dollars of all his hoardings.

He leaned his arms on the table and his head dropped into them. What was he to do next? He had come to this lonely spot with his bride of a month and they had pitted their young strength against the elements. All had gone well, that is, they had managed to have food and clothes of some kind. The dug out in the hill side that had once been their home was now abandoned for a nice two-room log house; their few head of milk cows had increased; five years had really made some impression on their homestead. Then sickness came. Sickness such as no one would believe could come to such a blessed spot in the open. Something like typhoid fever laid their first born low and for four long months he had hovered between life and death.

The boy was well now. In the next room behind that thin partition, the Breadwinner could hear his regular breathing mingled with that of his mother's. Oh, how they both

needed that rest! How many, many nights that mother had sat beside the little sufferer's bed; neighbors came, it is true, if they can be called neighbors who lived twenty miles away, but most of the nursing fell to the mother. He wondered among other things how a mother who was rather frail in the beginning could keep going for so many weeks without rest.

Poor Breadwinner, he wondered many things as he sat in that attitude of despair. He wondered if perchance his family, the ones for whom God held him responsible, might actually starve there in the wilderness.

That hundred dollars, all they had in the world, must go to the doctor who had saved their child. All of that and undoubtedly everything else they could rake and scrape. The Breadwinner knew nothing of doctor bills. Their two sons had been born there in their little shack without any medical aid. He himself had been the surgeon, his brave little helpmeet had washed and dressed her own babies, but this was different. They could not have gotten along without a doctor this time. They owed the very life of their child to this good doctor who had made more than a hundred trips on horseback, through every kind of weather, a distance of eleven miles.

Doctors sometimes charge mileage, he had heard. "Twenty-two miles, even at ten cents a mile and a hundred trips," he figured to himself. "Oh, my God, I cannot pay such an amount. When his thoughts seemed to have reached the point of going only in circles, the Bread-

winner rose wearily and took a badly worn, paper bound volume from the shelf above the window. Though torn and battered the words: "Complete Works of Shakespeare," were still distinguishable. The Breadwinner always found comfort in Shakespeare as some people found it in the Scriptures. He had often forgotten to come to meals because of it. He had two reasons for liking it; one was he enjoyed it, the other was that he hoped to improve his English for he was a Scandinavian by birth and foremost among his many ambitions was the one to become a thorough American.

When he finally laid the book down and began to prepare for bed, his brow had cleared and the hands of the little clock on the shelf pointed to two thirty. He even whistled a little as he whittled the shavings ready for the morning fire.

AS soon as the morning chores were finished he started for the Fort. He must get this matter of the doctor bill off his mind. The winter had been mild, so even in February the walking was not bad. Ground frozen and only a few drifts here and there made walking seem more desirable than riding the mule. Any way a slight jaunt of twenty-two miles did not seem much to a man who had walked two thousand miles across the plains when he was only nine years old.

The doctor was alone and greeted him cordially with: "Well, how is our boy today?" The Breadwinner struggled with himself. It was so hard for him to keep that huskiness out of his voice and it always made him feel like a child instead of the head of the family. Finally he said bravely,

"The boy is all right, doctor, but what about your bill?"

"I have not been thinking about the bill; just about saving the boy. I have a hunch that boy is worth saving. I like the shape of his head. I like the fight he put up to help save himself. He has the stuff in him that is going to be needed in this new country. You and your good helpmeet can never expect to get done all there is in sight for you to do. This boy and his brother and the brothers that are yet to come will help to make this desert an empire."

Oh, why would the doctor make it so hard for him. He should know that the father of a boy cannot stand to be talked to in that manner. He cleared his throat and blew his nose noisily then said as steadily as he could, "But, Doctor, about what do we owe you? I cannot sleep nights for thinking of it."

"I really do not need money, you know. I have my salary and in a place like this there is very little for which one can spend money. Don't think about it."

"But, doctor, I cannot think about anything else. You may not need it, as you say, but I still remember that your salary does not pay you for the hours and hours and hours that you spent plodding through every kind of weather, suffering every discomfort for the sake of our boy."

"Oh, that's nothing. A doctor does not expect to spend his life sitting on a velvet cushion."

"But, doctor, I have come to settle with you. We must have some understanding." He drew the small sack from his pocket and set it before the doctor. "There is all the money I have in the world. Take it. I wish it were ten times as much and for the balance you may take as many of the cows as you wish,"

"And may I ask," the doctor inquired huskily, "what you will have to live on until there is something coming in?"

The Breadwinner made a feeble gesture. He could not answer that question.

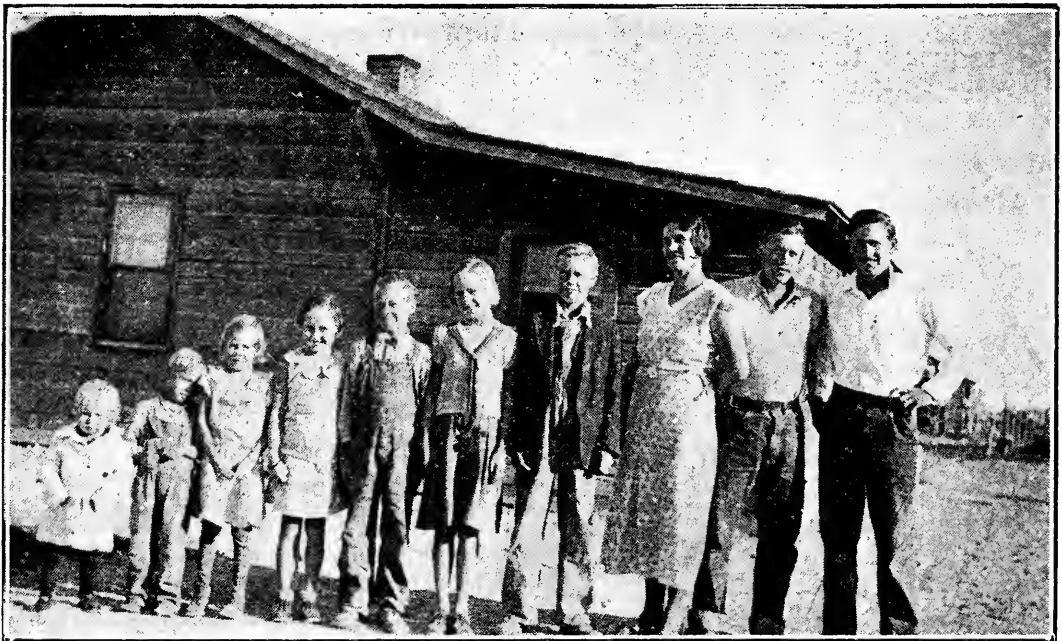
The doctor drew out a paper and quickly wrote in his bold hand: "Paid in full for my services, from September 2, 1875, to January 1, 1876. C. W. Pindale, M. D."

Handing it to the Breadwinner he said: "Take this, I'll keep the gold, since you insist. Were you able to pay, I suppose I would ask five hundred dollars, but knowing the circumstances as I do, I am a coward

to take anything. As for taking any of the cows, what are you talking about, man? Why should I save your child by medical science, then leave him to starve! I tell you this west needs men.

The Breadwinner took the receipt from the doctor's hand and went out into the February sunshine without making an effort to express his gratitude.

With a walk that was almost a trot, he sped homeward. He had no money in his pocket, but he had courage in his heart and life was good. He must hurry home to tell the mother of his boys that the doctor was paid.



IRENE SAMPSON, PRESIDENT OF DELTA THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, AND HER CHILDREN

One Hundred Best Books of the Century

By Women of the United States

A LIST of 100 best books of the century by American women was announced at the International woman writers' conclave held in connection with the International Congress of Women at the "Century of Progress" at Chicago, 1933.

The list which follows was submitted by Lena Madessin Phillips, president of the council.

BIOGRAPHY

"Twenty Years at Hull House,"—Jane Addams.

"A History of Woman Suffrage,"—Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Matilda Joslyn Gage.

"The Promised Land,"—Mary Antin.

"The Great Catherine,"—Katherine Anthony.

"Earth Horizon,"—Mary Austin.

"Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson,"—Martha Gilbert (Dickinson).

"Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years,"—Mrs. Harriet Brown.

"Mozart,"—Marcia Davenport (1932).

"Angels and Amazons,"—Inez Haynes Irwin.

"The Story of My Life,"—Helen Keller.

"A New England Girlhood,"—Lucy Larcom.

"John Keats,"—Amy Lowell.

"Pere Marquette, Priest, Pioneer and Adventurer,"—Agnes Repplier.

"My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt,"—Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

"The Story of a Pioneer,"—Anna Howard Shaw.

"Life of Abraham Lincoln,"—Ida M. Tarbell.

"Glimpses of Fifty Years,"—Frances Willard.

DRAMA

"When Ladies Meet,"—Rachel Crothers.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl,"—Eleanor Gates.

"Alison's House,"—Susan Glaspell.

"The Piper,"—Josephine Preston Peabody.

"Fashion,"—Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie.

"Sun-Up,"—Lula Vollmer.

ESSAYS

"On Understanding Women,"—Mary Beard.

"Letters from New York,"—Lydia Child.

"Papers on Literature and Art,"—Margaret Fuller.

"Godey's Lady's Book,"—Sara J. Hale, Ed.

"Poets and Their Art,"—Harriet Monroe.

FICTION

"The Conqueror,"—Gertrude Atherton.

"The Good Earth,"—Pearl Buck.

"Death Comes to the Archbishop,"—Willa Cather.

"The Lamplighter,"—Maria Cummins.

"Show Boat,"—Edna Ferber.

"Deepening Stream,"—Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

"Red Horse,"—Mary Halleck Foote.

"Miss Lulu Bett,"—Zona Gale.

"Leavenworth Case,"—Anna Katherine Green.

"Lummox,"—Fannie Hurst.

"Ramona,"—Helen Hunt Jackson.

"The Country of the Pointed Firs,"—Sara Orme Jewett.

"To Have and To Hold,"—Mary Johnston.

"Mother,"—Kathleen Norris.

"Scarlet Sister Mary,"—Julia Peterkin.

"Gates Ajar,"—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

"The Time of Man,"—Elizabeth Mad-dox Roberts.

"The Little French Girl,"—Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Ethan Frome,"—Edith Wharton.

"St. Elmo,"—Augusta Evans Wilson.

HUMOR

"The Peterkin Papers,"—Lucretia Peabody Hale.

"Samantha at the Centennial,"—Marietta Holley.

"American Humor,"—Constance Wayfield Rourke.

JUVENILE

"Little Women,"—Louisa May Alcott.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy,"—Francis Hodgson Burnett.

"Dotty Dimple,"—Rebecca Clark.
 "Cat Who Went to Heaven,"—Elizabeth Coatesworth.
 "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates,"—Mary Mapes Dodge.
 "Elsie Dinsmore,"—Martha Finley.
 "Pollyanna,"—Eleanor H. Porter.
 "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,"—Alice Caldwell Rice.
 "Five Little Pepper Stories,"—Margaret Sidney.
 "Wide, Wide World,"—Susan Warner.
 "Daddy Long Legs,"—Jean McKinney Webster.
 "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,"—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

POETRY

"Poems,"—Alice and Phoebe Cary.
 "Bells at Evening and Other Poems,"—Fanny J. Crosby.
 "Honey Out of the Rock,"—Babette Deutsch.
 "Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson,"—Emily Dickinson.
 "Collected Poems of H. D.,"—Hilda Doolittle.
 "Later Lyrics,"—Julia Ward Howe. (contains "Battle Hymn of the Republic")
 "Renaissance,"—Edna St. Vincent Millay.
 "Poems,"—Louise Chandler Moulton.
 "Death and Taxes,"—Dorothy Parker.
 "Selected Poems,"—Lizette Woodworth Reese.
 "Fiddler's Farewell,"—Leonora Speyer.
 "Rivers to the Sea,"—Sara Teasdale.
 "Lyrics and Sonnets,"—Edith Thomas.
 "Complete Poems,"—Elinor Wylie.

RELIGION

"The Sabbath in Puritan New England,"—Alice Earle.
 "Science and Health,"—Mary Baker Eddy.
 "Franciscan Adventures,"—Vida Scudder.

SCIENCE

"Introduction to the Study of Variable Stars,"—Caroline Furness.
 "An Atlas of the Medulla and Mid-Brain,"—Florence R. Sabin.

SHORT STORIES

"Meadow Grass,"—Alice Brown.

"Old Chester Tales,"—Margaret De-land.
 "A New England Nun and Other Stories," by Mary Wilkins Freeman.
 "In the Tennessee Mountains,"—Mary N. Murfree.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

"Women in Industry,"—Edith Abbott.
 "Woman Suffrage and Politics,"—Carrie Chapman Catt.
 "Remarks on Prisons and Prison Discipline in the United States,"—Dorothea Dix.
 "Husbands and Homes,"—Mary Harland.
 "My Story of the War,"—Mary A Livermore.
 "Coming of Age in Samoa,"—Margaret May.
 "Women and the New Race,"—Margaret Sanger.

TRAVEL

"Carl Akeley's Africa,"—Mary L. Akeley.
 "Spanish Highways and Byways,"—Katherine Lee Bates.
 "New Orleans, the Place and the People,"—Grace King.
 "Ports and Happy Places,"—Cornell Stratton Porter.
 "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt,"—Grace Thompson Seton.
 "House of Exile,"—Nora Waln.

The selections were made by a book council of twenty-four American writers and literary authorities, and the faculties of sixty universities and colleges.

Anita Browne of New York, founder of Poetry Week, was chairman of the council of authors. Among the council members were the poet, Stephen Vincent Benet; the novelist, Zona Gale; the historian, Henrick W. Van Loon; the economist, Charles Edward Russell; the humorist, Ellis Parker Butler; the poet, Robert Frost; the biographer, Don Seitz, and Irita Van Doren, literary critic.



A Beam That Pierced

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

ONE mile. Two miles. Janice walked rapidly. Little heat imps danced from sage to sage before her. Her jacket clung to her parched shoulders; and the powdery dust clung to her gauze hose. She tried to avoid the brush that snagged at her skirt. Another mile. She pulled her gloves from her hot hands and thrust them into her jacket pocket. With an immaculate handkerchief she wiped the dust from her eyes and from her dry lips. She looked back. The service station buildings danced weirdly with the heat. Her friends were there waiting with visible fortitude for tires to be sent out from Twin City. Doubtless they would question her absence. She wondered if the attendant had told them about the tires or the feed pipe. He looked like a good sport. Anyway it was five years this very day in May and she must have just one look.

Another mile and she stood on the ridge that had beckoned, oh, long before they had reached the service station. She looked down over a gently sloping swale that to a casual observer would have seemed identical with a thousands others here about. To her it was a spot set apart. Heat and solitude hung over it as usual. There was an air of desolation, from the brown of its once plowed acres down to the unexpected green of a lone tree. Once these acres had been fertile, productive; but now, abandoned by man, they had spurned the offspring of his dominance and boldly brought forth a new growth of sage between which wild mustard and tumbleweeds rioted.

Suddenly Janice plunged down the hill heedless of clutching weeds and brush. Breathlessly she reached the dike that banked a small stream bed, dry now except for one stagnant pool. Slowly she registered each detail of the scene.

The dam was crumbled in places. The sage they had planted to hold the dike was there, with bare branches and gray-green tufted tops. The wild roses from one tiny sprig had spread to cover half the inner slope of the bank. Their fragrance made her heart skip and plucking one blossom she turned toward the tree. For long moments she looked at it, her hurry gone. She put out her hand and touched its smooth bark.

"A miracle," she whispered. "There would always be shade now." She dropped her eyes. At her feet a half tumbled-down seat flaunted patches of curled green paint. Stooping she examined the end board. There they were; W. W. in big bold strokes; beneath in small precise lines J. W., and then—and then, on her knees she traced with trembling fingers the small undecided lines that were also J. W. Hot scalding tears filled her eyes. They had been so happy then—she and Walt and Baby Janice. Until then their love had withstood the heat, the drought, the unloveliness; in all the world there had been just each other.

Her eyes strayed to the north-facing slope but were instantly withdrawn. She arose and walked slowly about. Here had been the cellar. Its roof was gone and in one corner was heaped a few broken fruit jars, ghastly survivors of once gluttoned shelves. The shelves were gone,

prey to the ever fuel hunting sheep herders.

The house was gone. The rocks that had been its foundation were scattered about. Her eyes that had been soft grew hard. The house had been hauled away, easily, she knew—perhaps even on a hayrack. Why, when they used to have threshers she would move the cupboard and wash stand out and put planks kitty-cornered across the room to give them eating space. Good thing the bed had folded up. How horrible it had been. Dusty, sweaty men bolting the flat, insipid food. Even dishes were scarce. More than once Walt had had to eat from a pie tin and drink from a can. They had even managed to be boisterously gay about it; but then their eyes had been on the future; that future that year after year refused to be coaxed nearer.

Between the cellar and the house she nearly stepped into a yawning cistern. It was full above the intake pipe and no cover. That was dangerous. She must tell Walt—well hardly—she hadn't had his address for four years.

She walked up the south-facing slope to what had once been her chicken-house. She looked in. Incredibly a roll of net wire stood in one corner. Her throat caught. How many chickens the coyotes had taken; how many tears she had shed and what sacrifices they had made before that wire had been bought. She remembered the day as though it were yesterday. Walt shouldn't have left it here, either. He probably considered it hers. He was queer that way. Stubborn, too, as a mule, sometimes.

Circling the ruin she came upon an unusually large sage. Its stringy bark and pungent silvered leaves cried out for remembrance. It was just as it had been, scarcely larger.

Unbelievable that the sheep herders had passed it by. A wind ruffled its leaves and a cloud of dust enveloped her. She looked up quickly. Overhead the sky was darkening and the distant roll of thunder came faintly to her ears. She had thought the unusual sultriness would breed a storm. How fine it would be. A good storm now would insure good crops and fill the reservoir for her garden. Her garden? Thank goodness not hers, but someone's. For her a garden was no longer the dividing line between life and mere existence.

Something broke under her foot. She looked down and a sob that had embarrassed her air of indifference all day rose in her throat. The one doll in all the world that held memories for her. Its papier-mache' legs were bleached and brittle. One arm had crushed under her shoe. Its body was divested of stuffing, only here and there were particles of it visible; but its head—with careful fingers she tried to lift it but it crumbled under her touch, leaving only a pair of eyes. She held them in her hands, brown eyes connected with a Y-shaped wire with a blob of lead at the end.

Again that sob rose and she fought it hard. There had been the three of them that last Christmas. From the time dolls were put on display she had watched this one. Its eyes were large and brown and startlingly human—when they moved. Their expression had led her to pay more for it than she could afford. The pup had carried it away and how Baby had cried. She had taken ill the next day.

With her handkerchief Janice wiped away the dust and there they were—exactly the same. The lashes were scarcely harmed and the blob of lead just as it had been. It was queer about that lead, it ruled the

eyes. On it depended their usefulness, their expression and beauty. Without it they were merely pieces of glass. Holding them tightly in one hand she went directly to the slope beyond the dam.

By a grave she stopped. A tiny grave inclosed by a tight board fence. She leaned heavily upon it. A border of iris, a scraggly lilac with half a dozen anemic blossoms accentuated rather than lessened the sense of desolation and abandon. Perhaps if she had been here to carry water the flowers would have flourished.

"There will be others to help you forget," Walt had said that last Sunday in May five years ago. Her overwrought nerves had snapped.

"Others," she had screamed. "Others! To this desolation—this poverty—this burning hell—others! To be brown and rough and shabby. A class set apart! Natives! No, no, a thousand times no," and shrieking wildly she had fled over that self-same rabbit path that had brought her back today. Walt had followed, of course, but she was through.

Back among her own with her former work she had prospered. Time had soothed her jagged nerves but her heart was still sore at times. It was too much to suppose she could blot it entirely from her life. Wounds leave their scars always and like the lead on the doll's eyes color every hour of one's existence.

A sudden thought came to her. Her associates, in their work, in their clubs prated much of their right to self-expression; their right to taste real life. Had she not when she was here lived deeper, felt more keenly? Here she had reached the heights and probed the depths. The dull lead of her surroundings had been the balance that had given her her chance for development.

A SHARP peal of thunder, a spattering of raindrops brought her suddenly to the present. She must rush like mad or she would make them all late for that evening session. She started up the slope but a sudden downpour checked her. It would be better to wait until the shower was over. Head bent to the wind she dashed to the chicken house. There she waited. She hoped feverishly that it wouldn't last long but what a Godsend to the parched earth it would be if it did. Parched. Her eyes swept the drenched slopes. Already a soft green mist was replacing their dusty gray. Here and there showed brightening patches of color. The stream bed had miraculously sprung to life and to her nostrils came the once-familiar scent of a revived earth. Janice breathed deeply. Why couldn't it always be so beautiful.

She looked at the sky. South and west it was dense and dark, lit by occasional vivid flashes. It looked like an all night affair. What would she do? It had turned cold, too. In her damp clothes she shivered. Her old dread of being alone on the place returned.

The splashy beat of horses hoofs brought an instant's relief, then panic. She hoped it was not a Basco sheep herder or one of those mythical characters that to her mind had always roamed these slopes. Even a neighbor would mean embarrassment. She held her breath and crouched into the farthest corner.

A sharp "whoa" and a man darted through the low door. In one hand he carried a huge spray of wild phlox and buttercups. The woman caught her breath sharply. He wheeled. Incredulity was quickly replaced by stark vivid joy.

"Janice;" his hungry arms reached for her then with remembrance

they dropped.

"You here!"

"Yes, I came about an hour ago." She hoped her voice sounded casual, inconsequential. She must not show concern; but her eyes noted quickly the damp coat, the wet hair that he pushed restlessly back from his face. He had never been one to wear a hat.

"But—how—"

"I walked from the Service Station. We were on our way to a Club Convention at Twin City."

"But why come here?"

Her eyes sought the slope then came back to his bouquet.

"I came for the same as you—" with a nod toward the little grave. He, too, looked toward the slope. They looked in silence; then presently his eyes strayed to her face and he breathed quickly.

"You are beautiful, Janice, as always."

"As always?"

He nodded; "Yes, always beautiful."

She laughed rather wildly. "Walt, what are you saying? Beautiful! I was brown, shabby, hair stringy, nails broken—"

"I know, but you were so gallant, so heart warming. I suppose I should have seen how you felt but I was too smug; too accustomed to it all. Perhaps I wouldn't let myself see until that last day—"

That last day. They had been at the little grave planting the iris and lilac when he had made that luckless remark about others. Heat, isolation, uncertainty of income; and then sorrow had done their worst. Walt's remark had been the one thing too much. Now he was saying she had been beautiful and heart-warming. She clutched the doll's eyes tightly.

Outside the storm had turned to a cold drizzle; but a sudden clap of

thunder crashed through the swale lending renewed energy to the rain. She shivered. He remembered she was afraid of storms and stepped nearer. His face was drawn and gray. Taking a flower from his spray she plucked the yellow petals and dropped them one by one.

He said doggedly: "I lost my job."

"I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. I have at last come home to stay. Others will come, too, now that jobs are gone—"

Janice stared hard into the storm. He had come back. Some day another woman would stand by his side helping to fight the drought, the loneliness. Would he call her heart-warming? Walt was continuing:

—"with a flock of sheep—a few cows—turkeys—our own garden, we will—"

Our garden. Perhaps he was already married. There would be "others," Walt's but not hers.

"I have bought the Burke place—"

Bought the Burke place! Joining this on the west; it had precious spring water—enough for a little hay, trees, berries, grass—; a house that was not too small. She grasped his arm.

"Walt—did you—is there—someone?"

His mouth went hard. "There has always been—someone."

Anger swept reason away. That had been *their* dream.

She cried: "How dare you. That was my dream as well as your's. None other has the right;" bursting into wild sobs she threw herself against him. "Don't, Walt," she pleaded. "Don't bring her here. She wouldn't understand. She doesn't know about the lone tree, the wild roses on the dam—the little grave. They are my memories to share with you—if it isn't too late."

His eyes flamed. His arms circled and crushed her tight. His desperate lips found hers.

"Janice, you can't mean it—it's too good. Nights without numbers I've lain awake dreaming you came back; dreaming you were beside me—"

The flowers had dropped to the ground. His eye caught them and reason returned.

"No, no, it can't be." He thrust her arms away. "It wouldn't do. Life here will be much the same. I have my hopes, my dreams but you know how elusive our dreams were before. I have heard of your success and I couldn't let you come back to—this. Besides—" his strong voice broke, "I couldn't stand losing you again, Janice. It does something to a man—he just can't fight. Better to dream of heaven than to taste and lose."

"See;" she held the doll's eyes before him. "You remember these—that last Christmas? I found them a few minutes ago; you remember how beautiful they were—how ex-

pressive? Then this lead fell off and the eyes were lifeless, always the same. I had to remove the head so you could solder the lead back. With it as a balance the eyes came to life. The doll was again a thing of beauty. Don't you see—?"

He was again holding her close but his eyes showed bewilderment. Her arms slipped around his neck and drew his face down.

"Can't you see, Dear? Where I work we are all beautiful; there is nothing to make us otherwise but there no one calls me gallant. I need this lead—" with a sweeping gesture—"to give me balance; to help me to really live. Perhaps that is why I came. You remember—"

"Yet a beam that pierced, and a thrill that smote

Called me, and drew me from far away'."

Outside the storm raged giving promise of life and wealth to the dry earth. Cheek to cheek they watched—giving silent promises of love and life.



Notes from the Field



COTTONWOOD STAKE PAGEANT

Cottonwood Stake:

THE above picture represents President Lavina H. McMillan of the Cottonwood Stake, President Louise Y. Robison, and the brothers and sisters who participated in a splendid pageant showing the various activities of the Relief Society throughout its entire organization.

In the reports that came into the office of the Ninety-second Anniversary Celebration of the Relief

Society organization, none seem to be more beautiful and typical than that given by the Cottonwood Stake Board, on Friday, March 16, 1934. The playlet was built around the motto of the Relief Society, "Charity Never Faileth." The entertainment was divided into seven divisions, known as "The Elect Lady," and pictured the seven Presidents. Epoch 1 was the inception of the organization, featuring Emma



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SEVEN PRESIDENTS AND THE
PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

Smith as the central figure; Epoch 2 was twenty-two years later, and presented Eliza R. Snow, who was called upon to travel and organize the women of Zion; Epoch 3, featured Zina D. H. Young and the World's Fair of 1893; Epoch 4, the opening of the offices in the Bishop's Building, with Bathsheba W. Smith, President; Epoch 5, concerning the Wheat with Emmeline B. Wells as the central figure; Epoch 6, the establishment of Baby Clinics and the Wheat Trust Fund under Clarissa S. Williams; Epoch 7, the erection of the monument on the site of the organization in Nauvoo, with President Louise Y. Robison.

Union Stake:

THE Union Stake had a most successful year in the development of the lesson program, and showed an increased activity among the sisters in lesson discussion. This fine result was obtained by assigning certain parts of the lesson to the different members, and asking them to reproduce it in their own words. The President writes: "This year we are stressing a program to stimulate interest in reading the *Magazine*. Our plan is for the *Magazine* agent to have charge of the program on Work and Business day. This program need not always be a formal recitation of stories, poetry, etc., but may be arranged as a game—such as a series of questions on articles contained in the *Magazine*, something like a spelling-bee, with the sisters on different sides, or, with the help of others, the *Magazine* agent may hold the conversation to topics on the *Magazine* or related subjects, and encourage activity on the part of some sisters who are frightened to take part in a more formal program."

Granite Stake

A DELIGHTFUL reception and testimonial was held on the evening of June 26, 1934, in the Granite Stake Tabernacle. The occasion was in honor of the retiring Relief Society Stake President and her Board. Sister Emmaretta G. Brown had been president of Granite Stake Relief Society for eleven years. Sister Myrtle B. Latimer, who succeeds Sister Brown, assisted by Sisters Angeline H. Earl and Nellie O. Parker, counselor, and the Ward Relief Societies, were hostesses. Representatives from the General Relief Society Board, Stake Presidency, High Council and Bishops spoke of Sister Brown's splendid achievements. Sister Earl presented her with a beautiful silver basket which was then filled with roses by the Ward Presidents who gave sentiments relative to Sister Brown's faith, humility, foresight, progressiveness, womanliness and executive ability. Members of each Ward had been assigned seats, and as the Ward President made her presentation the members of her ward rose to do honor to one so dearly loved. Sister Parker presented the retiring board members with tokens made of Utah copper. Especially beautiful music was furnished by the Bel Canto Ladies' Chorus, Sister Nellie Priestly, organist, and Sister Agnes Bolto. After the program, a reception and dance were held in the foyer and amusement hall.

THE last union meeting of the year, on May 24, was turned into a social honoring the Ward Presidents. Sister Latimer conducted an airport idea which ultimately turned into a charming pageant of "Service." During the whole year the Stake Board had saved and planned to make this party

a success and their plans certainly materialized beautifully. Sister Nellie Parker, as "Service," assisted by three golden "Sunbeams" and a gold and blue airplane, paid well deserved honor to the Presidents, with clever eulogies and a gift for each ward room. President Louise Y. Robison and Sister Brown were surprised with remembrances also. Members of the General Board, Stake Presidency and Bishops were special guests.

Curlew Stake

THAT the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother" has struck deep into the hearts of Relief Society women, is evidenced in the account which follows: Father's Day was pleasantly celebrated in Curlew Stake. The Stake Relief Society, the Y. W. M. I. A. and Primary Boards arranged a special program for the occasion, which was held on the regular monthly Union Meeting Day. The fathers had seats of honor and enjoyed the addresses and musical numbers. After the program, the fathers and the rest of the congregation, between three and four hundred people, were served with delicious refreshments. All voted it a most successful occasion.

Blaine Stake

A MOST excellent Institute for Better Homes and Interior Decoration was held at Richfield, Idaho, June 26, 1934. This special project was patterned as nearly as could be after the one held by the General Board in Salt Lake City during April Conference. The Institute began with a short program. The Stake Board and Richfield Ward served refreshments at noon, after which a short social and get-acquainted hour was enjoyed. This was followed by a Presidents' Meet-

ing when the project under consideration was discussed. Each of the ten wards brought some interesting article to demonstrate. The response to the invitation was excellent, and everyone seemed to receive new and valuable information from this interchange of ideas. From the folders received during conference they obtained addresses of several of the business houses, and wrote to these. They were most responsive to the requests and sent booklets and many valuable suggestions. These were distributed among the wards. From noon the time was spent in demonstrating different wares and articles. The Secretary writes: "We hope much good will come from this project, and we believe it will, as each ward expressed appreciation and promised to carry out the suggestions received. There were more than sixty of our leaders present, some coming a distance of eighty miles to participate. It is a sacrifice for mothers to come from so far away, but they enjoyed the contact with the other sisters, and in spite of obstacles the sisters felt happy and abundantly repaid for the efforts they make to participate in the Relief Society activities."

Nevada Stake

ONCE again our attention is called to the fact that the training received in Relief Society is an excellent preparation for civic activities. The following account, clipped from a Nevada newspaper is an indication of this. Mrs. E. E. Hinckley is the Nevada Stake Social Service Leader, and the President writes that her work has been outstanding, which is borne out by the following. She has been appointed County Director and General Supervisor over all women's work within White Pine County. Her problem will be to see that every

woman certified for work in this county is placed. "Sewing, remodeling of garments, library work, clerical and general utility projects will be established first. Immediately following this, vocational sewing classes will be established in Ely and McGill. These classes will be open to girls and women wishing and needing the instruction. Local club women have been asked to assist with these classes. Through this effort it is planned that each family

may be well and comfortably clothed through its own efforts. Tentative plans for establishing of opportunity classes for the children of working mothers or relief families are being made. The classes will consist of supervised play, handcraft and building up of weak spots in school work. Single women with no other income will receive 42 hours work per month. Women with dependents and no other income will receive 54 hours.

Let Us Improve Our English

BRIGHAM YOUNG, in Chapter Eight of his Discourses says, "In our Relief Societies we wish to introduce many improvements. * * * We can improve the language we use."

This phrase was the inspiration for the program of correct English which was carried out in the Relief Societies of Ensign and Liberty Stakes. The aim of the work was increased vocabularies, better enunciation and pronunciation, and more exact thinking and speaking. The outline includes:

1. The Voice—Tone and Enunciation.
2. Pronunciation.
3. The Dictionary—Its Use.
4. The Vocabulary—Enlarge it by elimination and substitution.
5. Slang and its Substitutes.
6. Correcting incorrect expressions.
7. Vigorous Words—Verbs.
8. Conversation and Vocabulary.

Immediate results of this course interpolated into the work and business day have been: increased attendance and better speech.

A mispronounced word is a discord in the harmony of thought. Seven words often mispronounced in the Church are:

genealogy
 organization
 quorum (qw)
 auxiliary (ogzilyari)
 main'tenance
 authörity
 address'

A man can think no further than his vocabulary. With the vocabulary of a child you can think no better than a child. The presidents of the United States have had noticeably extensive vocabularies. President Wilson, the man who thought out the problem of world unity more clearly than any other man had the largest vocabulary of any of our presidents.

Errata

WE very much regret that a serious error was made in the article written by Ezra C. Robinson in our July *Relief Society Magazine*, wherein he states that Jacob

Hamblin had an Indian wife. We are informed by Brother Hamblin's son, Dudley J. Hamblin, that this is not correct.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editor		Mary Connelly Kimball
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EDITORIAL

Work

"Thou, O God, who sellest us all good things at the price of labor."—*Leonardi Da Vinci*.

"Whatever religion is not work, may go and dwell where it will; with me it shall have no harbor."—*Carlyle*.

"Our worship does not work until it makes us work."—*John M. Versteeg*.

"This is the gospel of labor, ring it ye bells of the kirk. The Lord of love came down from above to live with the men who work."*—*Henry Van Dyke*.

NEVER has the blessedness of work been more evident than it is today. We see on every hand the deterioration that takes place when instead of earning a living men and women receive help from various agencies because they have been unable to secure employment. They chafe under the enforced idleness. They become discouraged. Life loses its zest and perhaps most serious of all, all too many become reconciled and even eager to have society give them an allowance on which to live. They lose the desire to work and sit back contentedly, feeling that the world owes them a living and they expect

the world to give it to them. The tendency is for the idle either to become apathetic or to develop red tendencies.

Every Latter-day Saint should be eager to work mentally, physically and spiritually. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a religion of work. The Master said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." He went from place to place doing good. He cleansed the lepers, healed the sick, made the blind to see and the deaf to hear. These healings required effort and power went out from Him.

Happy are they who have both mental and physical work. Unfortunate are they who spend so many hours in physical labor that they use up all their energy and have none left for mental enjoyment, and those who spend all their time in mental activity, not giving the body the exercise it requires, find sickness and disabilities increase.

Let all those who have work to do and health to do it render gratitude to the Father of all mercies and

let them show their appreciation by striving to give the opportunity to all who are without work to have

the satisfaction of laboring and earning their bread by the sweat of their brows.

President Robison Returns

WE are happy to announce the safe return of our beloved President, Louise Y. Robison from her European trip. We are sure our readers will be eager to read her report which will appear in a forthcoming issue of our magazine.

Sister Robison enjoyed good health while away and was warmly received wherever she went. The friendship, goodwill and love shown by the Relief Society sisters of Europe moved her deeply and made her more eager than ever to be humble and to perform her duties faithfully. She was delighted with the way the sisters in the European mission conducted their meetings and the earnestness and devotion they

exhibited. They are eager to carry on the work as efficiently and to study the same lessons as their fellow members are doing in Zion. They have groups of "Singing Mothers" and some of the sisters in Switzerland yodel to the delight of those who hear them.

Through our President's visit, the General Board will understand conditions there much better and will therefore be able to give more aid.

We welcome our President back. It is a joy to see her take up her work immediately on her return and as of yore put her whole heart and soul into the work that is so dear to her.

Marie Dressler

WHEN the news flashed over the wires that Marie Dressler, acclaimed the greatest comedian of her generation had died, countless thousands sorrowed that this woman who had made millions laugh and love her, who had been so interested in others that she was elated when they scored and downcast when they failed, who was said to be the same no matter what fortune or misfortune befell her, would make no more pictures.

She has left many lessons through her life of struggle and suffering and trial. She knew few of the joys of childhood. Her father, who though German had been trained in the British Army, was irascible. He was a music teacher, but his quick temper lost him all his pupils and the father and mother with their two daughters moved from place to place. The older girl was beautiful

but Marie was known as "the ugly duckling." She said, "From the beginning I have played my life as a comedy rather than the tragedy many others would have made of it. Some derive enjoyment from the martyr feeling, but as an infant I would rather be laughed at than pitied." She never went to school. Until she became the sole support of her family at the age of fourteen, her mother was her tutor in reading, writing and arithmetic.

IT is interesting to note that it was tripping over rugs when she was a fat, clumsy, three-year-old child that started Marie Dressler on her career. She found that people laughed when she was awkward, so she began falling deliberately, from "a desire to make my friends enjoy themselves." I wanted those about me to be happy and to like me. If

I failed I blamed no one but myself. I realized that my beauty, if any, lay underneath the skin. I found it quite as delightful if people said: 'Isn't she funny?' as if they had exclaimed: 'Isn't she beautiful?'"

Her mother worried because her daughter could not go to school and she made her promise to read newspapers every day as an educational measure. This promise Marie kept and all her education came from reading papers and listening to people.

She knew what it was to go from a position as a chorus girl receiving \$8.00 a week to a star receiving \$2500 a week. Then to go back to a position bringing \$8.00 a week and up again to \$5,000 a week. At 54 she was not wanted at any price, at 64 she was under contract to receive \$100,000 for each picture, two a year if her health permitted.

ALTHOUGH she knew the pain of unrequited love, she also knew some wonderful and lasting friendships. Indeed her final triumph came through her friendship with Frances Marion. Unable to secure employment, she decided to go to Europe and open a small hotel. She believed that the friends she knew in America would patronize her when they were abroad. Her friend pooh-poohed the idea. She said, "Hold on, Marie, until I can write you a part, and you will be set." Later, when she wrote Anne Christie

for Greta Garbo, the part of the old boat woman was done with Marie Dressler in mind. Over night Miss Dressler became a Hollywood sensation. Those who had scoffed at the idea of giving her a real part, now fought for her services.

ALMOST concomitant with her great success and the attendant big money it brought, she knew that she was a victim of cancer and that her span of life would not be long. She signed her last big contract, knowing that the dread scourge would bring her agony and bitterness, yet she bravely carried on. In the last five years she made a fortune, but she never considered quitting. She, like so many laugh-makers, carried burdens under her sunny exterior. She knew almost no moments free from concern and worry. In her heart most of her years sorrow was a habitant.

She bought a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, where she enjoyed entertaining her friends. She was an excellent cook and often delighted her guests by herself concocting unusual dishes.

A short time ago she said, "I really didn't begin to live until I was 50. I honestly feel younger than I did at 25." She felt that middle age is the best part of life and expressed herself as sorry for the "middle-aged woman who feels that life is over for her and looks and acts accordingly."

Magazine Drive

SEPTEMBER 15TH TO OCTOBER 15TH

HOW will your stake stand October 15th when the drive closes? Knowing the efficient work done in past years and the remarkable results attained, we expect some outstanding subscription lists this season.

If you are delighted with your methods and your success, write and let us know. We shall be glad to let others know through the *Magazine* of the achievements of our stakes. It is stimulating to learn what others have accomplished.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

ALLEGIANCE TO THE CHURCH

Ecclesiastical Authority. Outstanding among all the characteristics of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the claim that its authority to act in the name of God was received from heavenly personages empowered by the Messiah himself. A few other churches, including the Eastern Orthodox, the Roman Catholic, and the Episcopalian, assert that their authority comes from the apostles of Christ or through the bishops of Rome. Other churches claim authority through the Bible, others through the so-called vested rights of the individual, while many others claim no authority at all.

The Latter-day Saints assert that as early as 1829 John the Baptist appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood, and that a little later the Melchizedek Priesthood was restored through the angelic administration of Peter, James and John. Still later certain keys of the Priesthood were given by Elijah, Elias, Moses, and others. With the most painstaking care this authority to act in the name of God has been conferred by one individual to another until at present there are thousands within the Church who possess it, in various degrees and with various responsibilities.

The Priesthood is of such paramount importance to the Church that without it authority to act in the name of God would disappear, and the Church itself would be more or less indistinguishable from other ec-

clesiastical organizations. Indeed, if the Church were stripped of its Priesthood, there would be little excuse for its existence, other than for general moral purposes. The Latter-day Saints understand this, and therefore they regard the Priesthood as the choicest gift of God, indispensable not only to the Church but also to their own salvation.

Leaders Divinely Chosen. With reference to the authority of the Holy Priesthood, the apostle Paul said: "No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." (Hebrews 5:4) The manner in which Aaron was chosen is recorded in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, first verse. This is the word of the Lord to Moses, chosen by divine command as leader of the people: "Take thou unto thee Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him, from among the children of Israel, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office."

It is a doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that its leaders are chosen by inspiration from God. Men of themselves do not possess sufficient wisdom to make the proper selection. Moreover, when men are thus chosen Deity will give with them his Spirit, and thus make them equal to every requirement exacted of them. If, however, men are self-appointed, they have claim to no such promise.

Voice of the People. The best regard which Deity has for his children is shown in the fact that the individuals selected by him to be

leaders must be acceptable to the people before they are called to preside. This was made known very early in the history of the Church, indeed, a few days preceding its organization. (See *Doc. and Cov.* 20: 63-67) When the Church was formally organized, April 6, 1830, Joseph called upon those present to know whether they were willing to sustain him and Oliver Cowdery as the presiding officers of the Church. It was not until after an affirmative vote was given that they were ordained to this position. (See *History of Church*, Vol. I, p. 77) That these men were called of God is shown by his own statement as follows: "There shall be a record kept among you; and in it thou shalt be called a seer, a translator, a prophet, an apostle of Jesus Christ, an elder of the Church through the will of God the Father, and the grace of your Lord Jesus Christ. * * * Wherefore it behooveth me that he should be ordained by you, Oliver Cowdery, mine apostle." (*Doc. and Cov.*, Section 21)

Following this practice, established and ordained of the Lord, the Latter-day Saints are now given frequent opportunities for expressing their approval or disapproval of their presiding officers. Votes are called for, not only when the leaders are selected, but at numerous times during their terms of office. The procedure is well known among the Latter-day Saints and therefore needs no description here. Thus an individual may attain leadership only after he is called of God, approved by the people, and duly set apart by those having the divine right so to do.

What Approval Entails. Approval of those selected of the Lord is far more than a perfunctory raising of the right hand. It is a solemn agreement with God, executed in the pres-

ence of the congregation. In its essential form the condition is this: Deity has selected an individual for a specific position, and has instructed that his choice be submitted to the people for their action. Thus when the member raises his hand in approval, he becomes a co-partner with God in his selection, and thereby tacitly agrees to do everything within his power for the success of the one thus mutually chosen. Moreover, this covenant is made in the presence of witnesses, both human and divine. Such a pledge cannot be broken or even regarded lightly with impunity.

The manner in which Deity respects appointments of this nature is well shown by his statement concerning the Prophet Joseph, as follows: "Wherefore, meaning the church, thou shalt give heed unto all his words and commandments, which he shall give unto you as he receiveth them, walking in all holiness before me; *for his word ye shall receive, as if from mine own mouth*, in all patience and faith." (*Doc. and Cov.* 21:4, 5) Again: "Whosoever receiveth my word receiveth me, and whosoever receiveth me receiveth those, the First Presidency, whom I have sent, whom I have made counselors for my name's sake unto you." (*Doc. and Cov.* 112: 20) Surely, when God respects his appointments in this manner, no doubt can exist concerning the responsibility of those who pledge themselves to support his selections.

Violation of the Covenant. Perhaps two things are chiefly responsible for the violation of this pledge, namely: (1) failure to understand its full import, and (2) widespread tendency to criticize the acts of others. The first can ordinarily be overcome by proper explanation; the second is more difficult to eradicate. The individual should not permit his

approval of Church leaders to become formal or perfunctory. This covenant should be made with full knowledge of its meaning and sanctity. When this is done it will seldom be violated. In the second case, there are some who appear to think that by criticizing others they may elevate themselves. Indeed, the spirit of criticism is an admission of supposed self-superiority. Humble people never engage in fault-finding: this is done only by those who are convinced of their own excellence. Criticism, such as this, is a mark of weakness, not of strength.

It should scarcely be expected that an individual can violate his covenant with God and remain immune to the consequences. Deity does not remain bound in such cases. God's promises to his children are predicated upon obedience. Here are his words: "*I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise.*" (*Doc. and Cov.* 82:10) Accordingly, when an individual covenants, with uplifted hand, to support those whom the Lord has chosen, and subsequently violates his agreement, he cannot hope to retain divine favor. It is not strange therefore than when an individual acquires the habit of criticizing Church authorities, the Spirit of the Lord is withdrawn from him, and if he does not reform, he will sooner or later lose his testimony of the truth. There is probably no surer way to lose interest in the Church than to criticize its leaders.

Duty of Parents. Parents can perform a great service to their children in this connection. Children should be taught the sanctity of the covenant involved in sustaining Church leaders. They should come to recognize this covenant as a privilege and an obligation—a privilege in joining with God in the selection

of those who are to lead Israel, and an obligation to make the work of those thus selected most successful. They must come to know that they have no right to criticize, and if they do so, they have violated their agreement and grieved the Spirit of God. Perhaps most of all, parents themselves should never be guilty of fault-finding, for children learn even more quickly by example than by word. If parents deliberately planned to drive their children from the Church they could scarcely resort to a more effective measure than criticism of its leaders.

The Church President. The Lord has made it very clear that there is only one person upon the earth at a time who has the right to receive revelation for the guidance of the Church. Here are his words: "I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power and the keys of this priesthood are conferred." (*Doc. and Cov.* 132:7+) The responsibility for the guidance of the Church thus rests upon the President, and not upon its individual members; they are given neither the power nor the responsibility. They have covenanted, however, to uphold the President and to sustain him in all his endeavors to promote the cause of righteousness. On the other hand, Deity will hold them responsible for this promise. He expects the members of the Church to receive the teachings of the President as if they came from his own mouth. (*Doc. and Cov.* 21:5) According to the teachings of the Latter-day Saints the President of the Church in this day holds the same power and responsibility as did the Prophet Joseph; and it accordingly behooves the members of the Church to give him the same respect and support. Noth-

ing less is acceptable to God. The members of the Church are required to give their allegiance not only to their President, but to every individual endowed with responsibility, from the greatest to the very least. Even the deacon who calls at the door must be treated with courtesy and respect. Every individual who is called to the work of Christ is entitled to the support of those with whom he is laboring.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Contrast the authority held by

our church leaders with that held by the leaders of other religious denominations.

2. Why is it necessary in your judgment that Church leaders should be divinely chosen?

3. Why do you suppose that God requires Church leaders to be submitted to the vote of the people?

4. In what way does a member of the Church injure himself by criticizing his leaders? May he also injure others? How?

5. How can the Relief Society assist in promoting allegiance to the Church and to its leaders?

Teachers' Topic

HALLOWEEN

OCTOBER and Halloween, one suggests the other. Coming as it does the last night of October, preceding All Saints' Day, is reason for its name—All Hallow Even or Halloween. Like many other holidays it has been inherited from Pagan times.

In part it is survival of the ancient Briton autumn festival in honor of the Sun God, at which time bonfires were made by the Druids to show their appreciation for the harvest. They also believed that the Lord of Death gathered together the souls of those who had died within the year and because of their sins their souls had entered the bodies of animals. It is also a revival of the ancient Roman festival in honor of Pomona, the Goddess of fruit and flowers.

These two religious ceremonies have merged, however, into a more modern form and are celebrated at the time of year sacred to both. Although it is now far from the expression of thanks for the harvest, it is regarded by many as the time for those who lurk about in dark

places to sally forth and give information to the living about love, marriage and death. It is also thought to be the night when witches, devils and all mischief-making beings are abroad; especially the fairies, it is said, hold their grand anniversary on that night.

Ancient Celts thought a great deal about death and life after death, so that in countries where their descendants live some superstitions prevail that the suffering departed souls are liberated from Purgatory and are free to visit their old homes or places of worship, and so everything is done to make them welcome and comfortable when they return.

In some countries Halloween still carries the religious sentiment that inspired its celebrations but in general it has gradually become one of the most frivolous and sportive of all holidays. Many of the customs and superstitions of ancient time have continued and are still used, such as ducking or bobbing for apples, roasting nuts, etc. The black cat, the white hare are companions of the

witches and are much evaded on that night.

To counteract the rowdyism and destruction of property that too often is perpetrated by those whose chief aim is to hang gates on telephone poles and ring fire alarms, such organizations as parent teachers, outing clubs, chamber of commerce, municipal recreation commission, have cooperated in different parts to celebrate whole-heartedly

in a community way so that all may participate in legitimate stunts or pranks suitable to the occasion.

Since it is a holiday that children love, could not the Relief Society members help to encourage the use of good wholesome fun and entertainment and more home parties by way of celebrations and thereby decrease some of the delinquency among young people.

Literature

(For Third Week in November)

THE NOVEL A HUMAN DOCUMENT

“Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light.”

—Emerson

MAN'S spiritual quest through the ages has been to gain an understanding of the laws of life.

Man has learned that his greatest happiness lies in his own harmonious development. Slowly, very slowly, he learned that disobedience to moral law brings suffering and deeds done can never be undone. “Thou shalt not” of the Decalogue, the gift of the ancient Hebrew civilization to the world, announces no penalties, but its message to mankind is plain: Sin is the conscious, intentional violation of the laws of morality.

Universal experience is that which is the same for all men. The universal substance of literature from the abiding realm of human experience, the ideas, feelings, sympathies, emotions, and passions which move and inspire men's lives, brings to Man a deeper understanding of life.

An Universal Problem

“Man by suffering shall learn,” the words of Aeschylus to the

Greeks twenty-four centuries ago as they witnessed the drama “Agamemnon,” recorded the truth that disobedience to moral law brings suffering. On an ancient Assyrian tablet recently discovered is recorded a single word, “Evil.” The problem of human suffering and its source has been a baffling mystery to man in all ages. Job's impassioned answer to the friends who would have him confess his sins, because they were the cause of his suffering was, “The tents of the robbers prosper.” The fact of a destructive force or evil at work in the world is well established.

The supreme tragedy of life is to be the victim of one's own acts. The tragic element in life as portrayed in art is of great significance, “The great periods of art, of literature, of painting, of architecture, were ages of faith when men looked about them with amazement and trembled before the splendor and mystery of the world.” Tragedy as portrayed in drama and fiction is not an imita-

tion of men but of life. Aeschylus, the first Greek tragedian portrayed man in his relationship to God and Nature with the message, "If Nature has launched man on a sea of troubles she has given him strength to endure." Tragedy, then, is a way of thinking about life presented dramatically or in story form. The art of fiction has produced its greatest masterpieces thinking thus about life; "Anna Karenina," by Tolstoy, and "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne.

Hawthorne and "The Scarlet Letter"

"There are two representative works of American art which come as near perfection as, perhaps, it is granted man to bring his achievements. One is the mysterious figure by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Grief, which keeps vigil at a woman's tomb in Washington. The other is the novel, *The Scarlet Letter*."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a descendant of a family that had settled in New England in 1630. New England life changed rapidly during the life of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." (1804-1864) The Puritan tradition, characterized by intense religious feeling, yielded to new economic, intellectual, and religious influences. The New England writers of this period, Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, and Holmes were part of the new spirit. Hawthorne, a child of solitude, was untouched by the new spirit; he was still part of the old Puritan tradition.

Nathaniel Hawthorne began early to walk arm in arm with solitude. Madame Hawthorne withdrew from the world at the death of her husband. In the shadowy house of the Hawthorne's the mother lived in retirement in her room. In another chamber her two daughters lived in retirement. And in another room a lame boy lingered, reading and

thinking in silence. At the age of seventeen Nathaniel Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College. His college friends were Longfellow and Franklin Pierce (later President of the United States). The spiritual loneliness continued but the silence was broken when the Puritan laid bare his thoughts in the form of fiction.

The early literary works of Hawthorne were well received especially "Twice Told Tales." A clerical position in the custom office of the port of Boston helped the lean returns from the literary activity. Upon his marriage to Sophia Peabody, Hawthorne settled in the Old Manse at Concord, Massachusetts. "Mosses From An Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of Seven Gables," and "The Blithedale Romance" are the chief literary products that followed. Recognition, national and international, was given generously to the author during his lifetime.

The novel, "The Scarlet Letter," has been placed by the most eminent literary critics of the century among the fifteen great novels of the world. As a great romance it stands apart in the realm of fiction. Hawthorne's idea of romance was "to dream strange things and make them look like truth." The moral nature of man was the intense interest of his entire life. Hawthorne and Tolstoy, the Russian novelist, are two great novelists of the human soul. The setting of the novel is Puritan New England. The idea of the novel, the brand of sin, was the result of a particular incident in its author's life. While employed at the Custom House, Boston, Hawthorne found a strange article among some old documents. It was the capital letter "A" made of scarlet cloth with traces of gold embroidery now greatly faded and frayed. One of the old documents told the story of the letter

and its wearer, Hester Prynne, a Puritan. The novel begins with tragedy, the sin has been committed. There is no condemnation. The tale moves on marking the processes of expiation until a triumph is reached, a deep abiding calm. The novel handling the most poignant problem in literature becomes almost sacred when dramatized. The literary method of the novel is one of the marvels of literature. There are but four characters: Hester Prynne, Pearl, Arthur Dimmesdale, and Roger Chillingworth. The tale moves along as a quiet unbroken melody. The outstanding quality of Hawthorne's literary art lies in its verbal richness "that yields echoes that linger in the ear; and wake old echoes in the brain." Few writers have attained such literary perfection and such a mastery of prose as Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"The Scarlet Letter"

ON an early summer morning nearly three centuries ago a throng of men and women crowded around the door of a prison in a small community in New England. The building, a blot on the escutcheon of the Puritan Utopia of New England was as ugly as the cause of its existence save for a rosebush that had grown up near the steps breathing a message of a divine Creator. The door opened and the warden emerged followed by Hester Prynne, a tall dark woman with classic features. On the breast of her gown was a scarlet letter "A" embroidered in gold thread. In her arms she carried a babe of three months. Hester was taken to the village square and placed on the public scaffold to receive her sentence. A thousand condemning eyes and bitter tongues added to her ignominy. The pastor of the community, Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, noted for his eloquence

and religious fervor was exhorted to obtain a confession from Hester. He pled for a confession, urging her to "Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him. What can thy silence do for him except it tempt him to add hypocrisy to sin. Take heed how thou deniest to him—who, perchance hath not the courage to grasp it for himself—the bitter, but wholesome, cup that is now presented to thy lips." Hester answered him, "I will not speak." The sentence was given to continue to stand on the scaffold for three hours, to go back to the prison for a term, to wear the scarlet letter for the rest of her life.

Before Hester left the scaffold she saw on the outskirts of the crowd Roger Chillingworth, the man she had married in her native village in Old England. Fixing his gaze upon her the man, unknown to any person in the village, challenged her to secrecy. That night when back in the prison cell, Hester became seriously distraught through the events of the day. The jailer brought Roger Chillingworth, who was at the prison attending to the matter of his ransom from the Indians, to the hysterical woman. Alone with his patient he explained his appearance in the village. Sending Hester ahead of him to the new world he had arrived on a vessel to be immediately captured by the Indians. Now familiar with the properties of medicinal herbs and having a knowledge of physical science he was going to remain in the community as a physician. Hester admitted her wrong to her husband, but refused to reveal her partner's name. Chillingworth enjoined Hester to secrecy of their relationship, and announced his intention of finding the man who had wronged them both:

"Thou wilt not reveal his name? Not the less he is mine. He bears no letter

of infamy wrought into his garment, as thou dost, but I shall read it on his heart. Yet fear not for him! Think not that I shall interfere with Heaven's own method of retribution, or, to my own loss, betray him to the grip of human law. Let him live! Let him hide himself in outward honour, if he may! Not the less he shall be mine!"

Hester Prynne's term of confinement at an end, she went to live on the outskirts of the village. By degrees, the skill of her needlework became known, Hester was able to support herself and the baby, Pearl. All her superfluous means she used for charity. The little child was an elfish creature with strange fancies and a protesting conscience. To Hester she became a beneficent influence. Arthur Dimmesdale continued his work with redoubled zeal, growing in power and influence. In time the minister became ill; his form grew emaciated, he was often observed to put his hand over his heart, indicative of pain. Roger Chillingworth, now established as a physician, attached himself to the minister as his medical advisor. Later the two men lived together.

On an obscure night in May, Arthur Dimmesdale, suffering and spent, wandered to the village scaffold. As he stood alone where Hester had stood, a childish laugh pealed forth. Hester, accompanied by Pearl, was returning from Governor Winthrop's deathbed. "Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl," said the minister. "Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together." As all stood on the scaffold Pearl pointed her finger towards Roger Chillingworth who came forth and suggested that for the sake of his health Dimmesdale should go home at once.

Hester, shocked at the physical condition of Dimmesdale, knew him

to be the victim of her husband's threat. Now she had a new source of anxiety. Strengthened by years of trial she felt stronger to cope with the diabolical Chillingworth who had wronged her. Meeting him on his way to the woods for herbs she begged him to refrain from the wicked torture of Dimmesdale, but in vain.

Pearl was now seven years of age. Many times of late she had asked her mother the meaning of the scarlet letter, and why she wore it. The words brought added suffering to the anxious Hester.

Hester decided to acquaint Dimmesdale with the plans of Chillingworth. Knowing that the minister was visiting some Indian converts she planned to meet him in the woods on his return journey. When the two met, Dimmesdale asked in despairing tones, "Hast thou found peace, Hester?" For the first time Hester was fully sensible of the deep injury for which she was responsible to this unhappy man in not protecting him from the malevolent Chillingworth. Sitting side by side on the trunk of a fallen tree they together met the gloomy future: There was an escape, the broad pathway of the sea to their native land. The broken spirit of Dimmesdale had not strength or courage to accept the plan. "Thou shalt not go alone," answered Hester. Little Pearl returning from her gambol in the woods was surprised at the minister's presence. Hester said, "Come thou and entreat his blessing. He loves thee, little Pearl, and loves thy mother, too. In the days to come he will walk hand in hand with us." The fateful interview came to a close.

A ray of sunshine, a glow of strange brightness came to the troubled heart of the minister as the next days passed. With anxiety he awaited word from Hester concerning the

precise time at which the vessel on which she was to make reservations would depart for a new land.

Again a crowd gathered in the market place of the New England village, it was the day on which the new Governor was to receive office. Hester and Pearl were in the crowd, Hester clad in sober gray, Pearl decked out in airy gaiety. The procession passed by to the meeting-house. The minister's sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence, breathing passion and pathos, and emotions high and tender. The voice of Arthur Dimmesdale held the audience spell-bound. To Hester it was the complaint of a human heart beseeching the great heart of mankind for its sympathy and forgiveness. As the crowd passed back to the market place the captain of the vessel on which Hester had booked passage announced that the old doctor would also be a passenger on the same vessel.

The procession reached the scaffold on its return journey. As the minister came opposite the weather-worn structure he saw Hester holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister paused, the procession moved to the music of a joyful melody. Turning towards the scaffold he stretched forth his arms. "Hester," said he, "come hither! Come my little Pearl! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold."

To the multitude he cried, "The scarlet letter Hester wears is but the shadow of what I wear on my breast. Tearing away his clothing he revealed a scarlet "A" glowing in the flesh above his heart. Sinking to the scaffold the dying man murmured, "I fear! God is merciful." Chillingworth, kneeling by the dying man, cried, "Thou hast escaped me."

Hester and Pearl left New England for a home abroad. Many

years passed, a figure in grey wearing a scarlet letter on her breast, returned to the little cottage on the edge of the wood. When one day Hester was seen embroidering a baby gown of lavish richness, the sober-hued community awoke to Pearl's happiness in marriage, in a far away home.

"And, as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived any measure for her own profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and besought her counsel, as one who had herself gone through a mighty trouble. Women, more especially—in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion—or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought—came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy! Hester comforted and counseled them as best she might."

Tolstoy and "Anna Karenina"

RUSSIAN fiction has been called "the best in the world." Leo Tolstoy, the giant of Russian literature, throughout his life was asking the eternal question "Why." An abnormal self-consciousness coupled with majestic intellectuality yielded little peace in his early manhood. With titanic effort this giant subdued body, mind, and spirit. At last came peace when from the wisdom of the ages he evolved for himself a creed: "Resist evil, Judge not, Be not angry, Love one woman." "War and Peace," one of Tolstoy's great works is a mighty panorama of human conflicts, sufferings, sacrifices, and a gallery of a thousand portraits. He has painted Russia with the artistry of a "Millet" portraying his beloved country as a veritable "Man With a Hoe."

Of *Anna Karenina* (ka ra ne na), which novel Arthur Symonds, the eminent English critic, places among the fifteen great novels of the world, William Lyon Phelps states, "I be-

lieve that the average man can learn more about life by reading this novel than he can by his own observation and experience."

Suggestions for Study

- A. Materials:
1. The Story of the World's Literature, Macy, Chapter 47.
 2. The Scarlet Letter, Hawthorne.
 3. Anna Karenina, Tolstoy.
- B. Program:
1. Reading:
 - a. Short selection from "The Great Stone Face."

2. Discussion:
 - a. Hawthorne and the Puritan tradition.
 - b. The Place of "The Scarlet Letter" in World Fiction.
 3. Review:
 - a. "The Scarlet Letter" or
 - b. "Anna Karenina."
- C. Objective:
- This lesson is planned to give an understanding of the universal qualities of great literature.
- Editor's Note: "Anna Karenina" may be substituted for "The Scarlet Letter." It is not intended that both novels shall be reviewed in detail.

Social Service

ELIZABETH GURNEY FRY AND PRISON REFORM

(For Fourth Week in November)

1. A STRANGE PRISON SCENE

ONE of the most dramatic scenes in the history of prison life is connected with the name of Elizabeth Gurney Fry, wife, mother, and prison reformer.

It was in Newgate Prison. Newgate was in London, England, and was built in the early thirteenth century and demolished in 1902. At the time of Mrs. Fry, however, it was at its height. The scene we are speaking of occurred in 1813, in that part of Newgate called the "Untried Female Ward."

Inside and outside, Newgate was a hideous place. Perhaps the inside was the worse. There were at this time three hundred and fifty women confined here, with about fifty children belonging to them. All were in filthy rags; they slept on the floor, without beds or bedding. In appearance they resembled savages. Food of a very poor sort was furnished by the government; and it played havoc with the children, who suffered and pined under the prison fare.

Connected with the prison, strange to say, was a bar, where the inmates might slake their thirst. Whenever these women could beg, borrow, or steal any money, they spent it either at the bar or in gambling. A new arrival with any money had to "stand treat." There was no one to keep order there but a man and a boy; for the warden, or jailer, never entered the place except when he had to. When visitors came to the grating, the women crowded near, to beg for money for drink. Later a double grating was provided, whereupon the women fastened wooden spoons on long sticks, which they thrust through to the spectators.

Says one of these spectators: "Thus they remained in an unchecked condition of idleness, riot, and vice of every description. The women of the lowest sort—the very scum both of the town and the country—filthy in person, disgusting in their habits, and ignorant, not only of religious truth, but of the most familiar duties of common life."

One day in January, 1813, four

women, all members of the Quaker faith, entered the prison, to see what they could do to help the prisoners. Some women were to be executed for crimes they had committed. It was a cold and bitter day, and the suffering of the women prisoners and the half-hundred children went to the hearts of these ladies. One of these was Elizabeth Fry. In her journal she says:

"Yesterday we were some hours with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities. Before we went away dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words of supplications, and very unexpectedly I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they seemed much softened. A very solemn quiet was observed. It was a striking scene, the poor people on their knees round us in their very deplorable condition."

Mrs. Fry must have made an imposing figure, for she was tall, stately, elegant, full of fine womanly vigor, both of mind and body. She was thirty-three years old.

2. DETAILS OF MRS. FRY'S LIFE

Elizabeth Fry was born in 1780, and died in 1845. Her father, "a remarkably handsome man," was John Gurney; her mother, who was not considered at all intellectual, was Catherine Bell. The Gurneys were Quakers, but not "plain Quakers"—by which is meant, they did not dress in the peculiar garb of the Society and use "thee" and "thou" in their conversation.

Elizabeth, the "dove-like Betsy," says this of herself in her girlhood: "I believe I had a name only for being obstinate, for my nature had a strong tendency that way, and I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others, and not willing to yield my sentiments to them." And here is the picture of Elizabeth's girlhood by her sister, Catherine:

"She had more genius than any one from her retiring disposition gave her credit for in her earlier days. She had tender feelings, especially towards her parents, to whom she was the most loving and obedient of any of their children. She was gentle in look and manner, and pleasing in person; though she had not Rachel's glowing beauty, yet some thought her quite attractive. She disliked learning languages, and was somewhat obstinate in her temper, except towards her mother.

"After we were left alone, her aversion to learning was a serious disadvantage to her; and though she was quick in natural talent, her education was very imperfect and deficient. Enterprise and benevolence were the two predominant features of her character, and wonderfully did these dispositions afterwards unfold under the influence of religion.

"In contemplating her remarkable and peculiar gifts, I am struck with the development of her character and the manner in which the qualities, considered faults when she was a child, became virtues, and proved in her case of the most important efficacy in her career of active service. Her natural timidity was, I think, in itself the means of acquiring the opposite virtue of courage, through the transforming power of the divine grace, which stamped the endowment in her with a holy moderation and nice discretion that never failed to direct it aright. Her natural obstinacy, the only failing in her temper as a child, became the finely-tempered decision and firmness which enabled her to execute her project for the good of others. What in her childhood was something like cunning, ripened into the most uncommon penetration, long-sightedness, and skill in influencing the minds of others.

"There was more timidity and scrupulousness in her early than in her mature religion, more of sectarian and peculiar view; but as her experimental knowledge of the gospel advanced, her sympathies became enlarged, and the line into which she was drawn by her public engagements taught her in the most noble and catholic spirit to acknowledge the truth under every form and modification. She became a living illustration of St. Paul's description of charity, few seeming to partake so abundantly of the glorious liberty of the children of God."

In her eighteenth year Elizabeth was converted to religion. Before

that she had taken religion rather lightly, disliking the meetings held in Goat's Lane. At one of these services the story of Abraham about to offer up his son as a sacrifice so horrified the girl that she thereafter dreaded to go to the place. But in her eighteenth year a Mr. William Savery, an American friend, visited the town. Mr. Savery had "an arresting voice." At one of the meetings where he preached Elizabeth was so deeply moved that she wept—an uncommon thing with her. At her request her father obtained an invitation for her to dine with the minister at her uncle's. On the way home afterward Betsy astonished the family by weeping all the way. The next day Mr. Savery ate dinner with the Gurneys, when he predicted "a high and important calling" for Elizabeth. "From that day," we are told, "her love of the world and of pleasure seemed gone."

It was after she had received these powerful impressions through religion that she went to London. She had given up dancing, much to the disappointment of her sisters, and devoted herself to a study of the Bible. Nothing her sisters could do was of any avail to get her to take up her old habits of thought and conduct. Yet when she went on a trip to London, she attended the theater, where she saw *Hamlet* and *Bluebeard* on the stage, and had her hair dressed, which made her "feel like a monkey." For a time also she became a "plain Quaker," and used "thee" and "thou" in her speech with others. Later, however, she "emancipated herself from these restrictions." About this time, when she went on a tour through England and Wales, with her family, she met Deborah Darley, a famous Friend, who prophesied that Elizabeth would be "a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame."

These words greatly influenced the young woman.

In August, 1800, she was married to Joseph Fry. She was then twenty years old. Fry, too, was a Friend, of good family, well-to-do till he lost everything shortly before his death, and an excellent linguist and musician. The young couple took up their residence at Plashet House. At first inclined to be "gay instead of plain and scrupulous," she easily fell in with the Quaker ways of the family.

She here formulated some rules of conduct, and adopted them. "First: Hast thou this day been honest and true in performing thy duties towards thy Creator in the first place, and, secondly, to thy fellow creatures, or hast thou been sophisticated and flinched? Second: Hast thou been vigilant in frequently pausing in the hurry and career of the day, to see who thou art endeavoring to serve—thy Maker or thyself? And every time that trial and temptation assailed thee, didst thou endeavor to look steadily at the delivering Power, even to Christ, who can do all things for thee? Third: Hast thou endeavored to perform thy relative duties faithfully—been a tender, loving, yielding wife, where thy will and pleasure were concerned; a tender, yet steady mother with thy children, making thyself quickly and strictly obeyed, but careful what thou requirest of them; a kind yet honest mistress, telling thy servants of their faults when thou thinkest it for their or thy good, but never unnecessarily worrying thyself or them about trifles; and to every one endeavoring to do as thou wouldst be done by?"

3. JOHN HOWARD AND HIS REFORMS

BAD as the prisons were in the time of Elizabeth Fry, they were worse in the preceding genera-

tion. This is incredible, but it is true. To the tireless and intelligent efforts of John Howard is due the slight improvement.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, when Howard first became interested in prison life, the officers of the prisons were dependent on the inmates for their fees. Many of those incarcerated were not guilty at all, for they had not even been tried. Others had been tried, but had not been found guilty. And still others were detained till they could find money with which to pay their fees!

On being made high sheriff of Bedford, Howard began an investigation of the prisons in his county. This done, he recommended to the authorities that the jailer be paid by the government, instead of from fees paid by the prisoners. They replied that there was no precedent for that; so he visited other prisons in England to find one, but in vain. He made a discovery, however, which resulted in the betterment of prison life, not only in his own county, but in all England. He learned that conditions were worse in other prisons than in his own. Thereupon he made a report to parliament. Almost immediately that law-making body acted. A law was passed (1) that fees be abolished, (2) that all those against whom charges had not been sustained by a jury be liberated, (3) that prisons be properly ventilated, (4) that medical advice and service be provided, and (5) that the walls and ceiling be white-washed every year.

John Howard's life fell between the years 1726 and 1790. He was left a fortune by his father; hence he was able to devote his time to philanthropic work—which he did during his manhood down to old age. He traveled a great deal, not only in England, but on the continent,

visiting prisons everywhere. And the response of the authorities throughout Britain was all that he could expect. Howard, like Mrs. Fry after him, was devoted to works of philanthropy, of which prisons generally became benefactors.

4. RESULTS OF MRS. FRY'S WORK

PENENOLOGY, as this phase of social theory and practice is called, has had four stages of development. First, the period in which the protection of society was the only consideration; second, that in which the possibilities of the prisoners came into the picture; third, that in which crime was regarded, to some extent, as a disease that might be cured, or prevented; and, fourth, that in which society was considered partly to blame for crime and criminals. All of these stages, with the possible exception of the third, are regarded as yielding the basic principles of our twentieth century prison reforms.

When Mrs. Fry left the Female Ward of Newgate, that January morning, it was to work out some remedial measures. Obviously she was not one of those persons who, when they feel sorry for any one, think they have done their full duty. She must *do* something. At once she put her finger on the weak spot in the prevailing system: the need for work for the women. "I soon found," she says, "that nothing could be done, or was worth attempting, for the reformation of the women, without constant employment."

Her first suggestion was to organize a committee for the purpose of planning this work; her second, that a matron be employed, who would agree not to leave the prison, day or night. A committee of twelve women, all Friends, was created, and a matron found, who answered to the qualifications set down. It was char-

acteristic of Mrs. Fry that she perfected her plans *before* she spoke to the governor of the prison. It was also characteristic of the men consulted—the governor and two sheriffs—that they doubted the workability of the plan. “Let the experiment be tried,” said the tactful Mrs. Fry; “let the women be assembled in your presence, and if they will not consent to the strict observance of our rules, let the project be dropped.” They consented.

Accordingly, on a Sunday afternoon, before the assembled women, she explained the following plan: (1) A matron was to have general supervision of the women; (2) the women were to engage in needlework, knitting, or any other suitable employment; (3) there was to be no begging, swearing, gaming, card-playing, quarreling, or universal conversation; (4) monitors were to see that the women came to work with clean hands and faces and that they remain quiet at their work; (5) at nine o'clock in the morning the women were to hear scripture-reading, either by a visitor or by the matron; (6) at six o'clock in the evening the women were to give their work to the matron; and (7) the matron was to keep an exact account of all work done by the women. To all this the women agreed. The officials were so astonished at the result that they thereafter made it a part of the prison plan. It was not long before a school for the prison children was established, which was taught by a young woman prisoner who had been a school teacher.

In 1818 Mrs. Fry was questioned in the House of Commons. There she gave her fundamental principles of prison reform. She wanted (1) a classification of all offenders according to age, sex, and the offence committed; (2) supervision of fe-

male prisoners by female officers; (3) a provision for self-respecting work for all prisoners; and (4) systematic instruction in religion. Nothing sounder than this has ever been suggested in social history.

Mrs. Fry extended her work to include help to those who were to be transported to Botany Bay, in Australia. Before her efforts these prisoners were riotous. Prior to leaving the prison they broke everything they could, and they went away shouting with the most hardened effrontery. Mrs. Fry changed all this. Through her influence on them they took an affectionate leave of those whom they knew, they expressed their gratitude to those who had helped them in any way, and they departed in such an orderly manner that fewer guards were required to accompany them to the boat.

Very naturally Mrs. Fry's work attracted wide attention. She became known throughout England and on the continent. She visited Scotland, Germany, France, Holland, and Denmark, where she studied prison life and where she was received with acclaim. As a direct consequence of her work seventeen associations by 1821 had been established for the improvement of female offenders in Great Britain, and four in Europe. She was far in advance of her time. Her policies of prison labor, of paying for prison work, of giving help to released prisoners, as well as of the education and training of prisoners, have yet to be adopted generally in our century. So, as a matter of sober fact, she is still ahead of the times in these respects.

Mrs. Fry, as we have said, was a married woman and a mother. Indeed, she was the mother of eleven children. Yet she found time to become one of the great prison re-

formers of the nineteenth century, a leader in prison reform. Women everywhere have reason to be proud of Mrs. Fry's contribution to human welfare. And they should take inspiration from the fact that a wife and the mother of eleven children became so useful a citizen of the world. Her policies are sound to-day, after more than a hundred years.

Questions

1. Are there provisions in your community for the employment of prisoners? If so, what are they?

2. In view of the fact that most prison inmates are, sooner or later, returned to society, what is the importance of fair and just treatment

of them while in prison? Of their education and vocational training, from the viewpoint (a) of the prisoner himself and (b) of society?

3. What is the advantage of segregation of prisoners, as advocated by Mrs. Fry? Is there such a provision in your community?

4. Discuss the benefits of work for prisoners. What would be the advantages to the prisoners if they were paid for their work, as suggested by Mrs. Fry?

5. What were Mrs. Fry's four fundamental principles of prison reform as given to the House of Commons? Discuss the value of each. How many of these are in force in your State or country today?

Mission Lessons

LESSON II. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

SORE THROAT AND THE COMMON COLD

"Gold that buys health can never be ill spent."

SORE THROATS

ANY part of the throat may become inflamed and necessarily sore, but that part of the throat which is most often involved is the Tonsils, located deep in the back of the throat, and sometimes difficult to see. They may be small and innocent-looking — no longer than the tip of the finger, or when the tongue is held down by the back of a spoon, they may appear to fill the whole throat. If red and angry in appearance, we say they are inflamed and the person has Tonsillitis. Indeed, they may look like big red strawberries—covered with small patches of white; not unlike the seeds of the berry. The inflammation in such tonsils is great and makes the person very sick. There is much aching and pain and curiously enough, it is often located in the spine or the arms, or legs—far away from the cause of the trou-

ble. Fever, sore throat, headache, pain when swallowing, and loss of appetite complete the picture.

What body storms and tempests may follow repeated attacks of sore throat and how far-reaching are the results! The vitality is lowered—the individual feels tired all the time, irritable and unwell. In severe infections the kidneys suffer, the heart may become involved, and rheumatic troubles follow. Scientists that know, claim that more than one-half of the heart disease, two-thirds of the rheumatism and fully three-fourths of the deafness come from bad tonsils.

If a child has a running ear, look in his throat; if he complains of pain in his legs, look in his throat; if he is underweight, stomach upset, appetite gone, look in his throat. If he is behind in his school work, or sleeps with his mouth open, look to his throat. Nine times out of ten,

these troubles and disasters follow in the wake of infected tonsils. The treatment is direct and simple—Have the little desperadoes removed early, before too much damage is done. Unfortunately they cannot be removed while they are acutely inflamed and the delay is dangerous because it puts off indefinitely the operation. After they become once infected, their structure changes and from then on they become a detriment to good health.

Let us no longer say that our child is having one of his regular sore throats, and do nothing about it. Put him in bed, with an ice-cold towel around his neck, a laxative, a mild gargle and copious drinks of hot water, milk or lemonade. A hot foot bath is good. This treatment will contribute to his comfort and early recovery. Keep the family and visitors away, as sore throats are contagious. Bright children are often blamed for dullness because they cannot hear. And the cause of this beginning deafness may be due to neglected ears and throats. Indeed, it is estimated that the great majority of cases of deafness in adults, are caused by early, neglected, sore throats. It is well to remember in passing, that Diphtheria often begins as "just a sore throat," and any large patches of membrane, located anywhere in the throat should excite our suspicion. Diphtheria is no longer such a dreaded disease, because of the life-saving properties of antitoxin—which must be given early and always in generous doses. In all cases of sore throat, look in the throat, be sure of the trouble, but when in doubt call the Doctor, and call him early.

COMMON COLD

WE see that the health is frequently impaired by sore throats. Equal in importance but

happily less frequent, are the disasters following the common cold.

Despite all the progress made in medicine since the days of Pasteur, there remains much to be learned about the elusive common cold. No other disease causes such great economic loss to industry, so many absences from school and so many interruptions to normal life, as do colds. People having colds spread them—they spray the country-side far and wide with their sneezes and coughs, and there are always susceptible people at hand to get the disease. Age suffers, adults suffer, but the child suffers most of all. A cold in the head is a nuisance to the one who has it and a menace to his neighbors. It may even prepare the way for pneumonia or tuberculosis.

There are too many who believe that exposure to cold weather produces a cold; we learn from Arctic explorers, who have lived beyond the arctic circle, that only in the summer time, when the first steamer was able to get through the ice, with the mail and other luxuries of civilization, did the men suffer from colds. Men who work all winter in the northern lumber camps, exposed to all kinds of weather, are curiously enough, free from colds.

We know that over-heated and poorly ventilated dwellings make people very susceptible to colds.

Valuable investigations on the common cold have been made by physicians, both in Europe and America. The following facts have been established:

That colds are contagious—we catch our cold from someone else. Colds occur at all ages, but are most common in children and young adults.

Colds occur at all seasons of the year, but are most prevalent in the winter time. Rapid changes of temperature seem to have some influence on the number of colds.

When a person says he has a cold he may be suffering from any one of a half a dozen different diseases. The true common cold begins suddenly with profuse running of the nose, a watery discharge from the eyes, and is generally accompanied by much sneezing and fever. Muscular aching soon follows. The uncomplicated cold runs its course in three or four days, and at the end of that time the person should be well.

The most important measures in the treatment of cold are along preventive lines—and much can be done. The following should be remembered. Avoid physical and mental fatigue—get plenty of sleep and rest. Sleep with windows open. Keep the hands away from the mouth—wash them often, especially after hand-shaking—keep nails clean. Brush your teeth night and morning. Use your own towel and drinking glass. Kissing a person with a cold is always a good way to get into trouble, and should never be done.

There are some people who cannot stand drafts, and to the cold-susceptible individual, drafts and wet feet are to be avoided. Not that these alone will produce a cold, but they lower resistance, and the enemy takes possession. The forgotten overcoat and the lost rubbers and galoshes have done much to perpetuate the common cold. Sudden changes of temperatures are generally injurious to the body and from the over-heated home to the cold raw air without proper protection—change of clothing—increases susceptibility to cold.

Providing proper wash basins at Ward socials would encourage wash-hands before eating. Extreme cleanliness and proper disinfection of the sacrament service is imperative.

However different may be our ideas as to the cause of the common

cold, medical men are agreed definitely as to the treatment. It is to be remembered that as colds are contagious naturally the first thing to do is to isolate the person with the cold, to keep him away from other members of the family, if possible, in a room by himself. It is very imperative that he be not permitted to go to school or to work. Long experience with the care of the common cold has definitely proven that it is best to go to bed and remain there, especially during the two or three days of the fever. Soft white rags that have been boiled or an ample supply of cleansing tissue, are more appropriate than handkerchiefs, for these can be burned, and it is very necessary that the patient cover the nose and mouth, especially while sneezing. Frequent drinks of lemonade, fruit juice, milk and soda water have been found to be beneficial. A mild laxative is helpful, and only a very light diet should be permitted.

Colds are often the beginning of other diseases, such as pneumonia and tuberculosis, and if the fever lasts longer than the third or fourth day, it is quite evident that the disease is no longer a common cold, but is rapidly developing into some other condition more serious, and it is very necessary to find out the reason why. Many contributions have been made in recent years, to our knowledge of the common cold, and among these is the vaccine treatment, which, in combination with other measures such as sanitation, diet, exercise, cod liver oil, and exposure to the sun's rays, will do much to make the susceptible individual freer from the tyranny of the common cold. It is recorded somewhere, "that it is not the number of years that pass over our heads, but rather the number of colds that pass through our heads, that make us old."

In Remembrance

By Hilma V. Goude

Dedicated to the memory of the first Relief Society held in Nauvoo, March 17, 1842

I would that I my voice could raise
And sing a song of love and praise
To the band of women, tried and true,
That met that day in old Nauvoo.

Methinks, I see them gathered there,
Some golden-locked, some with gray-
streak'd hair,
With willing hearts and eager minds,
They plan to aid all human kind.

And then I see a stalwart form,
Like a Rock of Shelter, in time of storm,
He speaks, and lo! the shackles fall
And crumble like a mouldering wall.

"I turn the keys and set you free,
Henceforth, an era new you'll see
Where womanhood shall honored be
And gain her rightful high degree."

Now many, many years have fled
And they lie numbered with the dead
But like a monument still stands
Their faith and works throughout the
lands.

So, may their memory ever live
And hope and courage to us give
That we, like they, our goal may win
And to His presence enter in.

Sunrise and Sunset

By Lettie B. H. Rich

I watched the sunrise this morning,
Coming up over the rim of the Earth,
Heralding forth a glorious day,
Smiling upon its birth.
Clouds of fleecy gold were drifting
In a sky of azure blue,
Changing to dainty pastel shades
Of every color and hue.

I watched the sunset this evening
Sink slowly into the West,
Another day was passing,
Lulling all nature to rest.
While gazing upon its beauty,
Its colors so brilliant and rare,
I was thankful for sunrise and sunset—
They lifted my soul in prayer.

Life's Jigsaw

By Ella J. Coulam

Our lives are jig-saw puzzles
And each one solves his own.
The pieces are the episodes
Where the deeds of life are shown.

Some are jagged and hard to fit
And others fall into line—
Just a mass of irregular pieces
We are trying to combine.

Youth is the back-ground of our picture—
The sun-rise of early morn;
Marred or beautified at our will
As each new deed is born.

The characters are the interest we show
And the goal we aim to meet,
Each searching for the key-piece
To make our lives complete.

To some, it is just contentment
And faith in God above.
Sometimes it is tolerance
To some—ambition or love.

Old age is the unity of parts
Which makes a work of art
If our key-piece is eternal love
From the fountain of our heart..

Gardens on the Roof

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

A YOUNG business woman had for her particular "Castle in Spain" a garden in England. She wrote out a description of an English garden such as she wanted and placed it among her most precious papers in her bank vault.

Twenty years later she conceived the idea of making a miniature garden on the roof of a shed that her apartment opened out upon. With ingenuity and the expenditure of a small sum she evolved quite a lovely garden of rustic seats, gay striped awnings, potted trees and gaudy annuals.

It is a delightful place in which to spend an evening and look at the stars while she is waiting for her "garden in England" to materialize.

Some modernistic architects claim that the dwellings of the future like the office buildings now being built, will have flat roofs. Especially in a southern country can the roof tops be put to practical use. But they also say that snow packed on a flat roof helps to keep the house warm in more inclement climes.

MANY are the advantages of roof gardens. Where land is expensive and space at a premium, they double the utility of the land, allowing the same ground to be used for house and garden purposes.

They are economical, requiring a minimum of water, soil and foliage.

Picturesque and bizarre, they allow one to indulge a taste in Moorish tile, Italian statuary, French balustrades, or Indian pottery.

They offer privacy, in their serene heights, from the gaze of the passer-by.

They are singularly free from droughts and air currents. Also less infested by insects than the lower levels.

Being high above the surrounding foliage they offer uninterrupted views of mountains, desert, or sea,—as the case may be.

In short, they are delightful places in which to bask in the sun in the daytime, or view the stars at night!

They may be equipped with fountains or fireplaces, awnings or pergolas, tea tables for the ladies or sandpiles for the children.

Roofs have also been commandeered for millionaire penthouses, cabarets, summer theaters, dance halls, restaurants, lecture rooms, gymnasiums and conservatories.

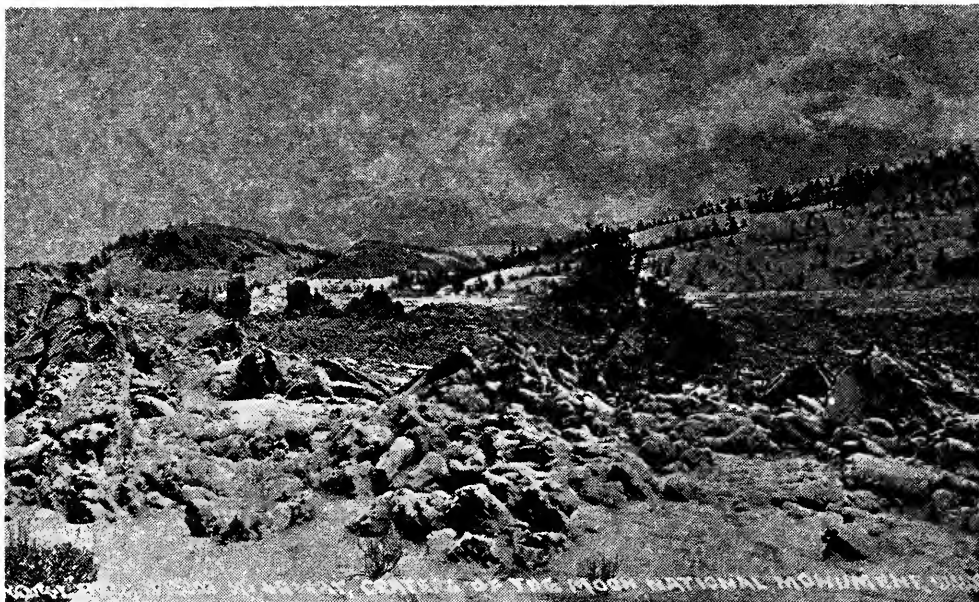
The futuristic building of a furniture store has a well-equipped model bungalow on its roof for demonstration purposes. A large department store has its plant nursery on the roof which is transformed into one vast garden. An apartment house which permits children has on its top a high-walled playground equipped with swings and slides.

Hospitals have long utilized roofs for sun-baths and promenades, besides sun parlors for babies.

Tenement roof tops are still decorated with clotheslines, but on other flat roofs one plays croquet and tennis. Miniature golf was said to have been started on a roof!

The shrines of Japan have been moved to the tops of tall buildings to protect them from earthquakes.

Besides, before long, people will need flat roofs on which to park the family airplane!



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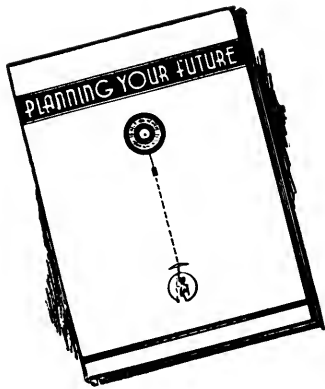
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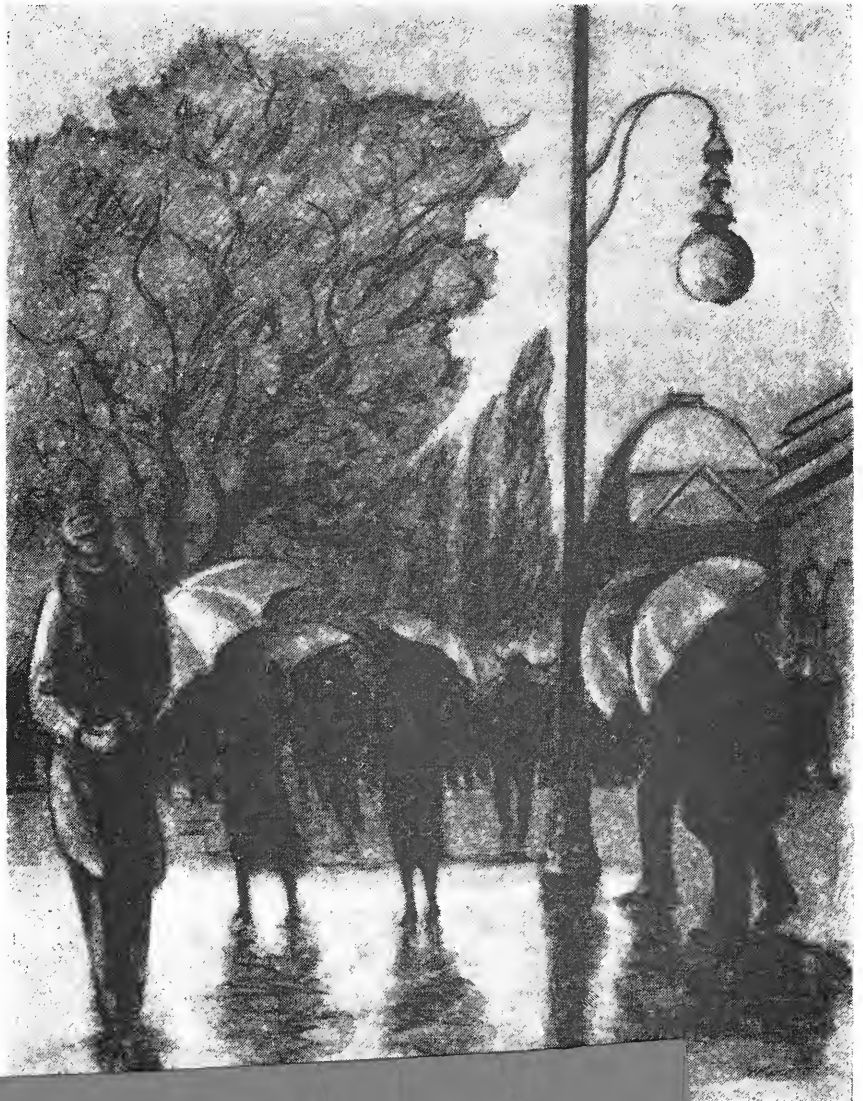
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
Magazine

Volume XXI

OCTOBER, 1934

No. 10



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XXI

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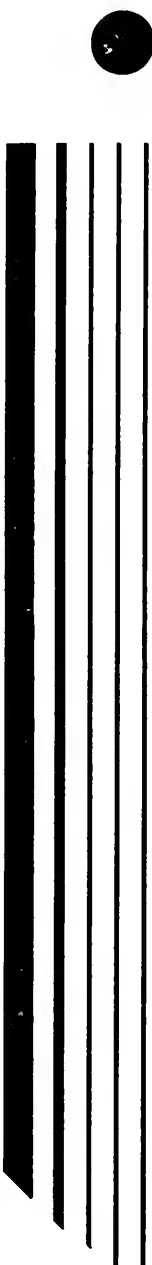
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Relief Society Magazine



AT this time, more than ever before, when changed schedules have lessened business hours, the problem of how to occupy leisure time is of paramount importance. Confronted with more free time, we are still handicapped for money, so the wise buyer seeks the best, at the lowest possible cost.

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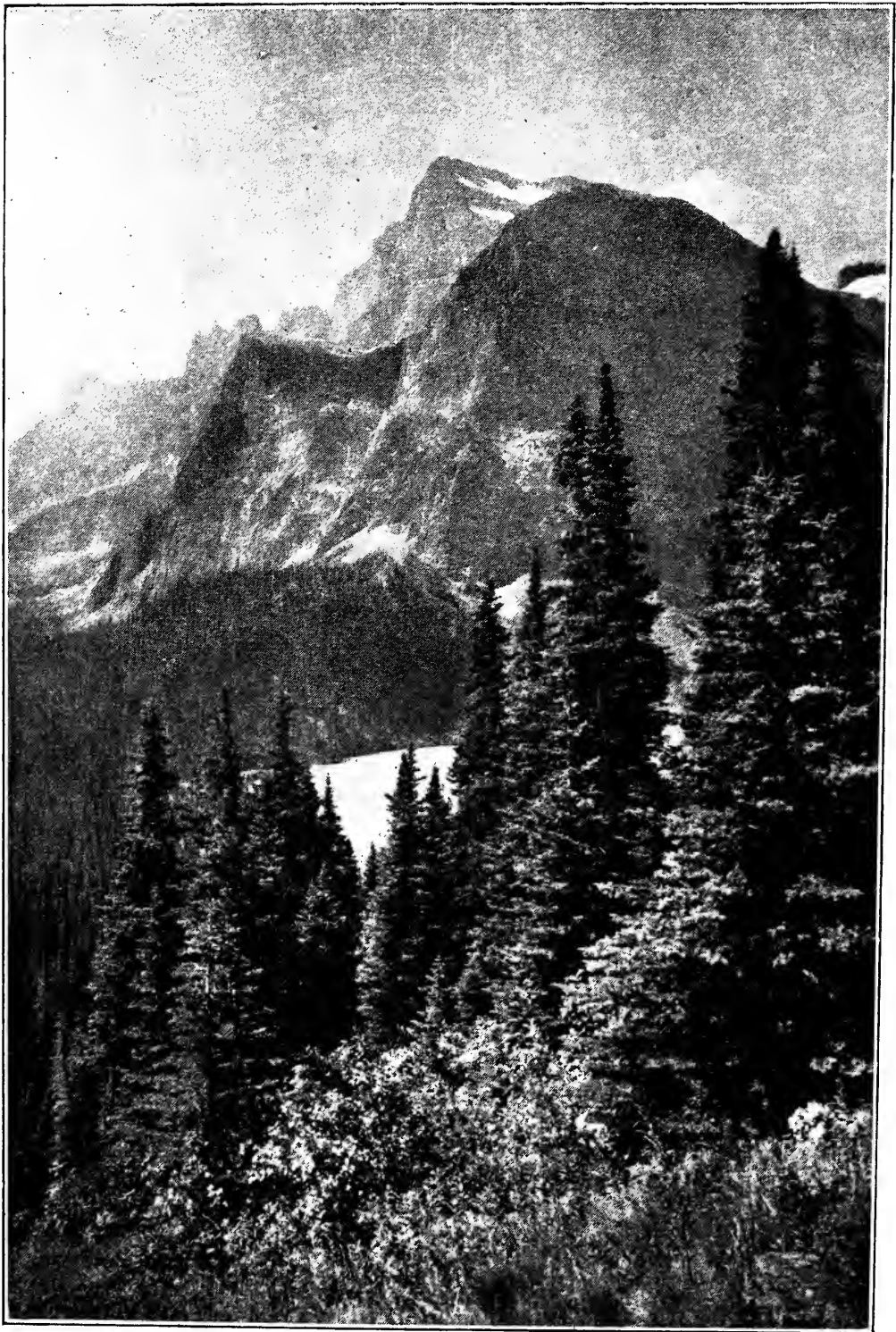
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Playthings

By Grace Zenor Pratt

When the long day closes, shadows softly fall,
Children are asleep in bed,—the night birds call . . .
The living room seems lonely—all the toys lie
Unused and forgotten while the hours go by.
Gathering up the little clothes, set the room to right . . .
There's so much a Mother finds to do at night.
Here lies a cap, a little dress . . . a pair of stubby shoes,
A dozen scattered marbles, of many varied hues.
A battered wooden top, a twisted useless string . . .
A tuneless Jews harp, yet a precious thing;
Two dollies, here, and so beloved are they,
Yet quite forgotten now at close of day;
Some well worn books and broken crayons there,
Small scraps of cloth and pictures everywhere.
. . . I clear the table deftly—put treasures in their place,
Tomorrow there shall be no wistful grieving face;
The little clothes I smooth with loving care,
Those wee, stubbed shoes I place beside his chair.
The floor is cleared of scraps and litter too;
Tomorrow we may start again, anew.
. . . O what care I if floor is littered now,
Or fret if marks of baby hands
Subdue the polish of a table's grace,
If I but see the love in childish face.
So precious are the things of childhood's day,
So fleeting are the hours of childish play;
Tomorrow comes so quickly and the years
Will find us lonely—rooms grow silent too . . .
And Mother's hands be groping for the task
That only yesterday seemed hard to do.



Kiser's Studio
GOULD MOUNTAIN, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The Relief Society Magazine

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After Twenty Years

By Mabel Harmer

NATURALLY there has been a great deal of comment on the twentieth anniversary this year of the "shot that was heard around the world." The shot fired by a young student that killed an Archduke and his wife and was the technical starting point for the great war that was "to end all wars" and to "make the world safe for democracy."

Such was part of the propaganda used to induce the people of the United States to throw their forces into the war, but to just what extent now do people believe that all wars are ended? When Premier Dollfuss of Austria was assassinated recently the world watched breathlessly for a time to see if a shot had been fired that would start another great conflagration. The death of Hindenburg shortly after brought fear into many hearts again and the growing power of Hitler strikes an ominous note. Sanguine indeed is the person who believes that the four-year debacle of two decades ago will never again be repeated.

The national mind is a strange thing and is sometimes motivated by strange impulses. Volumes have been written on who or what caused the great war and while it is an easy matter to blame the Serbian bul-

let or the German Kaiser as the primary cause still everyone knows that there were many more underlying and contributing causes.

Fundamentally it was the urge for power and the need for economic markets that brought the great nations together and the intricate system of European alliances drew in the smaller powers.

In 1914 Germany's principal industries, iron, steel and machinery had expanded rapidly. She yearned to build railroads in the East. The lords of the Ruhr looked enviously upon the Briery ore fields of the French and the coal fields of Belgium. They dreamed of a great market in middle Europe. And what of the French? They too manufactured steel and could well use the iron of Lorraine and the coal of the Ruhr.

What is the difference today? The French did not obtain the Ruhr which now produces more ore than in pre-war days and again the Germans are badly in need of export markets.

In addition to the nationalistic urges for war it is a sad fact that the people who produce the armaments are not above instigating causes for their use. One man recently wrote, "If I am killed in the

next war I hope they will put on my white cross a notation that the bullet which killed me cost a fraction of a cent to make and sold for three cents or more. Someone, I should like it known, made a nice profit on my extinction.

War costs a terrific amount of money, as we have good cause to know. It also makes a lot of money for someone. Last year the world spent over four billions on armaments. Seventy-five per cent of these armaments are bought from five great companies located in England, France, Japan, Czechoslovakia and the United States. Most of them have subsidiary companies in other countries. The manufacturing of firearms is by far the largest and most profitable industry although they also manufacture other steel products.

Another curious fact is that these companies, in case of war, sell impartially at home or abroad so that an English boy may very likely be killed by a bullet made in his own country.

How did we become involved in the last war? Briefly according to the book "Why We Fought" by Gratten, emotional and intellectual currents here turned the money and goods of the United States largely into the Allied countries. Sentiment was augmented by propaganda. The Allied nations effected a blockade of Germany and in replying to the blockade Germany brought the submarine into use for the first time. Inspired by an attempt to protect our trade interests and partially, we trust, by humanitarianism, we protested. Our protests led the British to tighten the blockade until Germany in desperation made a toss up for all or nothing and lost.

Songs were sung, flags were waved and we felt a burning desire to pour our love, our money and our

men into France. For what? To help defend defenseless nations? Perhaps. It is not my purpose, except superficially, to go into the origin of the late war or to present arguments as to whether or not we should have entered. I want to say something about the likelihood of future wars and what will be our attitude about sending our manpower again in such an event.

WHILE war is not inevitable, the great majority of people believe it to be so. The history of European countries is fraught with the desire for expanding power and territory. With them it is an eternal game.

If then to serve selfish economic interests the world again becomes involved in war, how can our own country keep out of it? At present we have very little maudlin sentiment toward foreign countries. We realized that we played a heavy role in financing the last war and received precious little thanks for our efforts.

Nevertheless, neutrality is not a simple matter. Insidious propaganda is always afoot and is often difficult to recognize. The chances are very great that we shall again become involved unless we think through the problem clearly in times of peace and carefully build up a policy of real neutrality.

This is far more difficult to achieve than it sounds. Some writers think that it is impossible and that we would enter in even shorter time than we did before. Everyone remembers the "war babies" of twenty years ago when riches were suddenly poured into the laps of those who had goods to sell to Europe. Apparently we became prosperous. A prosperity, alas, for which we are paying a heavy price now. We also entered upon the unique

policy of lending Europe the money with which to buy our goods. The method of doing business by means of long term credit proved dangerous in the past and should be avoided in the future.

It is always possible, of course, that we will become involved in conflict which touches us vitally—where our homes or our honor actually become endangered. But if, as was the case in the last war, we are drawn into a fire created by grasping nations and fanned by selfish interests, what will be our attitude when it comes to sending our sons to fight?

Do you remember how at the beginning of the world war we sang, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier," and re-elected Wilson because he had "kept us out of war?" After two years or so the words were changed for us. We were taught to sing, "I'll Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier and a Credit to the U. S. A." Is it putting it too strong to say that the words might have been, "I'll Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier and a Sacrifice to Ambition."

I was deeply impressed with some of the scenes in the recent motion picture "Cavalcade." At the beginning of the war the soldiers were shown going forth with the buoy-

ancy of youth in the traditional manner of the glory of the battlefield. The scenes of the end of the war showed the soldiers staggering on, broken, disillusioned, scarcely able to carry the burden on.

It is the latter picture of war that should be impressed on the youth of the land. Alas! if we might also impress it more strongly upon the makers of war!

There is some comfort in the changed attitude of the present-day press. Magazines for children will not accept stories in which war is glorified in any way.

Our own attitude toward foreign nations has changed most decidedly since we have sorrowfully discovered that the war we frantically sold Liberty bonds to help pay for simply changed boundary lines a trifle but left selfish nationalistic desires much the same as they were before.

And with this knowledge in mind, what will we do if the call comes again for our loved ones? When the bands play and the flags wave and patriotic fervor runs high, with some queer paradoxical feeling of pride will we send them forth, perhaps to become the victims of bullets on which somebody has made a profit of three cents?

Pictures

By Estelle Webb Thomas

I like to see a willow tree
 Adroop 'gainst a brick-red wall;
 The leaden gray of a winter day,
 And a pine tree straight and tall.
 I like the sheen of a window screen,
 A flow'ry curtain a billow,
 A snowy bed where a little head
 Has made a nest in the pillow.
 But the dearest sight is a fire-lit night,
 And my boys—one dark, one fair,
 All freshly tubbed, and pinkly scrubbed,
 Just kneeling to say their prayer.

What! No Vocation?

By Marba C. Josephson

SO you've no work? You're just a housewife?" From house to house the census man makes his rounds with these same words to the woman who as she answers him juggles an infant on her hip, keeps order among her other three babies, and has an eye to the stew which is on the stove.

Well, maybe he's right. I'm certain of one thing: being a house-wife isn't exactly an avocation either.

Dad comes home from the office, weary and ready for diversion. Junior romps in, grabs his hand, and says, "Dance with me; play bear; let's race!" Willingly the Man-boy plays for twenty minutes. "My, I wish I could be with Junior all day. Wouldn't it be fun?" he exults.

The only girl (no, it's not his wife now) runs, all smiles and dimples: "Isn't she adorable? She's so lovely; I'd love to play with her all the time."

AH, yes! But have you ever noticed this same Dad on a Sunday or a holiday? First of all, he's anxious for a little longer sleep than usual. Adorable sister comes to him. "Daddy, daddy, me seep wif you."

Sleepily he mumbles, "Oh, Mary, can't you take Rose in with you and let me sleep a little longer?"

A few minutes later Junior rushes at him. "Dad, let's play ball."

Impatient gutturals greet the exuberance of Junior. "Now, Junior, you know Daddy has to work hard all week. Let him sleep now. Run and see what Mother's getting for breakfast."

Two meals later, after Mother has

sent the children to church, swept and dusted the house, bathed the baby, massaged Dad's thinning hair, Dad booms forth, "When Mother gets ready (which means washing dishes, cleaning up baby and herself, inspecting hands, necks, and ears of the rest of the family—Dad not excluded) we'll all go to the zoo."

If Mother dare say, "Please, John, you take them and let baby and me stay home," Dad acts hurt and says, "Why, I should think you'd love to get away from the house for awhile. You should be proud to go with such a fine family." So Mother hastens some more, and when she finally sinks into the car, she feels as if she would never rise again.

AFTER a luxurious walk of two miles in the park-zoo, pointing out bears, lions, tigers, and elephants, and trying to answer semi-intelligently just why bears are bears instead of being lions, Mother notices that Rose has vanished into thin air. Dad pooh-poohs any idea of her having been killed or kidnaped and says casually, "Mother, you stay right here with the others. I'll be back in a jiffy with Rose."

A half-hour passes. Mother is frantic. With baby in her arms, Junior holding her skirt (yes, it's long enough these days), and Phil dragging from Junior's limp clasp she retraces her steps. Nightmares of what could have happened to Rose precede her every footstep. At last she spies her, dancing around her dad, as he talks and laughs with a chance acquaintance. He chats on until Rose, weary of her captivity,

again darts off. Dad catches her and comes to where Mother is vainly struggling to keep the remaining family intact.

"Well, now, Mother, you've enjoyed the outing, haven't you?" Dad roars joyously. "Let's buy some ice cream and go home to eat it."

Mother thinks, "Wouldn't it be nice if he'd get cones! That would save washing dishes."

They arrive home—the children tired, dusty, and hungry; Dad elated at the pleasure he has given; Mother humbly hoping that the children won't have stomach aches during the night from the great number and variety of Dad's treats.

DAD settles down to read a story that one of the fellows told him was the *best ever*. Junior flip flops over the rug and knocks Dad's book from his hands. "Junior, go to bed now. Mother'll get your pajamas for you."

Junior is tired but stubborn, "Aw, dang it. I don't want to go to bed. Why do I have to?"

Junior goes—prodded on by Dad's ungentle hand. Again Dad settles down, Junior isn't easily quelled, however, and war-whoop succeeds

war-whoop until Dad shouts in exasperation, "Can't something be done with that child? He's driving me mad."

Mother battles, cajoles, and finally, if peace isn't in the home, at least an armistice has been declared.

Mother cleans the dishes, gathers up the clothes, turns off the unneeded lights, and takes one last peek at the babies. As she looks at them—cherubic in their sleep—all her weariness, her feeling of repression vanish—she has been made responsible for these priceless gifts from God.

Then she goes into the living-room where John is reading. He surely is handsome and good—the only man in the world. When he, feeling her eyes on him, glances up and says, "Mary, you're wonderful. I'm surely in love with you. You're a marvelous wife and mother," her heart is full to overflowing.

When he takes her in his arms and kisses her in the manner of their courting days, she thinks, "Oh, well, who cares about an old vocation, anyway?"

And she answers the census man serenely, "Yes, no vocation!"



When Sorrow Comes

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

THE poet tells us that "Life was not made for sorrow." Yet to all of us sooner or later, sorrow comes. Our problem is what are we going to do with our sorrow; or rather, perhaps, what are we going to let it do to us?

Before I had really been visited by sorrow, so short a time before that my memory has retained the circumstance, I was at a club meeting and overheard two women sitting near me talking of the woman who had given the paper to which we had been listening.

"I just can't understand Grace Penrod," one of them said. "How she could come out today and give that paper, so soon after her trouble is the biggest mystery to me."

I listened interestedly as I was a new-comer to the community, and had been intensely interested in the paper Mrs. Penrod had given, and also in the frail little woman herself, with her sweet, calm face and poise of manner.

"It was just the same after Dan died," the woman behind me continued in her confidential undertone. "Don't you remember? She just kept right on as though nothing had happened. It just doesn't seem naturally or humanly possible to me for a person to take sorrow like that." (I gathered also that neither did it seem humanly decent.) "Nell Empy used to say she thought Dan Penrod had at least deserved a few days of staying at home and mourning."

"And they seemed crazy about each other too, didn't they," the other said. "Well, when Nell's trouble came, she certainly went to the other

extreme. She has never been the same since her baby's death. She didn't leave the house for months, did she? And she talks about it all the time yet, and would give the impression that no one else in the world had ever had such a sorrow as she. Every place she goes she makes everyone feel as if they were at a funeral. People are afraid to say anything for fear she'll begin to cry."

"Yes I know," agreed the other speaker. "I feel so sorry for Ned and their kiddies. It must be terrible to live in that atmosphere of eternal gloom she creates in their home. I suppose that *is* worse than doing as Grace Penrod does. But it's how she does it that puzzles me."

IT was only a few days after this that the first tragedy of my life came crashing out of a blue sky over me. At first I was too stunned and bewildered to have any definite feelings. I couldn't believe that such a thing could have happened to *me*. Such sorrows came to others, of course; but somehow it had always seemed that my own life, *our lives* were different—more important as it were, and that tragedy was something entirely remote.

Then as the days went by, and stupefying numbness gave way to the intense pain of realization, when every word and object seemed to stab into a bleeding wound, when the whole world seemed so shrouded by the desolation in my own soul that it didn't seem to be at all the world I had lived in a few short days before, it was then that quite sudden-

ly one day, I recalled the conversation I had overheard at the club meeting.

I found myself wondering what kind of woman Grace Penrod could be to be able to stand up before a roomful of friends and curious acquaintances and give a paper, and laugh and talk in a natural way, scarcely a week after the death of her only son.

It was that same day that Grace Penrod came to see me. I remember that I was lying in my darkened room as I had lain most of the time since my bereavement, living over each moment all the agonizing details of that brief sickness, of the futile efforts of doctors and nurses, of my own frantic prayers, and the administrations of God's servants.

She came in very quietly, but there was an air of—not cheer perhaps,—hut of hope, about her. She didn't say a word for a few moments, but sat beside me and held my hand. I knew by the soft quiet pressure of her hands, that she understood what I was suffering, and though she was almost a stranger, I found myself clinging to her. (Some writer has spoken of the "brotherhood of sorrow" and I knew what he meant.)

Presently, without having said a word about my trouble, she asked:

"Will you come with me for a little while?"

I recoiled. I couldn't bear the thought of leaving my room, of going through the house with mute reminders stabbing me at every turn, of going out onto the street where I would see people going about as if nothing had happened.

She understood and said quietly:

"I know it will be hard; but I should like so much to have you come."

I was grateful that she didn't preach to me about "trying to be

brave," and about "God's knowing best" and his "needing my loved one," and all those other trite well-meant themes with which those who have not suffered try to console us who have, and I found myself responding.

When we were in her car and had driven a short distance in silence, I caught sight of the red roof of an office building and began to weep convulsively. Grace Penrod reached over and patted my shoulder, but she did not urge me to stop.

She turned from town and drove out toward the canyon.

"We'll get a breath of cooler air," was all she said.

When I had partially gained control of myself, she began to talk. She didn't seem to be exactly talking to me; at least, I didn't feel the necessity of contributing to the conversation. We passed a white frame house covered with climbing roses, and she told me how interested Harriet Warner is in flowers and that she always takes dozens of prizes at the county and state fairs. We passed a low rambling stone house, set well back in a wide lot, and she told me that some day I must come with her to see Grandma Eliason who lives there with her adopted family of five children.

Finally when we were completely away from town and felt the coolness of the canyon, she talked of nature and how kind and friendly the mountains and rivers always seemed to her. Gradually I felt the tenseness of my body giving way to relaxation, and for the first time since my sorrow, I had a vague sense that perhaps there *were* some things in life that really didn't need to hurt me.

After awhile she turned around and we rode back to town.

She drove to a little side street and

stopped before a small brown cottage.

"It was here I wanted you to come with me," she said. "I have some things for Pap Goodwin. He looks for me every Thursday. Will you come in with me?"

We found Pap on the north side of the house. He was white-haired and toothless. His body was bent like a broken tree and he limped as he came hobbling toward us. But that was not all. His faded old eyes had the look of a child and he laughed meaninglessly as he reached for the box of fruit and cookies Grace Penrod gave him.

We stayed but a few moments, while the old man told Grace, in a thin, high voice, of a mine he had in California that was pouring out millions of dollars worth of ore. "I have just received a car-load of money this morning," he shrilled. "You must have some of it Gracie. You are so good to me." Feebly the old man bent down and picked up a handful of pebbles which he pressed into Mrs. Penrod's hands.

As we went back to the car, Grace brushed her eye-lashes.

"It is hard to realize that he was once a successful banker, respected and loved by everyone in this community," she said almost under her breath.

Neither of us spoke until we had

reached my curb. I was still thinking of the pathetic figure of that tottering old man, once a bank president and a respected citizen; now a burden to those who cared for him. Grace Penrod was thinking of him too. And she was also thinking of her boy who had been taken in his splendid youth, and she was thinking of my loved one who had gone in the very prime of life, for she said:

"It seems too bad that all the trees in a forest can't be cut down while they are straight and tall and beautiful."

A SHORT time after this I asked Grace Penrod to tell me how she had gained a philosophy of life which could make her go on living and being interested in life as she seemed to be in spite of the sorrows that had come to her—some of them sorrows worse even than death.

"My philosophy is simple," she replied. "I follow one little rule, Whenever I find myself feeling sorry for myself and wanting to shut myself up and brood over my troubles, I make myself do something; I make myself search out someone who is suffering or needs help, and I try to do some little kindness to that person. In other words, I follow the simple gospel of *doing*. This practice has brought me, if not happiness, at least contentment and peace."



A Mother's Reverie

By Emma Rigby Coleman

I love to rock to lullaby-land
My little daughter fair,
And sometimes it takes just one little song
To set her a-dreaming there.
But at other times her mother must sing
All the sweet lullabies that she knows,
Before baby dances with fairies at brooks
Where the beautiful lily grows.

I see on her face the innocent smile
Of one full of trust divine.
She knows I am watching with eagerness
To protect her all of the time;
For as she slumbers, I hear my name
Often pass her tiny lips,
And I think, perhaps she has lost her way
On one of her lullaby trips.

Oh, Father in Heaven, my calling brings
joy
To my youthful mother-heart.
I am grateful that for this mission of love
Woman-kind has been set apart.
May my thoughts never wander from vir-
tue's path
But always keep pure and sweet,
That in guiding the children placed in my
care
They may live life's joy complete!

Wash Day Reverie

By Irene McCullough

Have you ever done a washing
And hung it on the line?
If you really haven't,
You're missing something fine.
All those white fine linens
Out on dress parade,
Swaying with the breezes
Stern and unafraid.
Then silks and dainty lingerie
So shy and neat and trim,
Bowing their heads in modesty
For fear of meeting him.
Next comes an array of gingham:
In a gorgeous color scheme,
Vieing with each other
And growing stiff with self-esteem.
By two and two comes marching
Like soldiers on review
An army of straight legged stockings
Of every size and hue.
Last, but still quite useful,
Their dignity all gone,
Are strung a row of dusters
Who feel they have been wronged.

The Path That Leads to Home

By Merling D. Clyde

There's a little light a'shining
Down the path that leads to home;
'Tis a beacon that is calling
All the loving ones that roam.
And it keeps my feet from straying
In the path that leads to sin;
For I know a welcome's waiting—
Waiting there for me within.
And the shadow of my loved ones
Dear are coming to and fro;
Baby face pressed to the window:
"Seeing Daddy first," you know.
Oh the path that is the dearest
Is the one that leads to home,
Where the light comes down the pathway
And I care no more to roam.
Oh, the portal may be humble
To that little house that's mine,
Yet it's greater than a mansion
Where no chords of love entwine.
For a home is where our dear ones
Stay and wait our coming there.
Where the lovelight streams to meet us
Where we drop our load of care.
Then the night comes down in quiet,
And we breathe a silent prayer
That souls we know are storm tossed
May in peace our haven share.

Riches

By Helen M. Livingston

Of all my pleasures in life the best
I store away in a treasure chest,
It's getting fuller for every day
I am finding things to store away.
A sunset rare, the song of a bird,
A friend's dear look, or a little word.
My treasure chest and I never part
For I have it hidden in my heart.
When I am old I'll sit in the sun
And count o'er my treasures one by one.
Oh I would not change for all your gold
My treasure chest of memories old.

My Baby

By Josephine Gardner Moench

What, though I passed through the shadow
of death,
What, though in agony paid,
A life brimming over with sunshine and
joy
Your coming for me has made.

Patterns

By A. H. C.

JIM was past sixty, and according to Ma Carlton, was much too old to be learning new tricks. But Anne was insistent. Just because a man had never acquired the habit of putting away his own bedroom slippers or of making himself a ham sandwich was no reason why it couldn't be done.

Now Jim Carlton was fully aware of his principal vice. In his earlier years he had been teasingly admonished by a fond wife, and more recently had been reminded by two daughters with more than playful irony. But Jim had a sense of humor. He did not particularly resent their reproofs, and certainly felt no inclination toward reform. It was his opinion that a man had no business fiddling about the house. Besides, it rather agreed with his sense of proportion to have his clothes put out for him or put away.

"Collar buttons are too darn small to be found in a dresser drawer," he would remark good-humoredly every Sunday morning, and Ma Carlton would bring forth the necessary accessories saying,

"Where's your eyes, Jim!" and then, "Hadn't you better wear another tie today, being it's Church you're going to?"

To Jim ties were simply ties—a somewhat superfluous appendage. Why should one worry over color or design, as if there weren't plenty of important matters for a man to worry about. Besides, he rather liked her choice; he liked the way she adjusted the tilt of his hat, brushed dust from coat lapels or straightened the knot of his tie. He liked the way she buttered his toast every morning.

And though he wore an attitude of calm indifference throughout, the fine lines about his blue eyes contributed to the queer smile which was his only expression of gratitude. Jim never talked much; he was that way. But Mary Carlton understood and did not ask for more.

THEN the letter arrived. Amy had been ill and was wondering if mother couldn't just spend a month of visiting with her during the summer. Amy was her mother's girl alright—Jim Carlton wiped his eyes and nose with one swish of his handkerchief, pretending a sneeze, as he read the letter.

"There ain't no question 'bout it, Ma, you'll have to go."

Mrs. Carlton was more hesitant. For forty years she had lived in Maplegrove, never traveling beyond the limits of the county. For forty years she had managed the Carlton household, attending duties connected with the rearing of six children, and the thought of picking-up and vacating right in fruit-bottling season was a serious one. Besides, who would take care of Jim?

"Why I will, you silly dear," Anne said on her return from college the following week.

"But you've promised—"

"Course I promised Sal I'd stay nights with her mother while she's away at summer-school. Just nights, Mom—I'll be home most of the day."

Ann propped the hand mirror against a stack of books on the dining table and eyed her face critically. She winced a little as the tweezers brought out a truant hair from her

pink lid. Then moistening her forefinger upon her tongue, she ran it smoothly along the dark brows to their tapering ends.

"Anne, I wish you wouldn't do that. Your eyebrows are plenty good enough as they are."

Anne smiled, and with a playful gesture hastened,

Now, Mom, you aren't going to be old-fashioned, too. I'd expect it from dad, but you're more modern. Besides, there wasn't a single Frosh who didn't have hers arched just so. It's the mode—the current pattern."

Mrs. Carlton settled helplessly in her chair. How many times in the past two days had she heard those words, "not a single Frosh." "There's simply no use, Anne," she said in tones of firm finality, "I can't go to Amy."

"Why not?"

"Your father's never cooked a meal in his life and he's too old to be learning new tricks."

"Nonsense, Mother, this idea of being too old to learn things. I've heard of people much older than—"

"Was they men folks?" Mrs. Carlton's interruption evinced strong doubt.

Anne's laughter was genuine. "Course they were, Mom." Then seriously, "It's merely a matter of mental patterns."

"Of what?"

"Neural patterns, Mother, over which the response to stimuli must flow," Anne repeated bookishly. "Daddy simply hasn't developed any—not in this field of activity, and being older it will be a little more difficult to establish the pattern. But it can be done."

Mrs. Carlton eyed her daughter skeptically above the silver rims of her spectacles. Patterns! Could it be that Anne was a little—no, she couldn't allow such a thought. Still the older children had never gotten

such ridiculous stuff at high school.

"Well anyway," Anne went on, "We'll apply the stimulus by letting the gentleman in question get his own breakfast. After a few trials, he'll form the necessary pattern and the trick's done."

"I'm sure I don't know what on earth you're talking about, Anne, but I'd be tempted to go if I thought he'd do it, and not go down to the Seed Store every morning without a bite. Your father's not so young now and it seems to me he's been losing weight this spring."

"Bunk. You're stewing, Mom. If you've pictured coming home after two months to find Dad a walking skeleton, please turn the slide. I wager he'll be as weighty as ever when you return."

"You don't know your father like I do—he simply isn't handy about the house. And I've often said he'd starve most to death with bread in the can if there wasn't someone there to fix it for him."

"He's always had you here to do the fixing, that's the trouble."

"Yes, me or the girls."

"He likes it, Mom. He's got a complex for having you baby him."

"A what?"

"An over emphasized mental pattern, my dear," Anne said, glorying in the display of her newly acquired scholastic information. "Inhibited here and overdeveloped there."

More patterns! Mrs. Carlton groped helplessly in the maze of unheard of phraseology.

"Putting all these pattern things aside, do you suppose, Anne, that you could get things ready for your father's breakfast?"

"Sure I could—put the krispies on the table every night."

"And an egg, Anne — they're nourishing." She hesitated. "Sounds impossible, Anne, but your father's never fried an egg in his life."

"He doesn't need to fry them, boiling's easier. I'll put one in the kettle every night." Anne was not to be defeated by so frail an argument. "You're not going to stay at home, Mary Elizabeth Carlton, on account of a silly old egg."

"If I was just sure he'd do it, Anne."

"Of course he will, just leave it to me to establish a pattern for boiling eggs."

It was evident from the tone of her voice, that Mrs. Carlton was weakening in the direction of personal desire. She wanted the vacation, wanted to see Amy, her eldest daughter, and after all, Anne must be right. It wasn't so difficult to get a bit of breakfast if things "was set."

AND such a trip it was for Mary Carlton—this riding in a fast train in which beds were made by joining seat backs together! She wasn't so sure she liked the idea of sleeping in a stuffy car with so many folks, and porters rummaging around among the baggage.

A telegram from Amy informed Jim of Mrs. Carlton's safe arrival, and thereafter came frequent mis-sives describing the wonders of the coastal metropolis. Such ships! And such unbelievably high buildings! Jim would just have to see them himself. But always there was anxiety concerning Jim's breakfast.

Anne's reply was crisp—telegram-

ic. "Don't worry, Mom. Dad's fine. Consumes egg daily. Moreover, he's become a real asset to kitchen management, even clears dishes away. The pattern is firmly established."

THREE weeks later Mary Carlton returned. Jim met her at the station and they rode home in the old Ford. Jim was more talkative than usual—he had missed her alright. Heaven only knew how he had counted the weeks, but as Mrs. Carlton eyed him critically she knew that Anne was right.

"I win, don't I?" from Anne the next morning as she teasingly kissed her mother's flushed cheeks. "But proof of the pudding's in the tasting. Dad's going to boil the eggs this morning, aren't you, Dad?"

Jim's face took on a peculiarly whimsical expression — an expression akin to humor but mingled with disapproval as if he were being forced to reveal a secret he had preferred keeping to himself.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't . . . that is . . ."

"Course you can suit us. You know it all — boiling water — gas turned off. Why, you've done it all summer."

"I'm not quite sure you folks'd like them the way I've done them all summer." He ran his fingers through his thinning gray hair.

"You see, I didn't cook them eggs at all. They're darn good jest beaten up well, with a sprinkle of salt!"

Treasures

By Eunice J. Miles

My little children's faces,
How dear they are to me,
Abrim with shining wonder at all they hear and see.

My little children's questions,
How quaint they are, and queer,
More curiousness they hold than could be answered in a year.

My little children's voices,
I'd hear them call to me
E'en were I poised on the far-flung brink of a vast eternity.

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

CHAPTER II

MAY slipped into June and the anxiety in the Haven home was partially dispelled by the urgent necessity of long hours of toil. Esther found her self-imposed task of taking over the irrigating a real job, and with her feet slipping about in the boots that had belonged to Oliver, she plodded over the fields, working far into the night. Father Haven doubled his own tasks, while Mother Haven took over all the separating and the care of the hatching chickens. All this time Kareen, carefree and idle, came often to the Haven home.

"Esther," she pleaded, "if you will leave the parlor unlocked so I can play one hour, I'll watch your baby chickens the rest of the day."

"And you would let them drown in the ditch," retorted Esther none too graciously.

"Then I'll wash and iron. Or maybe I could cook the bread. I wish I could have gone to Cuba. Palm trees and waves, banners and march music! Richard promised to bring me something that will make music. Something for myself—that duenna cannot take away from me."

"I do not care what the boys *bring home*," sighed Esther, "I only want them to come. The Spaniards have better guns and smokeless powder. They have barbed wire twisted a thousand different ways to trip our boys. Barbed wire," she repeated, "like Richard and Oliver used on our new fences. The Spaniards are trained soldiers and our men are farmers."

WITH July came the news of *The Oregon's* marvelous speed around South America and the wonderful part she took in the defeat of Cervera's fleet. Came also disquieting reports of the battle of San Juan, the lack of food for the soldiers with resultant malnutrition and ravaging fevers.

"It isn't the bullets of the Spaniards that are killing our boys," Father Haven spoke rarely but this time with portent, "it is the fever. A young doctor named Walter Reed has proved it is carried by a deadly mosquito. The villian bites an infected person and then carries the germ to another. The Government is figuring on calling the volunteers home and replacing them with men from the south, who are used to malaria. I want my boys home for harvest. The wheat is in the dough now."

ON August 12th the entire nation was overjoyed at the news that peace negotiations had been signed. The fact that on this date the Hawaiian Islands were formally accepted as a territory of the United States was hardly commented upon. The boys were coming home.

Esther now sang at her work. The rows of preserves on the cellar shelves increased every day; the nights of irrigating were no longer a task; the shovel no longer chafed her shoulder. She had only one regret; she had been obliged to put away the precious quilts, even the beautiful "Wild Rose" pattern still lay unfinished, and Oliver's gift of red cloth was still uncut. But he

would soon be home, then the beloved work could be renewed with greater incentive. Every self respecting bride should have at least twenty hand made quilts for her dowry!

KAREEN came dancing into the Haven home early one morning, noisily crunching a long slender green vegetable. "I just picked it from the vines," she cried gaily, "and I have a letter from Richard. He is bringing me a mantilla and a You play it with your mouth, so," and she danced about the room making almost musical notes with her fingers near her mouth.

"Kareen," cried Esther in genuine consternation, "that cucumber will poison you, fresh picked that way. It has to lay all night in salt water to wash out the poison."

"Pooh," scoffed Kareen, taking another generous bite, "that is superstition. Duenna says all vegetables should be eaten raw. She makes a dish of raw cabbage that is called *salad*. I'll bring you some."

BY the end of August, when the binders were beginning to drop sheaves of golden ripe wheat, Richard Haven came home.

"Now, Father, Mother," he hastened to allay the unasked question of his parents, "Oliver will come later. We couldn't all come at once. There weren't ships enough. I saw him ten days ago—he still has two eyes—two ears—two arms—two legs—you're not to worry," he finished with a laugh that was much too cheerful. "*I'm here for threshing!*"

Richard was tanned to a deep bronze and perfectly well. Due to his great vitality and the years of hard farm labor, he had resisted the dread plague. The villagers gave him a welcome home party in the

meeting house, and the girls all wore little celluloid flags in their hair. For the first time in her life Kareen's hair was bound with a restraining blue ribbon, and unasked she sang the patriotic song that had just sprung into popularity, "Just As the Sun Went Down." With her shoulders thrown back and her eyes looking far beyond the little room into immeasurable space she sang as a true artist. As her clear, sweet tones swept into the chorus every woman in the room was openly weeping and the men were feeling for hidden handkerchiefs.

"One thought of mother at home alone
Feeble and old and gray.
One of the sweetheart he'd left in town
Happy and young and gay;
One kissed a locket of thin gray hair
One kissed a lock of brown
Bidding each other a last farewell
Just as the sun went down."

Richard passed around a box of curios. The Mausser gun with its brass cartridges was a thing to shrink from; the stiletto, captured from a Cuban ambush was cruel; the mantillas of bright red and blue silk were to be admired. But the mothers, who had sent their sons forth in the cause of liberty for a downtrodden race gasped in astonishment when Richard displayed packages of tiny cigarettes, specially fashioned for the fastidious Cuban women! "Too terrible to look at," chorused the women, and Mrs. Haven openly declared that she would not display them on her what-not.

That night Richard Haven took the star eyed Kareen home to the little house where she and duenna lived in semi-seclusion. "The women of Cuba were dusky looking, sort of as though they needed baths. I did not see one beautiful fair blonde like you. O Kareen," he cried passionately, "you beautiful, beautiful

child. Tell me you will marry me?"

"What did you bring me to play on?" queried Kareen unmindful that a man of slow emotion had laid bare his deepest feelings. "You promised something that would play." Forth from his pocket Richard drew a small dark object, shaped like a sweet potato. "They play it somehow with their fingers and lips. Like our mouth organs, I guess. I saw an old castle being ransacked and all the furniture burning in a pile in the street. There was a guitar going up in smoke, but we soldiers dared not recover one object."

Kareen seized upon the small object as though her life depended upon its function. She ran it experimentally over her lips once or twice, then there came forth upon the pastoral night air soft sweet, weird notes; plaintive music, that stirred one's soul. With the blue mantilla over her blonde curls, Kareen was irresistible.

"You play it better than the natives," cried Richard reaching for the elusive girl whose body swayed with the rhythm she created. "Tell me, Kareen, that you will marry me?"

"If you will let me play the piano in your mother's parlor every day," parried Kareen, "the world was made for music!"

THE next day Richard Haven announced briefly to his parents that he intended to marry Kareen, if *duenna* were willing. But Father Haven, his hands fumbling, his face pale with fear, was trying to open the yellow envelope of a telegram. "Give it to me Father," Mrs. Haven spoke with the composure which comes to women in moments of dire distress. "Remember, I am his parent too."

"Your son Oliver Haven will not be discharged from government care until his

facial wound is entirely healed at the convalescent barracks in Long Island."

"U. S. War Dept."

"I knew, but I couldn't tell," confessed Richard. "He isn't hurt very bad. You see, Father, those Spaniards had better guns than ours and their smokeless powder gave them a terrible advantage. You couldn't see the snipers, and one of them, *guerilla warfare*, they call it, got Oliver from ambush. He was hit in the nose."

Esther, who had been hanging her precious quilts on the line for an airing, had slipped quietly into the room. She now stood silently behind Mother Haven's chair her smooth black hair framing a face of Madonna like placidity.

"If anything should happen, if it should be that Oliver isn't to return to us, Richard," Father Haven spoke as though the wishes of individuals must be subordinated to the necessity of carrying on the family name, "I should want you to marry our Esther. She's been a daughter to us all ever since we took her, and a daughter she must stay."

Richard flushed. "But Father, Oliver will return," he began, manifestly ill at ease, but here the soft voiced Esther interrupted.

"Father Haven, I am plighted to Oliver. I shall await his return." She turned suddenly and hurried out to the clotheslines. There the thirteen gay, beautiful quilts, representative of years of her leisure, were carefully folded and carried back to the chest in the attic. The little bags of lavender which she had ready to lay between them were cast aside, and in their stead Esther put an over supply of moth balls.

RICHARD HAVEN sat on the edge of a stiff chair in the "parlor" of the little house at the end of

the land. *Duenna*, as she was known to all the village, sat opposite him, a plain severe woman in black dress and white cap. Kareen had been sent out, for once unadmonished about her behavior.

"I wish to marry her," Richard did not parry nor quibble. "I will build her a good home, near my people. We will always live here. We will always be farmers."

"I must obey orders," the answer was almost a whisper as the lady in black nervously pleated and unpleated little folds in her voluminous skirt. "Her grandfather ordered that I should see her properly married to the first honest farmer who asked her hand in marriage. You are the first," she finished with a finality that indicated a mission discharged.

"Then it is settled?" asked Richard, rising.

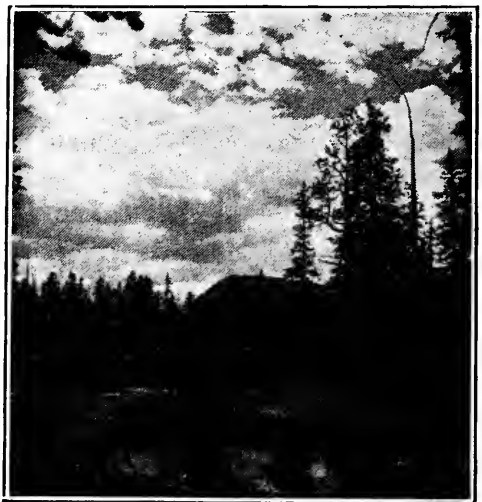
"Not yet. Come with me." She took him into another room, which she unlocked with a key from her pocket. "In this room are certain things pertaining to the early life of Kareen and that of her parents. If, after veiwing them, you still desire to marry her, I shall discharge my obligation to her grandfather."

In a large trunk, which she unlocked with still another key, there lay a violin case, shiny and old with age. *Duenna* unlocked a black "*strong box*," displaying portraits, of a young woman who might have been Kareen in different garb. There were papers with notarial seals and portentous but undecipherable signatures. There was a gold framed portrait of an austere old man, with bristling whiskers, his chest covered with medals and military insignia.

"These," said the *duenna*, with awed, respectful tones, making an unconscious obeisance to the portrait in gold, "These are the portraits of Kareen's mother and grandfather. She has never seen them. She is not to see them until long after she is a mother. Her real name is Kareen Olga Marie Christiana," here the *duenna* cupped her hands and whispered a strange foreign name into the ear of the American farmer. Then she drew back, watching his face intently. She had expected him to be nonplussed at the knowledge which she had conveyed. Instead she herself registered surprise at his imperturbability.

"I love Kareen," answered Richard Haven simply, to whom Castles in Spain or Egypt were as nothing compared to his beautiful fields and purebred cattle. "Kareen cannot help her birth. She did not have the choosing of her parents or grandparents. In spite of all you have told me, I still intend to marry her."

(To be continued)



CLOUD SCENE AT YELLOWSTONE

Miracles Do Happen

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Characters:

Ann Cowan (Hesitant).

Rebecca James (Bitter).

Place: At Ann's Home.

SCENE 1. 1926, at rise of curtain Ann and Rebecca seated in rockers near small table. *Rebecca* (in discouraging voice): It's no use, Ann! Anyway you look at it it's all wrong! We women haven't a chance. It's just as hard as it was in pioneer days—only it's different. We work from dawn till dusk just the same and Saturday night we're not ready for the beginning of a new week at all. We're not even ready for Sunday.

Ann: No, I can't say I really enjoy looking forward to Sunday. There's usually so many odds and ends to finish up I can't even get to church.

Rebecca: I don't know that you miss much. They just tell us we should spend more time reading the Bible, and goodness knows that's impossible. Why I can hardly find a minute to call my own and I spend hours thinking of the kind deeds I'd like to do (pause) and then never find time to do them.

Ann: Well, I guess we should do more for each other—we're not as thoughtful as we should be.

Rebecca: You're the only one I even neighbor with. And then it's usually because I want a good cry and your's such a sympathetic soul.

Ann: Yes, this old table *has* seen many a cry.

Rebecca: Well there's a great pleasure in being able to have someone to cry to. I don't know what I'd do without you. There's times

when I just can't keep myself from —(choking)—

Ann: Yes, I know.

Rebecca: Now, there's Calvin! We named him after President Coolidge, and he just won't talk. Can't get a word out of him. It worries me terribly, but there's nothing to do—unless we change his name.

Ann: Perhaps we worry too much, Rebecca.

Rebecca: Nonsense, this life is just a series of stepping stones made of worry going over a river of trouble. There's no use, Ann, you'll have to admit it. (She wipes her eyes.)

Ann: Well of course it's mostly sacrifice—sacrifice of pleasure and doing the things you want most to do, but—

Rebecca: Well I'm tired of sacrifice—it's never appreciated. I go without clothes and—

Ann: Yes, I know, and then we lose interest in keeping our hair neat and in being charming around home. Look at us!

Rebecca: (Rises in a huff) Well, I didn't come here to be criticized, Ann. I get enough of that at home.

Ann: Sit down, Becky.

Rebecca: (Calming herself) Even the children are correcting me now. I don't talk to suit them. I suppose I shan't be good enough for them in a few years.

Ann: You know sometimes, Rebecca, I wonder if it's our own fault.

Rebecca: No, dear, it's just our Fate.

Ann: But that's a terrible hopelessly way of looking at life.

Rebecca: Look here, Ann, there's something wrong with you this

morning; you're not at all like yourself. You usually coincide with all I say and today you're a doubting Thomas.

Ann: Yes, Rebecca, there is something wrong. I've been thinking a lot lately. I remember when I was a girl about Judy's age. I couldn't get my sewing machine to go and when I told mother there was something the matter with the machine she saw my impatience, smiled and said, "It is not the matter with the machine, it's the matter with the girl." Perhaps the world appears all wrong because we are wrong. Perhaps the matter is with us.

Rebecca: Ann, I don't know what's come over you—we're middle aged,—you must remember that. It would take a miracle to change us.

Ann: I still believe in miracles, don't you?

Rebecca: I don't know.
(*Quick Curtain*)

SCENE 2. Five years later.

Ann (Beautifully groomed and humming a bit of a song) goes to door and returns happily with a letter—opens it—sits and starts to read—knock at door. She puts the letter in her pocket and goes to door.

Ann: (Gracious and vibrant) Why, Rebecca, when did you get back? Come in.

Rebecca: (Much the same) Well, I must apologize (noticing Ann's dress) for coming like this but I just had to come. Why, Ann, you're so different! Five years have—really—you're not the same at all.

Ann: I'm glad of that. Sit down.

Rebecca: Well I don't know that I am. You seem almost a stranger (looking around), you've evidently done well in the last five years.

Ann: Oh, not so well financially but a little better in other ways.

Rebecca: What other way?

Ann: Just living, Rebecca.

Rebecca: Are you talking in parables?

Ann: Probably. Miracles and parables aren't so hard to understand.

Rebecca: Well I don't know as I can tell you what I came for—

Ann: Surely you can, friends are friends, aren't they.

Rebecca: Yes, but they seem to change.

Ann: Well, everything changes, Rebecca—but as long as it's not for the worse.

Rebecca: Well things have changed for the worse for us. You know I sent Calvin away to school. He never was a hand to talk you remember. I thought maybe if he were lonesome he'd pour out his heart to me in letters. But he hasn't, he's written seldom and I've worried.

Ann: Hasn't he been getting along all right?

Rebecca: Oh, yes, he's been doing wonderful work. But I couldn't be sure—

Ann: We've got to be sure—we mothers must have faith in them. Judith knows I have absolute faith in her and she seems to want to live up to it.

Rebecca: Well it wasn't so bad until this morning. Ann, my heart's broken! (She sobs.)

Ann: My dear (she comes over and puts her arm around Rebecca).

Rebecca: (Through her sobs) He's fallen in love!

Ann: That's natural.

Rebecca: Natural! Ann Cowan, how can you be so hard-hearted!

Ann: I'm not hard-hearted. I'm just reasonable. I've learned to look a situation in the face and try to solve it straightforwardly. We used to make ourselves believe the world was wrong, Rebecca. I know now it lies with us.

Rebecca: Ann (suddenly), have you been psychoanalyzed?

Ann: No. Except as I've analyzed myself.

Rebecca: What have you been doing since I left that has made you so sure of yourself?

Ann: I've been studying personality and it's made me over.

Rebecca: No wonder you seem so different. Still I can't believe you'd be so sure if you were in my place. With Judith at home—

Ann: Judith isn't at home.

Rebecca: She isn't?

Ann: She's away at school, too.

Rebecca: Why, Ann! Then tell me what to do about Calvin. You seem to have the power to master any situation.

Ann: I think I'd write him back the happiest, longest, lovingest letter I could and tell him to bring the girl home in June.

Rebecca: Oh, Ann, you've — (squares her shoulders) you've done something for me that I can't explain—but I can appreciate it. I came here for a good cry but—well perhaps we can both laugh now. Tell me about Judith.

Ann: Well, she's away at the State College—

Rebecca: Why, that's where Calvin is!

Ann: Really? Here's a letter I just received. I'll read it (she takes letter from her pocket). "Dearest mother, all that you have taught me about life has now a new meaning, a more glorious meaning, a more living beauty. I can't keep the secret any longer—I'm engaged to Calvin James—"

Rebecca: Ann! (Jumps up and goes to back of chair.)

Ann: Rebecca—(she wipes her eyes and reads) "We are coming home in June to be married. If you and Calvin's mother are willing—" (she pauses). Well, Rebecca, I guess we've met our problem together.

Rebecca: And I never would have had the strength to solve it if it hadn't been for you. Judith must be proud of you. Do—do you think you could help me change—it would be a miracle if I could see life as you do.

Ann: I'll take you to meeting this very afternoon. It's personality day.

Rebecca: I'm so glad. I wonder if a miracle could happen to me? (Head up, with hope.)



A SCENE IN THE UINTAHS OF UTAH

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

THE tapestried glory of the hills, the fragrant tang of garnered fruits, the rustle of the fallen leaves bespeak the gladness of October days.

LENA MADESIN PHILLIPS, president of the National Council of Women, sees danger signals and has issued a warning to women to battle for their rights. In the present economic distress the first move seems to be to oust women from both public and private employment. She protests such injustice.

MRS. LOUISE Y. ROBISON, president of the Relief Society, was present at the protest mass meeting held in the Sorbonne, Paris, when women delegates from many nations united in claiming equal privileges for women in employment and professions.

DOROTHY THOMPSON LEWIS, newspaper correspondent, was officially ordered out of Germany because in 1931 she wrote an adverse impression of Mr. Hitler.

DR. CAROLINE MILLS DAVIS who recently died was dearly loved for her broad charities and tender ministrations as well as her professional services.

KATHLEEN NORRIS' book, "Victoria: A Book to be Read," gives glimpses of England's beloved queen from childhood to extreme old age. The play as the title indicates is not written for the stage.

E. M. DELAFIELD'S "Provincial Lady in America," like her English "Provincial Lady," has greatly amused literary circles on both sides of the ocean.

MARGUERITE CAMERON, a former Utahn, has written a book, "Discovering Los Angeles," which will be used as a textbook in the Los Angeles schools.

MRS. JESSIE EWART HOUSE and Miss Phyllis McGinley, two Utah women, have each published a volume of poems this fall.

MISS ALAIDA BOWLER has been appointed supervisor to the scattered Indian tribes of northern Nevada and superintendent of the Carson Indian school. As the "First Woman Indian Superintendent" she adds a new chapter to an already colorful career.

DR. FLORENCE E. MEIER, young woman scientist of the Smithsonian Institute, has discovered eight kinds of "killer" rays among the ultra-violet ray family which might affect the destiny of the human race. Her discovery is important in the study of how the different kinds of rays can aid or injure living things.

MISS HELEN JACOBS, of Berkeley, Calif., for the third successive year, has won the women's national tennis championship. With this year's victory, Miss Jacobs equals the record of the tennis favorite, Helen Wills Moody, and gains permanent possession of the championship challenge cup.

THE MARTIN JOHNSONS during their twenty months' air expedition through the dark continent discovered an African tribe of lake dwellers who believed themselves to be the only human beings on earth. Was this blissful ignorance?

The Fountain of Truth

By Virginia C. Nelson

FROM the man who bites his finger nails to the woman who always clears her throat before speaking, each of us has annoying habits of which even our best friends hesitate to tell us. The reason probably is that our friends have grown so accustomed to these outlandish mannerisms that they have become immune to their annoyance, and the habit, like the drip of a leaky faucet, soon fails to grate upon one's sensibilities. There are times when we see our friends and their failings in their true light; the times when we introduce the friends to a new group and become embarrassingly aware of their singularities; times when we run across friends after an absence of years and are unfavorably impressed with their peculiarities; or there are times when friends decide to run for political offices and elective positions, during which time the idiosyncrasies are aired, instead of spared.

There are so many types of irregularities, that most everyone is guilty of some unbecoming mannerism or habit. It may be that of a raspy voice, a gauche walk, the trite use of slang, a face twitching, or a tendency to nudge. Some women peer over their spectacles in "a la celebrity" manner. Some men sniff, snort and snuffle and otherwise forget the uses of polite society. Some people have a habit of interrupting and never letting the speaker finish his remarks. Others annoy by answering questions not addressed to them, or sit in groups, nodding their heads, as though everything spoken, was directed especially to themselves.

There are women who like to finger their beads or pat their fur neck-pieces. All these habits have a way of becoming very obvious and irritating in either small groups or large audiences.

Even to prate of these small things may seem like "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," when there are sins like dishonesty and laziness. But these little freak things often count for happiness or unhappiness.

If it were only the mode to give and receive hints about individual peculiarities at the moment of introduction to a stranger, how vivid would be the reactions! Just supposing I should remark to a new acquaintance, "I hope, my dear, that if we are to see a great deal of each other, you will not allow your mouth to sag down that away," and she should in turn reply, "It's a very kind of you to call it to my attention. In turn, may I suggest that your laugh is a trifle wheezy and not at all a good index of the charming personality I am sure you possess!"

THAT these idiosyncrasies are remediable is proved by the fact that the possession of them is confined largely to the adults. In childhood and adolescence those freakish faults are weeded out quickly and painlessly by other members of the "gang" or crowd. A child, for instance, who has a lisp, a mincing walk, a quaintness of costume, or has quirks of language habit is hooted and mimicked by the rest of the neighborhood until either he leaves off his eccentricities, falls in line and conforms to a pattern; or he becomes a pariah. Children have a

horror of seeming odd or peculiar. And they have refreshing frankness in spotting and revealing an aberration in others. It is the peculiarities which most often form the basis of a dislike in the child for a teacher. Children are adept in picking out flaws in their pedagogues and nicknaming them accordingly. "Squinty," "Goggle--Eyes," "Plodding Pete," "Windy Dan" and "The Oil Can" are examples of the epithets they bestow, in emphasis of their mannerisms. I saw a six year old child, the other day, imitating the walk of each teacher in her school, and I was able to recognize each one by her portrayal.

In the case of adolescents, their tendencies to gaze into mirrors for long periods of time (if we are to believe Booth Tarkington), plus their proneness to idolize and copy the superbly mannered and gesticulated Hollywood stars, have a way of eliminating the unbecoming habits and molding them into patterns of pleasing perfection. If the youth is not influenced by the screen, there are still initiations and truth parties, where plain, unvarnished truth comes in at the front door and sensitivity and regard for personal feelings scuttle out at the rear.

Adults seem, at least in the matter of "bizarrerie" to be in a class by themselves. Good manners prevent frankness in revealing to each other freakish habits. Unlike youths, they are quite satisfied with themselves and have not the inclination, in the majority of cases, to emulate Hollywood. They are likely to go their ways serene and unrebuked unless something radical is done about it.

WELL, if children can correct weird mannerisms in other children, why not let them begin giving hints to their parents? The idea of

parent perfection and unquestioned ancestor worship is rather out of date, anyway. So the solution it occurs to me is to cultivate the opinions of one's off-spring and then catalogue the reports. The truth will out! If bashfulness, self-consciousness or "previous condition of servitude" should restrain them, then just wait till some black moment when you force them to go contrary to your wishes and they'll burst forth with a perfect imitation of your voice and person, and your shortcomings will be a sacred secret no longer.

The salutary effect of a child's point of view upon one was impressed upon me one day at a college football game. In the grandstand on the row in front of me sat a small five or six year old girl, in whom interest for the game so lagged, that before the end of the first half, she had completely reversed her position, and remained facing me for the rest of the afternoon. There, with her feet perched up comfortably in front of her, and her small, snub-nosed face imperturbably not missing an expression of mine, she was quite frankly enjoying herself and being calmly entertained by my reactions. Whenever I cheered, she mimicked me in a flat, unemotional way that made it look ridiculous. When I agonized or held my breath in suspense, my physical peculiarities and unbecoming facial expressions were mirrored to the point of caricature in her small, freckled face. She never missed a sound or a gesture or failed to echo it. By the end of the afternoon I felt chastened and toned down, but invigorated in the way one is after a dose of a good tonic.

IT may be that mirror-paneled rooms and more work with the

recording of one's voice will take care of these adult specific shortcomings. Television may be the solution to our unconformities in much the same way as radio has smoothed out our faults of diction, idiom, accent and tonal quality. It may be that courses in esthetic dancing, and

training in dramatics will erase the undesirable. But the easiest, least expensive and surest way of hitting the target of one's weakness, it seems to me, is to get it straight from a child. As the old soap advertisement used to read, "Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Crying for Nothing

By Eva Wangsgard

"OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom," quoted my father who was a small town lawyer but a truly great psychologist. I was worried about my first baby and had asked his advice. In those days, the family physician could tell a mother what to do for an ill baby but was utterly indifferent if she asked him about the care of a well one. I had just received a pamphlet from the state health department informing me that a babe of that age should be on a three hour schedule and ours was on a two hour one. Father said, "Study the baby. He came to you with all the wisdom of the ages behind him. Study the child. Find out what is natural. Then see that it is done. It will be correct if you yourself do not pervert it."

His advice proved so valuable physically that I used it, as a foundation policy, in the psychology of child training, both physical and mental. Consequently, the children have taught me many things I have never read in books.

One such instance I record here. Jenay was only twenty-two months when she came into the kitchen where I was peeling potatoes and asked, "Please, mother, may I have a piece of potato?"

Fearing she might choke on the

raw vegetable, I said, "No, you don't like them."

"But I do," she insisted.

"Oh! I think not. Open the drawer. There's a cracker in there you may have."

She found the cracker, climbed upon a chair and ate it all. Then, emptying her small apron of crumbs into the coal skuttle, asked, "Please mother, may I have a piece of potato?"

"No," I answered, "You had the cracker."

"But the cracker's all gone."

"Yes, but you had it."

"Then I'll cry," she said.

Surprised at such tactics, I exclaimed, "All right! Cry if you like. Let's hear how loud."

Now it was her turn to be astonished and she said, "I can't. I can't do it. I can't cry for nothing," and tossing her small head in the air she walked out.

Could a sage have said that more aptly? That lesson was learned. Years later when we could no longer finance the dancing lesson of which she was so fond she still knew better than to "cry for nothing." The difficulties of the last few trying years have been greatly lessened by that knowledge. Truly, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom." Let us use it.

Food Facts and Fancies

By Ethel C. Butt

AT the 1932 meeting of the American Medical Association, L. B. Mendel, the veteran nutritionist, sounded this note of warning against food fads:

"There is no field of practical importance related to human well-being in which there is greater opportunity for dogmatism and quackery, for pseudo-science and unwarranted prescriptions and proscriptions, than in the domain of our daily diet. Those who have seen the pendulum of enthusiasm swing from one extreme food fad to another in the course of the years will be wary. Let them keep an open mind without becoming too reactionary to notice that our food habits do change."

How strange that there should be a need for such a warning in this land where there are so many sources for obtaining food facts. A considerable time of the sixty-one agricultural experiment stations scattered throughout the United States is devoted to research in problems of food and nutrition, either directly or incidentally. Practically all of the important universities and colleges have their food research laboratories. Scores of commercial concerns keep trained experts working on food problems.

Then there are the many medical and other scientific associations, clinics, schools, physicians, each continually contributing to the fund of information. From Germany, France, England and other countries also come many scientific journals which record the research carried on in these lands.

FOOD fallacies are probably as old as the human race. There are

traces of them in some of the earliest records known. Much of the medical literature from the time of Hippocrates is well punctuated with unsubstantiated dietetic dictums. Strange theories were built up regarding the properties of various foodstuffs, in which mysterious powers or dangers were attributed to each.

Before the advent of modern chemistry and physiology, man did not know what happened to the food he consumed, and could only guess the effect that it had on him. Under those conditions there was an excuse for food fallacies. But even if our great grandmothers did give an emetic after the tomato (alias the deadly love apple) had been eaten, or if they did empty the dangerous water in which vegetables had been cooked, into the farthest corner of the garden, they could not be much farther from the truth than some of our fasting fanatics of the newspaper columns of today.

Probably more food facts have been uncovered in the last three decades than in all the centuries that have gone before. And these facts have not rusted in unpublished manuscripts. Never before has there been such a deluge of food information as has poured out of the press during the last twenty years in the form of magazine articles, pamphlets, bulletins, newspapers and books. Along with these the colleges, public schools, clinics, doctors and lecturers have all helped to broadcast such information as came within their vision. Along with the facts, however, there is often a fringe of speculation which may in

the minds of certain enthusiasts sprout and bear such luscious fruits of imagination that the unsuspecting public is dazzled by the sight, and is led to think that here at last is the perfect theory of nutrition. All previous knowledge was but chaff.

The process is very simple. The scientific worker announces the bare facts in a technical journal. Next the doctor tries it on a few of his patients and the newspapers syndicate a dramatic account of the discovery. As soon as possible the commercial concerns begin to exploit it and the quack twists the facts to fool his public. Thus may arise the various fashions in foods—the wave of enthusiasm for calories gives way to one of vitamins, or acid foods yield to alkali ones.

IN climbing a mountain, the nearest peak appears to be the highest, but once scaled, others are likely to be discovered beyond. It takes a well-trained, patient individual to climb the mountain of modern nutrition, and to see all the food facts in their proper relation. We have individuals who know considerable about nutrition, but most of them make so little noise as compared with our know-all faddists that the public tends to secure most of his information from those who know least about the science of nutrition. It is much safer to hitch one's dietetic wagon to a guide such as Sherman of Columbia than to a Hollywood star.

The fasting cure for human ills appears to have been one of the most popular fads of recent times. One writer tells his readers that a fast of a week to ten days will cure practically everything — paralysis, heart trouble, cancer, tuberculosis, boils and so on ad finitum. One disgusted reader of this doctor's (D. C.

and not Ph. D. or M. D. as the unsuspecting reader imagines) advice, remarked that he believed that this chiropractor who has jumped into the wrong pasture, would recommend fasting for a broken leg. Some of this quack's followers have been reported to have been so weakened by fasting that they have had to be carried into hospitals when they have finally decided to seek professional help. A short, occasional fast may be as good for the body as it is for the soul, or as a means of passive resistance, but how many premature graves are dug each year for misguided sufferers who waste precious time with food faddists?

A close second to the fad of fasting is the weight-reducing craze that has flooded the land in the past few years. There may have been as much good as evil in this fashion, but when carried to the extreme, as it has been in so many cases, one can hardly help but wonder how much harm it has done to pregnant or nursing mothers, or to the rapidly growing children and youths.

Flora B. Floore reported that an analysis of the Hollywood eighteen day diet showed it to be extremely low in calories—too low for the body to make a satisfactory adjustment to the deficiency. It was also very low in proteins, deficient in calcium, phosphorus, iron and vitamin "A." In fact it was "entirely unsatisfactory and lacking in the principles that help to keep us well and strong."

There are some strange statements made over the radio about the two foodstuffs, starch and sugar. An uninformed listener might glean the idea that these things are actually poisonous, instead of being very satisfactory fuel foods when used properly. If we wish to go faster in an automobile, we step on the gas, and the same method is equally effica-

cious when we use fuel in the body to increase the output of work of this human machine. If we do more work than that in the sedentary occupations, whether it is heaving potato sacks or playing football, we need more of the energy foods in the form of sugar if for quick action or of starch for a more prolonged activity. In the healthy body these greatly maligned foods are burned up in the working process and enable the body to use them without so much ash carrying as is necessary with certain other foods.

Starch and sugar, however, should be used as accessory foods and not be allowed to take the place of the necessary, but more expensive building foods. These carbohydrates are best used in the natural state as found in fruits, grains and vegetables, thus insuring an accompanying supply of mineral salts and vitamins.

DR. WILLIAM C. ROSE says that one of the most misleading and inaccurate precepts of the food quack is the statement that two kinds of food must not be eaten at the same meal. Odd, isn't it, that nature made such elaborate preparations in the digestive system for taking care of such mixtures. Odd also, that our ancestors survived when they didn't know how to pull their grains apart and eat only the starch or protein, one at a time.

We have lived down some of the old theories—for instance the one that fruit and milk combinations are harmful—but due to the grip that the faddists have on the popular mind of today, it appears that two fallacies have grown where only one existed before. Yet few of us will contradict the statement of Dr. Rose that "The majority of food faddists are fakers of the worst sort. Their unscrupulous methods are matched only by their monumental ignorance of nutrition."



OTIS L. AND JULIA ERCANBRACK AND THEIR CHILDREN

Young Mothers

By Holly Baxter Keddington

WOMEN have ever been interested in civic problems, though suffrage seems to have announced women's arrival in community and national affairs. Here is a quotation from a book "The World's Famous Orations," compiled by Wm. Jennings Bryan, in which Cato delivered an oration in support of the Oppian law in 215 B. C. This law declared that "no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a garment of various colors, or ride in a carriage drawn by horses in a city, or in a town * * * except on occasions of some religious solemnity." Cato says, "Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them, now, to interfere in the management of state affairs and to thrust themselves into the forum, into general assemblies of election; for what are they doing now in your streets and lanes? What about arguing, some in support of the motion of the tribunes; others contending for the repeal of the law?"

After more than 2,000 years of effort, improving and supporting efforts of others who are improving our communities, women are taking their places in many fields of labor. Much has been said regarding women's advent into politics being a definite move toward better government. Let us hope so. Study world problems, investigate qualifications of candidates, refuse to be blindly led, young mothers, and when you vote you will feel you have done a service to your community. Some day we may become big enough to forget party politics and elect men

who are best able to fill those positions, without making them first appear as scoundrels.

* * *

FUNNY how we all have our little dislikes, that I am calling "Pet Peeves." After inquiring around a bit, I discovered that ironing, dishes, dusting and mending are the outstanding "Peeves." When I asked what to do about overcoming these difficulties, some said they guessed they never would entirely get over their dislike for the tasks though they might improve their technique. One woman said "Oh, how I dislike ironing! But I have learned to arrange my dampened clothes so that the pieces I most dislike are mixed in with the ones I don't mind, then with this bit of change I keep at the job until it is done. I never pick out the pieces I want to do, I just take them as they come." Overcoming a "Pet Peeve" evidently develops that fine characteristic, perseverance.

* * *

I HAVE been asked to stress proper quarantine law observance in this page. Proper isolation and quarantine of infectious cases is a decided check in epidemics of children's diseases that are spread so easily at school. A mother, who has lived near a family which disregards this law and who knows uncertainty and fear for her little ones, is seldom an offender. There are other mothers who, for the sake of a few days of freedom, make their own children menaces in the neighborhood. Quarantine observance cannot be left to the individual as long as there are wilful offenders. A group of women could do much along this line, if a clinic, such as one suggested in a former magazine, were organized. Such a clinic could not only stress law observance but, with proper backing, could compel it.

Are You Busy Enough?

By Jean Cox

ONE of the best known child welfare leaders in the country made the following statement. "If a certain study on occurrence of temper tantrums represented more lower class mothers, there would be fewer records of temper tantrums." When this question was challenged by the group, he continued, "The mother who is busy with her own housework and care of children doesn't have time to notice emotional outbursts. Because she is occupied with her work her children have fewer temper tantrums than is the case of the mother who is giving more persistent supervision."

It is generally conceded that temper tantrums are more frequent where there is a sympathetic audience. The mother busy with other things has little time to listen to or notice minor differences among her children. Anger does not last long if there is no audience. The practice of putting the angry child by himself cuts down the length of the outburst. In contrast to this method is that used by the over-anxious mother who in her desire to shorten the outburst becomes insistent that the crying stop at once. This makes the child the center of attention and naturally prolongs the temper tantrum. When this method is used the mother in her desire for quiet builds up a resistance to her appeals which extends the time of the child's failure to listen to any appeal to reason. Frequently in this type of parent-child conflict the mother becomes angry at the child or at the whole situation which only further aggravates the tension of the child.

Emotional outbursts have many causes. Anything that tends to increase emotional tension is apt to increase number and intensity of explosions. Emotional disturbances depend upon the immediately previous conditions. The wife who has had a difference with her husband or neighbor may be more irritable with her children than would otherwise be true. The business man who has been bawled out berates the office boy. The girl who has quarrelled with her best friend will have little patience with the problems of the smaller brother. Small children who have been irritated by an adult will be more apt to have outbursts of temper. The child who spans her doll is frequently reflecting the mother's treatment of the child. The man who steps on the gas endangering lives because of differences at the breakfast table illustrates transfer of emotional outbursts.

SCIENTIFIC study of emotions as compared with similar studies of mental or physical development shows greater difficulty. It is impossible in order to study them, to create or keep intact emotions at any stage of the outburst. It is indeed difficult to find means of measuring and comparing kinds of emotions and intensity of outbursts. By use of photographs temper tantrum studies during different stages are being made by some of the nursery schools. Studies show that emotional outbursts should be adequate. Different children as well as adults express emotions differently. Some children express themselves immediately and adequately. They are the ones who recover equi-

librium with lightning speed. Emotional outbursts should be in proportion to the tension. Prolonged, partially controlled emotions at almost explosive point are harrowing to the individual. In school or business or home where the dominance of one individual shortens explosions of other individuals and makes it impossible to clear the air, there is more tension than would result if the difficult matter were fought out or talked out. Prolonged feeling of injustice toward a member of the family lowers the morale of the family. Such a situation is not only difficult to overcome, but also difficult to forget.

INFANTS show comparatively few distinct emotional reactions. They respond to stimuli of fear, rage and pleasure or the rudiments of affection. These are frequently called the primary emotions. Training in control of emotions is quite as important as training in muscular coordination. Arousing fear in young children is frequently overdone. Mothers interested in the welfare of their children may create a fear complex in the child when he should be encouraged to be independent. Frequent cautioning of children in climbing, running, sliding, makes it impossible for the child to acquire muscular control which may be later very valuable to him when he must face risks. The spread of emotional reactions increases with age. More kinds of emotions are felt as age increases. The emotions of love or affection may spread out into various moods or feelings. The amount of spread or shading of the emotions is determined by the previous emotional organization which determines lines on which subsequent emotional development or control will take place. If patterns of control have been

built up there will be less danger of emotional outbursts from minor irritations. Conversely the habit of quick unpleasant reactions to certain stimuli will result where a child is not helped to control his emotional reactions.

The child who has frequent outbursts of anger will have more temper reactions or patterns than the child who has been trained to be more placid. With the irritable child many stimuli arouse temper irritations. Undue attention to temper outbursts may result in an irascible individual who wears the proverbial chip on his shoulder. One of the interesting principles which the child learns early in nursery school is that crying does not get him anywhere. Children who cry are never rewarded by receiving the object of the immediate temper tantrum.

In several child welfare stations carefully controlled experiments on emotions have been conducted on children of different ages. These have shown that some fear reactions come into life late rather than early and shape the individual's life. Some fear reactions do not take place as anticipated. Infants shown snakes very early in life show no emotional reactions. Older children who had neither seen nor heard of snakes did not have marked fear reactions but showed tendency to withdraw when the snake was shown to the child.

AN interesting investigation on temper tantrums was conducted at the child welfare station at the University of Minnesota. A very carefully prepared record form was made for this use. In one investigation approximately thirty mothers kept record for forty consecutive days. The second investigation consisted of records of fifty mothers over ten consecutive days. These

mothers recorded anger outbursts of children from eight months to seven years. Previous studies had been made on fatigue where tabulations were made showing greatest fatigue at different hours of the day. A careful comparison of temper tantrums approximated in general form tabulations on fatigue. From the reports made by these two groups of mothers an interesting conclusion came out of the study which related to the methods of control used in anger situations. The methods most commonly recorded were threatening, spanking, slapping, ignoring and placating. The efficiency of these various methods is shown by the tabulations.

1. Threatening and spanking increase the number of emotional outbursts.

2. Methods of ignoring decreases the number of outbursts.

3. Methods of placating result in a greater number of outbursts than ignoring the irritation.

4. This is additional proof that the over anxious mother is apt to cause nervous tension which result in temper tantrums. The conclusions reached were that there are more temper tantrums during fatigue periods. The highest number immediately precedes meal time. There is a decided decrease following meal time. The highest number of tantrums is between five and six p. m. The fewest number recorded is between the hours seven and eight a. m. It is evident from the above that fatigue is one of the biggest factors in temper tantrums and in order to decrease the latter in frequency and intensity the child must be protected from excessive fatigue.

Children have fewer outbursts when in the presence of placid persons. Lack of antagonism, and the resultant decreased resistance as a

rule help the child to keep emotions under control.

The Minnesota study also showed a tremendous sex difference between boys and girls with reference to frequency of temper tantrums. Records show that boys on the average have about nine times as many temper tantrums as do girls. This remains true at all age levels. Sex differences show that boys are much less docile individuals than girls. Boys know more about environment than do girls. They are constantly investigating and questioning about everything which intrigues their interest. Perhaps their excessive energy and resultant fatigue are partially responsible for their temper tantrums. Girls do not absorb as much general information as do their brothers. Boys study less than girls. Boys challenge statements more than girls and are a little less ready to accept situations as they find them.

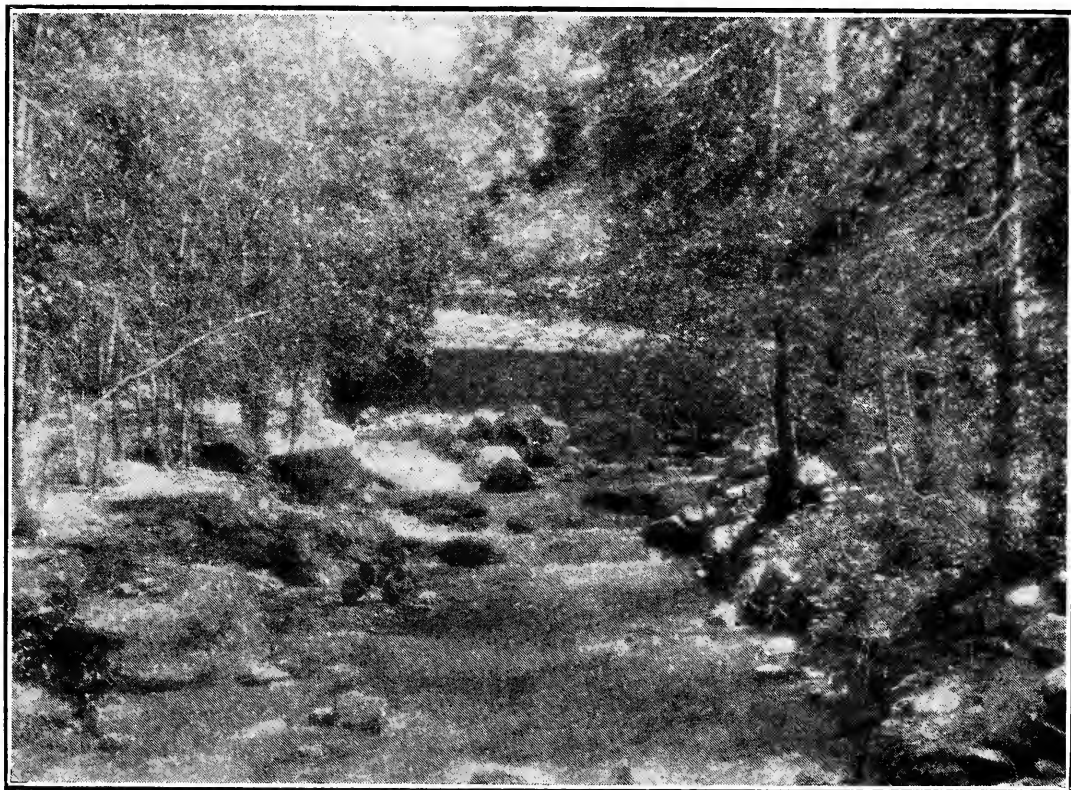
Infants show relatively few distinctive emotional reactions. Their first emotional reactions, as previously stated, are affection, rage and fear which are shown by tension throughout the body. As the child grows there is a gradual change in emotional tension from mass tension to more specific action. At about eighteen months there is a progressive spread of emotional reactions. With increase in age, there has been considerable evidence that shades of emotions are graded down. In place of the primary emotions of affection, rage and fear we gradually find moods and feelings. Gradually, too, some of these emotional reactions vary in length of duration. Some are short while others are comparatively long. Emotional reactions vary with experience. Future emotional development is dependent upon previous emotional experiences. If a child gets angry at a

certain stimulus, future reactions will be shaped by his previous response.

THE challenge of the first sentence in addition to the discussion presented will, it is hoped, make mothers more conscious of their responsibility in the emotional development of their children. Better results will be obtained if parents also become conscious of their own emotional outbursts with their causes and effects on the younger generation. Habits are partly formed by imitation, frequent emotional explosions on the part of parents will be reflected by lack of emotional stability on the part of the little folks. Habits of lack of emotional control are more easily formed than

overcome. The story of the small boy who kicked the chair because father slammed the door because it stuck has many variations. The mother who has had an argument with father may be less reasonable with her children than otherwise. There are decided advantages in being placid rather than irritable in training children. Too few parents are conscious of the fact that being forceful and quiet in dealing with children has decided advantages.

Another problem to which parents may give consideration is whether or not they show too much solicitude in their child training for much concern is quite as bad on the child as too little. Over solicitude on the part of the parent may make the child irritable rather than independent.



AMERICAN FORK CANYON

Everybody's Mother

By Inez Rich Bennett

IT was evening. Nature, in robes of resplendent beauty, had turned the landscape into a charming picture of Springtime. Now, with dusk falling like a curtain over the scene, earth sought her rest, even as a tired child lies down to sleep.

Near a street corner in a little Southern Alberta town, a neatly-dressed woman, past fifty, grey-haired, blue-eyed, stout, with business-like tread and a pleasant kindly face, stopped on her homeward journey, beside a group of children playing hop-scotch.

"Hello, everybody! Eddie, how's your mamma?" she asked a chubby little fellow on the side lines holding a handful of colored glass.

"Oh, just fine," he smiled. Then—"See what I got, Aunt Sarah! Glass! Ain't they pretty?"

"Yes, dear, very. Don't cut your hand! Will you do something for Aunt Sarah?"

"Sure!"

"When you go home, tell your mamma that your Aunt Marion Allred has a fine baby boy."

"Oh, goody!" He dropped the glass and ran toward home in happy excitement.

Throwing kisses to the children the woman crossed the street and continued her journey. For several blocks she walked alone, save for her thoughts. There were still several blocks to go and, as evening descended myriads of stars shone in the heavens like diamonds.

The woman noted everything about her. Heard the calls of mothers to their children to leave off play and retire; heard the chirpings of birds as they found resting places

for the night, and trilled their good-night songs. She loved nature—it always thrilled her that God had made such a marvelous earth for man to live upon.

But a little while ago she had again witnessed the mystery of birth, had held in her arms another bit of baby loveliness; had lovingly placed it in its mother's arms and seen tears of joy brighten the tired eyes as she asked, "Is he alright?" An affirmative answer had caused a halo of happiness to envelop the girl mother as she dropped to sleep.

WHEN she arrived home her children were busily studying their school work. Examinations were near. "Everything alright?" she asked, as she put her head in the door.

"Yes, mother. How's the patient?"

"Just fine! She has a bouncing boy. My, but they're happy! I told Bob to get a barrel and shout 'Daddy' into it to hear how it sounded." They all laughed. The phone rang and an excited voice asked, "Is Aunt Sarah there?"

"Yes, just a moment please."

After a brief conversation she turned to the children with, "I must go out again, dears, Mrs. Spencer's child is worse. You boys see that the mother hen with the biddies is covered for the night, get your lessons and go to bed early," she finished as she changed her apron and hurried out.

MOTHER looked so tired, it does seem as if somebody else could do a little running around besides her. "I don't suppose she's even had her supper," remarked her little daughter.

"Oh, well," put in one of the boys, "you know mother. She's everybody's mother. Seems like she had enough to do before, but now she's president of the Relief Society she does twice as much. I'll tell you what, let's set the table for her and cover everything up like she does for us when we're late." So they bustled about and soon supper for one was spread and covered with a clean cloth.

SHE returned tired out about 11:30 p. m. and said to herself as she opened her gate, "I'm really hungry now. I'd almost forgotten that I was too upset at Marion's to eat any supper. But I'm too tired now to fix anything."

Entering the kitchen, she turned on the light, noted the bumpy white cover on the table, and removed it. She exclaimed softly, "Bless their hearts! They wouldn't forget me. And such a meal they have spread. What a God-send children are!"

Refreshed after her meal, she mixed bread and prepared to retire. As was her wont when alone her thoughts drifted backward in recollections of earlier years and forward in contemplation of future problems. Her path was not "strewn with roses." When her husband died and left her with the children—three boys and a girl—to raise and educate, she felt the burden was too great to bear. There was no money, but they owned a warm, comfortable house large enough for their needs and free of debt. They were good children, considerate and ambitious and that made things easier. Her health was poor and she felt entirely incapable of any kind of work that would support her family. Years before, she had occasionally assisted local physicians with maternity cases, but when her health failed father had insisted that she give it up. How-

ever, after his death, with the farm not bringing in enough to support the little family, she decided to again take up the practice of nursing. While she was not a graduate nurse, her methods, carefully acquired from study and professional suggestion were approved by the physicians whom she assisted. Later she had opened her house as a private maternity home, upon receiving official recognition from health authorities and cared for maternity patients to help out the financial end of things. It was not easy, but then, she had often reflected, nothing worth doing was ever easy. At night she was usually too tired to rest well, but enough patients had come to the home-like little hospital to keep things going.

IN the midst of the struggle she had been asked to be president of the ward Relief Society. She felt wholly unqualified for the position, but gave her bishop an affirmative answer and plead with God for strength and wisdom to carry on successfully.

Her cheerful optimistic attitude helped her over many rough spots. She submerged herself in her religious and nursing work to a degree that gave no time for self-pity. Always to her friends she was "Just fine!" no matter how she felt. Hers was a life of sacrifice and service, cheerfully and willingly given. Everyone loved her and she mothered the entire community. Friends and acquaintances lovingly called her "Aunt Sarah," a term significant of intimate associations and friendly relationships. Folks couldn't help being good to her, but often they were unintentionally thoughtless of the burden she bore when they might have helped so much.

As she knelt beside her bed in prayer and asked her Father in Heaven for wisdom and divine guid-

ance, she did not forget to voice gratitude for her many blessings.

Busy weeks followed, crammed with activities in many branches of home, public and religious service. Mothers came to the little hospital suffering and empty handed and went away in due time with darling new babies and happy faces which still bore the aftermath of pain.

Everyone was busy. The little town seethed with activity. Summer put on her loveliest gowns decked with gay flowers of every hue, tempting tired workers to hie away to woodlands cool and enjoy the out-of-doors. But, Aunt Sarah took no vacation. Too many folks needed mothering.

It was she who went to the Walden home when Mrs. Walden died and comforted the heartbroken husband and sorrowing little ones, and fed and comforted them as no one else could. It was she who called her loyal Relief Society sisters to her side, and made the burial clothing, trimmed the white casket, and took charge of the funeral arrangements in cooperation with the bishop. And, when the funeral was over she and her counsellors went to the little home to comfort the saddened family, and, in the days to come rallied the Relief Society sisters in a sewing bee to provide clothing for the little motherless ones. No, she had no time for vacations, hardly time to admit even to herself that her old trouble was returning, that she was not well, that at times the pain was so intense she could hardly bear it. In her soul and body she suffered,

but, to the world, she lifted a serene and smiling face.

She was interested in everybody's welfare. On her journeyings to her "out" patients she called for a few moments on this or that one who needed cheering or helpful suggestions. Each passing hour life held for her something worth the doing, and each effort was recompensed with love and appreciation from those she served. She often said she had so many things to be thankful for that her little troubles seemed unimportant and insignificant in comparison to her privileges and blessings.

One summer afternoon after a particularly trying case in the country she entered her gate with a feeling of loneliness. The children she knew were all away for the day. But the trees were full of birds that burst into song at her approach; the flowers along the path seemed to nod a welcome; even the little calf staked on the grass in the backyard must have sensed her coming for he gave a loud call and ran the length of his tether, to be brought up with a jerk as he switched his tail and shook his head.

No sooner had she opened the door than a wild shout of "Surprise"! greeted her and a large group of happy-faced women surrounded her, chattering gaily.

Such a joyous hour followed, and at its close she was presented with a vase of gorgeous flowers, from everybody's garden to Everybody's Mother.



The Open Mind

By Frank C. Steele

I AM thankful that I have so far progressed in my education that I can be honest with myself—that I have an open mind, a mind ready to inquire into and accept new truth. I came West bitterly prejudiced against 'Mormonism,' but life in the West has opened the windows of my mind, the cobwebs of intolerance have been blown away, and I find that the system of religion that I had detested has much, very much, to commend it to the truth-seeker."

In words to this effect a friend of mine, the instructor in history in a High School, related his making-over with respect to his attitude toward new truth. He rejoiced that his old attitude had been changed, that bias and prejudice had given way to freedom of thought and a willingness to accept new light even though it upset his former pet notions. And now that he is in that position he will progress in his search for Truth, for Truth is the priceless reward of the open mind.

ONE splendid thing about the Gospel of Jesus Christ, it changes our attitudes. Do you recall the instance of the mothers who brought their little ones to the Master that he might bless them? With their cold, age-old attitude toward children and their obscure place in the scheme of things, the Apostles were bent on turning away the faithful mothers and their babes. Not so the loving and all-wise Master. To the astonishment of his disciples he took the babes in his arms and blessed them saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

Strange doctrine. Yes. But true, for on that day Jesus gave the world its greatest lesson in Child Welfare.

The road of the prophet, the revealer of new truth, is usually lonely and hard. The prophet's way is not the easy way for there seems to be something in the make-up of man that makes him resist and resent the impact of new truth. He dislikes being dislodged from his old positions, his old dogmas, his old ideas of what is right and worthwhile. He clutches his traditions as he does the heirlooms handed down from generation to generation. And often in his hatred of the Revelator he goes so far as to persecute and slay.

It has been the same in all ages, for human nature is slow in its evolution. Noah rejected, Socrates drinking the hemlock, Nephi in chains, Stephen stoned, Bruno burned at the stake, Joseph Smith shot as he sought to shield his brethren, Christ crucified between two thieves—these are the evidences of that cast of mind, that resistance to Truth that has cluttered the path of progress from earliest times. And what is the lesson? It is this: strive for the open mind, uproot intolerance, and cherish the gift of the Holy Spirit which will lead the humble searcher into all Truth.

A WRITER in the American Magazine related a story that comes to me now as apropos. A certain Greenland Eskimo, he said, was taken on one of the American North Polar expeditions a number of years ago. Later, as a reward for faithful service, he was taken

to New York City for a short visit. At all the miracles of sight and sound he was filled with a most amazed wonder. When he returned to his native village he told stories of the buildings that reached to the face of the sky; of street cars, which he described as houses that moved along the trail with people living in them as they moved; of mammoth bridges, artificial lights, and many other strange sights witnessed in the metropolis.

His people looked at the native coldly and walked away. And forthwith throughout the whole countryside they called him Sagdluk, meaning The Liar. This name he carried in shame to his grave. In fact, explorers tell us, his real name was forgotten.

Now there was some excuse for the Eskimos. It was difficult for their primitive minds to grasp such

a dazzling revelation. But to us with the innumerable advantages of civilization there is no excuse for ignorance, no excuse for a mind closed to new truth. There have been, and there will again be reformations effected that may strike at the heart of things we and our fathers have held most dear. It required a vision to convince Peter, the chief of the apostles, that the Gospel was for the Gentiles as well as for the Jews. Paul was stricken with blindness and disciplined severely before he accepted the truth of the Gospel of our Lord. But when his eyes were opened he became a mighty defender of the faith he formerly had persecuted even unto "strange cities."

The spirit of toleration is growing in the world. What a happy world it will be to live in when narrowness and prejudice are banished from the hearts and minds of our Father's children.



BEAR LAKE



Autumn

By Elsie E. Barrett

You are here again, gay Autumn
With your implements of Art,
Splashing charmingly your colors
Of each year a counterpart.
Mother Nature trusts completely,
Leaving final touch to you,
Who through ages past has painted
Tints and shades of ev'ry hue.

After Rain

By Myrtle Janson

If Heaven e'er comes to earth,
It is after a rain—
Air so pure, so fresh and redolent
You breathe and breathe and breathe
again;
Gardens and lawns glorious as fairyland

With the caroling of birds thrown in;
Skies so delicately blue
And fleeced with feathery white,
Just like baby's crib
Waiting for the celestial light
Of little golden locks.

Notes to the Field

Ward Magazine Agents:

IN sending in subscriptions send the name, street number, town, and state which month the subscription should commence with. Be sure that you do this for each subscription. In order to give desired service it is necessary for us to have this information. It is also a requirement of the postoffice.

It is well for subscribers to send in the same name each year. Some send it one year in their given name and other years in their married name. For instance, Mrs. Mary Jones and Mrs. John Jones.

Magazine Drive.

WE learn with pleasure that one wide-awake stake has asked for ten minutes' time in the sacrament meeting of each ward on Sunday, September 16th, to sell the Magazine to the men of the ward.

Some bishops when asked not only gladly gave the ten minutes but offered the whole time of the sacrament meeting to the Relief Society.

This stake is suggesting that a member of the stake board give a ten-minute talk on the Magazine, and that she introduce the ward Magazine agent at the conclusion of her talk.

Know Your Magazine.

WE suggest that the presidency give thought to getting the Magazine read. A "Know Your Magazine" campaign would be a good feature for this year.

Stake Magazine Agents:

ARE you meeting each month with your ward Magazine agents, checking on their records to see that they are accurate, and that the people are visited to get their subscriptions renewed at the time they expire?

Subscriptions may begin any

month in the year. They should be renewed when subscriptions expire so subscribers will not miss a number.

It is desirable that the agents keep an accurate record of each subscription. This can be done by completely filling out the stubs in the receipt books. When the names are listed on the blanks, please state which month each subscription should commence. If the month is given and not just "renewal" more prompt and accurate service can be given. If no request is made for a certain number, the current issue will be mailed.

Relief Society Song.

BROTHER K. E. Fordham of St. George last October wrote a Relief Society song and presented it to Sister Brooks, president of that Stake. One-hundred copies were mimeographed, eight to twelve copies being sent to each ward. They all used it at their March Anniversary and were so pleased with it that Sister Brooks sent word to Sister Robison of its success.

Now Brother Fordham is going to get it out in sheet form. It is a two-part song, entitled "Gifts of Love." Ten copies will be mailed for \$1.00, and additional copies may be purchased at 10c each. Money must accompany the order. Send order to K. E. Fordham, St. George, Utah.

Attention, Stake Magazine Agents!

ALL Stake Magazine Agents are requested at the close of the Drive to send in information under the following heads:

STAKE WARD ENROLLMENT NO. OF SUB. PERCENT NAME OF MAGAZINE AGENT

Of course, there will be a line for each ward in the stake. (The re-

port should come to our Magazine office, Room 20, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, from the Stake and not from each ward separately.)

Those wards that get subscriptions that total 75% or more of their enrollment will be placed on the honor list. These wards should be listed at the bottom of the sheet for publication on our honor page.

Stakes that get 75% or more will be on a separate list. The Stake should send in this information:

ENROLLMENT OF STAKE
NO. OF SUB. PER CENT
NAME OF STAKE MAGAZINE
AGENT

Those whose subscriptions expire with the December number may be counted on these lists.

IN the February Magazine a second honor list will be published. This will enable those who need more time to reach a desired goal.

Our Project For 1934-1935.

I. A Family Project—(Something new for the organizations to undertake):

Last April the Executive Board of the Relief Society called the Relief Society Mission Presidents to a meeting and asked them for suggestions regarding Relief Society work. All desired that missionaries come into the field with at least a general knowledge of the Scriptures, and that they know which books are in the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Book of Mormon.

So we now present to you a project which, if carried out, will familiarize your families with the Scriptures in a general way. An outline of what the books contain in general will be found in the August, 1934, *Relief Society Magazine*. Use it.

II. The Desirability of a Project is very evident:

We all work better if we have an

objective—some definite thing to do in a given time.

This family project will draw the family together in a common interest, in a united undertaking. It is stimulating to work together.

III. Making the Project Successful:

Launch the Project enthusiastically at your October Union Meeting. Think out ways that will stir up interest and write to us of your plans and success.

Have Visiting Ward Teachers check (✓) each month on their books and report the number of families that are putting over the project, at their monthly Visiting Teacher Training Meetings. Have Secretary check the roll and give credit to those who are working on the Project. Ward Presidents should report at regular meetings the results of the efforts made.

IV. The Plan:

In November and December feature Books of the Old Testament.

In January Books of the New Testament.

In February Books of the Book of Mormon.

In March Pearl of Great Price.

In April and May Articles of Faith.

Have members know how many books there are in the Old Testament (39), New Testament (27), and the Book of Mormon (15), and be able to designate the volume in which each may be found.

What an inspiring thing this will be to have the family study religion in the home. The call has long sounded "Back to the Farm!"; we call "Back to the Scriptures!" We are not so familiar with them as our parents were. The command is still in force, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."—(John 5:39.)

Notes from the Field

Western States Mission:

WE are in receipt of a very fine report from Sister Winnifred B. Daynes, Relief Society President of the Western States Mission. She furnished us a copy of the instructions which she sent out to her Mission and we feel that so much help is given in these items that we take pleasure in including them in our Notes from the Field.

"See:

1. That your organization is complete.
2. That your meeting room is clean and attractive and a fit place for the Spirit of God to dwell.
3. That you definitely plan and arrange your programs.
4. That there be the closest coop-

eration possible between your Presidency and the Branch Presidency, as in your work, the family welfare is so inseparably associated that there must be perfect harmony always existing.

5. That care and consideration shall be given to the aged, and that those appointed for this shall see that their work is effectively done.

6. That you use every effort possible to find work for the unemployed. It may be for either male or female. Wherever good can come as a result of this work, means of course, a reduction of your Welfare work.

7. That you be honest and prayerful, and take a genuine interest in your work that nothing will be found



DENVER RELIEF SOCIETY

wanting, and that the interest of those over whom you preside is always first in your affections.

8. Safeguard your health so that you can put your best enthusiasm into your work.

9. Develop spirituality in your classwork, by having class leaders emphasize Latter-day Saint ideals in all of their classwork.

10. Begin and close your meetings on time; remembering that promptness and exactness are always essential to success.

11. Have appropriate song arranged for your singing practice; and, if possible, memorize the words of the songs that are practiced so that you may be able to sing more enthusiastically.

12. Have complete and intelligent minutes kept of all meetings; have them read at each meeting; and have them approved before finally being recorded; see that a record book of the approved style, is kept in your organization so that your minutes may always be preserved.

13. Encourage your visiting teachers to be regular attendants at all weekly meetings in the Relief Society; also to attend the Sacrament meeting.

14. See that no confidences which are given you are ever betrayed or broken; see to it that all gossip and the spirit of criticism is eliminated from your organization.

15. Be impressed with the need of discussing at all times, the Teachers' Topics in the home.

16. Increase membership, first, by personal visits; second, by telephone calls; third, by letters, invitations, etc.

17. To develop cordiality:

a. Take pains to warmly greet newcomers, members and strangers.

b. Have a committee appointed to welcome newcomers.

18. Keep all records in a fire-proof container; if nothing better, a tin bread box is suggested.

19. Have your magazines bound and begin to build your library.

20. Always have your meetings well prepared; see that proper publicity is given, and a good attendance assured.

By keeping ourselves spiritually, mentally and physically fit, we will try to make this year the most profitable and the most successful Relief Society year in the history of the Western States Mission. Let each one join in bearing her responsibility that success may be assured; and where advice is needed for your work, never be backward in seeking it."

Southern States Mission:

FROM quite another part of the missionfield we were delighted to receive greetings. The Relief Society department meetings were held in connection with the conference and the work for the coming year was discussed. Short talks from representative members of the organization on different phases of the work were a special feature and exceptionally well done. The work for the year was outlined and this included the social service program which we feel all the members thoroughly understood. At the first meeting there were 65 sisters present and the following day 56. This was a most excellent attendance when the great distance is considered. One sister traveled a distance of 400 miles, much of it on foot. All the women of the mission wish to express sincere appreciation for the magazine.

"We have promised ourselves to read it from cover to cover, knowing

it is not only filled with an extended knowledge of desired material, but full of the real spirit of the Gospel, which is the essence of encouragement and real uplift for all. We expect it to be used for all lesson work. We do thank those who contribute to its beauty and strength and we

thank our Father in Heaven for this glorious work. In many of our humble homes our Church literature is all the reading material offered, and the magazine numbers were distributed in the homes of the members. We feel a real missionary work will be done."

Oberlin College, O., Oct. 17th. 1895

J. R. Hindley, Esqr.*

Dear Sir:-

We have in our College Library an original manuscript of Solomon Spaulding---unquestionably genuine.

I found it in 1834 in the hands of Hon. L.L. Rice of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. He was formerly State Printer at Columbus, O., & before that publisher of a paper in Painesville, whose preceding publisher had visited Mrs. Spaulding & obtained the manuscript from her. It had lain among his old papers forty years or more, & was brought out by my asking him to look up antislavery documents among his papers.

The manuscript has upon it the signatures of several men of Conneaut, O., who had heard Spaulding read it, & knew it to be his. No one can see it & question its genuineness.

The manuscript has been printed twice at least---once by the Mormons of Salt Lake City, & once by the Josephite Mormons of Iowa. ~~who obtain~~ The Utah Mormons obtained the copy of Mr. Rice at Honolulu, & the Josephites got it of me after it came into my possession.

This manuscript is not the original of the Book of Mormon.

Yours very truly,

Jas. H. Fairchild

This old letter was brought us by Brother J. R. Hindley who thought it would be of interest to our readers.—*Editor*,

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Word of Wisdom

WE urge most strongly that our readers will do all in their power to uphold the Word of Wisdom. There are so many now who are drinking a little tea or coffee or are taking an occasional glass of beer. In a recent conference held at Oquirrh Stake, President Grant said: "We are being called old fashioned and told we are too straight because we will not sanction the drinking of beer now that it has been legalized. We never will approve the drinking of beer. We will go right on being straight and telling the people to let beer alone despite the feelings of some members that we should condone the drinking of beer."

President Grant emphasized that there never was a time when the Church needed to urge and stress the observance of the Word of Wisdom more than today. He said he would like to see the time when men and women who are not living the

Word of Wisdom would be unable to hold positions of responsibility in this Church, because they cannot say, "follow me." They should be able to say this to everyone with whom they associate as officers of the Church.

THE smoking evil has grown by leaps and bounds. It is painful to see how many women have become enslaved during the last few years. In 1914 I went to Europe. On the boat there was one woman who smoked. She was looked upon as a pariah. Today in crossing it is found that a big percentage of women smoke. It is said that women addicts are worse than men. They smoke more and the effect upon them is more injurious.

It is a reflection on this people that so many of them smoke, for in addition to all the reasons against the pernicious practice that all people have, they have the word of God

declaring that tobacco is not good for man.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS should not tamper with these forbidden things. Those who begin do not realize the effect it will have upon their moral fibre. Little by little there is a lowering of their standards until after a while they do things without hesitation that they would have shrunk from doing a short time before.

Parents should teach their children the Word of Wisdom. The revelation should be re-read again and again. Careful attention should be paid to what it says and thus in-

formed, people will not be led off on tangents by enthusiasts or cranks who put interpretations on it that are not the revealed word and that Church authorities do not sanction.

People should arouse themselves and create public sentiment against the practice. The young should be instructed in the word of God and informed of the injurious effects of smoking. They should be impressed with the fact that this habit once formed enslaves them, and that it is a very difficult thing to stop. It requires strength to stand out from the crowd and refuse to do as they do. Every mother should be on her guard to safeguard her children from the evil.

To Our Officers

IT has often been said, "Well begun is half done," so we urge our officers to see that all necessary preliminary work is done to make the opening meeting very successful.

Our regular work has been lightened during the summer. We have had opportunity to feast our eyes on nature's beauties. We have communed with some of the great minds by reading books that we have long desired to peruse. Hobbies have been cultivated, nerves have been strengthened, so now we should resume with renewed vigor. Rested by the pause in our activities, we should exhibit new life.

It is well to whole-heartedly do one thing and get it off our hands if this is possible. The Magazine drive can be carried to successful fruition before our meetings begin. The ward can be visited inviting all members to attend the opening meeting. Plans can be made for the les-

son work, so that each period shall be a delight and source of education to the membership. Musical activities can be planned. The social life of the year can be thought of. It is interesting to note when the mind begins thinking and it has time for plans, how one after another pops into the head. Every precaution should be taken to make each meeting successful. Guard against the possibility of failures. Have it understood that someone, either an assistant teacher or a member of the presidency, shall always be ready to take the lesson in case the teacher is unable to do so at the last minute.

Remember that a very important part of the work is done by the visiting teachers. See that they get the necessary instructions and help for their work. When the organization moves smoothly, it is a joy to be associated with it. Many of our cares and worries come from not planning ahead.

Franklin S. Richards

IN the passing of Franklin S. Richards the Relief Society has lost a devoted friend and an ardent supporter. He formulated the articles of incorporation and by-laws for the organization, and he was ever helpful as a legal advisor. His Mother, Jane Richards, served for a number of years on the General Board of Relief Society and was Counselor for a time in the Presidency. His wife, Emily S. Richards, also gave efficient service as a member of the General Board, and so Brother Richards kept in close touch with Relief Society problems.

He was a loyal advocate of women's rights. He sponsored and defended the article in the constitution granting equal rights to the women of the State of Utah.

Although he was 85 years of age when he died, he was active to the last. He was at his office Thursday and died during his sleep that night. He was admitted to the practice of

law in 1874 and for sixty years was an outstanding member of the Utah Bar Association. He was the oldest attorney engaged in active practice in Utah and was numbered among the oldest active attorneys in the United States. He was counsel for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and for many of its members, and successfully defended his clients' interests in local and supreme court cases.

Not only was he active in legal matters, but throughout his life took a prominent part in Church activities. In 1877 he went to Great Britain as a missionary. He served for many years as a High Councilman both in Weber and Ensign Stakes, and at the time of his death was president of the High Priests' quorum of Ensign Stake.

Kind, considerate, cultured, he graced every position he filled and was loved by all with whom he mingled.

Socialized Class Work

FROM reports that come to us it is evident that many class leaders in the Literary Department do not socialize their work. It is easier for them to give their lesson as a lecture, and they like the finished result. Some give as an excuse that they cannot get the members to participate. We feel that every teacher who habitually does all the work herself is making a serious mistake. She is depriving the class members of the development that they are

entitled to. One teacher recently said, "I can get participation from any group anywhere if I study the problem and work hard enough." The profits of participation are so evident that we are surprised that any teacher is unwilling to make the effort to draw out her class. We urge each teacher to make a special study of drawing out the quiet retiring members of her class. Let her gage her success by the number who participate in the recitation.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in December)

THE POWER OF PRAYER

1. *An Accepted Principle.* The Latter-day Saints need no conversion to the principle of prayer; the very existence of their Church is traceable to it. It is doubtful indeed that Deity would have revealed himself in these the latter days if there had been no one with sufficient faith to call upon him for help and guidance. But there was such an individual in the person of the youthful Joseph Smith. His faith was of such a nature, that when he appealed to heaven for wisdom, both the Father and the Son appeared in person to answer. Later, other and still other heavenly personages came to him, each with a message for his further guidance and instruction. Following his first vision, the Prophet sought the Lord in prayer almost continuously, and, as a result, his accomplishments were far ahead of uninspired human attainment. He translated the Book of Mormon; he translated the Book of Abraham, and he produced the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, also the Book of Moses. In addition, he organized the Church—unequaled the world over in point of government and doctrine. He thus gave impetus to a movement that is going steadily forward, and destined eventually to fill the whole world. All this was accomplished by heavenly inspiration, obtained through the gateway of prayer.

2. *The Divine Exemplar.* The Savior himself—although the very Son of God—almost continuously appealed to the Father in prayer. It is recorded that on one occasion He

prayed through the entire night. Shortly before His crucifixion, He met with His apostles in an upper room at Jerusalem. Here He administered the sacrament, and gave much instruction pertaining to the duties of those who were to remain. After He had done this, He lifted up His eyes to heaven and gave utterance to the immortal statement, "Father the hour is come; Glorify the Son, that the Son may also glorify thee * * * I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." (Read John 17, the entire chapter.) Then, after passing over the brook Cedron, He prayed again, leaving his disciples to watch as He did so. Even while suffering the agonies of the cross, He continued His supplications to the Father. Surely the attitude of the Messiah should be an example to all.

3. *Modern Example.* The Father and the Son appeared to the youthful Joseph Smith as the result of prayer, in the early springtime of 1820. Some three and one-half years later, on the twenty-first of September, 1823, the Prophet sought the Lord in prayer and asked for a manifestation that he might know of his standing before the Lord in answer to which the angel Moroni appeared at his bedside, standing in the air in the midst of a light brighter than noonday. While translating the Nephite records at Harmony, Pennsylvania, in May of 1829, the

Prophet and Oliver Cowdery sought the Lord in prayer concerning certain matters relating to baptism. In answer to this appeal, John the Baptist appeared to them and conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood. Several years later, the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery importuned the Lord in prayer behind the sacred veil of the temple at Kirtland, and the Son of God appeared in all His transcendent glory and power; and thus the history of the early development of the Church runs. Revelation after revelation received by the Prophet is prefaced by words such as these, "I enquired of the Lord, and I received the following." Indeed the entire history of Joseph Smith is characteristically one of prayer and of the answers thereto. Without prayer there would have been no vision; and without vision the people perish.

4. *Scriptural Injunctions.* One of the earliest revelations received by the Prophet contains the following significant promise: "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (*Doc. and Cov.* 4:7.) In various forms this same promise is repeated scores of times in later revelations of the Doctrines and Covenant, perhaps primarily for the purpose of further emphasis. A few illustrations: To Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery the Lord said: "If thou wilt enquire, thou wilt know mysteries which are great and marvelous; therefore thou shalt exercise thy gift, that thou mayest find out mysteries, that thou mayest bring many to the knowledge of the truth, yea, convince them of the error of their ways." (*Doc. and Cov.* 6:11.) Again: "Blessed art thou for what thou hast done; for thou hast inquired of me, and behold, as often as thou hast inquired thou hast received instruction of my Spirit."

(*Doc. and Cov.* 6:14.) Later when Oliver Cowdery desired to be endowed with the gift of translation, the Lord said to him: "Whatsoever you shall ask me to tell you by that means, that I will grant unto you, and you shall have knowledge concerning it." (*Doc. and Cov.* 8:9.) To Martin Harris, who was the first to come to the Prophet's financial assistance, the Lord said: "Pray always, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and great shall be your blessings—yea, even more than if you should obtain treasures of earth and corruptibleness to the extent therefor. Behold, canst thou read this without rejoicing and lifting up thy heart for gladness?" (*Doc. and Cov.* 19:38, 39.) To twelve elders who were about to go forth two by two the Lord said: "If thou shalt ask, thou shalt receive revelation upon revelation, knowledge upon knowledge, that thou mayest know the mysteries and peaceable things—that which bringeth joy, that which bringeth life eternal." (*Doc. and Cov.* 42:61.)

5. In a revelation to the Church, at Kirtland, the Lord gave the following command: "*Ye are commanded in all things to ask of God, who giveth liberally; and that which the Spirit testifies unto you, even so I would that ye should do so in all holiness of heart, walking uprightly before me, considering the end of your salvation, doing all things with prayer and thanksgiving.*" (*Doc. and Cov.* 46:7.) Seemingly somewhat in despair because of the weakness of certain of his people in Missouri, the Lord said: "*This is my will; ask and ye shall receive; but men do not always do my will.*" (*Doc. and Cov.* 103:31.) Statements similar to the foregoing could be cited almost without number, but these are sufficient for present purpose. There can

be no doubt of what the Lord expects of his people in this matter.

6. *Exacting Requirements.* Deity discloses that he has given a law unto all things, and that whosoever is not able to abide the law cannot receive the blessing. (Read *Doc. and Cov.* 88:22-48.) The laws of God are not merely mandatory statements designed to test the attitude of His children; on the contrary, they are an expression of veritable realities which must be implicitly obeyed if the blessing is obtained. Answer to prayer is not an exception. If Deity is to reward our supplications we must comply with His requirements, and this too, with the utmost care and precision. We would not expect to obtain a desired chemical reaction without complying with necessary conditions. Neither should we expect to have our prayer answered unless we are equally as meticulous in conforming with requirements. Briefly the conditions are as follows:

7. In his widely quoted statement touching this matter, James, a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, makes it clear that unwavering faith is essential to the answering of prayers. Here are his words: "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." (James 1: 6-8.)

8. Reference has already been made to Oliver Cowdery's ambition to translate, also to the Lord's reply to him. The Lord further said: "*Doubt not * * * Remember that without faith you can do nothing; therefore ask in faith. Trifle not with these things; do not ask for that which you ought not.*" Later the Lord informed Oliver Cowdery

that his prayers had not been answered because he had taken no thought "save it was to ask." Then the Lord said further: "You must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore you shall feel that it is right." (*Doc. and Cov.* 9:81.) From the foregoing it appears that we must not only ask in faith, nothing wavering, but that we must ask only for the things that we need. Moreover, we must work for the fulfillment of our prayers. Then, again, the Lord limits His blessings to the things which are expedient for us. Here are His words: "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name it shall be given unto you, *that is expedient for you.*" (*Doc. and Cov.* 88:64.)

9. It is quite apparent from the foregoing that a prayer acceptable to the Lord consists of far more than merely a verbal utterance. The request must be devoid of selfishness; it must contain only that which is expedient; it must be made with unwavering faith; and the individual must do whatever he can to bring about the fulfillment. This is prayer, whether voiced or unexpressed. It is a condition of the soul, and not merely a combination of words. It involves faith, intelligence, and work.

10. *Prayer and the Operation of Natural Law.* Here and there certain seemingly well informed people doubt the efficacy of prayer on the assumption that petitions to the Father cannot be answered without the infraction of natural law. Such people would assume, for example, that an appeal for the restoration of health could not be answered without violating or obstructing the operation of the laws of nature. They point out that natural laws are inexorable and therefore cannot be

broken or set aside. The conclusion of this argument, namely that Deity cannot answer prayers, is wholly unfounded and without justification. Let us see.

11. Recently the writer of this lesson had occasion to go from one part of the city to another. He telephoned the central office of a taxicab company and stated his needs. In turn the attendant at the central office telephoned a sub-station, and within an incredibly short time an automobile was at the writer's door ready to take him wherever he chose to go.

12. It should be noted that no phase of this experience involved the infraction of natural laws. Quite to the contrary, it involved the control and use of it, to-wit: the telephone is a perfectly natural device, likewise the automobile, with all its parts and complications. Both of these devices responded to the will of man and made it possible for his appeal to be answered. Knowledge is power. God is all-knowing, and therefore

all-powerful. He can utilize the laws of nature to fulfill his purposes, but in so doing he does not violate them nor bring them to naught. In a similar, but very limited sense, natural law is gradually coming under the control of intelligent man. Railroad transportation, aviation, and wireless communication are examples.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Relate in detail the Master's prayer in Gethsemane.

2. Why in your judgment was it necessary for the Savior to pray?

3. Give a list of the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants received as an answer to prayer.

4. Why are individual prayers for such things as, say, rain likely to pass unanswered?

5. In what way do family prayers affect the home? Safeguard the individual against wrongdoing? Encourage allegiance to the Church and its leaders? Provide the individual with greater power to do good?

Teachers' Topic

(November, 1934)

ARMISTICE DAY

"It is out of sacrifice and suffering that the greatest things in life grow."—*Marshal Foch.*

THE 11th of November, Armistice Day, should be made sacred throughout the world, for it is the anniversary of the end of the greatest conflict in history.

After four years of war, with its unspeakable horrors and sorrows, emissaries of the principal nations involved, in council assembled in the forest of Campiegne, reached terms of peace, and the Armistice was signed on the eleventh of November, 1918. This act marks one of the most stupendous achievements in

human experience. On that day the work of the soldier was completed, and the diplomat began, all with the hope and belief that this would forever end war.

The full text of the Armistice consisted of 36 sections, the first of which read, "cessation of operations by land and in the air six hours after the signature of the Armistice." The Armistice was signed at 5 o'clock, French time, and hostilities ceased at 11 a. m. France, Britain and Germany were represented by appointed officials. Admiral Sims, of the American Navy was present unofficially. The German delegation

had been advised by President Wilson that Marshal Foch was qualified to communicate the Allies' conditions.

The word that the Armistice was signed was the signal for such rejoicing as the world has never known before or since: sounding of sirens and whistles, ringing of bells and shouting from myriads of voices of men, women and children throughout all the streets of all cities in the civilized world.

In commemoration of that day we pay tribute and respect to those who never returned, to those who returned crippled and maimed and gassed and shellshocked, and to those who witnessed the cruelties of war and were permitted through the grace of

a kind Providence to return sound in mind and body to their native land and homes.

As each succeeding November brings another anniversary, let us remember the supreme need of justice in the relations of men and nations, and give our best efforts to the establishment of Peace, not forgetting those who died with the firm faith that their sacrifice was to end war.

On every November eleventh, at eleven o'clock, let us pause in the day's busy hum, with a silent prayer and remember:

"In this drift of after years

To pay honor with our tears,

They dared to die, let us who live
Dare to have pity and forgive."

Literature

LIFE AND LITERATURE

(Third Week in December)

THE NOVEL A SOCIAL RECORD

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

—Tennyson.

MAN'S world is a changing world, a world of institutions. Exploration, conquest, and dominion have determined Man's national environment; wealth, science, and invention have created his social environment. Through the ages the social, economic, and spiritual horizons of the world have changed continually.

For the benefit of mankind institutions, religion, marriage, the law have been organized. The measure of civilization lies in the opportunities it provides Man for his highest development. As the truths of life become known, society must change, nobler modes of life must replace "the wars of old," "the ancient forms of party strife," "the lust of

gold." Man, as his brother's keeper, must assume his responsibility as the master of his world, Society.

John Galsworthy, Contemporary Novelist

JOHAN GALSWORTHY, one of the most famous of contemporary English novelists, is known for his deep concern with the problems of modern society. Born of a cultured and prosperous Devonshire family, he had every advantage that position and wealth could bring a talented son. He was educated at the famous schools of Harrow and Oxford. He did not follow the profession of law when called to the bar in 1890; instead he traveled in Russia, the Orient, Australia, North and South

America, studying the many and varied economic, social, and spiritual horizons of the world. His first literary work appeared in 1898 and his last work was published in 1933 shortly after his death.

Few contemporary authors have so enthusiastic a group of admirers as John Galsworthy. He is notable for his novels, his short stories, his essays, and his plays. Looking at life steadily and understandingly, his writings all have social significance. His principal novels are those in which he analyzes middle-class life in England; his dramas deal with the inequalities in the political and social life of the humblest laboring classes; his essays are thoughtful discussions of social problems. All his works constitute a critical and dignified portrayal of contemporary life. His writing is marked by dramatic intensity in story telling, vivid characterization, and a charming style. His appeal is widespread to readers in the United States, and the British commonwealth. The chief works have been translated into French and German. Shortly before his death, Galsworthy was awarded the Nobel Prize, giving him recognition as one of the major men-of-letters of the age. Galsworthy is better understood when one knows his theory of art. "Art is the one form of human energy which works for union and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement of one self by another."

The service which literature is coming more and more to render is bringing about a better human understanding. Galsworthy is known for his passionate love of justice, and his penetrating analysis of the problems of religion and marriage in a world of rapidly changing social and spiritual horizons. The Pharisee is his target. The Pharisee conforms

strictly to the letter of outworn laws and antiquated ideas concerning education, marriage, religion, government, crime and its punishment, and the distribution of property. Individual Phariseeism is "a blind spot in which no one can see himself." The vehicle of Phariseeism, Galsworthy sees as the middle-class family, the family of property. To carry his criticism of contemporary life Galsworthy created "The Forsyte Saga." The Forsytes are "the middle-class men of property, the pillars of society, the corner stones of convention." Individualism in the last century had brought them property and wealth. Admirable business qualities, fortunate investments, farsighted marriages, had made them men of property. As such they have no interests outside their family; they keep out a vision of spiritual values; they have no charity for the unfortunate. Galsworthy saw them at the close of the Victorian Era, the battle over, at ease at the top of the ladder. Galsworthy, born a Forsyte with a silver spoon in his mouth was intimately acquainted with the society he portrayed in "The Forsyte Saga."

Galsworthy's greatest critic, St. John Ervine, says of him: "As one looked at Galsworthy's sensitive face he was aware of tightened lips,—But the lips were not tightened because of things done to him but of things done to others." It is natural then that John Galsworthy is a satirist. The test of a satirist is the worthiness of his purpose and the geniality of his spirit. The ingredients of satire are humor and criticism. Galsworthy's ironic insight into life saw the shortcomings of modern society. Fearlessly he attacked the shortcomings of his own class and sympathetically he portrayed human wrongs. He preserved a nice balance between humor and criticism; never do we

hear the swish of the satirist's broom, and never is his laughter too loud. If it is the supreme virtue of the novelist to create "the illusion of life," we acknowledge this power of Galsworthy, for in his novels we do find the illusion of life. From his wisdom we are able to select many a choice fragment to carry along as we further meditate upon the illusion: "We are all little bits of continuity. To despise one another is to deny continuity, and to deny continuity is to deny eternity." "The modern spirit is to understand and to forgive." "Be kind, keep up your end—that's all."

The Forsyte Chronicles

"The Forsyte Saga" is a series of chronicles of a well-to-do English family through several generations. The first series of the Saga consists of three novels "The Man of Property," "In Chancery," and "To Let;" and two short stories, "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte," and "The Awakening." It is a record of Soames Forsyte and his family. Life to the Forsytes was a series of family festivals, births, betrothals, marriages and funerals—no member ever doing anything that was not known to the rest. The outstanding characters of the family are Soames Forsyte and his daughter Fleur. Soames Forsyte is a man of property during the late Victorian period. He adds lands, pictures, and a wife to his already large fortune. Irene, the wife, discovers that she is merely an investment. When she requests her freedom, it is denied. Then she meets and loves Bosinney, an architect. Bosinney's way out is suicide.

After several years Galsworthy waked the Forsytes out of silence in a second series of chronicles, "The Modern Comedy" which includes "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," "The Swan Song," novels,

and "A Silent Wooing," "Passers By," interludes, is a record of a new age, a post-war generation. It deals with the general disillusionment that succeeded the World War. Cynicism is the prevailing fashion. The young Forsytes are careless of property, they have what they want and they do as they please regardless of fathers and fathers-in-law.

The concluding series of the Forsyte chronicles includes "The Maid in Waiting," "The Flowering Wilderness," and "One More River." In these novels Galsworthy records his poignant interest in a complex problem of modern life, marriage.

"The Flowering Wilderness" is considered to be the best novel of Galsworthy's last series. It is evident, however, that the last two novels are inseparable, for in them the author expresses his ripe wisdom and philosophy on life's most serious problem, marriage.

The world of Galsworthy's novels is like our own. The author has interpreted its meaning more clearly because of his greater insight, and its beauty and truth are more greatly enhanced because of his artistic imagination. "Who comes away from such a world to the more ordinary paths of daily living will be a bit surer of his own way, a bit more understanding of his neighbor, a little readier and more glad to suffer and to share life's pleasures and life's pains."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Contemporary Novelist

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, an important figure in American fiction, is a doctor of philosophy, mistress of six languages, lecturer, author of many books, member of the board of education of Vermont, and the mother of two children.

Experiences varied and rich have

prepared Mrs. Fisher to be an exponent of the fine art of living. She was born at Lawrence, Kansas, 1879, where her father was the president of the University of Kansas. When Mr. Canfield became librarian at Columbia University, his daughter became a student specializing in Romance languages. Dorothy spent much of her early life abroad with her mother, a talented artist and musician, in the Latin quarter of Paris and in French convent schools.

After her marriage to John Redwood Fisher, writer and critic, in 1907, a year was spent in study in Italy and another in Norway. While in Italy Mrs. Fisher was selected by the American publishers to be the translator of Madame Montessori's book on education. Later Mrs. Fisher produced "A Montessori Mother," a simplification and adaptation of the Italian system of kindergarten education adapted to the needs of American mothers. Following this interest in education Mrs. Fisher later wrote "Mothers and Children" and "Learn or Perish" a series of essays on the problem of education. The Fishers made their home on a farm in the small Vermont village of Arlington. Two volumes of stories on Vermont life were written by Dorothy Canfield. A well-worn path leads up the mountain to the "Fishers," because the women of the village see her as a neighbor who understands and helps them.

France was the second home of the Fishers. It was not strange then that in 1915 they went to France to do their share. Mr. Fisher directed a training camp for ambulance drivers; Mrs. Fisher did all kinds of relief work, her home in France was a refuge for children in need of care and shelter. During this intense period she wrote some of her finest work, "Home Fires in France" and "The Day of Glory," stories of those

French women and some Americans who quietly and steadily carried on holding life together until the war should cease. The income from these stories and previous work was spent by the Fishers in their relief work, because they knew and loved France.

Returning home in 1919, normal life on the Vermont farm began again. Dorothy Canfield continued to write essays, stories, novels. Her best novels are: "The Bent Twig," revealing the life in the university town of her childhood; "The Brimming Cup," a vivid picture of Vermont life; "Her Son's Wife," the story of a widow school-teacher whose son brings home a wife the exact opposite of everything she has liked and approved; "The Deepening Stream," the deepening experience of a normal woman after marriage; "Bonfire," 1933, is a dramatic story of love and marriage in a Vermont village.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher is one of a succession of women novelists, warm-hearted, courageous women interested in life. From out of her abundant living, Dorothy Canfield Fisher has gained a comprehension of the values of life. A dynamic personality, she has held out both hands to life, gaining a superb ability to portray the average life vividly and honestly. Intensely enthusiastic over the significance of human relationships, she makes this problem the subject of her novels. The gallery of children in her novels are very human little persons, intensely real. Her women are gracious lovable individuals, many of them real creations. As an educator Mrs. Fisher is a frequent contributor to French periodicals as well as to the principal American magazines. As a literary critic she has received recognition through her appointment to the board of five judges of the Book - of - the - Month Club of the

United States. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's greatest role, however, is that of a teacher, a helper, a friend, because she has made the plain word "service" a shining symbolical thing.

"The Deepening Stream"

"The Deepening Stream" follows the current of an ordinary, average unsensational life, the life of an inherently fine woman, Matey Gilbert. From a lonely child of four she develops into a mature self-reliant woman, whose understanding of the meaning of life deepens with the years. Many times during her life she is brought face to face with the truth—"Life does not mean what you think, there is more."

Matey Gilbert at the age of four began to puzzle over the mystery of remembering. The surprising appearance of a tulip in the garden, the lonely night vigil when lost in the woods with her brother and sister, the battered desk in the cheerless first schoolroom, her mother's obsession for dramatic activities, her father's manner of poking fun, half scolding and half teasing were stored in the dark hole of Matey's childhood memory. Professor Gilbert takes his family to Paris a second time. Mrs. Gilbert, impatient and restless, turns Matey to the care of Madame Vinet, a music teacher. The Vinet household is a wholesome place for the lonely child, there she enjoys the companionship of children her own age. Upon the return of the Gilbert family to their own country, life goes on much as before, Matey sees life as it lies nearest to her. Father, mother, sister, brother, each follow their own interests. Misunderstandings and family quarrels are the result. Matey never could understand Priscilla's grown-upness. Mother's social and civic consciousness, father's ironic comments about his colleagues. There came a simple

accident, a brief illness, and Matey's father was dead. As she heard her father plead, "Jessica! Don't go away!" and her mother answer tenderly, "No, Morris dear, I won't leave you," it came to her, a new knowledge—"Why in some way of their own, Father and Mother, they belonged to each other, and knew it." Matey had not understood all these years, all her childhood had been shadowed and chilled by her lack of understanding of her family. As if defending herself from a terrible reproach Matey cried out, "Life does not mean what you think, there is more."

A few years pass and Matey, her mother dead, goes to the little Quaker village of Rustdorf to receive a legacy left to her by her father's cousin. A long visit to the new found relatives of her father saw at its close Matey's engagement to Adrian Fort, the honest staid son of the banker of Rustdorf. Priscilla received with consternation the news of her sister's intended marriage while in Italy where she was chaperoning a party of American girls. When Priscilla and Matey met, later, the long-awaited freedom to speak as they felt came for the first time. Priscilla and Francis, not understanding their sister's choice of a lover urge her to reconsider the matter. Matey married Adrian and a wedding trip was taken to Europe. The meeting with Madame Vinet and her family was a joy to Matey; Adrian's pleasure came in visiting the art galleries he had dreamed of so long.

Life at Rustdorf was uneventful and bare in many ways. Matey learned the sterling values of the many quaint lives of the community. After several summers Priscilla, tired with the strain of her teaching activities, came to spend the summer with Matey. Into the life of the

village she fitted with surprising ease. At the end of a second summer's visit, Priscilla found a home as mother to the children of an old friend of Adrian's father. At first Matey resented Priscilla's marriage, but later she understood the beauty of her sister's love. Matey again had to admit she did not understand all of life's values.

Complacent and secure, Matey continued for many years in her life as wife and mother, accepting love as a gift and homage as a duty. Then came news of the World War shattering the poise of mankind. Matey and Adrian waited anxiously for news of their friends in France. After several months the Forts decided to go to France. Matey and the children went to stay with Madame Vinet; Adrian went to the front to serve as an ambulance driver. The days were busy and anxious ones. Furloughs were eagerly awaited. The tragedy of war is a tragedy of shaken faith. Adrian returned from the fighting lines with his faith in the human race shattered. Little by little the tiny fortune left to Matey by cousin Constance was used to aid suffering and distress. At last the war was over and the cry for home issued from many hearts. Matey and her little band were soon homeward bound. Home at last; loved ones waiting had the table laid for supper. So life was picked up again by all. Matey slowly realized her task, the re-creation of Adrian's faith in the world. The war, a mistake of men, was not all, there was more. It was the lesson she had learned about her Father and Mother. He must

know "there is no small or great in what was true." By his side at work and play she must stand. The belonging together was the tie that would stand up even in the face of death.

In all her works Dorothy Canfield gives expression to the truth: "The medium for the communication of the Spirit is not words but Life."

Suggestions for Study

- A. Materials:
1. The Story of the World's Literature, Macy, Chapters 35, 47.
 2. "The Flowering Wilderness," Galsworthy.
"One More River," Galsworthy.
 3. "The Deepening Stream," Fisher.
- B. Program:
1. Reading:
Selection "Home Fires in France," Fisher.
 2. Discussion:
 - a. The Novel a Social Record.
 - b. John Galsworthy, Novelist.
 - c. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Mother and Author.
 3. Review:
 - a. "The Flowering Wilderness" or
 - b. "The Deepening Stream."
- C. Objective:
The lesson is planned to present the contemporary novel as a social record.
- Editor's Note: "The Flowering Wilderness" or "The Deepening Stream" may be used. It is not intended that both novels shall be reviewed in detail.



Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

ROBERT OWEN AND FACTORY REFORMS

WE come now to the study of a man who pioneered the way in factory reforms in England, who made the lot of factory workers everywhere a little less unendurable than it was and less than it would now be if he had not lived. Robert Owen, of course, was more than a reformer of factory work; he was a pioneer in social reform on a large scale; but we shall here be concerned only with his efforts to improve working conditions in the English factory.

1. THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

IN order, however, to understand the work of Robert Owen in this aspect, it is necessary for us to learn just how it was that his work became so imperative in his time. The necessity arose out of what is called in social history the Industrial Revolution, but what might better be termed the Industrial Evolution.

Before 1760 England was an agricultural commonwealth. With the exception of such towns as London, which then had a population of fewer than one hundred thousand inhabitants, people lived in small towns and villages, with a county government. Spinning and weaving were done in the home or in the house of a small master—the spinning by the women and the weaving by the men. Manufacturing divided the time of the workers with the cultivation of small tracts of land. Moreover, the manufacture of cloth was carried on, not with a view to profit, but rather for the purpose of use and exchange. Thus England was a land of peasants.

But between the year 1733 and

the year 1785 there took place a series of discoveries and inventions that altered the face of things for Englishmen and for the world. In 1733 John Kay invented the flying shuttle; in 1770 the spinning jenny by Hargreaves came into use; in the period covered by the years 1769 to 1775 Richard Arkwright perfected the roller spinning frame, which was operated by water power; in 1779 came the mule, invented by Samuel Crompton, which enabled the English worker to compete in the manufacture of delicate muslin with the deft fingers of the East Indian. The power loom, by Cartwright, was invented in 1785. With the discovery of the use of steam, by Watt, in 1769, the factory was able to increase its output by substituting steam power for water power; and then factories moved from the banks of various streams into the town and the city. In addition coal was used instead of charcoal—which speeded up the production of this fuel from 68,000 tons in 1788 to 1,347,000 tons in 1839. The instrumentalities of the industrial revolution in England were thus complete.

One can almost guess the effect of this change in industry. In the first place, England was no longer an agricultural commonwealth, but an industrial and agricultural nation. In the second place, new problems of government and society arose, which it took a long time to solve properly, so quickly did they spring up. Before that, no provision had been made in the counties for the government of cities — at least in counties where there were no large towns. And so political government had to adjust itself to the changing

situation. In the third place, competition entered into the manufacturing business. The industry became a profit-making affair. Hence the factory owner sought by every expedient to reduce his costs, in order to increase his profit. Thus cheap labor, child labor, and factory hazards became common. In the fourth place, industry tended more and more to concentrate in large, populous districts, and hence the large city with its slums, its tenement houses, and unsanitary conditions in certain of the poorer quarters. It was this last that aroused the interest of Robert Owen in labor conditions in connection with the factory.

2. SALIENT FACTS IN OWEN'S LIFE

ROBERT OWEN was born in Newton, Wales, in 1771, of Welsh parents. He died in 1858 at the age of eighty-seven, after having become one of the most important figures in the social development of English life and after having influenced very greatly the life of the factory worker in other nations.

He must have been, even as a child, unusually intelligent. For before he was ten years old he was chosen to aid his teacher in the school and was trusted at that age to go to London to make his way in the world. The industrial revolution was then at its height in England.

His native intelligence is further indicated by the fact that he overcame all the disadvantages of his early environment. His father was a tradesman, and all his relatives either tradesmen or farmers, without any social prestige of any sort. The school which he attended as a child could teach him no more than the rudiments of learning. And he was born, as already stated, in a remote

country village in Wales. From ten to eighteen he was a shop-boy or assistant, first in Stamford, then in London, and finally in Manchester. He must therefore have possessed some strong personal qualities to have risen to the station he occupied in the thought and the life of the English-speaking people everywhere. When he was eighteen, he borrowed five hundred dollars and set himself up in the manufacturing business, and when he was twenty-nine he became head of the cotton mills in New Lanark, then the largest and best-equipped in Great Britain. Says one of his numerous biographers:¹

"Owen's career up to this point is a typical romance of commerce—an adventure of the industrial revolution after the hearts of the apostles of self-help and capitalistic abstinence, well fitted to point a Victorian moral or adorn an economic tract. One expects it to end with Owen amassing a vast fortune, dying a baronet at least, and founding a great "house," with probably a seat in the Lords and a prescriptive right to order other folk about. But, in fact, Owen has never been a favorite theme for the economic tract-makers. For the story goes quite in the wrong way.

"Owen made a fortune at New Lanark; but he valued his position there, not as a means of money-making, for which he cared hardly at all, but as the chance of his life for putting into practice certain ideas which from boyhood had been developing in his mind. He saw everywhere around him the miseries and cruelties which attended the industrial revolution, especially in its earlier stages. He saw men, women, and children maimed, stunted, and demoralized by the slavery of the new factories, condemned to work impossibly long hours under incredibly vile and unhealthy conditions, treated not as human beings, but as mere instruments for the accumulation of riches. This whole bad business seemed to him not only wrong and indefensible in itself, but also quit unnecessary even as a means to money-making. "I can make manufacturing pay" he said to himself, and was soon to say to others, "without reducing those

whom I employ to misery and moral degradation."

Owen's apprenticeship in business was of a nature to give him a varied experience, and prepared him excellently for his later work. With his first employer, a Mr. McGuffog, a haberdasher, he came in contact with county-folk. This was in Stamford. At his second employers', Flint and Palmer, in a London clothing house, he learned to deal with city-folk on a cash basis. His third employer, a Mr. Scatterfield, a retail clothier in Manchester, he became acquainted with the principle of buying on credit. During this time he read a great deal, as his time would permit, and, with McGuffog especially, he acquired the habit of punctuality in meeting obligations when due and methods of careful bookkeeping. Since all three merchants dealt with different kinds of goods, he received an all-round training and became a good judge of fabrics. In each case he left his employer voluntarily to follow a desire he had to get on in the world, as if he had in mind exactly what he was to be and to do.

At eighteen, as we have already stated, he launched out for himself in the manufacturing business. It would be tedious to follow his rise from position to position. Besides, that is not necessary. It is sufficient to say that he rose from one managerial place to another and from part ownership to full ownership of factories, always seeking to apply his principles of group-life—sometimes with, but often without, the consent and cooperation of his partners in the business, at such times as he had partners. New Lanark, in Scotland, is chiefly notable in connection with his experiments to improve the lot of factory workers.

Of greater interest, however, is it

to know the kind of man Robert Owen was and what were his chief ideas on education.

Once he was in partnership with a Mr. Drinkwater. Mr. Drinkwater, it seems, was anxious to make an alliance with a Mr. Oldknow, a rich manufacturer, by marrying his daughter. It seems also that a partnership with Owen would not be the best thing for him under the circumstances. So Drinkwater sent for Owen to talk the matter over. Owen, however, having suspected what was in the wind, put the contract in his pocket and went into the office of the senior partner. Drinkwater put his proposition to abrogate the partnership—which was then more prospective than real. Thereupon Owen said: "I have brought the agreement with me, and here it is, and I now put it into the fire, because I never will connect myself with any parties who are not desirous to be united with me; but under these circumstances I cannot remain your manager with any salary you can give me." And so he left, with no prospect whatever of anything else to do.

Later, after two or three years had elapsed and he had joined two rich men in the Chorlton mills, he refused to make articles which would compete with Drinkwater, whom he had left under the circumstances we have just given. On the contrary, he specialized in the manufacture of such articles as would not come into competition with those made by his old employer and partner. "There is not, I think," says Cole, "a single incident in Owen's whole career in which he tried to injure, or even showed himself angry with, any human being."

His educational theory was very decided and simple. Our qualities, he thought, are given us by nature, but the direction which these qualities take is given us by society. Ac-

¹Robert Owen (Cole), 1925, p. 12.

cordingly, he directed to the extent he was able that such environment should obtain in all his factory towns as would make for the best development of the people living there. But since, however, childhood and youth are the period of greatest growth in character-formation, it followed, he believed, that the utmost care should be exercised to see that proper educational facilities were placed at the disposal of children and young persons.

3. OWENISM IN ACTION

IN 1798, when he was twenty-seven and looked younger, Owen visited Scotland, for the purpose of making some new business connections. He was then a partner in the Chorlton mills in Manchester, England. Asked by Miss Anne Caroline Dale, whom he was to marry the next year, to visit her father's cotton mills in New Lanark, he did so, afterwards remarking to a friend that "of all the places I have yet seen, I should prefer this in order to try an experiment I have long contemplated, and have wished to have an opportunity to put in practice." The establishment, we are told, then "consisted of a primitive manufacturing Scotch village and four mills for spinning cotton." Owen decided to acquire the property—in association, of course, with his present partners, for at the time he had only about fifteen thousand dollars. After prolonged negotiations the Chorlton Twist Co. bought the New Lanark mills for approximately three hundred thousand dollars, payable in installments of fifteen thousand dollars a year. In January, 1800, Owen, now married, took up his residence in the Scottish town.

New Lanark mills had been founded in 1782, by David Dale and Richard Arkwright, but, two years later, the partnership was dissolved, and

Dale became full owner. As a matter of fact, he was what is called a benevolent employer, for he had paid his workers once when the mills had burned down and they were unemployed, he had provided for the education of the workers' children, and he had supplied goods to the workers more cheaply, through a store of his own, than they could otherwise have bought them. And he had done this in spite of the fact that he seldom visited the mills himself.

Conditions there were typically bad. "Drunkness and immorality were very prevalent; thieving was common in every department of the works; housing conditions were disgusting, and filth was everywhere, both in the houses and in the streets of the village. The people were, indeed, for the most part very religious; but they belonged to many rival and disputing sects, so that they quarrelled fiercely, and seemed to consider their religion a sufficient excuse for the living of evil lives."² There were between seventeen and eighteen hundred men, women, and children in New Lanark then, of whom more than four hundred were between five and ten years of age, although these were officially given as being from seven to twelve. All worked thirteen hours a day, even the children, with an hour and fifteen minutes for meals. The great majority of families, no matter how large, occupied but a single room.

Acting on his theory that environment is made *for* and not *by* the individual, he first looked to the physical conditions in the factory and in the village. He rearranged the machinery, enlarged the houses by adding another story, and laid out the streets with an eye to both beauty and cleanliness. He abolished all the

²Robert Owen (Cole), p. 71. These are Owen's own words and may be colored somewhat, Cole thinks.

privately owned whiskey shops, and established stores owned by the firm, in which a "better grade" of whiskey was sold. Buying everything on a large scale, as he says, he was able to sell the workers supplies at twenty-five per cent less than they had been paying; and all these articles were of the best grade. Sanitation, also, attracted his attention. As stated, each family now had two rooms. He did away with the practice of dumping refuse in the streets; this was now carted away periodically. Health visitors saw to it that the inside of houses was kept clean. After that came the conduct of workers in the factory. Theft, which was common, was overcome by a careful system of checks. "He reduced the hours of work to ten and a half, or twelve including meal-times, at the beginning of 1816, provided free medical attendance for all, started a Sick Club and a Savings Bank, threw open the woods as a public pleasure-ground, and in general pursued his course as by far the most enlightened employer of his time.

But he did even more for the children. It will be remembered that his theory of education was that it was the children's, not the adult's, environment which most needed to be created or changed. And here he put his theory into practice. No child was employed till it reached the age of ten. Up to that age it spent its time in school. In summer its education was carried on in the open air, and the system included singing, dancing, music, and, in the case of boys, military exercises. For the children over ten, there were evening schools; and for adults "accommodations for reading, writing, accounting, sewing, playing, talking, and walking, as well as regular lectures, dances, and concerts in the hall of the institution. No restraint

was placed on private judgment or religious opinion." It is curious that he believed wickedness and misery "have proceeded solely from the ignorance of our forefathers."

All this was accomplished gradually. Owen did not believe in sudden revolutions. It took twenty-eight years to bring about these changes, during which he had, at first, to combat the ill-will of his employees. He did not believe in force, but only persuasion. Only toward the beginning was he handicapped by lack of money. Moreover, during the years from 1813 to 1828 he became a public character, mainly on account of the fact that he was able to make money and at the same time treat his workers with humanity. In consequence people came from almost every country to study his ideal factory town, New Lanark.

Questions

1. Compare child labor in Owen's time with our present child labor laws.

2. At what age may children be legally employed, according to the school law of your community?

3. What is the difference between child labor and children's work?

4. A form of unemployment insurance was instituted when the workmen at New Lanark were paid on the burning of the mill and they were unemployed through no fault of their own. Unemployment insurance is now a national issue. Discuss the Wagner-Lewis bill, introduced in the Congress in February, 1934. (See *Graphic Survey* for March, 1934.)

Discuss these topics, introduced by Owen: (a) Health officials (who made the visits?); (b) Reduction of hours of work; (c) free medical care; (d) sick benefits; (e) savings; (f) recreation; (g) education, both child and adult; (h) environment,

Discuss the comparative value of human beings and money, as emphasized by Owen. In what way were his policies and system spread to other countries and communities.

What is industrial insurance? Workmen's compensation? Are workmen in your community covered by these provisions?

Mission Lessons

LESSON III. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

FEVER AND CONTAGION

"Prevention is better than cure."

FEVER

BUY a fever thermometer and learn how to read it. Shake the mercury down below 97 degrees. After cleansing the thermometer properly in cold water and alcohol, place the bulb under the patient's tongue, leave it there for three minutes. If the patient is unconscious do not take the temperature by mouth.

Johnny's stomach ache may be appendicitis, especially if it is accompanied by a fever. Know how high the fever goes instead of worrying about it. Some mothers take fevers for granted. One will say, "Mary had a fever yesterday." Then you see Mary outside playing with yesterday's warning signal forgotten. Fever may usher in almost any disease. Some people run a high fever from slight causes; others though acutely ill, manifest little change in temperature.

Certain types of fever are characteristic of certain diseases—the high irregular up and down curve of influenza, or ear infections; the afternoon rise in tuberculosis; the continuous high fever of typhoid and pneumonia; the low fever of minor infections of the nose and throat.

Fever affects people differently. One is made restless, irritable and wakeful, another may be quite drow-

sy, and sleep all the time. The skin becomes hot to the touch, while the feet and hands are cold. The patient is very thirsty, and usually makes repeated demands for water. The eyes may be bright or dull and listless; usually there is no evidence of perspiration. After some days of fever the lips become cracked or crusted. The mouth is dry and the tongue coated. The urine is often concentrated, dark in color, with a strong odor. These are some of the symptoms of fever, but the true test of the condition is the thermometer.

The normal temperature of the body is ninety-eight and four-tenths degrees. There may be in good health a slight variance either way, but if the mercury on the thermometer, after being placed under the tongue for the proper length of time, registers much above the little arrow, we say that the person has a fever. We must never guess at fever by placing our hand upon the patient's head. The temperature should be read accurately by means of the thermometer and a notation made, as well as the time of taking the temperature.

Fever is really a protective process. We are not so much interested in the fever itself, but rather in the disease that produces the fever. It has been proven that fever kills germs and already in some of the hospitals there are electrical ma-

chines which will produce artificial fever in a person to help cure the disease. Let us no longer, then, be frightened by moderate degrees of temperature. If the temperature is not over 100 degrees in children, it is not excessive, and there is no particular cause for alarm. Fever is only a symptom of disease and not a cause, and may even be friendly.

Babies, very young children, and adults who are unconscious or very sick should have their temperature taken by rectum by placing the bulb of the thermometer, after it has been well greased with vasoline or olive oil, in the rectum. Let us remember that temperatures taken in the rectum are always one degree higher than temperatures taken by the mouth under the same condition. We should always designate to the doctor not only the amount of fever present, but as to whether or not it was a mouth or rectal temperature.

Generally with the increase in temperature there are two other signals of trouble, namely—a rapid pulse and too frequent breathing. It is still best to take the pulse on the thumb side of the inner portion of the wrist, and we should count it for one whole minute. The pulse varies during the different ages of life. In infants it may be as frequent as one hundred and thirty times per minute; in children under ten years of age it runs normally around ninety beats per minute; in adults we may be able to count anywhere from sixty to seventy-five beats per minute and still be well within the range of normal.

The same disease which produces a high fever also increases the pulse rate, and this rate should be recorded at the same time the temperature is taken. When we are resting quietly, our breathing, if we count the respirations for one minute, would be about eighteen. Fever, like run-

ning or excitement, increases the number of respirations per minute, and in some lung diseases this increase may be very marked. Let us remember then that three of the danger signals of illness are **fever, rapid pulse and hurried breathing**. The patient, unless she be too ill, too young, or too nervous will further assist us by telling us definitely how she feels, the location of the pain or the distress and the presence or acuteness of tenderness. Tenderness, we should remember, is pain in any part, produced by pressure.

If the temperature is above one hundred degrees, the patient should be put to bed and in all but the very simple cases the Doctor should be called to help us find the cause of the trouble. As a detective of illness, we must observe all—the eyes, the skin, the mouth and throat, the cough, the voice, the bowels and the mental condition. These will help us to run down the fugitive disease. If we make our notations on a piece of paper: the pulse rate, the temperature, and the breathing, counting each for one full minute and recording the same, recording also the time and date the observations were made, such a simplified home record will be of great benefit to the Doctor, if we need help later on.

It is not for us to remember even the names of all the diseases that produce fever; rather let us remember a few of the important things to do for the fever patient until help arrives.

First—Put the patient to bed, if possible away from the rest of the family, in a clean, well lighted room.

Second—A warm sponge bath may be given for cleanliness. A hot foot bath is always good, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of mustard, previously stirred to a uniform cream, in a cupful of hot water, helps the foot bath. If the patient is very

sick, such a foot bath may be given in bed. Towels wrung out of cold water and placed over the eyes and forehead, are helpful. If the patient is chilling use plenty of blankets on the bed and hot water bottles. Hot water bottles should never be more than half filled, and always wrapped in cloth and never allowed to come in contact with the patient's skin.

The diet should be light; fruit juices, a little milk toast, some clear soup, a little jello or a little ice cream. It is better to be very sparing with the diet and very generous with the fluids. Water in small quantities at frequent intervals is more important to the fever patient than food.

Laxatives should not be given, especially if the patient complains of abdominal pain. Pain is always a danger signal. Small warm enemas, not over a quart, and repeated if necessary, are safer than laxatives.

Sunlight is a powerful disinfectant and a valuable aid toward recovery. The sun is as beneficial to the human body as to the growing plant and is needed in every sick room.

CONTAGION

THE great challenge to our civilization today is the contagious disease. It is to be hoped that in the near future, the contagious disease will be no more. From one single case of contagious disease, if not well guarded, there may follow hundreds. Smallpox, the scourge of a hundred years ago, has been whipped completely. Its presence now is only a curiosity and a testimony that someone evaded vaccination.

Typhoid fever depends upon contaminated food and in communities where the water and milk supply are safe, this disease is rare. In the presence of an epidemic, boil the water and milk; and cook the vegetables. Remember that typhoid vac-

ination will save you from this dreaded disease.

Diphtheria, which can choke a child to death in less than twenty-four hours, still stalks about. We can now immunize our children against this dreaded disease. Such immunization is not painful, it is sure, and we hope will eventually stamp out this disease.

Measles and whooping cough still thrive, and are always present. Over ninety per cent of all persons have these diseases some time in their lives. Parents should carefully guard young children against exposure and not forget that the younger the child, the more fatal the disease is apt to be.

Scarlet Fever is one of the most dangerous diseases of childhood, and may so weaken the body that other serious diseases follow. A sore throat is apt to be the first complaint. The scarlet rash may follow three days later. Beware of any person with sore throat.

Pneumonia, tuberculosis and influenza still claim their victims, and leave destruction in their wake. Against these agents, there are no specific remedies. A healthy body aids in protection. Necessary, sufficient, and suitable food, adequate sleep and rest, fresh air and exercise, proper protection against cold and wet, all of these combine to build up protection against disease. Radiant health should be the objective.

Tuberculosis, which once occupied first place among the causes of death in America, has now moved back to seventh place. Better hygiene, fresh air, sunshine and good food have helped bring this condition about. More important, however, in the first against Tuberculosis, is the education of the people to the value of early diagnosis of the disease. Tuberculosis causes Tuberculosis—every

case comes from another—early discovery, early recovery. Watch for these danger signs—too easily tired, loss of weight, indigestion, and the cough that hangs on.

Persons who suffer from insufficient food, exposure, and bad housing, long hours and bad conditions of work, are more prone to the disease. An ounce of fresh air is still worth more than a pound of cough syrup.

Cough is the policeman of the lung. A long continued cough, with loss of body weight and an evening rise in temperature are danger signals of impending calamity. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the chief agent in the spread of disease is man himself.

The care of the Tubercular patient is very important. It is necessary to use sputum cups and all the discharges from the nose and throat must be burned. He must have his own dishes, and towels, and live apart from other members of the family. Tuberculosis is one of the sputum born diseases, and can be controlled by individual action, and cleanliness, since it is a germ disease. The human hand is the great carrier of disease germs, both to and from the body. Unclean hands must be kept away from the mouth. Our public agencies are doing much to keep our food and drink free from disease contamination. We have only our hands and our homes to keep clean.

Bits of Philosophy

By Nephi Jensen

Pride is paralysis of the soul.
 Sophistication is not education.
 Character is better than cunning.
 Meanness is the mother of misery.
 Where policy begins principle ends.
 Incitement is better than excitement.
 Joy living is better than joy riding.
 A smile is the sunshine of good nature.
 Purity of heart is the soul of culture.
 It is better to be clean than to be clever.
 Honest playing is better than false praying.
 The character builder is the master builder.
 Wisdom is just horse sense, right on the job.
 A golden heart is better than a silver tongue.
 The hearthstone is the touchstone of civilization.
 A little hell is good for you if it is not home made.
 Purity of heart is the only fountain of eternal youth.
 He is richer than the rich who does not envy the rich.
 He who is ashamed of the poor, is poorer than the poor.
 It is hard to be nice to people who think they are nice.
 An idle life begins with a giggle and ends with a grunt.
 Where selfish gratification begins, sweet gratitude ends.
 Purity, peace and power are the enduring riches of heaven.

Patchwork Quilts are Revived by the Depression

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

THE depression, with more leisure and less money, has revived our grand-mothers' art of patch-work quilt making.

"To salvage beauty and usefulness from coarse waste materials was the everyday accomplishment of our pioneer mothers who hooked rugs and pieced quilts," says Ruby Short McKim.

She continues: "Some way we are apt to think of the quilt makers as mature or even old, but a second thought assures us they were often merely girls. Pioneer movements are not sponsored by those who have passed life's meridian. It takes youth, with its unspoiled imaginings to blaze trails, to leave the family hearth for the open road, to hazard security for chance. So most of the families who surged their way westward were young as the civilization which they were formulating. A girl-wife, driving an ox team, with her firstborn held close in her strong young arms or under her stronger young heart, was the heroine of the day. Not that they called her a heroine then; no; but her timid sister who stayed with 'pa and ma' back in York State or Ca'lina may have spent the rest of her spinster days in envying willful Emily who rode away with John.

"And the story of their wanderings, their few original possessions, their accumulations, the friendships formed, their abiding faith and the home established, is the story of patchwork quilts."

Suggestive of the trek westward are some of the names of the de-

signs: Indian Hatchet, Log Cabin, Road to California, Texas Treasure, Virginia Star, Arkansas Traveler, Oklahoma Boomer, Kansas Troubles, Cactus Basket, Prairie Queen, Delectable Mountains, Mexican Rose, Rising Sun, Wagon Tracks, Coxe's Camp, and World's Fair. Interpolations are the "Drunkard's Path" and the "Dutchman's Puzzle."

Another group has the tang of the sea: Square and Compass, Ship's Wheel, Ocean Wave, Storm At Sea, Fishhook, and Crossed Canoes.

Nature's influence on these early day settlers that carved their homes out of the wilderness is reflected in such designs as: Bear's Paw, Bird's Nest, Shoo Fly, Dove in the Window, Honey Bee, Snail's Trail, Spider Web, Milky Way and Goose in the Pond.

Reflections of the life of the period are found in such designs as Baby's Blocks, Beggar Block, Broken Dishes, Churn Dash, Corn and Beans, Crazy Ann, Flower Pot, Mill Wheel, Grandmother's Fan, Spools, Weathervane, Monkey Wrench, Necktie and Jack in the Box.

The religious element crept in with Jacob's Ladder, Hosannah and "Rob Peter to Pay Paul."

Imagination romantically inclined suggested the Album, Wedding Ring, King's Crown, Old Maid's Puzzle, Steps to the Altar and Friendship Ring.

Foreign origins produced the Arabic Lattice, Irish Cross, English Flower Garden, Swastika, and French Bouquet.

From the woods came Maple,

Hickory, and Palm Leaves, also Pine Trees.

Colorful were Cherry Baskets and Lafayette Orange Peel.

Many of the lovely appliqued designs bear the names of flowers: Hollyhock Wreath, Trumpet Vine, Noonday Lily, Rose of Sharon, Iris, Pansy, and the gorgeous Tulip. Gay nomenclatures too are Butterfly and Honeymoon Cottage.

Most of the quilts were pieced of calico. Chintz came from the India Chintzes brought over from India by the East India Trading Company. Among these were the "Persian Pear which women called the pickle pattern, or gourds, peacock feather designs, with pineapple, pomegranates, and certain exquisitely unreal but lavish flowers which all bespeak the Oriental influence."

IN making a quilt first select a design that appeals to you. Next work it out in as much color harmony as you can devise. Good, fade-proof materials are the most

economical in the long run. It is wonderful how many designs can be worked out with squares and triangles without going into the more intricate patterns.

Blocks can be cut from strictly accurate patterns cut of cardboard or sandpaper.

Needless to say stitches should be firm, small and as nearly perfect as possible.

One bat of cotton will fill an ordinary lightweight quilt. Linings may be of unbleach, or a light colored material in harmony with the coloring of the quilt.

Quilting is done on wooden frames. Lines may be outlined by a ruler, or special cardboard designs used as markers for the fine quilting stitches.

For quickly made "tied" quilts old soft woolen or cotton blankets may be used for "filling."

The making of a home-made quilt is a labor of joy. A patchwork quilt is a work of art to be handed down as an heirloom.

My Neighbor's Garden

By Letitia Chambers Ridges

It's a lovely little garden

In the middle of the block,

And a charming little lady

In her dainty, pretty frock

Has a cheery smile of welcome

To those who're passing by

To come in and learn the secrets,

The how, the when and why.

The perfume from that garden

Permeates the country round,

And the busy bees a humming

Make a pleasing restful sound.

The pansy bordered stepping stones

Lead down to the end

Where the roses in a riot

Of lovely colors blend.

The daffodils and tulips

Are in their corner too,

And the larkspur and delphinium

With their lovely shades of blue.

The stately gladiola

With its glorious hues so rare

And the asters and the zinnias

Spread beauty everywhere.

And from this lovely garden

Kindly thoughts like blossoms fair

Wing their way among the neighbors

Leaving love and friendship there.

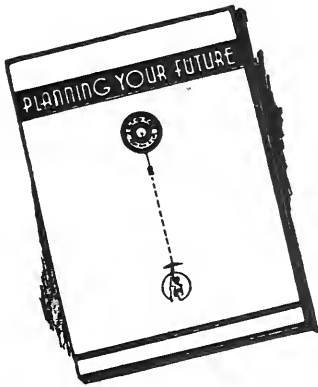
And all these lovely colors

Blend like a low sweet song.

I cannot name the half of them

'Twould make my rhyme too long.

At the Forks of the Road



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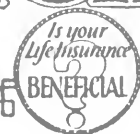
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI

NOVEMBER, 1934

No. 11

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frost

By Jeanette P. Parry

The traitor Frost with Judas kiss
Came to my garden fair.
To him it was not anything,
To me great beauty rare.

The zinnia bed with blaze of gold,
Of rose and scarlet too,
Had after summer's burning heat
Commenced to live anew.

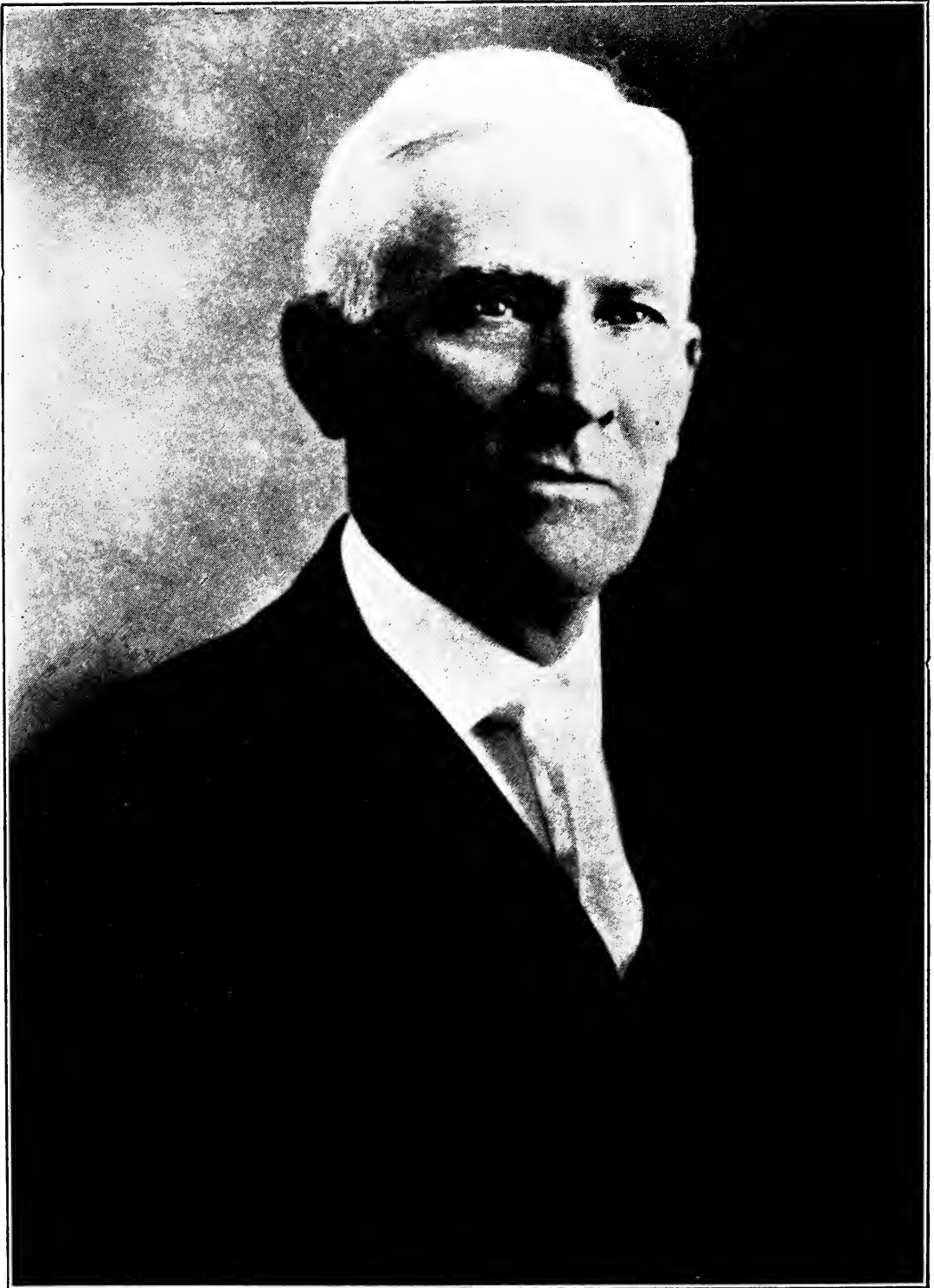
With ruthless haste his icy breath
Through every petal went.
Their drooping heads do testify
His fury has been spent.

He came again when violets bloom
His power to display.
But lovely spring with gentle smile
Dispelled his frown away.

As king of Autumn o'er the land
He holds his royal sway,
And chirping birds in leafless trees
Are heralds of his day.

With magic touch and balmy haze
He steals our hearts again.
And soon we'll see his filigree
Upon the window pane.

The reaper Frost, life's harvest full,
Sheaves gathered one by one.
How welcome! if the plaudit be
Come in, the work's well done.



PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI

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President Anthony W. Ivins

By Richard R. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve

MATCH, if you can, in richness of glory, honor, admiration and affection the life and labors of that modest, well-balanced Christian gentleman and man of God, President Anthony W. Ivins! The earthly career of this beloved Church leader came to a close during the early morning hours of Sunday, September 23, 1934, just one week to the day after his eighty-second birthday, when he received tributes from almost every part of the country, including a message from the President of the United States.

This industrious and incessant worker, this great business, civic and Church leader, was at his desk at his work and at his books and studies Friday as usual. Saturday he was kept at home by his physician, but all day long he was insisting that a man could accomplish nothing lying in bed. Then early Sunday morning his successful life of unceasing industry closed. Some ten days earlier he went on a business trip to Nephi. Later, and the last time I saw him, he was taking the electric train for Ogden on another business trip. Thus, to the very end, his mighty brain and his unusual physical make-up struggled on vigorously, valiantly, successfully.

People from every walk of life mourned with his loved ones in their sorrow. At the funeral services the great Tabernacle was packed with an audience of genuine mourners, for he was a friend and benefactor to thousands. The great mass of flowers, the flow of eloquence, the remarkable outpouring of praise, affection and commendation all testified to the love of his friends and the esteem in which he was held by the general public.

ANTHONY W. IVINS was richly endowed mentally, physically, emotionally and spiritually. He was a man of fine intellect and rare judgment. He was a most versatile man, a leader in many fields. He was a great colonizer and pioneer, a wise legislator and statesman. Outstanding among his activities in this direction are the services he rendered in the Utah legislature and constitutional convention, also in his many official interviews with President Diaz of the Republic of Mexico. His Spanish was so perfect that even President Diaz complimented him on his knowledge of this foreign tongue. He was an officer of the law who, though brave and fearless, could by his gentle words, his honesty and frankness calm the convict, even in

that atmosphere which flying bullets create, and capture his prisoner by peaceful ways. His personality had in it a special charm no one seemed able to resist. He was an orator who could hold both old and young with his simple eloquence. He was an outstanding churchman who could with power defend and advocate, even to the most learned, the doctrines and practises of his Church. He was a writer of unusual ability and clearness. In his youth he was outstanding as an actor and as an athlete. He was a man who could do things with his hands. He had all sorts of specialties and hobbies. And with it all he was a modest, unassuming and kindly individual with a great and tender heart which responded to the joys or the sorrows and disappointments of his fellowmen. No absent one in need of a friend ever went undefended if Anthony W. Ivins was present. He lived and acted according to that powerful message in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. In other words, he exercised charity for all.

THIS quiet, modest man loved nature; he was a part of it. He was a great hunter and fisherman. At the age of eighty, that was only two years ago, he "bagged" his last deer. I've been with him in camp. On one occasion he and I were sleeping side by side. Expert fishermen who had been sent ahead to provide fish for our party found that the fish "would not bite." Out of the darkness of our tent and into the early morning of the following day slipped Anthony W. Ivins. When the rest of us bestirred ourselves to make ready for breakfast, down along the creek bank and alone came this lover and understander of nature with a long string of fine trout. Plans for a hunting and fishing trip into the Yellowstone Park country with a group of his intimate friends

were already completed when his final earthly call came.

WHILE he was not actually born on the desert, yet practically all of the life of President Ivins was spent in the wilds or on the frontier. Few have had less opportunity to get scholastic training, that is that actual teaching that is given in the classroom, and yet because of the natural intellectual power with which nature had endowed him, he made of himself not only a wise and well-informed man but a genuine scholar.

The president of the Utah State Agricultural College and its board of trustees did themselves and their institution as much honor as they did him when last June they conferred upon Anthony W. Ivins the degree, Doctor of Laws. Genuine education, real scholarship, is not a something put upon or put into an individual as articles might be crammed into a bag. Real education, genuine scholarship, is a matter of growth. And while Anthony W. Ivins did not have the opportunity of getting the formal training which schools afford, yet by the power of his fine mind he made of himself a worthy Doctor of Laws.

Let me relate one experience that will explain what I mean when I say that he qualified himself for the honorary degree which the college conferred.

It was in the springtime. Samuel O. Bennion, then president of the Central States Mission, was taking President Ivins, myself and some others by automobile through that fine country around Kansas City. The variety and beauty of the birds in that neighborhood brought forth the comment that in Scouting boys are required to produce a list of forty species of wild birds which have been personally observed and positively identified in the field in order to secure a merit badge in birds.

"Let me see," said President Ivins, "if I can name forty different kinds of birds." He began and I kept the record. And without a moment's previous thought or preparation, out of that rich store of knowledge and experience which his keen observation and marvelous memory had provided, and to the amazement of those in the party, he gave the names of birds until the number reached one hundred and thirty-five.

"How on earth do you remember all of these, President Ivins? How is it possible for you thus without special notice or preparation to pass such an astonishing examination?" He answered in his quiet and modest way, "I was able to do this by remembering these birds in their various families as I have them classified in my mind."

There is the secret. That tells how by the clearness and power of his intellect he made of himself, under extremely serious handicaps, a real scholar, a genuine Doctor of Laws. These scholastic accomplishments were made possible by his love for reading, his fondness for study, his outstanding power of observation and his marvelous memory. The college did not make Anthony W. Ivins a Doctor of Laws, President Ivins made himself a Doctor of Laws. All the college did was to place a label on him.

PRESIDENT IVINS' ability to make friends was phenomenal. He not only loved all mankind but animals as well. There is perhaps no other white man whose death would have produced so much sorrow and mourning among the Indians as did the death of this their genuinely affectionate and devoted friend. No horse ever carried him without getting from him at the end of the journey an affectionate pat and other expressions of appreciation. No cry of hunger or want or

suffering ever came to this man's ears in vain. He fed the hungry and clothed the naked. He remembered the widows and the orphans in their affliction. And the words of the Savior of the world will apply to no man more appropriately than to President Ivins: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. 25:40)

PRESIDENT IVINS has said that the example of his own gentle, studious, patriotic and efficient pioneer father awakened in him a fondness for books, a love for study and work, and stirred in his soul the very highest Christian ideals and standards—a real ambition to be humble and unselfish. Mrs. Ivins also says that the father of President Ivins had a profound influence over the life and actions of his son to the very end. The son was the father's intimate companion. They went hunting together. The boy carried the chain while the father made his surveys. The ability of Israel Ivins can be measured in some degree by the fact that he laid out the city of St. George, and that while he was not a graduate of a medical school, he was closely associated with the leading doctors in Salt Lake City, and read, studied and practised medicine at St. George, where he cared for the poor with as much care and interest as he did for those who were well-to-do. When death came to him, the whole community mourned. The mother of President Ivins was a good neighbor, a faithful wife, a noble pioneer mother.

The Ivinses come from outstanding stock. Members of the family must live well if they are true to family traditions. William Ivins, a cousin of Anthony W., made the race for the mayor of the city of New York some years ago. The

unselfishness of the members of the Ivins family was one of the most outstanding characteristics which came to the attention of the young bride, Elizabeth Snow Ivins, when she came into that family. She says that night after night and all night long Israel Ivins sat by the bedside of his wife through a siege of pneumonia exhibiting phenomenal devotion. President Ivins himself came all the way from his home in Mexico to St. George, Utah, in order to be present at the funeral of his mother. This is another evidence of the devotion of the members of this family to one another.

THE mentality, the fine balance, the broad vision, the powerful command of self and the mental caliber of President Ivins' devoted wife and life-long companion were his chief inspiration and support. To her and to her strength of character, to her high sense of duty and to her devotion to the Church and to its ideals are due many of those decisions that were made at the crucial periods of the life of Anthony W. Ivins, all of which led, as we can see clearly now, to the completion of a life that would have been less outstanding, less truly great if other courses than those he and his wife selected had been followed.

SELDOME, if ever, does a man do works that are outstanding unless behind him is inspiration and encouragement furnished by some good woman. Mrs. Ivins has been the counselor, the courage-giver, the support of President Ivins in all his undertakings all his days. In that long ago when methods of travel were so slow, President Ivins was on Church and business duties and away from home as much as seven

months in a single year. Only the unselfishly patriotic and devoted can toil and carry on under these conditions. Elizabeth Snow Ivins carried this her heavy load successfully and from her lips came no word of complaint.

When Brigham Young sent Erastus Snow and his family to help settle St. George, the daughter, Libby, aged seven, learned her first lesson in obedience to the authorities of the Church. Going into that desert country was a great trial. It was a burden, however, carried nobly not only by Erastus Snow but by Israel Ivins, the father of President Ivins, and by the members of both their families. Mrs. Ivins says the journey to St. George by ox-teams required a month and that during the first two years they lived in tents. After that came the luxury of one-room log houses for homes.

This unselfish early life of pioneering helped to prepare President and Mrs. Ivins for the later calls of the Church when he first went into Mexico as a missionary for a period of two years and finally when in 1895 they both with the members of their family went as colonizers into that land where they expected to make their permanent home.

Those close to the family said Mrs. Ivins seemed to get under the load in those early days of pioneering a little more promptly and a little more willingly, if there was any difference, than did President Ivins himself. The family spirit, that determination to seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, is shown also in the decision of their son Grant to go for a period of five years to Japan as a missionary, when he was called by the Church to render this service. For one in the days of his youth to give thus liberally of his time and of himself in this

unselfish way for the progress of the Church shows genuine Christian spirit. Among the outstanding accomplishments of this young man during that five years, and as an evidence of his own mental power, was his translation into the Japanese language of the Articles of Faith by the late Dr. James E. Talmage.

To President and Mrs. Ivins eight other children have been born. There are still living three able sons and five equally able daughters. Most if not all of these are college graduates, and like all the other descendants of Erastus Snow which I have known they have excellent characters and unusual mental powers.

President Ivins and family remained in Mexico for thirteen years or until he was called back to become, first, a member of the Council of the Twelve, next, the second counselor, and finally, as the crowning work of his lifetime, first counselor in the First Presidency of the Church.

Thus, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33), is illustrated in the lives of President and Mrs. Anthony W. Ivins. Both in their childhood, at the call of the Church, went to St. George with pioneer parents. During their later life, they made the necessary sacrifice, and hers if anything was the greater, to go as colonizers into a foreign country.

In this land of Mexico President Ivins constructed for himself the finest house in the colonies. He produced the finest horses, the finest cattle, the finest orchard, the finest flowers, the finest garden in the community. It was he who directed the construction of the church and church school buildings, all of which tell in unmistakable terms of the sturdy quality, the breadth of view and greatness of this outstanding

builder. "I defy any man," President Ivins once said, "to follow my trail from childhood and find anything I have ever built that has fallen down."

And the work of his wife on the inside of the house was as remarkable as was his on the outside. Like her own mother, Mrs. Ivins was the keeper of a model home. During her lifetime, Mrs. Snow entertained in her home President Brigham Young and other General Authorities of the Church. And after the death of the mother, both in St. George and during thirteen years as the wife of the stake president in Mexico, Elizabeth Snow Ivins, to her great credit, not only entertained in royal fashion the General Authorities that came into her neighborhood but she did this in such a pleasant and charming way as to win the lasting friendship of them all.

In their Salt Lake City home, characterized by its stability, its variety of flowers and lovely lawn on the outside and by its beauty, its loveliness and its charm on the inside, President and Mrs. Ivins have taken great joy and pride in entertaining their many friends, and have enjoyed innumerable reunions of their large, happy and successful family.

Mrs. Ivins is not nor has she ever been robust and vigorous in a physical way. She has been delicate, gentle and refined but with all this she has been a fine manager and a strong executive. She has not only required her daughters to learn to cook, dust and keep a home in first class fashion, but she has also been wise enough when new dresses, for example, were wanted, to say, "You may have all the dresses you will make for yourselves. I will buy all the material if you will do the work."

Of her President Ivins has said: "No one ever has, no one ever will,

no one ever can take her place." These two were tied together by those bonds of understanding, those laws of love and nature, those binding ties of genuine respect and admiration which make a man and a woman truly one—one in thought,

one in ideals, one in ideas, one in ambitions, one in understanding, so that each reflected in the other, all their days, that perfect affection and confidence that make two hearts and souls and beings perfectly and devotedly one in all things.

President Charles H. Hart

By Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve

IT is a real pleasure for me to pay this tribute to my life long friend and associate, President Charles H. Hart, who passed away recently after several years of illness which physically incapacitated him from carrying forward his usual work as a member of the First Council of Seventy.

My earliest recollection of him was when he came to Logan as a young lawyer and I was but a boy. I recall what an outstanding, alert man he seemed to be. He formed a partnership with another fine and efficient Bear Lake boy—Frank K. Nebeker—who had made his residence in Logan. Under the firm name of Hart and Nebeker they became the leading lawyers in Cache County. It became a common expression that if Hart and Nebeker took the case they would win it. Personally I have known of many cases which they absolutely refused to take because they did not believe the case had merit or was not on the side of right and justice.

LATER when Charles H. Hart was elevated to the bench as Judge his absolute honesty and fearlessness brought terror to criminals who came before him but brought peace and absolute satisfaction to those whose cause was just for I

recall no instance when his decisions did not seem to give universal satisfaction. Had he continued in the law rather than accepting the call to serve the Church there is no office in that department within the gift of the people of his state that he could not have received. Indeed, I regarded him as being absolutely qualified to sit and do credit to himself and his state in that highest legal tribunal of our country—the Supreme Court of the United States. When, however, at the very height of his success the call came to him to serve his Church as a member of the First Council of Seventy, he did not hesitate a moment to abandon all these bright prospects and accept this new responsibility. I am sure he did this at a great personal loss financially to himself but many times he said to me, "money isn't everything," and during all the time that he was so actively engaged in the practice of law and administration of justice he was equally devoted to his Church, giving some part of his time in Church service. Frequently he said to me, "A man who tears himself absolutely away from all Church connection will likely come to have an unbalanced judgment, and the man whether he is in the profession of law or other business who can keep his Church contact keeps his judgment well balanced and finds a



PRESIDENT CHARLES H. HART

relaxation from the diversion that comes in Church service.

PRESIDENT HART has an outstanding and unusual family of talented boys and girls. I have known every one of them since the time they were little children and there is not a black sheep among them. The mother of these boys and girls gave her life in her effort to honor this noble man with children and to serve them. I have never known a more charming, ideal mother than the first Sister Hart. It has also been my good fortune to know the present Sister Hart, who survives him, from the time of her girlhood. In my judgment Brother Hart could not have selected anywhere in all the Church a more ideal woman to become the mother of his children. She has performed that very difficult task of taking the place of their mother in as ideal a way as any woman I have ever known and I know that every one of the children love her as they do their own mother. That is the finest evidence that she has been successful.

IT has been my good fortune many times to travel with President Hart to various of the Stakes of Zion and to know the worth of his ministry. I have never known a more faithful, conscientious, devoted

servant of the people than President Charles H. Hart. He never talked without giving some message that was faith building and full of thought. He had a logical mind and his messages were always listened to and they made good impressions.

There was no sacrifice he was called upon to make to serve the Church that he did not make cheerfully—never with a complaining spirit. He entered into the living of Gospel standards so perfectly that they became a very part of his life. He was a perfect gentleman here and he will be a perfect gentleman in the Court of the King where he now goes to labor in the same great cause that he made so many sacrifices to serve here. By reason of his having subscribed to these Gospel standards of living he shall find himself happy and prepared to carry on the great missionary labor that is the outstanding ministry which the life that follows this offers to every faithful man or woman—to bring light and knowledge and understanding to those souls who have died without that knowledge and prepare them for their place of salvation, glory or exaltation in the kingdom God has provided for his sons and daughters. President Charles H. Hart is well trained and equipped for that great ministry in the future.



Relief Society Conference

By Julia A. F. Lund

THE semi-annual Conference of the Relief Society was held in Salt Lake City, Utah, October 3 and 4, 1934, with 19 General Board members, and 670 stake officers and board members in attendance. Ninety-six stakes out of the 106 were represented, and six missions.

The meetings on Wednesday, October 3, were devoted to the formal educational work of Relief Society. The opening session for Relief Society officers and class leaders was held in the Tabernacle. Teaching Methods and Opportunities of Class Leaders were the general themes.

Thursday, October 4, the General and Stake Officers' Meeting was held in the Auditorium of the Bish-

op's Building. In the afternoon the General Public Session convened in the Tabernacle.

President Louise Y. Robison presided at the General Sessions, and the lesson chairmen at the Department Meetings. The attendance was record-breaking for the Fall Conference, and great enthusiasm, coupled with a deeply spiritual note, animated all meetings.

There were special musical numbers in the Department Meetings.

The Relief Society Singing Mothers, under the leadership of Mrs. Charlotte O. Sackett, assisted by Professor Frank Asper and Mrs. Alta B. Cassity, made the music a very delightful feature.

OPENING SESSION

(Tabernacle)

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON, PRESIDING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

WE are happy to meet so many of you dear sisters here for our first session of Conference. We welcome you to the intellectual banquet which we have prepared for you, and if our Father in Heaven will graciously hear our prayers you will be given that aid which is of the greatest importance to class leaders in a spiritual interpretation of education.

The class leaders are the standard-bearers of the cultural part of our organization. They bring joy and pleasure to the women of our Society, in studying Theology, Literature, Social Service and Teachers' Topic. We hope that all the sessions of this Conference will give you very valuable help.

It is proposed that in the future we publish our lessons earlier in the season, beginning with May instead of August. This will enable you to have all the reading material before you early in the Summer. We also hope to purchase the books that are necessary for reference, and have them in order that any of the stakes may have the books for use for a limited time.

I pray that the spirit of peace may be here, that our Father in Heaven will open our hearts that we may catch the fine things that will be told to us this morning, that we may have the vision to apply this knowledge in our own homes and in our own groups.

MISS EMMA BROWN

Professor of Primary Education, Brigham Young University

FACTORS ESSENTIAL TO EFFECTIVE TEACHING

MY purpose today is to present a point of view relative to "Factors Essential to Effective Teaching." If we can stimulate constructive thought concerning teaching, we may accomplish much. Thinking is perhaps the most difficult thing, which any of us are called upon to do; but we must remember Socrates' admonition that "Nothing is worth doing that must not first be thought about." Certainly this is true of teaching.

First then let me ask what immediately comes to your mind, what picture do you see as I ask you to visualize a situation in which teaching is taking place. I hope that you are thinking of a teacher and a learner or learners, for that, I believe, is exactly what teaching means and we may start together to consider "Factors Essential" in bringing teaching and learning about. We teach in order that learning may take place. Dr. Dewey, our outstanding philosopher of education, says: "One may as well say that someone has *sold* when no one has *bought*, as to say that someone has *taught* when no one has *learned*." If I had the inspiration and the power to impress this one truth fully and indelibly upon the minds of each of my listeners this morning to the extent that each would go out and make it a reality, it would not be necessary for me to say another word at this particular time.

You would perhaps be surprised to know how many times struggling young teachers have explained their failure in fixing ideas or bringing about desirable behavior by saying, "I don't understand why he doesn't

know. I told him all about it. I told him twice."

Surely you have no difficulty in understanding why he doesn't know. Teaching is something more than telling or telling twice, or ten times, and it is even more than stimulating a learner to learn, and until those of us who attempt to teach realize this, believe this, and provide for it adequately, our efforts are as the proverbial "Sounding Brass and Tinkling Symbols."

What then is this necessary something more? Again I ask you to do some thinking. This time think back into your own learning experiences. "Have not those things which you have learned been of such impelling purpose that they have challenged your interest to the exclusion of other things for the time being?" I am convinced that it has been so in my case. We have learned those things which claimed our interest, those things which were well within our understanding.

Let us follow this a little farther and ask, "What then are the interests of these learners whom we are to teach?" Perhaps in our effort to find out we discover that their interests are miles from the course to be taught. What then is a teacher to do? Have you ever tried stimulating desirable, worthwhile interests in your learners by first making their interests your own? It is a worthwhile experience and interesting, too, for it means that a teacher must know her learners both as a group and as individuals. Some of you may have lived a life time as neighbor to your prospective learners and you may think it impossible to know

them and their interests better than you do. Just yesterday I heard a woman say, "today for the first time I learned that June has a lovely singing voice and we have worked side by side off and on for the past six years." I wonder then, if in this new relationship, there isn't something more to learn. At least as their teacher you have a new responsibility, a responsibility which makes their cooperation and whole hearted support and sharing of responsibility necessary if you are to succeed in teaching as well and as effectively as a teacher should. By identifying one's self with the interests of the learners he becomes a respected, trusted member of the group and as such may lead the group into other worthy interests—the real purpose and functions of the course as outlined. One may say that time will not permit, that it is necessary to begin upon the course at once. Yes, begin upon the course as soon and as effectively as possible, but never lose sight of the fact that we must take into account *the way that learners learn*. I sometimes feel that teaching effectively is one of those things where we just must achieve the impossible, but in our saner moments we all know that effective teaching is not impossible, but that it must be thought about, prayed about, and striven for. Yes, and it is hard work, but it brings rich returns as does everything which is worthwhile.

There must surely be a place for beginning in our preparation for effective teaching and this beginning is in the type of thinking which we have just been doing—the building of a philosophy of education.

The first question asked of us as we registered recently in a certain class for teacher training, with a teacher of international reputation,

was: "What is your philosophy of education? What are the educational principles to which you subscribe?" He made it perfectly clear to us that his philosophy of education was his starting point, as our individual philosophies should be our beginning. He further emphasized his belief by demonstrating that from his basic philosophy, he had constructed a set of principles clearly defined and written down in black and white, to be used as a guide and check in all of his teaching. It was from these principles that he derived his materials and subject matter of teaching which aided him in deciding the method of procedure. Undoubtedly every member of that class of experienced people had a philosophy of education and educational principles which determined his teaching procedure, but just how definite and just how clear they were varied with individuals. It was apparent that many were not as conscious of this definite and fundamental guiding force as was desirable, but the fact that we were required to write them down made them stand out in bold relief. As one's experience and vision broadens, his principles of education may be revised. This fall I shall make a part of my program of teacher training center around the development of a philosophy of education as usual, but I shall also emphasize the desirability and need for each individual teacher evolving from it, *definite principles* based upon reading, observation, and experience arrived at through generalizations. These will serve as a guide to further teacher activity and must be written down.

Principles, not facts, give us power to meet persistent problems. We must solve problems by means of generalizations or underlying ideas which have come out of rich experience. It is impossible to tell

teachers just what to do in every situation except to apply basic principles. In checking the efficiency of our own teaching we ask ourselves, "Am I teaching according to my principles of teaching?"

Those fundamental principles characterized by the teaching of the Master and the homely, elemental virtues of The Man are eternal and unchanging. Christ taught truth through precept and example and His virtues were sincerity, honesty, tolerance, understanding, etc. These same principles and virtues are still as basic to ideal teaching as they were in His day. Our problem *has been, and is*, the extension and application of them to the ever changing situations in which we find ourselves. The wise, far-seeing teacher—the teacher of vision will pool her ideal and the present situation, and so achieve a something above and beyond.

Teaching at its best is a fine art in which there is possibility of infinite growth, but it must come through exercising one's powers to the full. A true teacher gives something of herself. Dr. Bagley of Columbia University says: "More teachers fail because of the lack of teaching personality than because of any other one reason." The personal element is of immeasurable importance. He goes so far as to say that a teacher may break all of the rules and still be a good teacher, however, she would probably be a better teacher if she learned not to break the rules.

The underlying principles of teaching are the same on all levels, but there is a marked difference between children and adults in the ability to use sustained attention. This is an important fact in teaching and learning. The mind set, or attitude, of the learner has much to

do with the amount learned as well as the ease with which it is learned.

Only a slight stimulus is needed to call up a precept for the adult, whereas the child needs a more effective form of stimulation.

The age and experiences of the individual determine the ability to concentrate attention. The attitude and purpose of children and adults differ in amount, in intensity, and in kind. Adults have acquired the power of inhibition, evaluation, and discrimination. This makes possible the evaluating of the suggestion. Activity is characteristic of all ages; it can be utilized equally well at all levels. The teacher's task is to stimulate that activity which will function best at a given level. The nature of the activities engaged in will differ materially, but learners at all ages learn through activities which tie back into your principles of education.

It may be helpful, at this point, for me to demonstrate to you what I mean by educational principles, by giving some of those which I have drawn from my educational philosophy and written down to serve as guide in my own teaching.

Education should develop both mind and hand.

Education should provide for individual differences.

Education should be a joyous and inspirational process.

Education should raise the understanding of human nature to greater importance than merely the knowledge of subject material.

Education is an active process and should be based on the learner's need for action of the body and mind and on his natural curiosity and spirit of investigation.

It should be free from unnatural restraints, should provide for freedom of body, freedom of mind, and

freedom of spirit. Education should extend and remake experience, and should create a rich environment in which the native ability of each learner may blossom and fructify. Education should develop group consciousness and social-mindedness.

The learner should have abundant opportunity for creative expression. Education should be a process of expression rather than impression. It should help the learner to know how and where to find facts he needs and to gather and formulate the required information. This is more valuable than facts.

The teacher should be a leader and a guide, not a taskmaster. A new type of teacher is needed for this type of education—a teacher possessed of personality and culture and capable of awakening and developing the creative powers of learners. This means that the teacher should be of artistic temperament.

Education should progress through a flexible program planned in advance, but not slavishly adhered to. This should include suggestions, but the teacher should be free to select from and add to.

Education should be stimulated and guided by individuals of poise and integrated personality. Interests may arise either in response to the stimulation of the environment or may be called forth through participation in activities initiated by the teacher.

Education should draw upon the best from race experience, but should not be restricted by tradition. It requires an experimental attitude upon the part of the teacher.

The principle of compelling interest is the most important and most fundamental principle in teaching.

Basis of interest rests on:

1. Instinctive need.
2. Practical need (felt need).

3. Habit.

4. Previous experience and knowledge.

We are interested in things about which we know something. The chief business of teaching is to arouse interest and provide means for learning. We can't avoid learning if we are active. Interest is contagious.

In addition to principles of education we need also to have principles of the subject being taught.

If I have succeeded in demonstrating what I mean by foundational guiding principles, I should like to discuss the next step or persistent problems which define our goals or objectives. In effective teaching one gears in the direction of persistent problems, because the problems condition what we do to achieve our goals.

In my endeavor to think through the problems of teacher leadership in the Relief Society many questions forced themselves into consciousness. First of all I should say that "unity of purpose in the whole set-up is the important thing." Just what is the spirit and purpose or function of the organization as a whole? This question should be answered with understanding by each of us in order that we may work in harmony in attaining our main objectives as well as the purpose or function of each and every lesson. Every lesson must be planned with reference to the big general objectives and with the persistent problems continually in mind.

The question with us now is, "What are the persistent problems which arise in Relief Society teaching"? Certainly we cannot hope to solve them until we fully realize what they are.

How simply and clearly Lincoln states this truth in the opening sentence of his famous "House Divid-

ed" speech. He says: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are going, we could better judge what to do and how to do it."

First, then, let us carefully and prayerfully think through our problems. Just what are the peculiar difficulties confronting us as we assume the responsibilities of teacher in this particular organization? Some are very evident, while others of real importance we may fail to recognize and so experience disappointment and discouragement in our teaching. The more successful we are in really objectifying our problems the more assurance we have of satisfactorily solving them. Don't you think that it might be helpful to actually write them out in black and white and then face them fearlessly—attacking them with patience, faith and perseverance? I find it necessary and helpful in my work. In all teaching subject matter to be taught is only a part—successful teachers reckon with many other factors essential to learning. Let us not forget that as teachers we must know how the learner feels about it. Someone has said, "That which merely acquaints with facts has largely failed." Relief Society teaching seems to have a triple purpose—information, inspiration and participation. Ruskin says: "Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." It means *educating for*, and *training in* and not merely *telling about*.

In order to make clear to you my meaning I shall venture to suggest a number of persistent problems which I suspect may be pertinent in your teaching:

1. How may I, a teacher, help in getting women of the community to attend and join the organization?

2. What may I do to make Relief Society more attractive, interesting, and worthwhile to these women than any other Tuesday afternoon activity?

3. What may I do to the environment which will stimulate and encourage regular attendance?

4. How may I plan and organize the subject matter and materials of instruction so as to gain and hold the interest and attention of the group?

5. How shall I guide the class activities and so stimulate interest and attention?

What may I do to secure individual and group participation in class activities?

How may I discover the interests, possibilities and purposes of the individual and the group?

How may I guide in the selection of those which will offer opportunity for richest experience and be most fruitful?

How may we make the activities sufficiently comprehensive to give each learner a chance to make his contributions to the group?

How may we vary activities and so add to the interest?

How may we socialize the group so as to interest them in the common good?

How may we encourage, stimulate and build confidence in the diffident and retiring member?

How may we check the garrulous without giving offense?

How create a friendly attitude of give and take?

How develop a willingness and desire to share responsibility for the success of the organization?

How utilize constructively the talent of the group?

How may I receive suggestions, criticism, and contributions graciously?

How may I radiate a friendly happy spirit of cooperation and helpfulness?

What may we do to make this work lead on to something better?

How may we leave the learners eager for further understanding?

What are these women thinking about, worrying about, wondering about?

How may we provide experience from which the class may draw lessons, facts and ideas?

How may we best develop desirable attitudes, ideals and appreciation?

When we have settled upon the goals or objectives we are then brought face to face with these troublesome issues:

What to teach.

How to organize this for teaching.

How to proceed to teach it.

All of the above must be planned by a teacher who knows her class and who knows definitely what fundamental ideas she wishes to develop.

The first of "What to Teach" is well outlined in the magazine, but the second and third, "How to Organize this for Teaching" and "How to Proceed to Teach it," should be given prayerful, thoughtful consideration in fitting it to your own particular group.

It is possible and almost inevitable to fail in presenting a lesson precisely as organized and worked out by another even though that lesson may succeed admirably when taught by the person responsible for working it out and organizing it.

We have all listened through lessons which have been nothing more than reading to the class from the manual or guide that which every member of the class was perfectly capable of reading for herself.

Model, or type lessons as given

in guides and manuals, may be excellent if used as suggestions, but fall flat and lifeless when taken over bodily and taught just as outlined by another. We must alter them to fit the group. The study of the subject matter, selection of materials, and the experience gained through organizing, helps to give it life and vitality. It is through these same activities that the teacher becomes enthused and capable of inspiring her group.

How then shall we go about organizing materials of instruction? What is involved in getting ready to teach a course? I should suggest the following:

1. Educational principles selected from your educational philosophy.
2. Inventories:
 - a. Of the learner (accumulative)
 - (a) Intellectual background of learners
 - (b) Social and economic background
 - (c) Special Interests
 - b. Community
 - (a) What are the vital things in the community as library, etc.
 - ç. What kind of people tend to come into the course.
3. What are your goals.
 - a. Persistent problems

We may need many generalizations to solve any persistent problem.
 - b. Basic generalizations that one has to use to solve persistent problems. (Must be based upon fact.)

The following are some of those things that the teacher must think about:

What do I want to accomplish?

What are the fundamental ideas I am trying to fix regarding the subject matter?

How will I give them? I must be concerned with how learning takes place.

How may I arouse interest?

What materials will I need to carry forward these experiences in order to achieve the goals?

Let us not forget that *organization is the secret of success in teaching*. The heart of any course is a few basic ideas around which the course is built.

Perhaps you may agree with me then that the methods of good teachers are:

1. Have some definite objective (goals or persistent problems).

2. Establish the identity of the object with the teacher and learner.

3. Interest the learners. Interest arises from need, from instinct, from curiosity. Success in learning is appealing and tends to arouse interest with adults the same as with children—around problems they meet.

4. There is a personal factor in this problem of interest.

5. Establish relationships between what is being done and how it is to be used.

6. Interest can be established by methods and technique.

The content to be taught and the materials of instruction to be used are of real significance.

A broad flexible grasp of content or subject matter is needed by the teacher. She must *know* far more concerning it than she can hope to *teach* in order that she may be thoroughly enthused and so inspire, interest and enthuse her group. When the teacher is thoroughly informed concerning the subject matter of the problem under discussion she can anticipate the various issues that will arise and have ready the necessary references, and guide the discussion so that it follows important lines instead of being sidetracked on min-

or or irrelevant issues. In other words the teacher knows in advance what questions are apt to arise and which problems will need clarification. Only as the problems are attacked enthusiastically and courageously will instruction increase in breadth and excellence. Teaching means *educating for*, and *training in*, and not merely *telling about*. We must make our selection of subject matter in terms of persistent problems. A persistent problem, as I think of it, is an integrating core or center—it provides for relationships and we know that ideas must be understood through relationship to other ideas. The learner should be helped to generalize his experience, to discover old meanings in new situations and to see the common element in a variety of situations.

Generalization expresses the natural goal of instruction in any topic, for it works a measure of economy and efficiency from the standpoints alike of observation, memory and thought.

Teaching and learning is an active process moving forward to establish relationships between the learner and the subject matter to be learned.

The mastery of materials combined with sympathy and insight and sincere devotion both to our ideals and to the best interests of those who come to us for instruction and guidance, may carry us forward even though we are dealing with the most intricate of human problems and even though the mind is still the most incomprehensible thing in the universe.

An artist teacher has:

1. A thoroughgoing mastery of the materials she teaches.

2. A keen appreciation of the significance of these materials.

3. An ardent desire to have others

know and appreciate these materials.

4. A sympathetic understanding of the difficulties which the learner will encounter in mastering the materials.

My next question very naturally is: What should be the method of procedure in attaining or achieving the goal or objective? Many things enter in. Perhaps the most important single thing for us to keep in mind is the fact that "We must always adapt procedure to the needs of the occasion." Procedure depends upon conditions. (That which is good under certain conditions may be impossible in a different situation.) The learner is the center of gravity, the most important factor, and it is through his reactions and activities that our teaching is judged. Because of this, it is sometimes thought that the teacher is of less and less importance—as a matter of fact, thorough teacher preparation is more and more necessary, and effective teaching is increasingly difficult. *Clearness of one's own ideas* is the first step in successful teaching.

Perhaps you may have observed that nothing has been said of lesson types. The reason is my conviction that with the preparation and background outlined above, the lesson is, with advantage, much more apt to be a combination of several types rather than any one exclusively. A pronounced characteristic of our best modern schools is the tendency to give decreasing attention to prescribed forms of activity for the teacher, and to focus it upon those of the pupil.

I trust that I have not painted a picture too uncomely and discouraging. If I but dared to whisper to you the many hours, months and years that I have spent working, and weeping and praying in my endeavor to teach effectively and yet failing to achieve my ideal there isn't one among you who could possibly lose heart.

You have been chosen as leaders in your respective organizations because those in authority believe in your integrity, industry and ability to do good. May God bless you in your worthy endeavors.

MISS HAZEL BROCKBANK

Supervisor of Primary Education, State of Utah

MY assignment this morning is a very complex one for me, that of being your representative, your voice, in the discussion of this splendid paper that has been given by Miss Brown, who has been my teacher and my friend. I am going to discuss her paper, trying to give you a key to it through six key words, (1) Philosophy; (2) Relationships; (3) Purposes; (4) Subject Matter; (5) Method; (6) Spirituality.

In the philosophy that you and I must have as religious educators, we must consider two approaches to ed-

ucation. One is the old traditional type of approach, the type of class that you and I have attended in school and in the Church organizations, where our teachers stood up as a teacher—as a "purer-in" of information. We were receptacles to receive that information that flowed from that teacher. Was there thinking done, fellow-teachers? In many cases there is no thinking done. To again quote Dr. Dewey: "There is no teaching unless there is learning." That is the modern problem facing us as teachers. If we are going to follow that old tra-

ditional type of teaching, take the manual and read it to your listeners, I venture to say that not a great deal of learning is going to take place.

Now, the other is the new approach, that I know we are trying to put over in our Church organizations, as we are in school work. The problem of today is how to stimulate thinking on the part of listeners or pupils. This new approach is not the type of text book, or manual teaching, but is stimulating thought. Regard pupils not as receptacles into whom to pour information, but look at them as thinking Latter-day Saints, who possess thinking power and judgment. They can analyze, their minds are active, just as yours is. The first problem in this philosophy we would like to see the teachers of our Church get, is that we think of individuals as thinkers who can evaluate, who are active, and who can contribute to the class work.

The second problem is that of *relationships*. There is no class where there is not confidence and a spirit of cooperation. The group should have a spirit of helpfulness, of really carrying on with the teacher. Educational experts say that the most important thing is that of relationship; that a happy class room is really a situation for learning. We must check on this three-fold relationship—the teacher-pupil, the pupil-teacher and the pupil-pupil relationship. Have you, in your personality as a teacher, inspired your pupils to really make a contribution, or with your language and your preparation have you made them fearful, as if they would crawl into a shell and not answer questions, or give their contribution out of their very rich and broad experience? Proper relationship is most

important if our class work is to be successful.

The third problem is that of *purpose*. The great purpose of education in making Latter-day Saints, is spirituality, and that is what we need. Mothers are guiders in the home, which is the foundation in this great life of ours. It is you mothers who are controlling factors in this great purpose of education, which is building for citizenship and for fine Latter-day Saint ideals and morals. Next to the home it is necessary to develop understanding of neighbors and associates in all walks of life in addition to an understanding of the subject matter that is to be given in these lessons which are sent out to you. Understanding has a very definite purpose, as has self-cultivation through self-expression. We cannot cultivate ourselves fully without expression, and people whom we contact in Relief Society classes must have a chance for expression if they are to cultivate themselves. Before you appear before your class, do you have a purpose in mind, or have you the purposes of this great organization of the Relief Society before you? Do you have a specific purpose in the lesson that you are trying to give them? That is one of the first things that I look for as I visit a class, to see if I can detect the *purpose* of the teacher. She strikes it from every angle possibly because she has a definite goal.

The fourth problem is *subject matter*. You have your outlines, which are beautifully written, and some of the best lessons I have ever seen. They are easy to follow and deal with some of the finest material available. Speaking from experience, I do appreciate the fine organization and understanding and effort that has been given to writing

these lessons. I do not need to go into detail on subject matter other than this, it does not matter who the teacher is, she cannot follow the printed page verbatim. Women are thinking individuals, and it is up to teachers to analyze that lesson in life which may be presented. How can I best do it, as Miss Brockbank, or as yourself, how can you best interpret that lesson? You all must have your interpretation. After I have given my last lesson I like to read the advance lesson through, and think about it all week. Here is a point to substantiate this point, here is another incident to substantiate that point, and so I read my lesson through immediately after the previous lesson has been given. I think we should build a potential course of study, vitalized by incidents in your own life, or in the lives of the people you are trying to teach. Take these incidents and examples and formulate your lesson. That is a potential curriculum or course of study, which to be beneficial, is really an outline of material you want to know. Do this by bringing in poems, stories, incidents and things that are close to the people with whom you are conducting your discussion. A potential curriculum is a very necessary thing for it draws you close to the lives of your class members. Two aids in subject matter which I would like to suggest to you are building up your scrap books, and doing a broad reading to supplement the course of study.

The fifth problem is *method*. You may have a lecture, a discussion from the floor, a panel discussion, which is new in our educational circles, or any type of method of putting the lesson over, but whatever method you choose a very careful organization should be considered in

presenting the subject matter to be taught.

The last of the key words is *spirituality*. We should never appear before a group of Relief Society members unless we are in harmony and in communion with our Heavenly Father. Clothed with the Spirit of the Lord every one of you can be a teacher. You can learn from every other individual in your class. Brigham Young said a wise person is the one who makes every man his teacher, and we can do that in our classes. We can be leaders, and that is the new interpretation of a teacher—a leader, a guide. We must supplement our group thinking, and guide it aright in this great responsibility that is ours.

“Fancy! ‘Just a teacher!’ In a belittling tone this is said of the greatest post of potential influence in life today next to a mother. So said once a teacher I know. Then one night the vision came to her. To her lips came, ‘I am nothing.’ But her soul said, ‘I am everything.’ She shook herself loose from her bondage. From that day her work in her class changed: her eye took on a new radiance: her voice that of a supreme confidence which our Father gives to us all to bring into being. She had lighted the Divine spark within her.

“‘Just a teacher!’ That is all she is. But what an ‘all!’ The ‘all’ in the fact that she came to herself, fully grasped the titanic opportunity placed within her grasp by an All-wise Father, and, with her head high, her eyes seeing straight and clear, and her heart singing at the marvelous chance at her command, which she had almost missed, she went to her work. She didn’t *bend* to it: she *went* to it; ‘Just a teacher.’ Great heavens! the opportunity of the ages! A privilege: a chance for power that comes to few—God-

given: born as straight of Providence as a light from Heaven."—Edward W. Bok, in "Dollars Only."

My dear sisters, if you can go from this meeting with the feeling expressed in that article I think we shall have better teachers. Check on the key words that Miss Brown has given us here, and get a philosophy which may be your own. If you can build a relationship of harmony, confidence and love in your group; if you can have a purpose every time you appear, and make that

purpose known and felt and really acted upon by your group, then carefully survey your subject matter, supplemented from a broad reading, have an appealing method in presentation, and above all, if you can have that close harmony, and be clothed with the Spirit of our Heavenly Father, I know that you can improve teaching work in the Relief Society.

May the Lord help us to be humble, to be sincere, and to be *learning* individuals.

Theological Department

Kate M. Barker, Chairman

PROFESSOR ALICE L. REYNOLDS

B. Y. U.

THE THEOLOGICAL CLASS LEADER

IN the midst of the confusion of this age how can we fathom the justice, the mercy, the loving kindness of Our Heavenly Father who revealed Himself to the boy prophet that he might proclaim to the whole world that he had seen the Father and that truly we are made in His image? Then to the young enquirer He spoke only a few words, so few that they can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand: "This is My Beloved Son, Hear Him!" Few words indeed, but of all words the most significant, for in that instant the form of The Godhead was definitely established and the divinity of the Son declared by the Father.

In the midst of the denial of great fundamental truths in high places, sometimes in places that are called Churches, the Latter-day Saints have a knowledge of the Father's Being, an indisputable testimony of His divinity. How much more than in the day in which the glorious vision was given is this matter important, for then most Christians apparently

believed in the divinity of Christ.

The theology teacher of the present day has the opportunity to preach these precious truths. May I use a stronger word, aye, the responsibility. How splendidly is this knowledge builded in the Doctrine and Covenants, how many of the revelations employ language similar to this: "Harken, My Servant John, and listen to the words of Jesus Christ, your Lord and your Redeemer."

A theology teacher must permeate her teaching with her testimony. Never leave your listeners in doubt, concerning your convictions. Many persons would rather know your attitude towards the things you are teaching than anything else. Do you believe the things you are teaching, reading and saying? Has your life's experience given support to all these things? If it has, the members of your class who are every day facing the stern reality of life want to know it. Be sure that in some way that seems best to you you

let them know these things. The testimonies we hear from one another help to sustain us in our daily lives.

And now last of all I would point to the opportunity all teachers of theology have to bid people lift up their hearts and rejoice. True it is that many are suffering grave losses, others are in economic straits, and yet others are carrying heavy burdens of responsibility. Some are ill and others are grief stricken, yet the Lord has not withdrawn any of his promises and great and glorious are the promises made to those who diligently serve him.

In the early days of the Church the people sang, "Now Let Us Rejoice in the Day of Salvation," and

"Joy to the World the Lord will come," with full meaning. Can we not do so now?

Think of it, we are nearly one hundred years nearer the consummation of all our great hopes than they were, why should we not rejoice in added measure? And last of all I would remind you of the admonition of our Lord that "we search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life," and eternal life is the greatest gift of God. Yours is the task to make living and vital to others all the glories of the "Doctrine and Covenants." What a joyous calling. May Christ our Lord and our Redeemer add his blessings.

Teachers' Topic

HAZEL H. BOYACK

Pres. Big Horn Stake Relief Society

SUGGESTIVE METHODS FOR VISITING TEACHERS

Introduction

AS I look over this congregation I see behind this representative group a large concourse of women, some 24,144 of them, which makes up one of the largest teaching groups of any auxiliary in the Church. Right now thousands are making their first call of the year at the homes in our Church. The time spent in making these visits, including the time of the hostess and her two teacher guests, would be approximately 36,000 visiting hours per month, using 8 hours as a working day (and for women that is too short). It would mean three years' time. Put in the terms of study at college your son or daughter could be well on his or her way toward a Ph. D. degree if the time of the Visiting Teachers' group were given to him or her for one month.

I mention this because the Lord says where much is given much is required. Here lies our challenge, sisters, for our group. Individually, our time is very short, collectively it is a mountain of wealth. If we could arrive at our problems with a unity of purpose how much greater would be our power of solving our Visiting Teacher problems.

Surely our field is broad enough, the world is our school room. Our field is comprehensive enough. In it we gather into our ranks the cream of the womanhood of the earth, rich in the experience of life, of motherhood, and in the spirit of service in this great gospel of ours. Let us meet the challenge in giving more of ourselves, of our learning, and of our spirit of love and service.

How can we approach our teaching task so we might polish the tal-

ents we have and bring a more finished product to our sisters. To begin with we have a different class room than any other teacher. The other class leaders of our organization have an organized group for their work. The sisters have met for a specific purpose of being taught Theology, Literature or Social Service.

For you the home is the setting for your lesson. Your approach must be in tune with that setting. Again the problem asserts itself, how can we make a more effective, a more efficient appeal under these circumstances. Sisters, one thing is sure, to meet the exacting demands of the age in which we live, we must measure up professionally to other teachers in our organization.

Let us discuss for a few moments some suggestive methods.

I. *Know the Women of Your District.*

If you have been assigned to a new district, perhaps your first visit will be taken up in getting acquainted. After your visit, index the results of your call.

Family No. 1. This sister, a mother of three. Time well organized and home run well. Mentally very active. Does considerable Church work. College trained. Has a hobby of so and so. List your methods or philosophy for that sister. Suggestions for approach.

Family No. 2. Mother of two children. Likes club and social life. Well trained. Reads extensively. Is indifferent to your message. Notes for approach.

Family No. 3. Lives on a farm. Has large family. Works hard. Does not have enough time for study. Is eager for your message. Approach.

It seems to me, dear sisters, we have such a marvelous field for indi-

vidual work and our Visiting Teacher work is surely that.

II. *Make Careful and Thorough Preparation of the Topic.*

The Visiting Teacher topic is concise and beautifully written. Each paragraph is a sermon in itself. In making your careful preparation you may feel that a point or paragraph of the topic is the basis for appeal in your lesson to Family No. 1 or 2. Family No. 2 may not even want to hear the lesson. Indifference is a hard obstacle to overcome but our sisters have it to meet. There are many avenues to the human heart; if one does not work, try another.

Make a scrap book in the course of your preparation. A poem, a story, a chart you have worked up, may make an appeal where nothing else would. A trio or quartette of singing mothers may melt away the barrier of indifference and bring a gospel message where nothing else would. Go about your problem of teaching in a systematic and studious way and, sisters, I'll promise you that you will achieve results.

Use reference material. Study your lessons as if the growth of the Church depended on how you gave it. But in and through it all be tactful. An understanding heart is invaluable in any situation in life.

III. *List for Yourself a Few Helps or Rules of Pedagogy.* Sisters, talk on the magazine. Your Stake President and Teacher Trainer will be glad to include a fine course of instruction in Adult Pedagogy, or the Principles of Teaching. We have done that in our Stake and I feel our teachers have become teaching conscious.

This year we hope to paste a few rules or hints to help our sisters right in their Visiting Teacher books.

1. For the Visiting Teacher to say to her hostess, "You know more about this subject than I do," kills the basis for appeal. Every woman has a contribution to make to her topic. Yours is invaluable. Make that contribution in humility and confidence.

2. There is a tendency to skip over simple teaching aids when you suspect the hostess better trained. Don't forget the story, the apt example.

3. Don't rely too much on the lecture method. Draw your hostess and teaching partner into the conversation so all may contribute to the interest of the teaching period.

4. The first few minutes determines the success, the strength and appeal of your lesson.

5. It is not what you teach but what you motivate in the life of the sister that counts.

IV. *Prayerful Consideration of Your Subject.* Before attempting any task we should ask the Lord to help us. Prayer coupled with work and effort on our part will accomplish results where nothing else would. Remember the instructions of Brigham Young to Brother Maeser.

V. *Have a definite time for your Visit.*

VI. *The Mother in the Home Should be Prepared to do Her Part.* She should be acquainted with the lesson. Her contribution should be ready so her thoughts can be given to the lesson and assist in the success of the visit.

Survey.

1. In practically every case the sister being interviewed loved the cheery mood. The Teachers brought a feeling of peace and love to the home.

2. They did not extend their visit too long or make it too short.

3. They gave the feeling of confidence in knowing their subject.

4. They have a neat, trim appearance.

5. They come early in the month and are thoughtful enough to invite the husband to hear the lesson.

6. It is a mistake for a Teacher to say to the hostess, "You know more about the topic than I do."

7. Or to make the visit appear too hurried.

8. To give the feeling of not being in tune with her calling.

9. For one teacher to do all the talking.

10. Or to talk of things not in harmony with the work.

Banners of 3 points were given to the Wards making:

100% visits.

Delivering 100% topics in the home.

Having 100% teachers present at the Teachers' Topic meeting or one from each district.

Pins for making visits on time were also distributed.

The more you give of yourself the more you get in return, the more you give of happiness the more you get back. Let us then, dear sisters, know the women better with whom we work. Let us teach them with all the knowledge, learning and preparation we can put into our great calling. Life is love. Teach to teach the things of life and of God and not just to get 100%. Let us try to make our visits at a regular time and remember it is not what we teach so much as what we motivate in the lives of our sisters that count. Already our Visiting Teacher group has been called blessed because of the love and mercy they have given in their work. Our task will always be that, but with it we must couple better and more efficient teaching methods, and more understanding of our great task.

Literary Department

A PREVIEW OF THE YEAR'S WORK

MARY C. KIMBALL

Member of General Board

THIS season we will complete our three years' course in Literature. We have seen and will continue to see as we study it that great literature depicts life—its experiences and adventures. It shows the play of human emotions, the strivings and failures and successes of life, the forces that continually act and react on people making them what they are. We have learned that certain characteristics are ever present in man whether he be savage or highly civilized—love and hate, joy and sorrow, jealousy and altruism. We have seen how Ulysses-like man has ever reached up to the light and has striven, sought and found.

We hope you will ever bear in mind the purpose of the course which is to bring a fuller understanding of life. We hope that through the course our members will become greater readers, greater book lovers, greater students of life and that they will get the joy that comes from communing with great minds who have in books recorded the best of their thoughts. This year's Life and Literature lessons will be:

The Novel A Human Document (two lessons).

The Novel A Social Record.
Poetry—Wordsworth.
Poetry—New Themes and New Voices.
Modern Biography.
Today's Drama.
What Every Woman Knows—A Mother's Day Program.
The World of Books.

Remember that it is the teacher's duty to select the parts that fit her group, to outline, emphasize, hold together and to make a general assignment that will awaken the class's curiosity and lead the members to immediately begin to study the assigned lesson. She should see that choice bits are read, that some memory work is done and that the majority of the class take part in the discussion.

When Mrs. Jacob finished the last lesson she said, "The course 'Life and Literature' is ended. It has aimed to perform a single task, to look at life through literature, hoping that the vision of our own destiny may become clearer and that perchance some particular message of comfort may have been gleaned for each individual." May its aim be fully realized.

VALUE OF BOOKS—THE NOVEL

ROSANNAH C. IRVINE

Member of General Board

WITHIN easy reach of all is an enchanted garden. In it live the most delightful people — our book friends. When you have made their acquaintance they are always available. They will accompany

you in your work and in your leisure. You forget your troubles in the charm of their presence. They change your viewpoint on life. They carry you beyond your own narrow sphere.

It is an advantage to know worthwhile people. Our human companions are relatively few. But there is an unlimited number whom we can know intimately in books. The more you cultivate their acquaintance the more real they become.

John Macy says, "Not to read books is like being shut up in a dungeon while life rushes by outside."

Years ago novels were in disrepute. Today they are recognized as an indispensable part of education. The novel is the only absolute source from which we learn how our fellowmen spend their lives. It is a vital means of education as well as of pleasure. For example, it would take a long and arduous course in history to learn of the Norman conquest of England what we gain from a delightful reading of *Ivanhoe*. The novels of Sir Walter Scott have done more to enlighten people on the beauty and grandeur of Scotch scenery and medievalism than anything that has ever been written. The natural craving for an intimate knowledge of humanity is demonstrated in the popularity of the drama, the cinema, magazines, newspaper photogravures, and novels. Someone has called the novel the pocket theatre.

It is said that a thorough knowledge of the Bible and Shakespeare is an education. However, one could hardly be considered well read with-

out an acquaintance with the great characters of fiction.

The holy name of Deity when misused becomes the most sinful and vile profanity. In much of the modern fiction the sacred and intimate relations of life become sordid, vulgar and degrading. To deliberately sit down to enjoy an afternoon of filthy reading is to my mind incredible and foreign to high thinking. It is demoralizing, unwholesome, and entirely unnecessary. We cannot keep clean by digging in filth. We miss the stars if we spend our time raking in muck. A small boy crossing a stream on a narrow log was warned that he would be soiled if he fell in. He replied, "Sure. That's why I look up at the sky."

Don't read trash. Don't be afraid of great authors or the word "classic." Be friendly with your book friends. Don't be disheartened if the first reading of a masterpiece is disappointing. Read it until you discover its value. Do some worthwhile reading daily, learn to love reading. Learn to know the greatest characters in fiction. Treat yourself occasionally to a great novel, even if you miss a meal. A well filled mind can live above an empty stomach. Remember that reading masterpieces of fiction will bring you pleasure and culture. It will enhance your value as a personality.

Social Service Department

Emeline Y. Nebeker, Chairman

REPORT ON QUESTIONNAIRE

MRS. EMMA A. EMPEY

Member of General Board

IN answer to the request made of the stakes to give one or more specific instances of the benefit (a) to individuals, and (b) to communities, arising from the study of

the social service lessons based on the booklets of the Whitehouse Conference, 91 stakes reported. The committee has gone over the letters very carefully, and we wish it were

possible to tell you all of the benefits, individual and collective, that have resulted from the study.

One Relief Society president says, "I have been a student of child psychology for at least 10 years and have never received so much help from any other source as from those three little booklets."

To France went a L. D. S. missionary. He used the Whitehouse Conference booklet in his sermons and in relief society work at the suggestion of his mother.

One tells of a class leader, a college graduate, who has earned a scholarship in social work in the University of Southern California, who says the urge to follow this line of study came to her because of her study of the Relief Society class work.

Another reports that the Social Service lessons have done more than could be estimated in getting mothers to continue the follow-up work after their children have been given examinations at the free clinics that are held regularly through the year which examinations do not mean very much if not followed up.

Another cited an instance of a more understanding attitude toward children's play, both at home and in the community—also by cooperating with schools in adjusting school benches to fit the children.

As to the benefit to individuals, the day a lesson on defective speech was given a sister who had a young daughter was present. The daughter stuttered until it was almost impossible to make herself understood. As a result of this lesson the mother took her to the professor at the university who had this work, and through his efforts with the child she was completely cured in six months. An intelligence test shows that she had an "IQ" very much above average, and she is making remarkable

progress in school at the present time.

Another small child who stuttered has become the subject of special attention in one of our stakes. Satisfactory progress is being made toward a complete cure.

Other specific cases of stuttering are attracting attention of the social service workers.

One very intelligent little mother reported that her three small daughters under school age were becoming very nervous and irritable at play, also restless at night. Upon inquiring, the Relief Society discovered that their chief entertainment during the day was sewing small blocks of material together, threading tiny beads into rings and bracelets, etc., and cutting out little dolls and dresses from magazines; she was referred to the lesson on play activities. A few months later this same mother reported that her children were much improved and happier. She had supplied the larger toys and games more suitable, and also urged them out of doors in the sunshine for more hours each day as the lesson suggested.

Another instance was of a young mother with a six-year-old son and a daughter of four who had trouble getting her children to eat the right kinds of food and enough of any kind. She attended the lesson on "Eating Habits of Our Children" and was convinced that she, herself, fussed altogether too much about her children's eating. She changed her own attitude, she prepared the food as attractively as possible, placed it before the children and then talked about anything but the food. She absolutely quit coaxing them to eat and found it solved her problem.

"Mrs. B had a history of excessive mothering of her children. She was never satisfied unless her children were continuously advanced in

their school and church work even to a point much beyond their abilities. Although the children were above normal in intelligence, the conflicts which arose from the continuous proddings and constant pressure in the home, made serious inroads upon the health of the children. Symptoms of nervousness, lowered vitality, and irritability were very common reactions of the children. The mother could never understand the growing seriousness of her problem.

Upon becoming a Ward Social Service Teacher and participating in the Stake Social Service lessons, her attitude became completely changed. The result is a happier home life, contented and healthy children, and success in almost every childhood undertaking."

In two instances parents were encouraged and assisted in getting expert medical care in overcoming speech defects of their children. In another case a parent was converted to the desirability of placing a backward child in the State Training School to obtain the advantages of specialized care.

At the state training school in American Fork Dr. Ramsey holds a clinic every Saturday morning. By communication arrangements can be made for consultation.

One member of the Social Service class told of learning from our lessons the necessity of giving her children an allowance. She has developed the idea into a three-fold purpose. She has the children keep a written account of their spendings, heading the list with tithing. They are learning how to spend, how to pay tithing, and also a simple method of bookkeeping as well.

Another ward reports a family whose first child was very talented in music, which talent was encouraged. When the second child came

along an expensive instrument was bought, but since this child was not naturally inclined to music his life was made miserable for him by parents who wished him to become a musician. Through our lessons this mother was shown that children have individual differences. The child was allowed then to quit his music lessons and was changed at once from a problem child.

There are many specific instances where improvements have been made in the sleeping habits of children. One mother said, "I am glad that my mother-in-law heard your lesson on sleep. She has cooperated with me much better since then."

One ward says our class leaders say they have received the greatest individual benefit from the lesson on sleep.

Another ward says the lessons have educated many mothers regarding the need of sleep, proper diet, work and play for children.

Another says the school principal has noticed an increase in the visits of parents to schools. Also the office of the superintendent of schools reports a greater demand for speakers versed in Child Guidance since that subject became the theme of the Social Service lessons in the Relief Society, thus showing that this work is most helpful and far-reaching in scope.

In one stake as a result of the lessons on playground activities a skating rink and reading room were established which solved the problem of a crowd of rowdy youngsters who were a menace to the neighborhood before that time.

In one rural district the Relief Society put wash basins and towels in the school building for the use of the children. They also have the lavatories thoroughly cleaned and have instituted a method of keeping them clean.

Through the efforts of the Relief Society cooperating with the community and woman's clubs, a library has been established furnishing a librarian who entertains the pre-school children once a week in a story hour.

One ward took over the public swimming pool and kept it in good condition, having a life guard there all the time; sold family tickets for the season at a very nominal cost and individual tickets at the very small sum of 5c. They did this for the sake of the children, not expecting to make money, but at the close of the season's work they had a small sum to put in the treasury.

Another ward is happy to tell us that through these lessons they instigated a recreational and elementary educational work unit which has now become a part of the educational program of that community.

The Relief Society women of another ward in which was located a small park, also nearby a swimming pool, soon became conscious of the possibilities within their reach. They planned for the summer a pet show, a doll show and dancing, for which the Bishop permitted them to use the amusement hall. The Relief Society women have taken turns in going to the playground from ten A. M. to five P. M. daily during the summer vacation. Many children have attended and the shows, dancing and story hours were a great success. The Parent Teacher Association has cooperated with the Relief Society in this ward, and projects are now under way to place play equipment and

make a permanent playground at that locality.

In another ward this summer a project has been started and parts of it completed through the cooperation of the City School Board, the Chamber of Commerce and the City Commission whereby there is to be a recreation center for children supervised by proper leadership. The Relief Society women feel that the need for this center was aroused through the wonderful course of study in the Social Service department as the enthusiasm was begun through the class discussion.

In one ward the Relief Society women have placed in the community a medicine kit for the relief and better protection of the health of their children. This kit contains a bed pan, hot water bottle with syringe attachments, medical dropper, clinical thermometer, sheets, pillow cases, etc., and an excellent collection of drugs and medicine suitable for emergency cases.

Another ward says that the study of the booklets have awakened the civic consciousness in the matter of getting for every child the necessary medical attention, as well as proper training at home and in school.

These responsive letters teem with instances comparing favorably with those I have reported, and all, without exception, are most enthusiastic regarding the Social Service lessons based on the study of the booklets taken from the White House Conference.

OFFICERS' MEETING

THURSDAY MORNING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON, PRESIDING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

WE are happy to see so many of you here this morning, with so many stakes represented.

There is always a touch of sadness when we speak of the releases of our splendid women who have

given such excellent service for so many years. We could pay a tribute requiring many minutes to each one of these sisters for their loyal service and for the great contribution they have made, but we will have to

forego that and read the names. I am sure in our hearts will be a prayer of thanksgiving that we have known these sisters, and we shall realize that our lives have been enriched by our contact with them.

REORGANIZATIONS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Stake</i>	<i>Released</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>
May, 1934	Granite	Emmaretta G. Brown	Myrtle Latimer
May, 1934	Grant	Amy E. Neff	Anna S. Barlow
June, 1934	Oneida	Anna R. Hawkes	Ellen R. Larson
Sept., 1934	Raft River	Ella Beecher	Roxie F. Horne
	<i>Missions</i>	<i>Released</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>
	North Central States	Phoebe M. Welling	Elfie S. Richards
	Northwestern States	Pearl C. Sloan	Lucy A. Quinney
	Samoan	Jennie L. Smith	Agnes M. Sears
	Tongan	Floy B. Cutler	Maria E. Wolfgramm
	European:		
	Danish	Rachel S. Larsen	Mrs. Alma L. Peterson
	French	Beth C. Woolf	Ruth L. Lang
	German-Austrian	Margaret S. Budge	Mrs. Roy A. Welker
	Netherlands	Elizabeth J. Kooyman	Hermana F. Lyon
	Norwegian	Margaret A. Jensen	Vivian C. Knudsen
	Swedish	Zina W. Forsberg	Axeline Peterson

ORGANIZATION

July, 1934

South Summit Stake

Mary M. Pearson

We are happy to greet our new officers and it will help us to be reconciled to the loss of some of those whom we have learned, through long association, to love.

Many questions have been asked about the division of responsibility of the Relief Society Ward Officers, especially. The great obligation of a Ward President is welfare work, and the direction of the Visiting Teachers. In assigning work to the counselors it would be unwise to make a hard and fast rule saying the first counselor should have charge of the lesson work and the second counselor the work and business, because that might not be the field in which either was most capable, but we can suggest that one of the counselors have charge of the lesson work and the other direct the work and business. This does not mean that they are to act independently, they are to discuss all plans together, and when they are given a

definite responsibility the work is always carried on more successfully. We heard of a Ward President out in the country who opened the doors of the meeting house, made the fires and greeted the people as they came in. When it was time for refreshments she did the greater part of the serving. This is a mistake; no matter how fine the President is she cannot do her work well unless she shares the responsibility with others. Counselors are just as capable as Presidents, let them do something to develop themselves and the work will be much more rapidly advanced.

I am happy to say that the books recommended by the theology, literary and social service committees for reference reading, are to be placed in the general office of the Relief Society this fall. If it can possibly be arranged before another year, we shall have these books ready to send out upon application from the stakes. Details of the plan are not made, but

we hope by the end of the season, that is in June, 1935, to have books enough so that they can be sent into the stakes asking for this service. These books are very expensive, and it is quite a task for the stakes and wards to have them, but it does enrich the lesson work if the supervisors have access to them.

We want to congratulate the stakes on the Magazine drive and restate the fact that the committee on Church periodicals gave us the month from September 15 to October 15 for our official drive. We have heard from many quarters that one of the other Church periodicals is taking up a drive at the same time. This should not be done. I was told of a Ward where, in the last meeting in June, about ninety little sealed cartons were given out. The members were told not to open them until the Fall. Last Tuesday was the day. The sisters all came with their banks and when they were opened, it was found there were twenty-four women who had enough money for their Magazine subscription, and many of them enough for their annual dues. Some had some over, which they left for their milk contribution. One woman was not a Latter-day Saint, but she comes to meeting, and she was just as delighted as anyone else, she had enough to pay for her Magazine and for her annual dues. I know that this type of thing has been going on all over. I know each one of you, if we had time, could tell us some of the things which have contributed to the success of your Magazine subscriptions.

Referring to our visits to the stakes, I do want to thank you sisters in behalf of the General Board members for your kindness and consideration of their comfort when they are in your stakes. When we stay in your homes and talk half the

night over problems, and pray with you, it does bring us very close together.

Last Fall we have had three requests to change our time of Relief Society meeting from afternoon to evening. I think Monday evening was selected in each case instead of Tuesday afternoon. We do not want to be arbitrary in this, but we feel that Tuesday afternoon is a sacred afternoon, and when sixty-seven thousand women are praying for the success of the meetings at that time, and all singing the same songs of praise, we feel there is strength in this. Then too, it is rather a tradition. We do not want to hold to traditions unless they are helpful ones, which we think this is. Where the change to evening meeting has been tried, in some stakes it does bring out more of the young mothers who cannot leave their babies in the afternoon, but in many cases the older sisters cannot get out at night. Some of the older sisters feel, too, that Relief Society is rather walking away from them, which we regret, for we need them with their faith and testimony, and the advice that they can give us from their years of experience. Unless the Stake President, or Priesthood authorities insist upon a change we hope you will, as nearly as possibly, keep to Tuesday afternoon.

We still have the problem of so many inactive visiting teachers. Our advice is like Samantha Allen's "Never nag a husband, but just keep it before him." We are not nagging about the advisability of releasing our teachers when the president is released. The counselors are automatically released with the president of the ward, why would it not be just as well for all of the teachers to be released, and have a new start?

There has been a little misunderstanding about the day for our teachers' report. We think it is general that the teachers report on the second Tuesday, Work and Business day. We never have, to my knowledge, changed this.

Excellent work is being done in our social welfare departments. Sister Lyman and her aids are holding classes in the stakes just as fast as the requests can be met, and we have heard the most encouraging reports from these institutes already held. Last year the Brigham Young University asked Sister Lyman to give a course for credits in case work at the B. Y. U. in Provo. A number of our Relief Society officers availed themselves of the opportunity to take this course, in addition to the regular students of the university. We wondered just how the young people appreciated it. Less than a month ago, a letter came from Dr. Lowry Nelson, head of the educational department of the university, asking Sister Lyman to come again this Fall and give another course to the B. Y. U. students. We feel this is a very distinct honor, and I would like Relief Society women to know that when Sister Lyman holds an institute in a stake, it is not as a lay member but it is as a professor, who

is giving lessons for credit at the B. Y. U.

In addition to this we have another department, as our welfare work is divided since the Government help has become necessary. Sister Amy W. Evans of our board, also splendidly qualified, is in charge of the real case work. If you had time, and Sister Evans would let you go into her sanctuary, you might observe the greatest variety of problems presented from all stages and conditions. People bring troubles to Sister Evans and leave, feeling they have done a good piece of work, because they are sure some miracle will happen in Sister Evans' office.

I am so thankful for these splendid institutes, Sister Evans doing the work right here, and Sister Lyman travelling all over the Church carrying an educational program.

I hope that the blessings of the Lord will be with us. When we sang the first song this morning, "Did You Think to Pray?" I thought what a power and strength it would be if all of these hundreds of women have prayed this morning. I know you have, I feel the Spirit of the Lord here. May His Spirit be with you through all the meeting this morning and this afternoon, I ask in the name of Jesus, Amen.

FEDERAL AID

DR. LOWRY NELSON

Director, Division of Social Service, State of Utah

I APPRECIATE very much the opportunity of being with you today, getting something of the spirit of the conference, and of discussing with you the problem of relationships between private agencies and the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Before doing so, however, I want to bear my testimony,

in a sense, to the respect and the devotion that Relief Society workers have had to the general cause of social welfare. My own respect for this organization is a very wholesome one, as I think you will find any person's respect is who is working in the general field of social engineering, or sociology, trying to do

for the field of social relationships what the civil engineer, or mining engineer, or industrial engineer, the captain of industry, has done for the whole field of technological production.

I think it is quite universally agreed that our problem today is a problem not of more production, perhaps, but of more and better distribution of the commodities that are produced. I cannot refrain from giving you just a little point of view on that as I see it. When you go back over the history of the human race, you realize it has been lived in the presence of a great fear, the fear of security, the fear of famine, the fear of perishing from exposure. Beginning with the earliest period of human history that is true. Now for the first time it seems we have reached the point where we have no need to fear the security of food production, fabrics with which to make clothing, or the materials which go into the construction of homes, though it is true we have reached that point which I think is one of the most significant, if not the most significant achievement in human history. We are in great trouble because we have too much of these good things. The thing that we have been striving for throughout our whole history has finally happened, and yet we are in trouble. I think it is obvious that our difficulty is one of getting on together.

Civilization has been defined as the ability of human beings to get along in large numbers. This is probably true, it seems particularly true at this moment that we are not able to get along together, by that we mean in the large sense, of course, of being able to cooperate to the extent that every human being can have the opportunity of a chance to work for those things that sustain life and minister to our comfort in-

telligently, spiritually and physically.

From the beginning of human history we have had troubles. We have had to meet great crises in life, the crisis of birth, of death, of sickness, the crises that come about through the weather, and the fluctuations in the economic world, such as we are in now. These crises are very old in human experience, and we have always had to have help and assistance. One of the things that marks the human being off from the rest of the animal kingdom, is the fact that he can sympathize, the fact that he can come to the aid of his fellow human beings in trouble and give the aid that is needed. So that is not new at all. In this country, I suppose in all countries, we have developed a certain technique of helping people. As we have grown more numerous, the aid of a neighbor oftentimes is insufficient. If it is sickness we have to have the aid of a doctor, if it is some other trouble, perhaps legal, we would have to have a lawyer, and in the event of death we have to have the minister, the Church and the Priesthood.

We have become an organized function as we have moved along, but in the United States it has been a function of private individuals, just an organization of neighbors, if you will. That organization, of course, in the true sense, becomes very large, but at any rate it is such an organization of private individuals who voluntarily contribute to this ministry of social aid.

Now because of these things that I have mentioned with respect to our technological efficiency, we had in 1930 the accumulation of a bunch of troubles in such volume that these neighborly organizations could not carry the load. You will recall that our first response to the great overwhelming volume of unemployment was the organization of citizen com-

mittees in these communities, and we taxed our salaries voluntarily two or three per cent to contribute to a central community fund for the relief of unemployment. That lasted for about a year. County Commissioners exhausted and overdrew the tax funds raised for the purpose of relief. In many states special funds were created, but the cry went up from all parts of the country that because of the bankrupt condition of the local political units, because of the large drain on private incomes in so many of the communities like our own, just a small state here in Utah, and the surrounding states, the cry went up for Federal aid. Only the Federal government could muster the resources that were necessary to meet the tremendous demand, the demand that has never been equalled in our racial history. The Government was very reluctant to enter this field and assume responsibility for local unemployment. The first step in that direction was the institution of loans from the R.F.C. to the states for their use in the emergency. These loans, however, were loans, they were not grants to the state, they were to be repaid. Then with the change in the national administration the policy was adopted of making direct grants to the states for unemployment relief, and the F.E.R.A. was set up to administer this fund. Similar organizations were created in all of the states. States were asked to continue their contributions to the extent of their ability to meet the situation. Some states, including Utah and a number of other western states had set up funds to supplement federal funds. Other states, notably states throughout the south and some of the western states have made little or no contribution as yet. The significant thing is that for the first time in our history the federal government

has assumed responsibility for local relief.

Now that means a number of implications to us, as a Church. It means for one thing that part of the load is taken from our shoulders. Private agencies have been in the field of social service for a long time. We do not have a widespread complete organization of public welfare agencies throughout the counties of this country, because the responsibility for relief has been considered a local function, largely a function of private agencies. Private agencies, including the Relief Society, and comparable societies in other churches and their strictly secular agencies, which are private, have built up a trained personnel of trained social workers, and so in this state they were permitted under the R.F.C. to disburse this public money through their agencies and take cases with that understanding. With the set-up, however, of the F.E.R.A. it was decreed in Washington that the public moneys should be distributed only by public agencies. Now as citizens, of course, we all approved of that. I believe that you will approve generally of the policy of administering public funds under public agencies, because you are taxpayers at the same time that you are members of a Church and interested in a private agency. That does not mean, of course, that all social welfare work is to be carried on by a public agency. We do not know how long the public agencies are going to last. There is a widespread feeling through this country that some sort of permanent institution must be set up to provide for the welfare needs of the citizens of this country, such institutions as health insurance, unemployment insurance, old age pensions, mothers' aid pensions and other devices that will meet these various crises that come to us through

no fault of our own. We are the only civilized nation on the earth that does not have some form of health insurance on a widespread scale, and so it comes about that a person may in the advanced years of life, meet a health crisis that practically means the abolition of life's savings. It is a foolish situation to allow that sort of thing to come along and strike people with such force. Old age we cannot help, and very often we do not have the means of sustenance for that time. I have said repeatedly during this crisis that it is not as much of a disgrace to be hungry today as it is to have smallpox. You can prevent small pox and typhoid fever, but you cannot always prevent hunger. Sad as it is, but in this civilization of which we boast, men cannot prevent hunger. You know hundreds of them in your own communities who have made diligent efforts to secure positions. They have footed pavements until their feet are sore and their hearts more sore, looking for work by which they might gain the necessities of life. It is no particular disgrace for people to be hungry; it is a disgrace to us as a society, but it is not a disgrace to the individual, and I maintain that he should not be treated as a pauper, a criminal, or some potential robber of the public treasury because of that situation of which he is the victim.

We do not know how long the F.E.R.A. is going to continue, and we do not know how soon we may have to fall back upon the private agencies for the whole relief load. There are many professional social workers in this country who are battling to have the relief load turned back to the local communities, and have the federal government assume the responsibility for giving people work, i.e., assume responsibility for all employable persons, and see that they get jobs. That may be the pol-

icy in the future, in which event the unemployable people would be carried by local funds, either public or private, or both.

Social service is more than relief, which is a very meagre thing after all. It is necessary at a time of crisis for us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, provide shelter for the destitute, but there are other needs of human beings than the physical needs, and in a high civilization those other needs, too, are imperious and necessary to civilization, if the people are to be happy. Part of the greatest hunger in some people is the hunger for this non-material service. I was pleased to hear Sister Robison refer to your proposed circulating library service. I realize that this is for your official groups, but there are thousands of homes in this state where people are hungering and thirsting for intellectual food. Their physical needs are being satisfied from the F.E.R.A. but their higher ones are not satisfied. These are the ones that represent the service field, it seems to me, for the private agencies, bearing in mind all the time that a private agency must be prepared for any emergency that may arise with respect to the political fortunes of the public agency.

I want to say one more word; I want to get before you a picture of this public agency, as I see it, and here again I feel that we are not worthy of being called a highly civilized people unless we can remove from political domination these social service agencies that are supported by tax funds. Political considerations must not contaminate them. We have had all manner of misunderstanding on that score in this state, and I am sure in other states. People who are accustomed to the spoil system in politics do not understand that the F.E.R.A. is not operated by politicians. People come

into our offices with recommendations from local political bodies for positions, and they do not understand that social service work is a professional field, that it requires high professional training to be done right, and so they do not understand why there is no position for them, but it is simple, because this is a specialized field, and has nothing to do with a man's political affairs. He may be a good social case worker and be a democrat or republican, but not because of that affiliation, it is because he has gone through the preparation, academic and otherwise to make him or her a good case worker. People who come in and say that they have had experience in meeting the public, they have been salesmen, or had some other experience, feel that they are qualified for this work.

Now I am sure that you will agree because of the fine foundation that has been laid in your own attitude toward social work. You will appreciate the fact that every Tom, Dick and Harry, regardless of preparation, should not be allowed to go into a family, with its subtle relations for it may mean the total destruction of that unit in its final rehabilitation. When I speak of the Social Service as a profession I mean it, and I am ready to say this, that there is no profession in this world that I know of, that demands so fine a training and so wonderful a personality as does social service. A lawyer is a case worker who works upon a special phase of your social relationship in your community, but think of this social service worker dealing with all of these problems that concern a family. She does not have to deal with one little problem, but with the whole complex situation which confronts the family, and it is up to her to find a solution. It may involve bringing in all

manner of specialists to help out in the situation; it may mean a mobilization of all of the resources in the community that bear upon this family problem, and I maintain that there is no higher degree of skill needed than that needed by a social service worker, if the job is done right. We have done a lot of bad work, I think we all realize that, because we have not known how to do better. These techniques are rather new—social science generally is a new science. We have not come to the point yet in our civilization where we are willing to look to an expert in the field of social science for the solution of problems. We look to almost anybody else rather than to the expert in this field. Why should we not recognize a professional expert in the fields of economics and sociology as readily as we do in the field of physical engineering. I submit it to you as something to contemplate. We have come up in our social organization by guess, but we have reached the period now of social planning, when we are going to throw our organizations on the table and find what is going on, what should be done, and we will employ the best technique that we know. We will do it carefully, conscientiously, prayerfully, but we will do it with the greatest skill that we can muster, not merely resort to a majority vote, but make it a very important issue. Of course we have in our social set up to submit these programs to a majority vote, but at least we can get to the point of social intelligence when we will regard these problems as problems for expert aid, and then we shall commence to solve our difficulties.

I maintain that there is as much need for social invention in this world today, and social engineering, as there was forty or fifty years ago

for mechanical invention and mechanical engineering. Social inventions are not popular, and there is a reason for that which I am realistic enough to recognize, because we cannot talk dispassionately about these social problems. We get bothered about them because we do not understand terms. When we get to thinking about words with less passion, then I think we can get down to programs that will solve our difficulties.

All this is background for what I want to say, what I consider the future of these public agencies, if they are retained. The President of the United States has said we have fallen down in this relief problem, and it has been due to the interference of selfishly organized interests within the community. I would that we could maintain professional standards. We must keep on a plane that is above reproach, we must be able to approach these sacred problems of the family and the home with disinterested eyes and minds, and deal with these problems, not with respect to their bearing upon political fortunes, but only with respect to their bearing upon the rehabilitation of these families and their reconstruction in society. There is too much at stake to permit these agencies to become the football of politics. The Federal Government, in a desperate effort to provide social service agencies with people who have some training, has subsidized training programs in the states; Scholarships have been awarded, young people have received part of their expenses to go to school. Why did I say *young* people? Because looking ahead ten, fifteen years, these will be the very sinew of the agencies, and have charge of them. The professional schools of social science administration require every entry to have a college degree. Con-

sequently in most of the counties now they are giving a little preference to people who have college degrees.

Now as I say I do not have any illusions about college degrees. They may mean much or they may mean very little. There is a differential in human beings, as you know, and there are some people who have never been to college who can pick up some of the rudiments of case work and do a fairly good job. We often find them among our Relief Society workers who can do a better job than these young people right now, but I feel that we must look ahead to the future, at least that is the safe thing to do. If this whole thing goes out of the picture we cannot help it, but in the meantime we are building for that day when public social service work, at least, will be above the reach of the politician. I have faith that we are going to put over phases of public service on a new plain of efficiency and integrity, where merit will count.

I hope now you will understand if there has been misunderstanding in regard to what the F.E.R.A. is doing in your locality. In the first place, I am sure you will all agree, and will heartily support the policy of distributing public funds through public agencies. In the second place, I am sure that you are all agreed, because of your understanding of the needs of professional training in social service work, that we cannot afford to stint in the training of people for this field of service, and that we cannot afford to keep people in the government organization, or to take them in, if we are convinced in advance that we cannot build this high efficiency agency on them. On the other hand, and I neglected to say this, whenever I have any influence in this organization in Utah, I

want the person with or without college training as long as she can show efficiency in this work. I want you to feel a security, a tenure—not to feel you are going to be displaced by some young college graduate, if you are doing the job, and doing it well.

That is the feeling, possibly, throughout the state organization with respect to the F.E.R.A. Social Service Division. There is a desire

on the part of your organization to bring to that service efficiency and integrity. Mr. Harry Hopkins, speaking of these two words in Kansas City, said, "It has been said a public agency cannot do things with integrity and with efficiency." He said, "We want to publish the lie to that accusation." That is why I feel a certain faith and sense of security for the future of public service in this country.

Thursday Morning Session

IMPORTANCE OF REPORTING GENERAL CONFERENCE TO LOCAL WORKERS

MRS. MARCIA K. HOWELLS

Member of General Board

IT is suggested that a report of the Conference be given at the first possible opportunity as the sisters are eagerly awaiting the message, spirit and information that you have been able to get. That will, in a measure, recompense those who have not had the privilege of coming here to this conference.

Perhaps the reason that many of the reports have not been given in the past, is that you have not known just when and where to give them,

so we suggest this be done in your October Union Meeting, when all these messages are fresh in your minds. Make it a small conference and use the time for the benefit and upbuilding of the sisters. We hope that the spirit that has been with you may be carried into your stakes. I sometimes think that the stake workers are to their ward people as a beacon light is to an aviator, helping to chart the course and show the way.

COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

THE life of the Relief Society has covered one of the most interesting, important and eventful periods of all time—a period known as the wonderful century; the century of scientific discovery and invention; the century of progress and changes; the century of epoch making events and of numerous social problems.

During the last half of the century, particularly, the changes have been startling and have greatly affected all of our social institutions; the family, the Church, the school,

the State and the Industrial Order. As a result our humanitarian agencies as well as society as a whole have been challenged as never before to meet the new needs and to help people adjust to them.

The effect of inventions upon society is readily apparent. Every single major invention is followed by social problems. The invention of the automobile, for example, affected the family both directly and indirectly and society in general. It affected morals; manners, habits and customs. It brought about new

types of behavior and crime. It affected railroads and other means of transportation. It affected every city and town in the world.

Evolution in transportation has been most marked. Slightly over 100 years ago no man could travel faster and no goods could be shipped faster than a horse could run or a ship be blown by wind.

With the invention of great and powerful machines revolutionary changes in industry and labor took place. Hand work was thrown in the discard and the factory took occupations away from the home faster than the home had time to adjust.

Other economic changes and transfers are taking place constantly in connection with the home and one wonders about the future. Two years ago when the Red Cross was supplementing the regular relief agencies and was furnishing flour for the needy, after a few weeks, the question arose among agencies as to whether it were better and more economical to give flour directly to the families or to give it through the baker in the form of bread; for it was found that many women either could not make, or were not equipped to make bread.

In a study of over 1000 homes made in 1930 it was revealed that at that time baker's bread was used entirely in three-fourths of the village homes and in nine-tenths of the city homes. Even in the farm homes only one-fifth used home-made bread entirely. The same survey showed that sewing and canning were leaving the home, and that one-third of the babies born today are born outside the home.

Another recent study shows that many more women are gainfully employed today than ever before, and that the number is increasing. In 1870, the first year a census was taken, there were 1,701,000 women

16 years and over gainfully employed, and in 1930 the number had grown to 10,546,000, over six times as many in sixty years—one lifetime. In Italy and Germany today, however, there is a reaction against women in industry.

A picture of present-day social and economic conditions, tendencies and needs may be had by reviewing the report of President Hoover's Research Committee on Recent Social Trends. This committee was appointed in 1929 and in 1933 its report appeared covering 1550 pages. It is most enlightening. It points out our strengths and our weaknesses. It shows which way we are going, and as President Hoover designed, it is a basis and guide for the future action of the people of this nation.

It cites events and developments which have complicated modern life and increased our problems such as:

Inventions; World War; Growth of Governmental Functions; Unbalanced Production and Consumption; Unemployment; Labor Troubles; Growth of Spectacular Fortunes; Corruption; etc.

When Utah in its isolation feared food shortage the women stored grain. When the women of the nation were struggling for suffrage Relief Society women joined them heartily in their efforts. When the World War came the local branches formed themselves into Red Cross auxiliaries for sewing and preparing surgical dressings. The organization also assisted in Red Cross home service or family work. It has thus been equally effective throughout its existence and while probably not 100% efficient it has been found on the march rather than marking time.

The organization has been able to be what it has been and is because of its broad and sound foundation;

because of its comprehensive platform and principles; because of its flexibility; because of its progressive spirit; and most important of all because it has been guided by the light of the gospel which has helped it to interpret life, humanity and human needs.

And now what about the future? The program of Relief Society today is comprehensive and well rounded. It includes culture for culture's sake, the study of social problems and practical welfare work, the study of religion and practical religion or religious activity. (In our cultural program we can go as far as our desires indicate and our capacity permits. In social welfare with its interrelated subjects and complex problems, we are challenged. Here there is much to be done, as we have already indicated. In the field of religion we feel more secure. Here we have definite guidance. We have religious freedom and religious opportunity which we have inherited. Our chief duty is to conform to the teachings of the Gospel, live up to the standards already set for us, and help others to do the same.

Our experience during the depression has convinced us that in our welfare work greater emphasis should be placed on constructive prevention; that it is more effective to prevent evils than to try to cure them once they are with us. Today with the Government assuming the great burden of unemployment relief we, with other private agencies, have lightened loads and can therefore devote more time to preventive work.

Many propositions are before the country today regarding welfare work and social legislation. There seems to be a transition from mere charity to social justice. Social Insurance is being advocated.

Industrial Accident Insurance, or Workmen's Compensation has been generally adopted in all the States of the Union and throughout Europe, and has been most beneficial to workers. With this we are familiar.

Old Age Pensions have been adopted in one-third of the states including six of the western states where we are principally located, and also throughout Europe. These have not been found adequate and new propositions are before us regarding changes. Mothers' Pensions are more general but also inadequate.

There will no doubt be bills introduced in our state legislatures this year providing for Unemployment Insurance and Health Insurance. In 1933 bills for compulsory Unemployment Insurance were introduced in 25 states and they failed in all but one, namely Wisconsin, due it was said to lack of understanding. Most of the European Countries have Unemployment Insurance and Health Insurance in some form or other. The continued depression here has no doubt convinced us by this time of the need of unemployment reserves or protection for workers in slack periods.

Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins declares that if Unemployment Insurance had been inaugurated before 1929 it would have "put a bottom to the fall of depression and unemployment."

The six hour day and 30 hour week are being agitated. Child Labor will come up again and again until it is finally settled. With all these propositions Relief Society women should be familiar.

Thinking of these things in the large it makes us wonder what a little organization like our own can do with approximately only 70,000 women. The answer is that we can accomplish a great deal for good in all of our communities and make our

strength felt in all righteous causes throughout the country. We can study and inform ourselves; we can act as well as talk; we can vote. It is easy to pass resolutions but hard to act. Until we support our words by action we won't be able to help much. We can work to get qualified women as well as men to run for political office and see that those who are in office do their duty, or force them out.

As a General Board we feel that our women should be actively interested in all public questions. The women of the United States worked 70 years for suffrage and today in our country we have many women who not only do not interest themselves in the Political Primaries and Conventions, but who do not even vote. Let us be more active.

More women should be placed on our tickets and on our Boards of Institutions. We need a woman's point of view in everything where human beings are involved. In many of our State Institutions there is much housekeeping to be done and there should be women on the Boards to help advise and direct the housekeeping activities and the purchasing of household supplies. We need more women in the legislature. We do not advocate a woman's party, but we do advocate loyalty among women and where a capable woman is involved we might even rise above party politics to help elect her.

Some of our wise men say that unless the people of the world unite to restore prosperity, to do away with unemployment, to solve social problems and to preserve the peace of the world, civilization will be threatened. Let us be prepared to work for security of work, income, health, security against war, disease, poverty, crime and for opportunity for all.

As has been indicated in the field

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of religion we are most fortunate, as is the Church as a whole. According to the President's survey, the L.D.S. Church and one other Church of about the same size are the most swiftly growing religious groups since 1906. Utah has the highest percentage of people on Church rolls of any other state in the Union and since four-fifths of the inhabitants are L.D.S. this speaks volumes for us.

We as women and as Relief Society women, however, must not lie down and expect the Relief Society or the Church to carry us and save us. We must live what we believe—help others to do the same, and be obedient to whatever calls the Gospel requires.

There is still much for us to do while: there is as much religious indifference among old as among young; while we have as much delinquency as we have; while there is laxity among our youth regarding the Word of Wisdom; while our attendance at Sacrament Meetings is no better than it is (In the month of August, 1934, for example, only 17% of our membership was at Fast Meeting); while there is as much indifference as there is regarding Temple Marriage, in 1933 only 40% of the marriages in our stakes and wards were Temple marriages, while 60% were performed by stake, ward, and civil authorities. Certainly the importance and sacredness of Temple marriage is not appreciated.

Probably the best single thing we can do to help is to live righteous lives ourselves. Jesus was a great moral teacher, the best we have ever had, but which has influenced us most, His Teachings or His Life?

If we had to choose between the two, I believe we would say that it is His Life which has inspired the greatest faith in Him and His Mission.

GENERAL SESSION

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON, PRESIDING

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

I HAVE been asked this afternoon to talk of my trip to Europe. I ask your indulgence and shall begin with the Passion Play. I never fully realized its significance, nor the spiritual message it carries until I had the privilege of witnessing it.

Ober-Ammergau is in the tops of the beautiful Bavarian mountains, which are deeply wooded and carefully cultivated. It is all beauty and peace; green grass, wild flowers and mountain streams so clear that they look like mirrors.

When we reached Ober-Ammergau in the very late afternoon it was raining, but not even the pouring rain could detract from the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene.

For three hundred years the Passion Play was held in the same building, but in 1930 this was very much enlarged so that it could comfortably seat six thousand people. The building has only three walls, and at the open end is the stage where the performers come, the chorus sings and the tableaux are performed.

In the morning the performance begins at eight o'clock and lasts until noon, when there is a recess until two o'clock. The afternoon session begins at two and continues until six in the evening. The morning was quite cold and damp, my feet were just like pieces of ice, but when the person representing the Savior came on to the stage, time and all discomforts were forgotten in witnessing the portrayal of the life He lived on earth. To see Him abused, mistreated and still conscious of the power to rebuke the multitude clamoring for His death! The deep sor-

row that His mother displayed; that last parting as He was taken from the Garden of Gethsemane, would wring anyone's heart. It was so impressive that I did not notice the passing of time, and when I looked at my watch it was ten minutes to twelve. I had sat for four hours in discomfort and did not know it. I was entranced by this marvelous reproduction.

Three hundred years ago, after the Thirty Years War in Europe, a great plague broke out. The officials of Ober-Ammergau placed guards at every entrance to the village to keep people from leaving or entering and so prevent any chance of bringing the terrible plague into their village. One man, a native of the town, who had been where the plague was, knowing he was stricken, felt that he must see his wife and children before he died. He was familiar with a passage in the steep mountains, and got into his home without the guards discovering it. He died, and before the next week, half the population had died. I would like to read a little extract from the story of the event: "The village elders, or what was left of them, met in consternation to seek ways and means of successfully combating the redoubtable foe. But anxious as they were, they nevertheless did not despair, for they put their trust in God, who alone could help in this hour of dire affliction. Thus it came about that the elders—the 'Council of Six' and the 'Council of Twelve' — went straight from their sitting to the village church. Here, before the altar, they grasped each other's hands and

swore a solemn oath 'hence-forth to keep the Tragedy of the Passion every ten years.' And the records bear witness that from that hour on 'no one died of the plague in Ober-Ammergau'."

It is the custom to present the Passion Play every ten years, and this year is the only exception. It was given in 1930, but 1934 is the three hundredth anniversary of the oath or covenant that was made with the people, hence the departure from the custom as a special celebration.

I have heard of England since my babyhood, and the beauty of it cannot be told. When we reached London, President and Sister Merrill came to the hotel to meet me. A meeting was called for the next day. Sister Merrill and Sister Douglass, the British Mission President of Relief Society, were in attendance and urged me to meet just as many Relief Societies as possible. I was most happy to do this and was agreeably surprised in the conduct of the meetings. I had thought that some of these women who were far away from the center stakes of Zion, might not feel quite at home in presiding, but they did it just as beautifully as it is done in our wards here.

In London, where I spent the greater part of my time before going on the Continent, the meeting places of the Latter-day Saints are far from desirable, but these were only an incident, because the spirit of the work is most beautiful. The women are just as full of faith and testimony, and are studying the same lessons as we. Sister Douglas arranged that three of the branches in London hold their meetings at different times, instead of holding them on one evening, so that I could visit the meetings while they were in session. I had the privilege of hearing them give our literary lesson in three dif-

ferent meetings, and I wish again some of our sisters at home who say the literary lessons are very difficult, could have heard these sisters over in London give the lessons. It would have cheered you, I am sure.

I met so much courtesy and kindness in traveling. I did appreciate this, especially when I was alone. I remember one Sunday we were going out to St. Albans, a beautiful suburb of London. We were rather late getting to the train, and it was pretty well filled. I had a poor seat, so I could not see out very well, when a woman across the compartment, right next to the window, said to me: "Are you going to St. Albans, would you take my seat, you seem to be a stranger?" She insisted upon giving me her excellent seat and she took my poor one, and during all the ride she pointed out to me the places of interest, among these the Cathedral at St. Albans. The town is named after a Roman soldier named Alban who offered his services to the Christians and was executed for this. The big Cathedral was built on the spot of his execution in memory of his kindness to the Christians. I am wondering now if we take enough trouble to be kind to strangers within our gates, so that they can carry away memories of our city and homes that will be lasting and always pleasurable?

I went to Bristol and held evening meetings with the Relief Society. Most of the branch people came out; there were as many men as women. In Bristol there was a clean, beautiful hall furnished with a piano, flowers, etc. It was a lovely place.

I visited Bath, which has been a watering place recognized for its beneficial qualities for many centuries. My people came from Bath, so it was all very interesting to me.

It has been discovered that fourteen feet under the sidewalk and shops, were the marvelous Roman Baths, with a system of heating used before the time of Christ. Many engineers feel it is a most desirable way of heating. In these old Baths also is found the tile brick that was used at that period, and they are cemented together with a cement that is indestructible. Scientists have not been able to find out how this cement was made.

After my visit to Stratford-on-Avon it seemed to me that the Garden of Eden must have been in England near there.

Then we went to lovely Belgium, where the wheat fields were ripening, and poppies were growing all along the roadside. It is beautiful country. President Lang invited me to visit the Relief Societies in the French Mission, which I did. We spent a day in Liege and in several other parts of his mission.

In Geneva, Switzerland, we saw that magnificent building of the League of Nations and the International Council of Labor.

I went to Europe primarily as a delegate to the International Council of Women held in Paris, France. Sister Merrill was with me in Paris. All the delegates were assigned to different committees. I was assigned to the Equal Moral Standards Committee, and I do not know of anything that could have been kinder of the President, Miss Phillips, who made the assignment, than to give it to me, a Latter-day Saint. Since its organization our Church has taught the single standard. We met for a whole day in this committee meeting. We heard from people from all over the world, and what they were doing for women, especially women who have not had equal opportunities, e. g., prisoners and unmarried mothers, and those in dis-

ress. It is very heartening to know that these women who met in the International Council, many of them titled women, many of them immensely wealthy, are all interested in womankind all over the world.

Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council, presided. She is a very dignified, sweet, lovely woman, a combination of gentleness and courtesy, coupled with the firmness of a presiding officer. She is over eighty years of age, and has just recently buried her husband, but there was not a moment when she was not interested, from 9 o'clock in the morning until eleven at night.

In a great hall in the Salon, where we met in an evening session, there were flags of the different nations massed. The United States flag was in the center, on a standard, with the flags of other nations arranged on either side. Sitting upon the platform were women from every one of the nations represented by these flags, many of them in native costume. It was a magnificent sight. Each one of the presidents from the different countries brought greetings from their country to the International Council.

The National Council of France provided entertainment for all of the delegates, who were free to visit different places of interest. Among these was Madam Curie's, and it happened to be the day before her death. We were taken through the laboratories there, and an explanation was made of what she had done for the good of humanity. When news came of her passing, one of the ladies paid a beautiful tribute to this woman of Polish birth, who had married a Frenchman, and lived in France and worked with her husband to give the world means of relieving sickness and suffering.

We saw the marvelous schools for

little children from two to six years of age.

A wealthy Jewess in Paris opened her magnificent castle, where articles that were made by the different nations were on display, and many of the things for sale to help pay the expenses of the International Council. Some beautiful handwork from all of the nations was there.

The outstanding thing was the second evening in the Sorbonne, when five women, representing five different nations, spoke on "Woman's Right to Work." Miss Phillips, of the United States, was the only member whose speech was broadcast.

There was a great deal of talk of the moving picture, and women all over the world were asked to help to make this wonderful entertainment, that could be used for education, and especially for peace between nations, function as it should, instead of being used to demoralize the people of all nations. Madame Drefus-Barney, who has spent many years, and who has done a very great thing in establishing and conducting a convention in Rome, on this same subject, made an appeal to the women of the world to stand for better moving pictures.

One of the most glorious experiences of my entire trip was in lovely Switzerland, where, through the

generous hospitality and splendid cooperation of President and Sister Salzner, I was enabled to visit the mission Relief Societies. I shall always be grateful for this rare opportunity, and remember the kindness of the President and his wife, who is a veteran in Relief Society work. In this connection I must mention the missionaries who did so much to make my visit purposeful and enjoyable.

I do thank my Heavenly Father, President Grant and the Relief Society sisters who made it possible for me to take this trip. It was my continued prayer that I would rise to the responsibility entrusted to me of representing not only the women of my own Church, but also of the United States at this International gathering of women.

One of the great objectives of my trip to Europe was to visit the Relief Society organizations, and I really feel that we here shall be able to be of much greater service to the sisters in Europe through the knowledge I gained from personal contact.

Many of you have told me you prayed for me, and I am sure I was benefitted by it. It is an experience that has benefitted my life, and I hope it may extend further than my life, and that it may enrich yours. This is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

LUACINE S. CLARK

I WAS very much interested in hearing of the travels of Sister Robison, as I took a somewhat similar trip myself, but not in Europe. When she was speaking to you about the cement in the Roman Baths, it reminded me of a home they showed me in Mexico, where they said the plaster was mixed with the white of eggs, and that you never could break it. I do not know whether this was the same kind of cement or not.

I am always happy to be able to mingle with the Relief Society sisters, as it seems to me that it is more a part of my life than anything else. When we were sent to Mexico, President Grant asked us to let him give us a blessing, and like Sister Robison's blessing it gave us strength and courage. Brother Nibley placed his hands on my head and said that I should have health all the time we were away. Anybody who goes

to Mexico realizes how hard it is for one to go there without getting indigestion. Usually the first thing a doctor tells one is not to eat late supper, but the dinners to which we were invited never started until about nine o'clock, and our stomachs had a pretty good test. I want to bear witness now that the promise of good health was fulfilled, and we were blessed in many ways.

I have seen the lessons for this

winter and I am sure a great treat is promised to us all if we will study and concentrate on the work.

The greatest thing for Relief Society teachers to remember is obedience, and I ask that the Lord will give us the spirit of obedience, that we may do what we are called upon to do, and use our talents to the best advantage. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

WE are reminded that just six months ago our beloved President Ivins was with us and bore a beautiful testimony. We are going to ask this large audience, who all love President Anthony W. Ivins'

memory, to stand for just one minute in tribute to his memory.

The addresses of President David O. McKay, Dr. J. T. Wahlquist and Dr. Frederick J. Pack; also the playlet "Unto the Least of These" will appear in a later issue of the Magazine.



OGDEN CANYON

Glen Perrins

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

CHAPTER III

THE news of the impending marriage of Richard Haven to the will-o'-the-wisp was a nine day wonder in the village. Staid old grandmothers shook their heads prophetically. Mothers grudgingly commented that he could have chosen wiser.

"If you and Kareen could be satisfied with us for the first year," Father Haven was almost wistful as he made the offer, "mother and I would be glad to have you stay with us, 'till you get your house built, leastways. It's lonely without Oliver, and Esther could teach Kareen some of the things wives need to know."

In the early morning of a beautiful day in September the little bridal party left for the Temple in Salt Lake City. It was a long day's drive, even with the fast "trotters" and the surrey. *Duenna* had a new black dress; Kareen's wild curls had been brought into restraint and a dress of blue worsted with leg-o'-mutton sleeves made her look suddenly older and mature. Before leaving, Richard drove down to the now deserted house at the end of the lane and carried the portentous trunk over to old lawyer Slead's office.

"I want you should keep this trunk here in your office 'till I tell you what else to do with it, lawyer," admonished Richard Haven. "Some-day soon I'll be having you make me a will to put with it."

Duenna waited for Richard and Kareen on a bench in the Temple grounds. When they returned to her, hand in hand as man and wife,

a wave of responsibility seemed to slip from her, as a weary traveler might discard a heavy mantle.

"I have discharged my trust; I have fulfilled my promise; may the blessings of God follow you both," she muttered. "I am no longer needed. I return to my people."

"No," cried Kareen in genuine distress and sudden panic. "No, *Duenna*, I cannot spare you. Who will comb my hair at night? Who will bring my breakfast to bed? Who will polish my shoes? *Duenna*, I cannot live without you. You cannot go!" she commanded, stamping a little foot imperatively. "I command that you stay!"

But *Duenna*, strangely independent, smiled sadly and answered, "for seventeen years I have cared for you, Miss Kareen. I have never left you. Even when my own mother died, in the far away land, I did not go. I have been faithful to my trust; but now I am weary. I give you into the keeping of your husband." She took Kareen into her arms, kissed her reverently on both cheeks and turning, hurried from the Temple grounds. She gave them no address; said nothing of where she was going. Almost by sheer strength, Richard held the weeping girl in his arms, to keep her from running wildly after the retreating form of the only guardian she had ever known.

"Darling," whispered Richard Haven, "I will care for you now. I love you. *Duenna* did right. Perhaps she has loved ones whom she wishes to join."

"Who will care for me?" wailed

Kareen, more beautiful for the tears that welled into her eyes.

"I will take you to the opera tonight; I have tickets. Come, your husband will take you to the first real music you have ever heard; there will be none to try to stop you. Perhaps I can buy you some copies of the songs."

TWO days later Richard and his bride returned to the Haven Farms from their little honeymoon. Esther had cooked a wonderful meal for their reception; even the parlor was opened and the hanging lamp lighted for this august occasion. Esther took Kareen up to one of the large, square white plastered bedrooms which had been prepared for the new daughter. Upon the bed Esther had spread her choicest possession—a white padded quilt. She had spent months of eye straining labor to produce the embossed effect in the rose petals. Small whiffs of cotton had been laboriously stuffed in with a darning needle, until the padded rose petals had stood out in full beauty. To Kareen, however, this gracious gesture was of no importance. "Look, Esther," she cried in exultation, "I must show you what I bought! Richard gave me twenty-five dollars," she spoke of that sum of money as negligently as though it were a common occurrence. "He told me to buy some plain clothes, such as I could use when I helped you wash and brought the cows in from the pasture. I got these instead." With childish pride she set the dusty telescope upon the bed and spread out ten large books, bound in calfskin. 'Breed's Complete Musical Encyclopædia,' was printed in bright gold letters on each volume. Kareen opened each volume reverently. "See," she cried excitedly, "here is the history of the

life of all great composers. Here it tells you about Beethoven's compositions after he turned deaf; it tells you all about the struggle Schubert had to make a living; it tells about Jenny Lind; it tells how 'The Marseilles' was written in an attic. It's full of good music. It's got Handel's Largo and the 'Sextette from Lucia' and Humoresque and Home Sweet Home! Oh Esther," she finished breathlessly, "how I love them! How I shall study them! Perhaps I shall waken you of mornings, practising on the piano. I shall keep you awake at night, I—I—I—"

"I guess," responded the quiet demure Esther, "you won't have much need for plain clothes." She saw the dark, soiled stain which the valise had made upon her beautiful counterpane, and her thoughts traveled to a far away hospital. Perhaps Oliver was lying there, with only the regulation hospital blankets for his coverlets. Then she thought again of the twelve lovely quilts in moth balls in the attic. "God's will be done," she muttered piously, but her voice was faint.

KAREEN," admonished Richard two weeks later, "I've sort of let you play around for a while, getting used to the new life. But the threshers are coming soon, and they must be fed. You must help Esther with the meals. They will be here four days, at least. If they have machine trouble, it will be even longer."

"O bother," pouted Kareen. "Men are always hungry. Duenna and I ate when we pleased and what we pleased. But the meals in this house are so regular. Ever since I've been here it's been breakfast at seven; dinner at twelve and supper at six. I don't like system. I like music."

"O beloved child," replied Rich-

ard, "men must eat. Men must work. You must help Esther, or," here his voice became severe, as a parent might chasten a naughty child, "or I will lock up the piano."

"Oh, oh, oh," cried Kareen in terrified alarm. "O Richard, I will help. I will peel potatoes, I will wash dishes, I will do anything! Better that you kill me, than to close the piano!"

So Kareen hastened to the kitchen eager to serve to accomplish her one objective. "Esther," she cried zealously, "I want to help cook for the threshers. I must do my part." She seemed so eagerly anxious to serve that Esther was touched. She raised her shoulders, bent over a large mixing bowl.

"Well," she answered, "I shall welcome some help. You may put the beets on to boil for dinner. They are in a pan on the back porch."

Esther bent again to her task of mixing the heavy, stiff batter of the cake which was to slake the hunger of tired, weary men. She heard Kareen pattering about on the porch; saw her take a kettle and knife out to the pump as was their custom to wash vegetables. But Esther looked in dismay when a half hour later Kareen came in with a kettleful of peeled beets, from which the red juice was already oozing.

"O Kareen," she cried in dismay, "you have peeled the beets before they were cooked! And it's too late now to dig others before dinner!"

"Well," parried Kareen, glancing ruefully from her stained hands and a bleeding finger to Esther's reproving face, "you peel potatoes, and you scrape carrots and you peel turnips. Why don't you peel beets?"

"Don't be too severe Esther," cautioned Mother Haven from the bench where she had been stripping corn. "Remember she never did a

bit of work in her life. Suppose you go for the mail Kareen; maybe there will be a letter from Oliver."

Kareen departed joyously. It was more fun to run along the land to the store-post office than to work in a kitchen. Perhaps she could catch a butterfly; perhaps a fruit peddler would give her "a lift." The sky was blue and the sun was bright. Life was sweet, indeed!

Esther worked rapidly during her absence, planning many tempting dishes for the threshers, who always stayed as long as possible at the Haven home, because their "board was so good." Pies and puddings, cookies and roasts piled up before her; and occasionally she stopped to stir the heavy cake which would represent a goodly portion of the dessert.

WHEN Kareen returned she waved a letter with a New York postmark. "One for Esther and one for Mother and Father," she cried gaily, and Esther dropped her spoon with the hasty admonition "stir those spices into the cake, Kareen," and sought seclusion to read her letter.

"I want you should not wait for me,"—Esther paled as she read those terrible words—"I ain't worth waiting for any more. I don't know how soon I'll be cured—maybe never. It takes an awful long time. There are doctors here who would like to experiment on me to see what they can learn, but I won't let them. I don't want to go from bad to worse. I'm coming home as soon as my wound is healed and then some day, when the doctors know more about it, I'll have an operation to make me a new nose. It's called '*plastic surgery*,' and they would take a piece of my tibia, cut it the shape of the nose bone and start it to growing. But I want you should marry someone else, for I won't marry any girl with a face like this.

"Love, Oliver."

Esther walked out to the chicken run to regain her composure. Oliver,

to tell her to marry *another!* Why she loved him! Suppose he was disfigured, he would need her more now than ever. She would wait *forever!*

When Esther returned to the house, strains of music were coming from the parlor. Mother Haven was bending over the huge cake bowl, a worried expression on her placid face. She was trying to pick something out of the cake mixture.

"I sent Kareen in to play," she explained. "She took the spices from the pantry shelf instead of those you had measured out on the table. And, well, I guess there's a bit too much red pepper in this dough to be real flavoring. I wonder if it would hurt the pigs? I guess we shouldn't worry over little things too much, Esther, so long as there's the sorrow of Oliver's face."

The night before the threshers were to arrive for breakfast, Kareen insisted upon washing the dishes alone. I'll clean everything up so

good," she promised. "I'll empty out every little "saving" that might be on a dish, so you can have clean dishes for morning."

At ten o'clock Esther went out to mix the bread. Hot biscuits for breakfast would start the men off in good humor. *The yeast crock was empty!* True to her word, Kareen had cleaned out every dish! The start of yeast which Mother Haven had had ever since her own marriage was gone! It meant soda biscuits for breakfast; it meant the disgrace of borrowing "a fresh start." But somehow she didn't care. She picked up the kerosene lamp and went to the parlor. There she opened the creaky, leather bound dictionary.

"Tibia," she read laboriously with moving lips, "tibia, the large bone leading from knee to ankle, sometimes called 'shin bone'." How could a doctor make a new nose from the leg?

(*To be continued*)

Our Project

In November and December feature Books of the Old Testament.

In January Books of the New Testament.

In February Books of the Book of Mormon.

In March Pearl of Great Price.

In April Doctrine and Covenants.

In May Articles of Faith.

South Davis Stake has printed 1500 Leaflets on the Scriptural Project. They are planning to put one into every home. They are taking the matter up with the Priesthood in their Priesthood meeting and asking for their cooperation, as well as in the Stake Mutual.



Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

NOVEMBER—with praise and thanksgiving the fallow earth in sweet repose awaits the spring's awakening.

MISS GRACE ABBOTT was given a farewell party by her co-workers in the Children's Bureau, at which time she was presented with an antique chest of rare design as a "bureau from which she could never resign."

POLAND'S emergency decree ordering all women between the ages of 19 and 45 into auxiliary military service somewhat offsets the distressing element to the feminists caused by the suspension of suffrage in the Philippines and Mussolini's and Hitler's taking all women out of the industries.

ELIZABETH ACHELIS, inventor of the reformed calendar, sees signs of encouragement for the plan, especially among European scientists.

MISS EFFIE TAYLOR, president of the National League of Nursing Education, claims the new system to train nurses in schools instead of hospitals would mean better trained, more efficient and more self-respecting nurses.

EVANGELINE BOOTH has been elected commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, with headquarters in London, England.

ELIZABETH SPRAGUE COOLIDGE—the Fairy Godmother of chamber music, is famed for her musical philanthropies.

BETTY CARSTAIRS, British sportswoman, has bought the island Cay of the Bahama group, where she intends to live alone, free of all publicity.

PPRINCESS MARINA, fiancee of Prince George, was a popular guest recently in England and Scotland. She now wears a Kashmir sapphire engagement ring of great value.

FREIDA LAWRENCE has published memoirs of her husband, D. H. Lawrence. She calls her book, "Not I, but the Wind."

MARTHA BRUERE and Mary R. Beard have compiled a most entertaining collection of specimens of humorous sayings by women authors as a proof that women have as high a sense of humor as men.

BEATRICE ASTOR CHAMBER'S "Cleopatra Selene," Ethel M. Dell's "The Electric Torch," and Angela Thirkel's "Wild Strawberries," are some of the recent books by women.

COUNTESS CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKAYA, 90, died recently. She was called the Grandmother of Russia's revolution. She gave up a life of luxury in behalf of the Russian peasant for which she was exiled to Siberia.

ELIZABETH HARDY LAMB, a Utah pioneer, died recently at the ripe age of 95. During the past year she had her singing voice recorded and was heard on the radio.

QUEEN MARY gave her own name to the new Cunard-White Star liner which she christened at Clydebrook, Scotland. It is said to be the "stateliest ship on the seas."

RUTH SACKWIN'S book, "The Folks," is the October choice of the Literary Guild. A midwest story better than "Main Street," say the critics.

Young Mothers

By Holly Baxter Keddington

A mother's day is very long,
She has so much to do and say.
God, give to her a happy song,
To help her through a trying day.

THE idea of calling unnecessary noise "Static" was sent in by a reader. "There is more "static" in many homes, than on the radio," she says. And then she gives us these suggestions: "Some common forms of "static" are, banging doors or windows, squeaky hinges, creaky floors, dripping taps, poor light, poor ventilation, irritating voices, crying, quarreling, nagging, heels clicking or feet shuffling when walking and lastly "don't do that" in a never ending stream. Remedies are, in many cases, immediately thought of, others will take time and training to overcome, but surely the peace and quiet of a home is worth working for."

Then she says, "Strange, that bad weather "static" seems the worst. Children don't know what to do with their time and mother is cross and irritable because the noise and unrest bother her. Have you tried cleaning out drawers, cupboards and closets on a stormy day? Try it, and you will find the children interested and helpful. Little bits of this and that will be hoarded for the future and today this old jacket makes a coachman of Ted and an old kimono, long out of date, makes Marilyn a fine lady. A little cooperation makes any home happier."

SOME home-made toys that keep children interested and happy are, bagatelle, quoits, bean bags, ping-pong and a play store. The bagatelle is made by fastening a two inch piece of tin around a large board perhaps 18 in. by 30 in., a spring plunger in a trough that ex-

tends nearly to the top of the board. With a bit that makes a hole large enough for the marbles you use, make several depressions in the board, place finishing nails around the holes just close enough together to retard progress but to allow marbles to go through. Number top hole 500 others 400 and so on down. At the bottom of the board place a discount rack where all marbles caught in rack count against you. Three nails at intervals of 1 inch apart should do. Make discounts 25, 50, 75 and 100. Bean bags and quoits can be played on the same apparatus if holes are cut in a board to make eyes, nose and mouth. This side is used for bean bags. On the other side place nails or hooks just above the holes and use jar rings for quoits. These games are usually scored center point 50, top 25 each and lower 10 points.

A NUMBER of years ago a lecturer said that there were four very important "W"s for women to consider. Women, winter, walks and water. This is the jist of his talk. In winter women should drink far more water than they do, as much as ten glasses a day. How many of us do? That each woman should make a habit of a three mile walk each day. He claims that more water would cure many ills, little and big, and that the walks would not only tone up the system but give us added vigor to tackle the tasks ahead.

NEARLY every one has a pet recipe for carrot pudding—try this sauce if you are tired of the old one: 2 egg yolks well beaten, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, beat until dissolved, add 2 tsp. vanilla. Add this to 1 cup whipping cream whipped stiff; serve immediately.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

President Anthony W. Ivins

AN appalling loss has come to the Church in the death of President Anthony W. Ivins, who was honored and loved by all with whom he mingled. He was a hard worker, a great student, and has in his life played many parts. He learned from nature, from people, and from books. Kind and helpful he was ever ready to succor the distressed. So well informed was he, so interesting a story teller and conversationalist, that people who traveled widely acclaimed that he was one of the most interesting personalities they had ever met. So thoroughly did he study lands and peoples that he rightly said that he knew them better than people who had traveled through the countries.

Blessed are they who pass through life possessed to the last of their physical, mental and spiritual powers and are thus enabled to work up to the time when death summons them. This was the privilege of

President Ivins. For four score and two years he tabernacled in the flesh. From his young manhood he moved among his fellows keeping his name unblemished, bringing uplift and inspiration to those with whom he mingled and winning success in whatever he undertook to do.

The world is poorer because of his passing. The world of spirits is richer because of his advent. Ripe in years and experience he rendered a most wonderful service to the Church.

His boyhood sweetheart, Elizabeth Snow, has been a most devoted wife and has been a great help to him in all his undertakings. She made a beautiful home wherever they lived. He realized what an important part she played in his successful life. To her and their sons and daughters our hearts go out in sympathy. May the wonderful example of their illustrious father be emulated by them and may they ever find joy in contemplating his achievements.

President Charles H. Hart

ANOTHER beloved Churchman, Charles H. Hart, passed to the Great Beyond September 29, 1934. He was noted for his integrity, dependability, honesty and his steadfast allegiance to the Church. Kindly, gentle, interested in people and in movements, he, in his speaking, ever showed his sympathetic understanding. He was an indefatigable worker, a loyal friend, ever interested in the welfare of others.

His wife, our Board Member,

Lalene H. Hart, has been a wonderful companion. Mentally keen, she appreciated and shared in her husband's intellectual interests. She is an outstanding home-maker, and when sickness made it impossible for him to carry on his usual work, she was a ministering angel to him.

He leaves a large family who are a credit to their father and mother. May they emulate the example set by their worthy head. May peace be their portion.

Vacancies Filled

WHEN vacancies occur in the ranks of the General, Stake or Ward authorities, the Church realizes what a wealth of material is available. While people speculate and make guesses as to who will be chosen, when the choice is announced, there is a wave of enthusiastic approval manifest, and wholeheartedly the people vote to sustain those chosen.

Joshua Reuben Clark, Jr., is now President Grant's First Counselor and David O. McKay his Second Counselor. This gives the President of the Church two Counselors in the full vigor of their manhood who have shown by their past achievements their ability to serve well and their willingness to do all in their power for their Church.

ALONZO A. HINCKLEY was sustained as a member of the

Council of the Twelve. Brother Hinckley is now President of the California Mission and was the former President of the Deseret Stake. Kindly and spiritual, with a vast experience, he will bring to the Church strength and will win the love of the people as he goes from Stake to Stake.

THE vacancy in the First Council of Seventy was filled by the appointment of Elder Rufus K. Hardy, now presiding over the New Zealand Mission. Few, if any, have understood the Maori people, their language, their traditions, their legends and their ways as has Elder Hardy. There will be great rejoicing by them that this man whom they have loved so devotedly has been chosen for this high position. Indefatigable and schooled by long missionary experience Elder Hardy will be a valued member of this Council.

Warning

WE learn that a young man is going about taking subscriptions to our Magazine, telling the people that by so doing they will enable him to go to school. The only authorized *Relief Society Maga-*

sine agents are the women appointed by the Stakes and Wards. We regret that people who have paid subscriptions to this imposter have lost their money, as he has not sent in their subscriptions to this office.

Lesson Department

(First Week in January)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON IV

JESUS, CREATOR AND OVERSEER OF THE EARTH

1. *Introductory Note:* An effort will be made in the early paragraphs of this lesson to picture Jesus as the actual creator of heaven and earth, the master of everything in the universe. And while it is true that the work of creation was done with the support and approval of the Father (see Moses 2:32, 33; 7:30), yet it was the Son who actually consummated the task. Little wonder, therefore, that he is called the Lord of the whole earth. The earth is his; for he is its organizer and founder—it is the product of his power and glory.

2. It is wholly to be expected, therefore, that Jesus should be intimately interested in the welfare of those who live upon the earth, even to the extent of offering himself as a ransom for their sins. Already he has come to earth on several occasions, and he has promised to come again. Later in this lesson brief attention will be given to his earthly advent in the meridian of time. Later his visits in the present dispensation will be considered.

3. Time is not available in this lesson for a discussion of the Master's visit to the Nephites. His coming at the beginning of the Millennium is the topic for the next lesson.

4. *Jesus the Creator.* That Jesus is the Creator of the heaven and earth is plainly manifest in the statement of John the apostle, as follows: "In the beginning was the Word,

and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and *without him was not anything made that was made.* In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not." (John 1:1-5). Then, as if to remove all doubt concerning the identity of the person designated as the "Word," the same writer continues: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. * * * John bare witness of him, and cried, saying, This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me: for he was before me." (John 1:14, 15).

5. In writing to the saints at Colosse, the apostle Paul bore testimony of Christ as follows: "*For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible,*" (Col. 1:15). Again, to the Hebrews the same apostle wrote: "God, who at sundry times and in diverse manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, *by whom also he made the worlds.*" (Hebrews 1:1, 2). Modern revelation records the following: "The worlds were made by him; men were made by him; *all things were made by him, and through him, and of him.*" (D. and C. 93:10). In this connection the

Master says of himself: "Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, who created the heavens and the earth." (D. and C. 14:9).

6. Concerning the manner in which the work of creation was accomplished, the Psalmist says: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. * * * *For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.*" (Psal. 33:6-9). Jacob, the Nephite prophet, argues thus: The "earth was created by the power of his word. Wherefore, *if God being able to speak and the world was, and to speak and man was created, O then, why not able to command the earth, as the workmanship of his hands upon the face of it, according to his will and pleasure.*" (Jacob 4:9). In further explanation of this matter the Master himself says: "*For by the power of my Spirit created I them; yea, all things both spiritual and temporal.*" (D. and C. 29:31).

7. It should not be understood from the foregoing that the heavens and the earth were created out of nothing or that the processes commonly designated as natural law played no part therein. On the contrary, the fundamental materials of nature are eternal (D. and C. 93:33), and therefore cannot be created or destroyed. The highly elucidating statement that follows is accredited to Joseph the prophet: "The elements are eternal. That which has a beginning will surely have an end; take a ring, it is without beginning or end—cut it for a beginning place and at the same time you have an ending place." Again, "This earth was organized or formed out of other planets which were broken up and remodeled and made into the one on which we now live." (Compendium, p. 287). The last of

the foregoing statement is of especial interest, since it negates the widespread sectarian notion that the earth was created out of nothing.

8. Moreover, as indicated above, it should not be understood that Deity disregarded the laws of nature in his work of creation. On the contrary Deity has plainly announced himself as the giver of the laws by which nature is operated. Speaking "Of him who sitteth upon the throne and governeth and executeth all things," the Lord says: "He hath given a law unto all things, by which they move in their times and their seasons; and their courses are fixed, even the courses of the heavens and the earth, which comprehend the earth and all the planets. * * * The earth rolls upon her wings, and the sun giveth his light by day, and the moon giveth her light by night, and the stars also give their light, as they roll upon their wings in their glory, *in the midst of the power of God.*" Then apparently in a supreme effort to impress man with the fact that he is not only the ruler of the universe but that its operations are a manifestation of his power, the Lord says: "Unto what shall I liken these kingdoms, that ye may understand, Behold, all these are kingdoms, *and any man who hath seen any or the least of these hath seen God moving in his majesty and power.*" (D. and C. 88:42-47).

9. Natural law, therefore, is not to be regarded as distinct and separate from the laws of God. Indeed, the laws of nature are God-given, and therefore, are all his laws. Moreover, their manifestations are his manifestations; their works are his works; and their accomplishments are his accomplishments. Thus understood, the laws of nature become sacred to us, for their opera-

tions are literally the operations of God. Little wonder, then that Mormonism is said to include all truth, irrespective of its source—whether it comes from the voice of the prophet or the record of the rocks, from the written word of God or the planet hurling through space, from the raging torrent or the sub-microscopic organism. All are a manifestation of God's power.

10. With these points in mind, it is not difficult for the Latter-day Saint to believe that when God created the earth he did so by calling into operation natural law, which of course, is his law, and over which he exercises control. (Read again D. and C. 88:34-50). Jesus is thus the master of all, the organizer of heaven and earth. Nothing is beyond his power or outside the realm of his control. Not only the winds and waves obey his will, but everything in the universe, temporal and spiritual, visible and invisible. Truly with power such as this, he merely commanded and the work was done.

11. *Jesus of Nazareth.* Upon first consideration, it scarcely seems possible that the Master and Creator of the earth should appear in the form of a child, subject to the pains of mortality and the abuses of sinful men. Rather it might be expected that he would come in power and glory, prepared to claim his own and defend himself against those who would do him harm. In explanation, however, the Master said that it was necessary for him to descend below all things that he might rise above all things: His was a mission of peace and love and persuasion, not in any sense one of arrogance and force. Long before the earth was created, he had championed the right of the individual to think and act for himself, and now he had come to propitiate for

sin and to preach the doctrine of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." (Luke 2:14). He taught his disciples saying: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." (Matt. 5:44). And almost at the very instant that his persecutors were piercing his body at Calvary, Jesus cried aloud, saying: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke 23:34). He was truly the Son of God, the creator of heaven and earth.

12. *Modern Visitation.* Only once in the history of the world, so far as known, have the Father and the Son both visited the earth in response to the prayer of an appealing youth. This was at the time of their memorable appearance to the boy Prophet Joseph Smith in the grove at Palmyra, New York. The occasion was a most important one. The heavens had been sealed for nearly two thousand years, and in the meantime men had strayed far from the paths of righteousness and truth. The gospel had to be restored, and men had to be chosen with vested authority to carry forward the work of God. The occasion was thus most important, and at the proper time the heavens were opened and the Father and the Son descended to answer the call of an enquiring youth. Standing in mid-air, one said, pointing to the other: "*This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him!*" The Father thus honored the Son; the prayer was answered; further instruction was given; and the vision was closed. A new dispensation had been opened, and a new era had dawned.

13. Several years after the Church was organized, and when the saints

were gathering at Kirtland and Missouri, the Master came to earth again. The Prophet, assisted by Sidney Rigdon, was engaged in revising certain parts of the Bible at the home of John Johnson at Hiram, Ohio. "While we meditated upon these things," the Prophet writes, "the Lord touched the eyes of our understanding and they were opened, and the glory of the Lord shone round about. And we beheld the glory of the Son, on the right hand of the Father, and received of his fulness; and saw the holy angels, and them who are sanctified before his throne, worshipping God, and the Lamb who worship him forever and ever. *And now, after many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the only Begotten of the Father.*" (D. and C. 76:19-23)

14. Again in 1836, the Lord came to earth. The occasion was a sacrament service held in the temple at Kirtland. After the Prophet had assisted in distributing the Lord's supper, he and Oliver Cowdery retired to the pulpit, the veils being drawn, and bowed themselves in silent prayer. After rising, the following vision was opened to them:

"The veil was taken from our minds, and the eyes of our understanding were opened. We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us; and under his feet was paved work of pure gold, in color like amber. *His eyes were as a flame of fire; the hair of his head was white like the pure snow; his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun; and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying: I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father.*" (D. and C. 110:1-4)

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Why in your judgment was it proper that Jesus be the creator of the earth?
2. Explain how the earth might be created by natural law and still be the work of God?
3. Why was it better for Jesus to come to earth meekly and lowly, rather than with power and great glory?
4. Why was the occasion of the visitation to Joseph Smith a most important one?
5. Give a description of the physical appearance of the Master.

Teachers' Topic

(December, 1934)

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS is perhaps the one holiday that is most universally celebrated throughout the world.

The word Christmas signifies

Christ's Mass, meaning the festival of the nativity of Christ. Much discussion has been had about the time of Christ's Birthday and of His

Divinity, but in looking at the celebrations of Christmas at different periods and in different places, it may be observed that whatever views men may have respecting Christ, they all agree that His advent is to be hailed with joy and the nearer the forms of festivity have been to His teaching the more real joy has been theirs who have taken part in those festivities. Despite the many changes, many customs and traditions, both Pagan and Christian are still used in the modern Christmas celebrations. The singing of carols, the decorating of the tree, the hanging of the evergreens, the lighting of the Yule log and the giving of gifts are some of these customs.

The Christmas fire, the open fire place, was pronounced the burning heart of the season, the living symbol of all beautiful thoughts and emotions appropriate to the time. It was the center of social activity of our ancestors and while Christmas is as much as ever a time for family gatherings around the old fireside, the big open fireplace has largely given way to the gas log and electric heaters. The kinds of woods used for the Yule log varied in different countries. Oak, pine, ash, olive and birch were most popular. The wood fire was for a long time the only form of illumination in the home. Candles came later. The practice of placing burning candles in the windows on Christmas Eve was an old custom handed down with the thought that the Christ Child out alone in the cold, dark world should be lighted on His way. They are also emblematic of Christ as the light of the world.

We now can hardly think of Christmas without the beautiful

evergreens, a contribution of Paganism. The ancients had great reverence for natural phenomena. The rustling of leaves in the trees was to them the whispering of the spirits that lived within them and so they believed that when evergreens were used they not only brought beauty but blessings into the home. The woodland spirits shivering in the cold were induced to come in and share in the festive joys.

The ones used mostly are the holly, ivy, mistletoe and rosemary. Many interesting and curious ideas were linked together with their use. The holly with berries was a symbol of the drops of blood which the crown of thorns drew from the Savior's brow. The Christmas tree may be the survival of the primitive tree worship. One legend is told of how on the night Christ was born all the trees in the forest bloomed and bore fruit. Reverting to the legend of blossoming, in some parts of Europe boughs of trees were cut and placed in water in a warm place so they would bloom for the sacred season and neighbors vied with each other to see who could have the prettiest blooms. It is thought by some to be a natural sacrament linking us with the mysteries of groves and woodlands.

The beautiful thought of the season that "God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son," has been symbolized by the giving of gifts. In different countries, different customs prevail. Santa Claus, Kriss Kringle and St. Nicholas play their part in their distribution. But whether the gift be great or small, the spirit and significance of it should be the essential factor.

Literature

(Third Week in January)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

POETRY

“One thought ever at the fore—
That in the Divine ship, the World, breasting Time and Space
All the peoples of the globe together sail, sail the same
voyage, are bound to the same destination.” —*Whitman*.

AS a singer Man has made his most truthful and most lasting expression. Pulsating with the joy of living he has sung of the things of Nature: the beauty of the blossoms, the charm of the sea, the music of the wind. Awed with the mysteries of Life he has chanted songs of praise to the Creator of the universe. Always in his singing he has remembered his intense emotions and feelings as he has meditated upon the greatest problem of Life, the destiny of Man.

The products of Man's hands pass away, kings, thrones, wealth, and dominions; Man's songs alone remain undestroyed by the countless years. In poetry, “the most perfect speech of Man,” is recorded Man's deathless thoughts during his high adventure, to bring into perfect harmony, the demands of the body, of the mind, and of the spirit; and thus prepare himself for his greatest destiny.

The Poet's Way

“Poetry is a criticism of life. The true end of poetry is, like religion, to strengthen and uphold the heart with high aspirations and consolations.” Of what does the poet sing? As the “inner vision” flashes upon his soul tuned to the infinite, he finds his inspiration. The source of a poet's inspiration has been explained in many ways: To Wordsworth it was “the spirit of the universe,” to Emerson it was “the oversoul,” to

Milton it was “God.” As the poet gazes upon life seeking the heroic, the beautiful, or the moral, he finds a message waiting expression. It may be a tragic story-relic of bygone days, a field of daffodils, a field-mouse disturbed in its nest by a plowman, a man with a hoe “bowed with the weight of centuries,” a miner down in the dark crying “for a handful of stars,” a pallid child in a flower factory “winding stems of roses,” white curtains at a window in a squalid tenement, “white prayers of a little mother.”

How does the poet sing? Some poets sing as the nightingale sings. So it was with Robert Burns. A peasant born in a cottage, proud of his plowing, all of a sudden without warning, he breaks into exquisite song. Burns sang of his love in “Highland Mary,” and of his humanity in “To a Field Mouse.” Some poets schooled in the classic patterns of poetry, sing great themes in the grand style. Since the days of Homer there have been no more worthy singers in the Attic pattern than John Milton in “Paradise Lost,” and Matthew Arnold in “Sohrab and Rustum.” Some poets sing to the music of their own heart throbs making new patterns to carry their messages to mankind as did Whitman, Markham, and Masfield. Thus have the great themes of life been poetically treated: the permanent passions of mankind—love, religion, patriotism, humanitarianism,

hate, revenge, ambition, the conflict between free will and fate, the rise and fall of empires.

Life-experience is the material out of which all great poetry is made. As such expression it becomes "a criticism of life," as a record, an interpretation, or a prophecy as it presents in turn life as it appears, as it explains or interprets life, or as it reveals the inner spiritual meaning of life. The poet is a creator not merely because he is receptive to inspiration: the poet is also a craftsman. He must be equipped by training to give form to his idea, mood, or inspiration. Equally significant is the truth that craftsmanship alone never created a great poem. The advice of Edwin Markham, dean of American Poetry, to poets of this age is valuable to the reader as well as to the creator. "Read constantly the great masters, dwell with loving hearts upon their great lines, their great passages, their great poems. The kingdom of song can be taken only by industry, by patient resolve led on by the wings of inspiration."

The poets of today have received from the masters of the past great gifts. Through the ages poetic patterns have evolved narrative, lyric, reflective, dramatic and epic patterns. Whether poetry is "reason in her most exalted mood" or the "transfiguration of the real into the ideal" it must do more than merely conform to the traditional poetic tasks of the past, it must "open new windows to the soul of men."

"To judge the poets is only the faculty of poets," but to appreciate the works of a poet is the privilege of the reader who will adjust his perception of life to the way of the poet.

Wordsworth, Man and Poet

William Wordsworth, the great English poet, was an adventurer seeking an inner vision of joy in

the realms of Nature and the human heart. The poet was born in 1770 at Cockermouth, Cumberland. A dreamy moody youth with a violent temper gave his mother misgivings as to his happy adjustment to life. He was, however, early deprived of her benign influence, and at the age of thirteen he was left an orphan. The river by his home was his first playmate, Skiddaw's peak his early inspiration, and the glow-worm's fairy light his curiosity. In his boyhood he was vividly aware of an inner wonder at Nature's workmanship. Schooldays, first at Hawkshead and then at Cambridge, provided a new world, the world of books. A young man with no settled interests in life in a burst of enthusiasm, Wordsworth threw in his lot with the French Revolutionists. To the conflict Wordsworth took his romantic admiration of the past of France, a storied past of chivalry and institutions. There he found the conflict to be caused by the injustice that bowed down the peasants into serfdom and caused an awful waste of human talents and energy. The horrors of the Reign of Terror shook his faith in humanity. His own waywardness of life while in France shook his faith in himself. Finally, disillusionment and remorse directed his return to England. It was to his sister Dorothy that Wordsworth owed his rehabilitation to wholesome living. Unobtrusively she led him to a new understanding of self and a new outlook upon the world. The poet pays tribute to his sister in the lines:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

Wordsworth, the man, believed once more; his vision renewed and enriched, he set about his task as a poet.

A small legacy enabled Wordsworth to give his attention to his art. Living simply with Dorothy as his helpmate, study and reflection occupied his days. The meeting with Coleridge was an epoch in the poet's life. Coleridge was a magnetic personality and a brilliant conversationalist. The three went to live at Alfoxden, a rural spot. Long walks, long talks, and writing filled the days, days marked by healing thoughts, passion controlled, and God regained. Wordsworth was drawn to the charm and marvel of things while Coleridge was attracted by the mystery and surprise of them. Their common enterprise was the "Lyrical Ballads," a collection of simple poems. This work called forth the contempt of the literary critics of the age, to no avail, however. Golden years of writing and travel followed in which Wordsworth did his best work. The poet married Mary Hutchinson, a life-long friend, and settled with her and his sister in the Lake District of the North of England. Fifty years spent here in placid thought produced little more expression, it was the aftermath. Congenial literary friends, Coleridge, Southey, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, were always welcome visitors at Grasmere. The tribute of his country was given deservedly to the poet when in 1843 he was made poet-laureate of England upon the death of Southey.

In an autobiographical poem, a poem unique in the annals of poetry, "The Prelude," Wordsworth has recorded the growth of his own mind and expression. Turning his thoughts inward he analyzed the periods of his poetic growth: first, the period of childhood and youth when Nature was his teacher, the stories of Enoch and Elijah were spiritual realities to him, and solitude brought him close to infinity; second, the

period of storm and stress, university life, travel, the French Revolution, revealing to him the world of man's making; third, finding himself and the recovery of joy; the placid aftermath at Grasmere came after the poem was recorded.

Wordsworth was the ardent champion of the romantic movement in English literature which found expression early in the last century. Classicism and materialism had marked the poetry and the prose of the eighteenth century. Wordsworth believed that the common life of man affords suitable themes for poetry, and that a poet's expression should be in the words of everyday speech. Obviously, these theories were sorely needed to bring poetry to its greatest fulfillment as "a criticism of life."

Wordsworth is preeminently a poet of reflection and an interpreter of Nature. To him Nature was not only beautiful to the eye, but was animated by a living spirit in which he found his inspiration. To live in communion with Nature as Wordsworth did was to be in sympathy with elemental life. He knew that the workings of the imagination in reflection upon the facts of life would bring man near to the universal truths of life. Finally, he believed in the greatness of poetry, as the highest of all knowledge. "Poetry," he says, "is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the mind of man." Wordsworth's gift to mankind was to reveal anew poetry's "healing power" as the recoverer of joy.

Suggestions for Reading

I. Poems illustrating Wordsworth's close kinship to Nature.

"Lines Written in Early Spring"—Birds, flowers, trees, air—all spoke to Wordsworth of the joy of Nature. It was a gentle but powerful

spiritual influence which on the one hand helped to bind him in deeper affection to his fellow men and on the other unite him with God. The poet expresses his regret for the sorrow that Man has brought upon himself by ignoring "Nature's holy plan."

"My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold"—This short lyric expresses the wish that the poet may never lose his reverent exultation in Nature's beauty.

"To the Daisy"—The poet took the modest little English daisy and glorified it by his imagination and artistry. As he shares its meekness his heart is sustained and gladdened.

"Tintern Abbey"—The abbey, a famous ecclesiastical ruin in Monmouthshire, Great Britain, was built in 1131 by the Cistercian monks. The nave and cloisters of the abbey are picturesque and beautiful in ruin as when Wordsworth visited the abbey in his youth. The poem reveals the stages of the poet's spiritual growth: the physical enjoyment of Nature as a boy; the early passion for beauty and its tranquil influence upon his spirit; the later deep spiritual communion with Nature. The poem 11, (lines) 1-22 explain the poet's return to the scene after a long absence: 11, 22-57 reveal the fact that the scenes have had a definite influence for good on the poet in his absence: 11, 57-65 expresses the hope that the second visit will yield him inspiration for future guidance.

"The World is Too Much with Us"—This sonnet gave to Wordsworth the honor of being called "the high priest of Nature." Because worldly and selfish interests are occupying so much of men's lives, the poet laments that the people of his generation see no beauty in Nature. He feels that the pagan of outworn creeds who worships superstitiously

is nearer to God than civilized man whose desire for worldly pleasure and possessions make him forget all else. The significance of this poem today is worth noting.

II. Poems Illustrating Wordsworth's theories of poetry—that poetry should treat of everyday affairs in everyday language.

"We are Seven"—This poem owes its place in literature to its simplicity and its theme—the little child does not accept death as a tragedy because it accepts the continuity of existence not from understanding but from an "inner light."

"Lucy Gray"—Wordsworth took a simple rural tragedy and with mystery and romance in ballad form created a poignant story.

The "Lucy" Poems—These poems about a girl were written in 1799 during the poet's stay in Germany. The Lucy poems are famous for their exquisite simplicity. "She Dwelt among Untrodden Ways" in simplicity suggests an exquisite young girlhood. "A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal" expresses tragic grief in a few phrases. In "The Education of Nature" Lucy is to know the language of "mute insensate things," of things in earth and heaven, in glade and bower. The poet expresses his implicit faith in the educating power of Nature.

III. Wordsworth's Philosophical Poems.

"Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood."—This poem is universally accepted for its nobility of thought and beauty of language. Emerson called the poem "the high-water mark of nineteenth century poetry." The theme of the poem is the immortality of the soul—immortality not merely in the sense of life after death, but also in the sense of life before birth. Stanzas 1-4 raise

the questions of the poem, the celestial light apprelling all things for the poet in his childhood; and his regret that the visionary gleam had vanished. Stanzas 4-11 answer the poet's question. Man's origin is in a heavenly existence before birth. The poet expresses the belief that the soul of the new-born babe comes forth from the abode of God to enter upon its earth-life:

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

The clouds clothe the early experiences of childhood with vivid splendor, then the glory begins to fade. As the affairs of life multiply the delight in Nature is dimmed and the early enthusiasm is lost. Finally, old age finds the individual bound in with the toils of custom. Yet, throughout the earth-life there still lives a persistence of the trailing glory from the past waiting to nourish man's insight and yield him a maturer joy. The poet is determined to keep his spirit attuned to Nature so as to catch again the inner vision:

"To me the meanest flower that blows
can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears."

"Ode to Duty"—The message of the ode is the bond between law and freedom. Man's upward march through the ages has been due to obedience to the organized laws of society and to the laws of his own being. In Nature law rules supreme. Wordsworth lived in an age when men were beginning to discard religion. He had tried many paths, he had known the bondage of uncharted freedom, he had suffered from the weight of chance desires. He had learned that the way of Freedom was through obedience to Duty. The

poet at the opening of the poem gives praise to Duty, the Voice of God, recognizing the beneficence of the Creator in giving mankind laws for his guidance. Then he bears his testimony of his own erring, acknowledging his neglect of duty's mandate preferring "in smoother walks to stray." After calm deliberation upon the meaning and nature of human freedom the poet records his own resolves and hopes. The poet sings again in praise of the stern Lawgiver. In Nature law rules supreme, the flowers accept their laws with joy, the stars are preserved from creating chaos in the heavens by obedience. The severity of Duty is awe inspiring. The spirit of restraint is the spirit of self-sacrifice. Yet the poet beseeches such guidance for himself. To live in the light of truth, the bondsman to Duty is the plan for his own self-fulfillment.

IV. Miscellaneous Poems.

"I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud."

"She Was a Phantom of Delight"

—The poem is addressed to the poet's wife. It is a spontaneous tribute to Mary Hutchinson, a childhood companion. Each of the stanzas represent a stage of the poet's acquaintance with his wife: first, a lovely creature in the May-time of girlhood; then, a bride, a human creature sharing tears and smiles; twenty years later, "a perfect woman nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command."

"The Solitary Reaper" — The poem was suggested by a scene Wordsworth saw on a walking tour in Scotland, a peasant girl reaping grain on a lonely mountain-side singing in her native Gaelic language. The poet did not understand the song, but the host of suggestions it brought to him were recorded later in tranquility. The poem is beauti-

ful for its imagery and romantic spirit.

"Milton"—It is in the sonnets that Wordsworth attains his most perfect expression. Many of the phrases found in them are teeming with power. A series of sonnets addressed to Liberty are almost prophetic, expressing the thought: "By the soul only, the Nations shall be free." The best of all the sonnets is considered to be the one entitled "London, 1802." In it the poet laments that his countrymen have forfeited their English dower of inward happiness. Milton is needed to help by his voice to stir men to virtue and freedom.

It seems fitting to close the selections from Wordsworth with their message to mankind:

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength

In rest and in returning ye shall be saved."

—*Isaiah.*

Suggestions for Study

- A. Materials:
1. The Story of the World's Literature, Macy, chapter 34.
 2. Selected Poems, Wordsworth.
 3. "Wordsworth" (1930), Herford.
 4. "Wordsworth" (1930), Read.
- B. Program:
1. Discussion—
 - a. Poetry; a Criticism of Life.
 - b. William Wordsworth.
 - c. Wordsworth, the Poet.
 2. Selections from Poems.
 - a. As Outlined.
 3. Readings:
 - a. Poems of Wordsworth.
- C. Objective:

To stimulate a better understanding of poetry, also to provide an added source of inspiration and comfort through the study of the poems of Wordsworth.

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in January)

PART I—OCTAVIA HILL AND THE HOUSING PROBLEM

WHEN Octavia Hill died, in 1912, at the age of seventy-four, the family was offered a crypt for her body in Westminster Abbey, with the greatest of England's dead. It was a recognition of a human service, beautifully expressed by Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, on a lovely wreath sent to the funeral: "In deepest admiration and esteem," it read, "for one who devoted her whole life and energy to the advancement and welfare of her fellow-countrymen." But the offer was rejected, for Miss Hill had expressed her wish to be buried in another place by the side of her beloved sister, Miranda.

Octavia Hill was an exceptional woman; she was born of exceptional parents; and she herself did an exceptional work for her nation and for the world by applying courage and wisdom to the problems that arise from the housing of the poor.

1. PARENTAGE AND GIRLHOOD

Octavia Hill was born at Wisbeach, England, December 3, 1838. Her father was James Hill, and her mother Caroline Southwood Smith.

Mr. Hill was himself a social reformer of some prominence. At first a corn merchant and then a banker, he had ample means, till the financial panic of 1840, to enable him

to devote considerable time to the problem of municipal corruption in Wisbeach. With the aid of the third Mrs. Hill, Octavia's mother, he succeeded in changing conditions there for the better. Like his famous daughter he was deeply concerned over the lot of the poor and unfortunate in his neighborhood and in the country generally. On one occasion he rode fifty miles to secure a pardon for a man, a total stranger to him, who was to be executed for sheep stealing.

Mrs. Hill was the daughter of Dr. Southwood Smith, who had acquired wide recognition as a sanitary reformer. Mr. Hill's attention had been attracted to her by some articles on education that appeared in *The Monthly Repository*. These were so striking that he asked her to take charge of the education of his children by two former wives, who had died—an invitation which she accepted. In 1835 the two were married—much to the delight of the children. One of her daughters, Miranda, says this of the mother:

Her children felt that she lived continually in the presence of God, that in her there was an atmosphere of goodness, and that moral beauty was a delight to her in the same way that outward beauty is to so many people. She seldom gave a distinct order or made a rule. Her children also learned from early infancy, from her attitude of mind, that if a thing was right it must be done; there ceased to be a question about it; and how great a help that feeling is to timid natures or weak wills, only those know who have experienced it.

As a child and young woman Octavia was highly intelligent, as indeed were all the children of her mother—three in number, and all girls. "I was calling on R. H. Horne, the author of *Orion*, who was on a visit there," said the poet Browning to Octavia once, referring to the Hill home; "and, when you and

your sister had left the room, he said, 'Those are wonderful children; you can talk to them about anything.'"

When, in 1851, Octavia went with the family to live in London after the financial failure of her father and his utter breakdown in health, she was overcome with a mental depression. This was due partly to the contrast between the ugliness of her new surroundings and the fresh, open-air life of the country where she came from, but partly to the sense of human poverty and wretchedness that suddenly broke upon her. She began to think that laughter or amusement was "wicked" in any one who looked upon this misery without seeking in every way to better the condition of the poor. She was then but thirteen. This mood was unusual in a girl of so naturally buoyant a temperament as was Octavia.

The contrast between the country from which Miss Hill had come and the crowded city of London, was very great. Lord Shaftsbury, the noted philanthropist, gives the following description of a part of London:

"There was a famous place called Bermondsey Island. It was a large swamp; a number of people lived there, as they do in Hull and in houses built upon piles. So bad was the water supply there that I have positively seen women dip their buckets into the water over which they were living and in which was deposited the filth of the place, that being the only water that they had for every purpose—washing, drinking, and so on."

Darkness, dampness, bad air, and delapidation of the poor parts of London, where Octavia's work took her, were quite enough to depress a nature so sensitive to the well-being of others.

Like Mrs. Fry she had her religious feelings during her girlhood. Once she said to the Reverend T. D. Maurice, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could get rid of all responsibility?" This was in the London period, after she had become depressed over the ugliness and misery around her. The minister laughed, but added, "Yes, it would be very *comfortable*." She made no effort, however, to get rid of her responsibilities. For a little later than this, when she had gone to the toy-shop, she learned to scrub floors, in order "to teach the children to keep the work-room clean." When she was fifteen, she wrote to Gertrude: "If Ruskin sees a truth which is generally denied, he is right to proclaim it with his whole strength. He says *not* 'I see it because I am a higher creature than you,' but 'I see it because I have gone to God and His works for it. You may all see it, if you will look, using the powers He has given you; only look in sincerity and humility.'" Of a sermon by Mr. Maurice she writes (again to Gertrude in 1854): "It was such a sermon! One feels as if all peace and quiet and holiness were around one; everything appears to have a beauty and calm in it, to which we can turn back in times of storm and wild noisy rivalries, as to the memory of sunny days, and to shed a light on all dark and difficult things, on sorrow and loneliness."

2. THE LADIES' GUILD

It was in pursuance of Mrs. Hill's practical educational theory that the family moved to London. Octavia's artistic talent had brought more than one offer to develop it, but the mother had turned away from them all, because she felt that this talent, if not associated with work which was connected somehow with problems of human welfare of a different sort,

might prove harmful to the girl. But when an opportunity occurred to unite these two features, Mrs. Hill at once availed herself of it. This was the Ladies' Guild. A Miss Wallace was promoting an exhibition of special preparations of painted glass, consolidated so as to make it suitable for tables and other purposes; and this was done partly to secure work for some Polish exiles, in whom she was interested. Later a Mr. Vansittart Neale provided the necessary capital to carry on a business on the co-operative basis, in connection with the employment of women. Of this institution Mrs. Hill became manager.

After the Guild had been going for some time, Neale was asked by a woman to take over a new sort of work. This woman had invented a special kind of toy for children, and the manufacture of this article was to be done by children who needed employment and training. Octavia was placed in charge of the work-room.

Here Octavia acquired both her interest in the very poor and her training in practical affairs.

Most of the children were from the poorer homes, where their upbringing had for various reasons been sadly neglected—Louise, who had lost both parents; Denis, whose face and neck were terribly disfigured by burns; Clara, over-grown, dirty, and half-starved; Elizabeth, stunted in body and mind, whom every one knew as "the wild beast;" and so on to the last. But some of the children were from the better class of homes. All, however, needed direction and discipline. Miss Hill was all love and devotion in giving these children direction and discipline—taking them for long walks into the country visiting their homes to see the conditions under which they lived, and thus winning

the confidence of their parents. To this sympathetic treatment the children responded in increased devotion to their teacher.

Octavia's well-known business faculty here came into use. "She had to pass the children's work, which was paid by the piece, to assign the various processes to each child, to choose the shapes and colors of the toy furniture, to price it, and to see that, when the suits were finished, they were neatly packed in boxes and sent over to the show room, where the ladies' glass work was also on exhibition. From time to time she had to take stock, and to see if the sales justified the expenditure." A good many of the girls were older than Octavia, and inclined to be insubordinate, but she very soon established order, and that without recourse to punishment. This work lasted till 1856.

Miss Hill's sentiments during these years are interesting. "I do not think," she says in one of her numerous letters, "the influence that the rich and the poor might have upon one another has been at all understood by either. I think we have all taken it too much for granted—a great deal more than we should have done—that the giving is all on one side, and the receiving on the other." That is from a seventeen-year-old girl! So also is this:

I go today to see the Sunday School, which most of my children attend; they press me very much to teach it. Would to God that I could show them the deeper, mightier foundation than that they are standing on! I believe I am doing so in a way. I have assumed that justice, truth, and self-sacrifice are the principles that hold society together. I believe that this is the great Christian principle—that there is no might nor greatness in Christ's life, no saving power in his death, no triumph in his resurrection, unless it is the eternal witness that obedience and self-sacrifice give to victory over lawlessness and selfishness.

I believe that, in so far as I am acting as if this were true, I am teaching them to be followers of Christ. What I wish I could teach them is to have a more personal religion. This I believe to be the great work that Sunday Schools have done; they have little scope for teaching the other truths. Daily life must teach that. We are teaching it to one another here. They are making it a much more living faith for me than it has ever been before.

It was about the same time, too, that she gave utterance to the following sentiments—which show us the motive with which she did all her welfare work:

I would rather that they (her children) had a strong sympathy with men than with birds; therefore I would prefer them to read about men, particularly if they will learn to study the characters more than the events. * * * It is on loving, infinitely more than on being loved, that happiness depends. I feel how little the reception of one's services or love has to do with their power of giving joy.

In April, 1856, when she was approaching her eighteenth birthday, she assumed new duties; she became secretary at a women's college. The children's toy shop continued for a little while in another place, but died a natural death not long afterward. Her new position was a highly responsible one, for, in addition to advising the women as to what work would be most useful, she was under the necessity of conducting classes herself whenever any of the teachers were absent.

But even here her thoughts revert to social welfare endeavors. In a letter, for example, to Miss Harris, in 1856, she makes an illuminating comment on *Tom Brown*, by Thomas Hughes, then a recent book. She calls it a cure for the *sadness* of the age. And she goes on to justify the phrase:

There is a sorrow which I honor; and I believe Mr. Hughes would too; but I speak of that sorrow which eats into the warmest heart, and fights ever against

their energy, urging them to hopelessness and despair, the selfish sadness that asks itself continually, "What have I of joy?" I speak of the sadness pervading all classes, which rushes with sickening force on the young lady who has danced most gaily at the ball, when she begins to unfasten her sash in her own room; which weighs heavily on the comfortable old lady as she sits in her drawing room, to receive guests; which makes the worker gaze in gloomy despondency on the long, long wearying days of toil, and makes the poor man say, "Nothing but care and trouble, and hard work, and the work-house at last,"—each and all saying, "What is the end and purpose of all this?"—I feel the book is a healthy blow at all this way of looking at things.

3. MISS HILL FINDS HER NICHE

A simple incident in Octavia Hill's career reveals both her character and the way in which she found her life's work. The lighted torch and the combustible material came together, with the usual result. If Miss Hill had been different from what she was or if a certain incident had not taken place, her life would have run into other channels.

It happened at Nottingham Place, to which she had moved in 1850, when she was twenty-two. She arranged to have a weekly gathering, in her kitchen, of some poor women whom she knew, to teach them to cut out and to make clothes. One evening one of the women fainted. A question or two elicited the fact that the woman had been up all the previous night washing, at the same time rocking the baby with her foot. A visit, next day, to the woman's home revealed that she lived in a damp, dirty one-room hole. Miss Hill immediately set to work vainly endeavoring to find decent quarters for the woman. On this failure there rushed to her mind what she had heard about her grandfather Smith's experiences, together with her own. But she was never one to be defeated. Something must be done, and done now.

It happened that, not long before this, John Ruskin, the noted art critic and writer, had come into a fortune, which he did not know what to do with. More than once he had talked the matter over with Miss Hill, particularly one time when she had taken some of her drawings to him for criticism. All this now flashed through her resourceful brain. She would go to Ruskin and tell him what to do with his money! And she did.

The great man responded as she had expected he would do. But he was not of a mind to manage such a project himself. However, if she would manage it and give him five percent interest, he would furnish the necessary funds. He added that he did not care for the money, but he believed that, if the project were put on a business footing, other men of means would be led to follow the example, and thus the poor would be helped. She accepted the proposition.

When, however, she went in search of suitable houses, she discovered that the landlords, on learning what use their property was to be put to, refused, one and all, to rent any houses to her. In despair she said to one of them, "Where *are* the poor to live?" To which he gave this landlordly reply: "I don't know, but they must keep off the St. John's Wood Estate!" There was, therefore, nothing to do but to buy outright whatever houses were needed. And this she did, with the help of Ruskin.

In 1864 she purchased three houses. "Our great event," she writes, "has been the actual purchase for fifty-six years of three houses in a court close to us, which Ruskin really achieved for us." She paid £750 for the lease on these houses, the poorest courts in London. She built a large room on the back of

her own home, so as to be able to see the tenants of the courts. Later a bit of ground, with five cottages on it, was bought in the same way. After repairing the houses and making them sanitary, she let them, two rooms to a family. These houses she managed so well that, in eighteen months, she paid five percent interest, the insurance, ground rent, taxes, and paid £48 on the capital invested. She collected the rents herself, giving personal attention to the tenants, helping them to better ways of living. This personal interest in the poor was the secret of her great success with the tenants. As the work grew, she trained women, who were given charge of certain houses, under her supervision.

Constantly, during the next few years, she extended her plans, till, at the end of twenty years, she was asked to take charge of all the dwellings of the Ecclesiastical Commissions in the slum areas of South London, with trained nurses under her. Of these dwellings there were five thousand. This was a great undertaking for a woman in those days, or, for that matter, in any day. At twenty-six years of age she purchased the first three houses, and at forty-six she was in charge of five thousand. It was during this period also that she became so well known for her work among the poor. Her fame spread. The city of Edin-

burgh borrowed her methods, as did also cities on the continent and even in America. There has been in Philadelphia since 1896 an Octavia Hill Association, the purpose of which, as its name indicates, is "to improve the living conditions of the poor residence district." Like the work of Miss Hill, this effort is on the paying basis. For, beginning with twenty thousand dollars, its fund gradually increased to two hundred thousand dollars. Earnings were limited to four percent. The organization has reclaimed several unsavory neighborhoods.

The problem of housing as a factor in human welfare was recognized publicly in England about 1841. This coincides with the movement for sanitation and public health.

Our next lesson will continue the life and work of Octavia Hill.

Problems for Discussion

Discuss the heredity and environment of Octavia Hill in relation to their probable effect on her life's work—(a) her maternal grandfather, (b) her father, and (c) her mother.

Discuss the social value of proper housing in its relation to (a) health, (b) morals, and (c) morale.

What is the relation between housing, public health, and sanitation? Why should housing be a public concern?

Mission Lessons

LESSON IV—HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

ACCIDENTS AND FIRST AID—"SAFETY FIRST"

ACCIDENTS are our peace time tragedies. They occur on our highways, in our workshops and in our homes, in ever increasing num-

bers. Each country now has its *National Safety Council*, an organization to study the cause of accidents, and to aid in their prevention.

They tell us that the accidents that occur by the carelessness of workmen, in shops and factories, have decreased in number, but that the accidents occurring at home have greatly increased.

In America, where the automobile is responsible for an ever increasing number of killed and injured, accidents have become a national nightmare, yet this organization tells us that the auto kills only five per cent more people than the home accidents, and we hear very little about these. The perils of staying at home "are nearly seven times as great as riding on trains, boats, buses and other public conveyances."

Domestic injuries last year visited one home out of every seven, and in thirty thousand of these homes, the accidents proved fatal, and the injured died. Accidents don't just happen; the great majority of them are preventable. In industry and railroads, safety first campaigns were started years ago. Accidents were studied. Hazards found, and reported and corrected and everything done to protect men at work. Workmen themselves were penalized for carelessness.

Let us start a Safety First Campaign to do away with accidents at home—to remove the hazards largely responsible for domestic injuries. Let us start, and correct the long list of things at home, that cause people "to trip, slip or tumble," for we are told these are the first offenders. The *National Council* of safety found that over half of the home accidents were due to falls and it is interesting to know that most of these might have been prevented. Heading the list of causes of falls are rugs on slippery floors, or rugs with holes to catch a heel or toe and trip an individual.

Stairs, poorly constructed and in

want of repair contribute their quota of home accidents. Poorly lighted cellar and porch steps are listed as causes, as also are misplaced objects, "such as children's playthings, tools, and household utensils," which are left about for people to trip over. Many people are injured by slipping in the bathtub or upon the bathroom floor.

In Winter-time, ice-covered walks and steps claim an ever increasing number of broken bones. Always there should be salt or sand near at hand to cover this ice and prevent slipping. The habit of climbing on chairs or tables in order to reach something is bad. "There is no substitute for a good step ladder."

It is a strange fact that children and adults, still persist in holding tacks, pins and other articles in their mouths while working.

In a large hospital recently, a noted surgeon was removing a pin from a child's lung. It was a most difficult task. The child had been hurried across two states for this relief. As the doctor worked to save the child's life, he remarked to those present, "Gentlemen, I am sure at this particular time, a very prominent member of my household has her mouth full of pins."

The spring-cleaning—the gasoline—the coal oil to stimulate fire—the acid on the top shelf, the poor electric fixtures—the gas leak—all contribute their share to human misery, and make home a dangerous place in which to live.

The following list of preventive measures has been reprinted from the March, 1934, issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*—copyright Curtis Publishing Company:

A HOUSEHOLD CODE OF SAFETY

"Always strike matches away from you, not toward you.

Always wield a knife away from you.

Keep all scissors in sheaths when not in use.

Keep kitchen knives in a rack, not in a jumble in the table drawer.

Always put broken glass in a box or strong paper bag—don't throw it in a trash basket loose.

Is there a gun in the house? Remember that it is *Always Loaded* until proved innocent!

Put small bells on all poison bottles—or shove three or four pins into the cork (heads up) to warn the groper in the dark.

Mop up spilled grease NOW—not "in a minute."

Keep all pot handles turned away from the front and edges of the stove.

Keep gas cocks extremely tight if you have small children.

Never burn a gas or oil stove in a closed room. Always have at least one door open. The pan of water on top of the stove won't save you from carbon monoxide.

Keep pails, scrub buckets, tubs, and so on, covered.

Put used matches in a tin can.

Don't put pins in your mouth.

Don't handle electrical fixtures with wet hands.

Don't leave a chair in the normal path of travel through a room. Somebody may kill himself on it in the dark.

Open ALL doors of the oven (to ventilate it) before lighting it.

Don't look for a gas leak with a match. Soapsuds on the suspected pipe are better. The gas man is better yet.

Don't use gasoline in the home for cleaning. It cannot be used safely for this purpose.

Throw out electric cords when they become frayed or otherwise defective—don't try to patch them up."

"Accidents don't happen, they are committed. That is why they can be stopped. The price is the expenditure of a little energy, but the rewards are enormous."

SHOCK

After a severe accident, a person may be left in a peculiar mental and physical condition, which is called shock. This condition may immediately follow the injury, or may develop some time later. It is described as one of extreme mental depression, produced, not alone by an injury, but also by a profound emotion. It is a state of extreme exhaustion or collapse. Shock is dangerous—and everyone helping an injured person should recognize it. The face is pale, with a dull expression. The skin is cold and covered with a clammy perspiration. The pulse is weak and rapid. It may be impossible to feel it at the wrist. The person is usually conscious, eyes partially closed, and the breathing is rapid and shallow. He responds to questions, but his answers are not coherent, and he makes no effort to move. Shock is a merciful provision of nature to prevent suffering to the injured person.

An individual who makes a loud continuous outcry after an accident, probably is not in a dangerous condition. The more seriously injured lie quietly and so may escape notice, on account of their apparent indifference.

The treatment of shock is very important—a life may be saved by its application before professional help arrives. The body is cold—hence it should be warmly covered, and external heat applied, by the use of bottles, jugs or other containers of hot water. They should be placed around the injured. The patient should be kept lying down, with the head low. For the heart, which

always needs stimulating give a teaspoonful of Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia in one half glass of cold water. Raising the feet and legs and rubbing them, always toward the heart, assists circulation. Do not shake the injured, nor try to force him to recognize you. Only when the face recovers its natural color, and the skin becomes dry and warm, and the pulse at the wrist is regular, is it safe to move the patient.

BROKEN BONES

The handling of broken bones in the home, requires a few definite ideas, as to procedure. First—straighten out the arm or leg, and hold it securely as any movement causes pain. Second—if one end of the broken bone should project through the flesh, pour a little tincture of iodine, diluted one-half with alcohol, on the wound, and cover it with gauze or muslin that has been scorched in the oven, if no sterile dressing is available. Third—if a leg is broken, a pillow between the legs, with a few well placed ties around both legs, will furnish a temporary splint. If an arm is broken, place a pillow under the arm pit and in like manner fasten the arm to the body. Fourth—never try to set a broken bone—this work belongs only to those with special training.

HEMORRHAGE

Hemorrhage is a distressing condition, complicating any accident. Its control requires only a cool head and the application of a few principles of first aid. First—if possible elevate the injured member—as an arm or leg. Second—remember a little bleeding is good for any wound as it helps cleanse it of infection. Third—most cases of hemorrhage can be controlled by holding a clean piece of sterilized gauze or muslin firmly

against the bleeding point. If this fails the tightly twisted handkerchief or piece of muslin tied, above the bleeding point, will keep the blood from entering the wound.

In all cases it must be the last method tried, and must be applied tight enough to completely cut off the circulation from the injured member.

These measures are for temporary relief only until help arrives and a knowledge of them may save a life. The rapid loss of a quart of blood approaches the danger point.

Health education should properly begin with a study of the prevention of accidents and the avoiding of other dangers. Since health is so important, why should any of us risk losing it by our own carelessness? "Even the strongest body can be injured or made helpless for life by a single careless act." It is not brave to take needless risks, yet many people do so constantly. Safety education will make school days safer. Fatal accidents cause one-fourth of the deaths of school children and most of these are due to carelessness. There is no disease that takes one-half as many lives of school children as accidents. The awful toll of auto accidents among children is being reduced, but only in those communities in which parents and teachers unite in an effort to teach the children the fundamental lessons of safety. We must spend more time teaching accident prevention. Demonstrations of the ways in which injury may take place, are helpful.

"An understanding of first aid means that you know how to determine the seriousness of the accident; that you send for a doctor; that you stop the bleeding; that you treat shock; that you restore breathing and that you make the injured as comfortable as possible."

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No. 12



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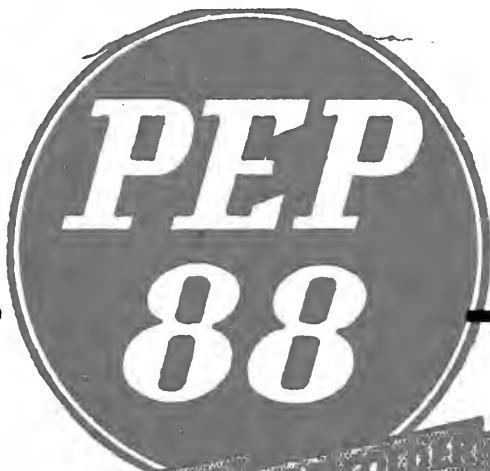
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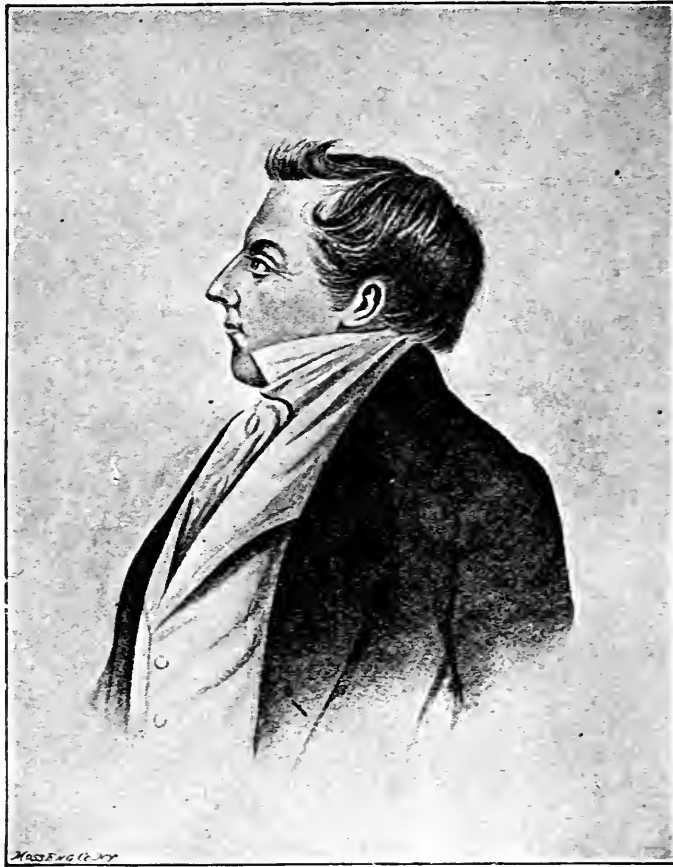
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OUR PROPHET

By Bertha M. Rosevear

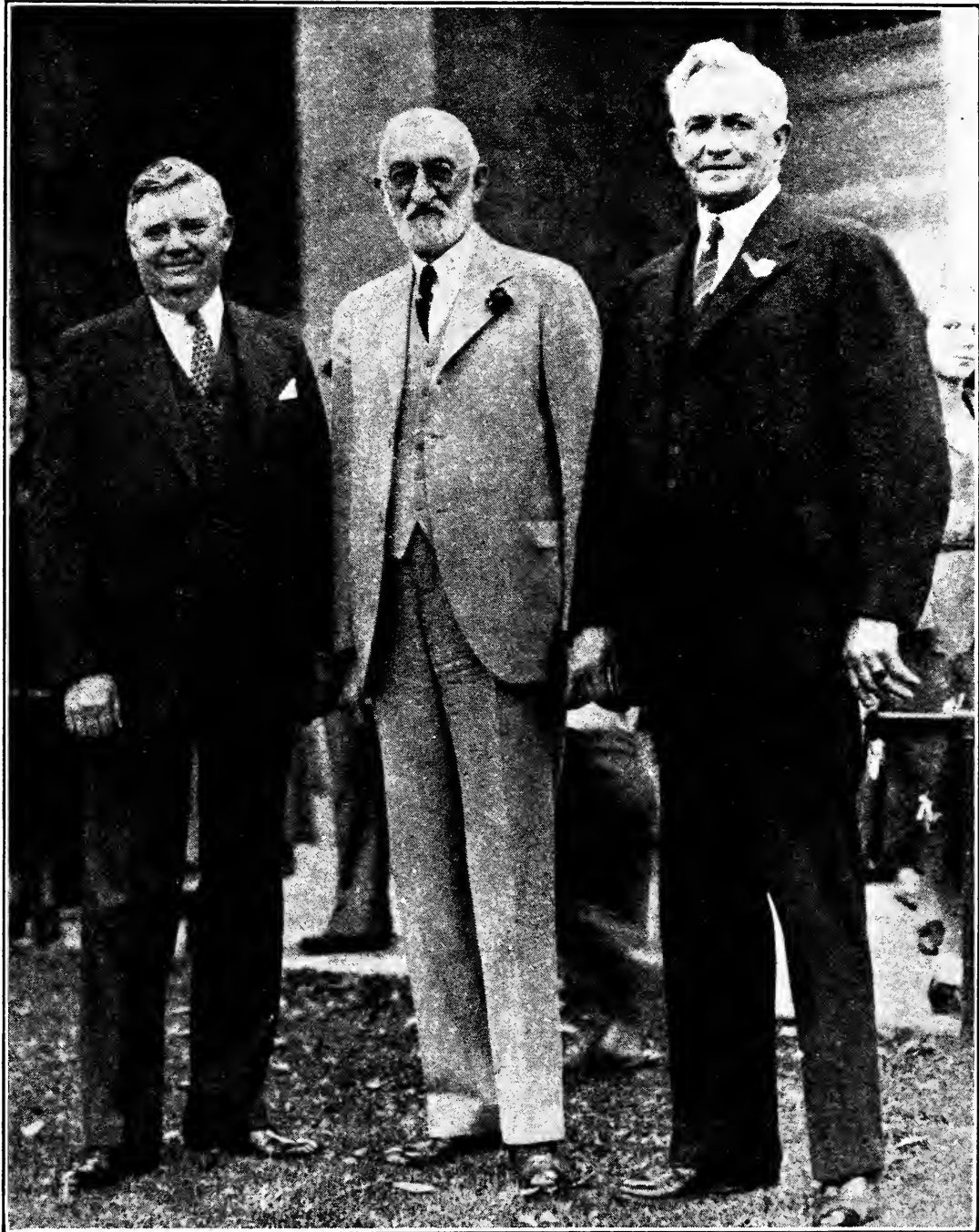
O for inspiration, that I might pen
The matchless life of him, who brought to men
A glorious message, straight from God above,
And sealed his testimony with his blood.

His life was short, 'twas but a few brief days,
But like a mighty comet speeding on its way,
He left a path of light, alive with flame,
And thousands now revere his honored name.

To him God spoke, restoring truth to earth,
Giving another dispensation birth,
And angels brought to him from the realms of light
Keys of knowledge, authority and might.

His dauntless courage, leadership and power
Proclaimed him overtly, man of the hour,
Nor could the fiends of earth and hell combined,
Destroy the monument he left behind.

Great was his mission, nobly was it done.
A Prophet, Seer, of the Holy One.
And every people, kindred, tongue and nation
Shall hear of Joseph Smith's exalted station.



THE FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

The Relief Society Magazine

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No. 12

The Opportunities of the Class Teacher

(Address delivered at the Relief Society Conference October 3, 1934)

By President David O. McKay

AFTER such a beautiful and complete presentation of plans and methods of teaching, as given in the two addresses to which we have just listened, I think there is left but little for me to say. It is a privilege, however, and a pleasure for me to join with you in this contemplation of the important subject of teaching.

"You never can tell what your thoughts will do

In bringing you hate or love,
For thoughts are things
And their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they sweep o'er the track
To bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind."

I have quoted this stanza because I realize I am speaking to a group of women who are teachers of mothers. Many of you are mothers yourselves, and therefore are very frequently discouraged because of the many duties that you have to perform, and in addition to your home responsibilities, and the care of your own children, you have assumed the responsibility of teaching others, and after you have spent hours on preparation of your lesson, and you have

done the very best that you can, you not infrequently feel discouraged, thinking that you did not reach your objective, as you tried so earnestly to teach your class. But I repeat, sisters, "You never can tell what your thoughts," your words and your kindly deeds will do in encouraging and inspiring those whom you teach.

I am reminded now of another stanza:

"I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?"

"Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend."
—Longfellow.

I AM going to approach my theme today with three observations which I know every mother, every teacher in the Relief Society can take to herself in encouragement. The first of these is a *realization of the responsibility of the teacher*; the second is an *appreciation of the opportunities that you have to reach*

childhood through motherhood; and third, the possibility each one has of teaching by power and example.

Do you know that while we have been considering this problem during the last hour that one hundred and eighty babies have been born in the United States—twenty-two and a half babies every seven and a half minutes? According to statistics only one out of these twenty-two and a half little babies will attain to a high degree of intelligence. Seven and a half will have the intelligence of a normal ten-year-old child, that is all through life. One and a half will be potential criminals; the other twelve and a half will range between the highest and the lowest grades of intelligence.

From birth to death men differ. They vary as much as do flowers in a garden. In intellect, in temperament, in energy, and in training some rise to one level and some to another.

The successful teacher is one who, with a spirit of discernment, can detect to a degree at least, the mentality and capability of the members of his class. He should be able to read the facial expressions and be responsive to the mental and spiritual attitudes of those whom he is teaching. The Great Teacher had this power of discernment in perfection as is well illustrated in His conversation with the woman of Samaria whose interests he not only interpreted, but whose soul He read by virtue of her past deeds. Too few teachers have this gift, even to a necessary degree, but every teacher has the responsibility of determining how best to approach the members of the class in order to make appeals that will be lasting. Fortunately our mothers have this gift of discernment naturally, and therefore I am merely calling your attention to this

responsibility that is yours to study the members of your class.

TEACHING is the noblest profession in the world. Upon the proper education of youth depend the permanency and purity of home, the safety and perpetuity of the nation. The parent gives the child an opportunity to live; the teacher enables the child to live well. That parent who gives life and teaches his child to live abundantly is the true parent-teacher. However, today the customs and demands of society are such that the responsibility of training the child to live well is largely, and in too many instances, shifted entirely from the parent to the teacher. In the ideal state, the teacher would be but the parent's ally, training the mind and encouraging worthy habits, and fostering noble traits of character inculcated by wise parental teaching and example, but in reality, the teacher, instead of being merely an ally must become the foster parent in training the child in the art of living. If that were all, his responsibility would be great enough; but it is not all. Often he faces even the greater task of overcoming the false teaching and improper training of unwise, irresponsible parents. In the light of such self-evident facts, I think it must be apparent to every thinking mind that the *noblest* of all professions is that of *teaching*, and that upon the effectiveness of that teaching, hangs the destiny of nations. "All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind," says Aristotle, "have been convinced that the fate of empires depends upon the education of youth."

WITH this thought in mind of parental responsibility, and, where neglected, the double duty

thrown upon the teacher, we see clearly the first great opportunity of the Relief Society class teacher. Hers is the privilege of meeting mothers, of inspiring them with the sacredness of motherhood, and of assisting them in the supreme art of training and guiding childhood.

I esteem it a privilege to look into your faces today and project in my mind your influence as you transmit it to those mothers who study in the class of literature, the gospel lessons you present, or listen to your presentation of social service. I go beyond that to those mothers who are silent, and do not come up and say "thank you," and who permit you to go home discouraged. If we could go with them into their respective homes where they meet their children, we should see that they resume their duties of motherhood with just a little more ability to train them because you have taught them even this one thing—the sense of responsibility.

The general objectives in our public schools should be to assist the individual in the proper development of his physical, intellectual and spiritual nature, that he may become of value to his country and of service to his fellow man. This objective can be accomplished only on the basis of true education. And what is true education? "It is awakening a love for truth; giving a just sense of duty; opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life. It is not so much giving words, as thoughts; or mere maxims, as living principles. It is not teaching to be honest, because 'honesty is the best policy'; but because it is right. It is teaching the individual to love the good, for the sake of the good; to be virtuous in action because one is so in heart; to love and serve God supremely not

from fear, but from delight in His perfect character." No one can successfully controvert the fact that upon the teacher rests much of the responsibility of lifting society to this high ideal.

SOME of you have in your homes a picture depicting Christ as a youth standing before learned men in the Temple. In that picture the artist has combined physical strength, intellectual fire, moral beauty, and spiritual fervor. There is an ideal for every boy in the land! I ask you, fellow-teachers, to take the artist's brush and canvas, and try to reproduce that picture of perfect youth! You hesitate! You say you have neither the skill nor the training? Very well; and yet every person who enters the profession of teaching assumes the responsibility not of attempting to put on canvas an ideal picture of youth, but to make out of a living, breathing soul a perfect character. "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, and imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen—we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten through all eternity."

The responsibility of the teacher, however, does not end in his duty to teach truth positively. He enters the realm of what-not-to-do, as well as the realm of what-to-do. In the garden of the human soul, as well as in the fields of human endeavor, there are thorns and thistles as well as flowers and useful plants. Thrice deserving of condemnation is he who would crush in a boy's mind a flower of truth, and sow in its stead the seed of error! Hence the importance of the teacher's knowing what she is

teaching, conscientiously believing that it is in harmony with God and truth. I merely throw out the thought because you can go down on your knees in your home, and ask God to give you the power to speak truth.

Wise parents and leading educators in the nation today realize that good citizenship can be attained only through character development. The sincere teacher realizes that hers is the opportunity to inculcate the virtues that contribute to the building of true manhood and womanhood. Hers is the sublime task to lead children and youth to believe that compliance with high moral standards leads to success and happiness. Hers is the opportunity to try, at least, to have each boy and girl accept the standard of the "Children's Morality Code":

"I believe: That self-control is a source of strength, spiritually and physically, which helps me to serve well my fellows, my country, and the world.

"That spiritual and physical health increase my own happiness, protects the health of others, and keeps me fit for work and service.

"That kindness spreads happiness through polite and generous treatment of human beings and humane treatment of all over living things.

"That good sportsmanship gladly recognizes the rights of others and graciously wins or loses in work or play on a basis of simple justice to all.

"That I must learn day by day to rely upon myself even while I reverence the wisdom of others and wish to profit by it. By relying upon myself I can grow resourceful, courageous, independent, thoughtful, and thus help in shaping the destiny of the world.

"That I must do my duty at all

costs in order that I may not live a burden on the world by doing less than my share of its work and may not fail to defend by own rights or the rights of others when justly called upon to do so.

"That reliability is the basis of happiness in living together and that I must therefore make myself a reliable person, a trustworthy citizen, honest in thought, and word, and act; one in whom others may safely place their trust.

"That the good workman is careful, energetic and preserving and that the world's progress depends upon his ability and faithfulness. I also understand that by always doing the best I can I become a member of the great Brotherhood of Good Workmen who have provided all the necessities and comforts of life since time began.

"That I am one player in a vast team but that, while only one, I have an influence for local, national and world betterment, which I must use because the hope of democracy lies in the ability of people to live and work in peaceful cooperation.

"That the welfare and happiness of my home, my school, my city depend on my loyalty and, because I live here in the United States, partake of its advantages and believe in its principles of government, I further understand the necessity for placing before my own private welfare the general good of all.

"That obedience to law protects the fundamentals of our government,—freedom, justice, equality,—and that to do my share in preserving these for the generations to come after me I must be intelligently obedient to all lawful orders of my superiors in every walk of life.

"Because I understand all these things, I hereby resolve to make continuous effort so to conduct my-

self in private and public life that I shall be, as fully as in me lies, a strong, helpful character, true to my ideals, a credit and help to my family, my nation and our world."

And so we sum all that up in these words, yours is the opportunity to teach mothers, and through these mothers their children, that they owe a responsibility to the home, to the State, to the Church and to God. They are not living for themselves, they are living for others.

To live an upright life, to conform to high ethical standards is the responsibility and duty of every teacher in the land. Greater even than this is the responsibility of the religious teacher. The religious teacher's profession is higher than that of the teacher in the common school; for, in addition to his belief in the efficacy of ethical and moral precepts, the religious teacher assumes the responsibility of leading the youth into the realm of spirituality. His duty comporting with his pretension and profession is to open the eyes of the blind that they may see God. O, it is wonderful to find "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." It is a glorious achievement to lead a lonely hungering soul out of the maze of temporal, sensual materiality into the enduring realm of spirituality.

"What is there in man so worthy of honor and reverence as this, that he is capable of contemplating something higher than his own reason, more sublime than the whole universe—that spirit which alone is self-subsistent, from which all truth proceeds, without which there is no truth?"

Leading youth to know God, to have faith in His laws, to have confidence in His Fatherhood, and to find solace and peace in His love—

this is the greatest privilege, the most sublime opportunity offered the true educator.

FIFTEEN miles from Vernal, Uintah County, stands a hill over which people walked and rode at intervals for years without seeing anything unusual about it. They noticed two great rocks uniform in size, but to men bent upon pioneer duties they were only rocks. One day a man from the Carnegie Institute walked over the same hill. The nature of the rocks suggested to him that they probably belonged to the Jurassic period of the world's history. He knew that in these strata are sometimes found fossils of huge animals that once roamed over parts of the earth. What were only common rocks to the farmer, the cattleman, and the pioneer were to the trained mind of the scientist, fossilized remains of two vertebrae of a gigantic creature that had been extinct for centuries. In the course of a short time this discoverer had a force of men carefully uncovering these fossilized remains, and the people of the surrounding valley looked on with interest and amazement, as a dinosaur, sixty-five feet long and thirty-five feet high was disclosed to view. Following indications as he perceived them, this educator in the realm of science, by great effort and expense unearthed one of the finest specimens perhaps yet discovered. Others have since been unearthed, one of which is on display in our own University, and others are still lying in their original position in the quarry.

SO men go through this life, catching occasional glimpses of a higher, a spiritual world; but unfortunately, they remain satisfied with but a glimpse, and refuse to

put forth the effort required to uncover the beauties and glories of that spiritual realm. They sense it blindly. Crowded by temporal demands, some there are who lose sight of even the indications. The game of life is fascinating, and when men enter it they enter to win. To win becomes the sole aim of life. The merchant, for example, wishes to succeed, no matter what it costs, though it be honor itself. The politician (not the statesman) enters the political world to satisfy his ambition, regardless of serving the community or his country. Thus, men lose sight of the high things of life; worldly things crush the spiritual light flickering within the soul. Some follow the will-o-wisp of indulgence, of passion, become dupes of an illusion, they soon begin to grovel. Truly as Wordsworth says:

"The world is too much with us;
Late and soon, getting and spending, we
lay waste our powers.
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon."

The most cherished opportunities of the religious teacher should be to lead the child to see, through the trouble and turmoil of a physical world, that "in all His dispensations God is at work for our good. In prosperity He tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortune, our submission; in darkness, our faith; under temptation, our steadfastness; and at all times, our obedience and trust in Him."

TO summarize: The great profession of teacher involves to a greater or less extent the responsibility of parenthood, and that of the highest leadership among men. It means a life endeavor to know the truth, and a constant, sincere desire to lead others to obtain this same knowledge. It means an exemplary life, for virtuous actions are but the result of a virtuous heart. The teacher's duty is also that of a watchman, and from his tower he warns fiery, brilliant youth from the realm of wasteful indulgence, and points to the higher realm of self-mastery and true service.

All this should be every teacher's responsibility, but the religious teacher's is even more—it is his opportunity and privilege to lead his pupils over moral and ethical hills to the glorious heights of spiritual reality—where the spirit of man may receive the illumination and inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, by the light of which every youth may obtain the realization of what Millikan says is the most important thing in the world: "The consciousness of the reality of moral and spiritual values."

I leave my blessing with the teachers of mothers, and pray God to let their influence extend from those mothers to the boys and girls of Zion, that faith may be implanted in their hearts that they may remain true and valiant to the everlasting principles of the Gospel, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Stories About Joseph Smith The Prophet

Is the title of a book just issued from the Press of the Deseret News, Salt Lake City. It is a work of 192 pages, compiled by Edwin F. Parry as a companion volume of his "Joseph Smith's Teachings." Readers will be thrilled with its contents, as it is interesting from beginning to finish. A suitable present for Christmas.

The Deseret Book Co. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

President Grant's Counselors

By Mary C. Kimball

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is blessed with an alert, earnest, devoted Presidency. They have a deep love for the people and for the great work to which they are devoting their lives.

President Heber J. Grant shows his greatness in his choice of men to hold responsible positions. He has selected two remarkable and outstanding men to be his Counsellors. Both have shown throughout their lives their devotion to the restored Gospel. They have lived according to its teachings and have championed its cause wherever they have been.

J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., who was chosen April 6, 1933, to be President Grant's Second Counsellor, and who was sustained in October, 1934, to be the First Counsellor, was born in Grantsville, Utah, Tooele County, September 1, 1871. His parents, Joshua R. and Mary Louisa Woolley Clark, were sturdy pioneers of that section. He comes from a long line of pioneers and patriots. His father, J. Reuben Clark, Sr., served in the Civil War and his grandsires fought in the War of 1812, also in the Revolutionary War. J. Reuben, Jr., was a Major in the World War.

President Clark grew to manhood in the country. He aided his father in caring for their stock. At times his duty required him to stay in the saddle all day and all night, going without rest or sleep for 24 hours at a time. Often did he bring loads of wood from the canyon.

In his early manhood he was a prominent worker in the Church. He

took an active part in the Sunday School and Mutual Improvement work. In 1925 he was appointed to the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

HE was ever eager to learn. After going through the schools of his native town, he entered the Latter-day Saint College in Salt Lake City. His association here with Dr. James E. Talmage, who was then President of the institution, has been of inestimable value to him. Dr. Talmage encouraged him in his endeavors and gave him a position as clerk of the Deseret Museum. He resigned in 1894 to enter the University of Utah. As Dr. Talmage was then President of the institution, Brother Clark worked in his office and thus earned money to pay his school expenses. Whatever he could save above his actual need he sent to his parents. He thus had the privilege of strengthening the friendship and increasing his technical training under this great man. He was graduated from the University in 1898 with the degree B. S. In 1934 his alma mater conferred on him the honorary degree Doctor of Laws.

ON September 14, 1898, he married Luacine Savage. Sister Clark has been an inspiration and support to him in all his undertakings and has made a beautiful home. She has gone with her husband wherever his interests called him. Three daughters and one son have been born to them.

AFTER graduation Brother Clark was principal of the high school

at Heber for one year, member of the faculty of the Salt Lake Business College for two years and served one year as principal of the southern branch of the State Normal School at Cedar City, then he again returned to the Salt Lake Business College. In 1903 he began work in the law school of Columbia University. Here his long training under Dr. Talmage made itself manifest in his accuracy and his great power of application. Dr. James Brown Scott, one of Columbia's professors, when preparing a case book of quasi contracts, employed Brother Clark to assist him. He graduated in 1906 and Elihu Root, Secretary of State, appointed him assistant solicitor. This position necessitated his studying international law. In the field of diplomacy he came in contact with America's leading statesmen. He went into many old cases and had them settled. In 1910 President Taft appointed him to serve under Secretary Knox as solicitor of the State Department. While in this position, he won the famous Alsop case against Chile. The case was arbitrated before the King of England and the United States Government was awarded \$900,000.00. About this same time he prepared a memorandum on the right of the Government to protect its citizens in foreign countries by force of arms. This has become an authoritative statement in the State Department. In March 1903 he was appointed United States Counsel before the British American Claims Commission. A memorandum on mutual trade which he prepared attracted the attention of Mr. Morrow and a lasting and delightful friendship was formed, which resulted in placing Mr. Clark in an important diplomatic position.

"In 1917 he became a member of the Judge Advocate General Re-

serve Corps at the request of General Enoch H. Crowder. Later he was assigned to duty under Attorney-General Thomas Watt Gregory. He remained at this post for a year and was assigned as adjutant to General Crowder, so that he held the rank of Major and was later awarded a distinguished service medal by Congress upon the recommendation of General Crowder.

"He made a careful and exhaustive study of the Versailles Treaty which ended the World War. No other man in the United States had a clearer understanding of this historic document and no one was better able to interpret it in the light of international policies pursued by this government.

"J. Reuben Clark supplied the well-known senator from Pennsylvania, Philander C. Knox, and those supporting Knox's views, with data when the great question of the League of Nations was debated in the Senate of the United States."

AFTER the War he returned to Utah but in 1921 was called to Washington by Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, to serve as a special counsel to the State Department in preparing the agenda for the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. He served as technical advisor to Secretary Hughes, who later appointed Mr. Clark counsel for the British-American Claims Commission.

In 1926 he was made a member of the United States-Mexico Claims Commission and soon became its general counsel. This familiarized him with the Mexican-American relations and because of this knowledge Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador, took Mr. Clark to Mexico as legal advisor. He later served as under-Secretary of State. When Mr. Morrow was elected a United

States Senator, President Hoover selected Mr. Clark to be our Ambassador to Mexico. He held this position with distinguished honor until March 3, 1933, when he resigned.

In acting upon the resignation, President Herbert Hoover sent the retiring Ambassador the following communication:

"I must of course, accept your resignation as Ambassador to Mexico, to be effective at the close of business March 3rd.

"I wish to take this occasion to express to you the appreciation I have for the service you have rendered our country as its Ambassador to Mexico. Never have our relations been lifted to such a high point of confidence and cooperation, and there is no more important service in the whole of foreign relations of the United States than this. A large part of it is due to your efforts, and I realize that it has been done at a great sacrifice to yourself. The American people should be grateful to you for it."

Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson said, "Your distinguished service as American Ambassador to Mexico has reflected signal credit upon the Department of State."

His contributions to the literature of the Department of State on international questions have been very important. He prepared one volume of 1,500 pages on "Emergency Legislation to December 1917." This stands out as the only publication of its kind and shows President Clark's ability to do a prodigious amount of work in a short time. He defined and clarified the Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. Clark is now President of the Foreign Bond Holders' Protective Council, Incorporated. The appointment to this important po-

sition came from President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT CLARK'S legal and diplomatic training, his physical vigor and ability to work long hours, will be of inestimable value in his new position. He faces the facts. He thinks in an orderly, logical way. He has played his part "in decisions affecting the destiny of the world." His clear vision and well trained mind and the inspiration that will come with his position will enable him to aid in an unusual way in shaping the destinies of this people. The following quotation from his Conference talk will show the spirit in which he undertakes his important labor in the Presidency.

"The world is moaning in tribulation. I do not know the cure. The questions involved are so nearly infinite in their vision that I question whether any human mind can answer them. But it is my faith that if the people shall shun idleness, if they shall cast out from their hearts those twin usurpers, ambition and greed, and then shall re-enthroned brotherly love and return to the old virtues — industry, thrift, honesty, self-reliance, independence of spirit, self-discipline, and mutual goodness — we shall be far on our way to a returned prosperity and worldly happiness. We must again yield fealty to the law that wealth, however great, is a mere shadow compared with the living, enduring riches of mind and heart. * * * The world problem is not primarily one of finance but of unselfishness, industry, courage, confidence, character, heart, temperance, integrity and righteousness. The world has been on a wild debauch materially and spiritually; it must recover the same way the drunkard reprobate recovers — by repentance and right living."

ELDER DAVID O. MCKAY, who was sustained in October 1934 as Second Counselor, has devoted the energies of his entire manhood to teaching, promulgating and furthering the interests of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He has traveled extensively in all the Stakes and Missions of the Church. He knows the problems and difficulties confronting the people and this rich experience will enable him to counsel wisely and to extend sympathetic help to the people of the Church.

DAVID O. MCKAY was born in Huntsville, Utah, September 8, 1873. His parents, Bishop David McKay and Jeanette Evans McKay, were sturdy pioneers. He was fortunate in being raised in a large family of children, his parents having ten sons and daughters. His early life on a farm gave him vigor of body and a deep love for nature. During his entire life one of his greatest joys has been to return to his farm home, which his parents left as community property for their children. Here they all gather and enjoy each other.

In his boyhood he knew the joy of riding horses, fishing and swimming. He entered wholeheartedly into whatever he did, whether it was play or work. In school he participated in all the student activities, and ball games were a delight to him. In his early youth he was an enthusiastic member of the Sunday School and Primary Association. He early served as secretary of the Sunday School and also of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. He attended the University of Utah and was graduated as class president in 1897.

HIS home training and his schooling fitted him to make an excellent missionary. He served from

March 1898 until August 1899 in Great Britain and presided for some time over the Scottish Conference. While on this Mission Brother James W. McMurrin predicted, "Brother McKay will be in the leading council of the Church."

IN January, 1901, he married Emma Ray Riggs, a charming, sweet, womanly woman. Their home life has been very beautiful. He and his wife have been devoted to each other and to their seven children. President McKay pays this lovely tribute to his mother, sisters and wife. "From my beautiful, ever devoted and watchful mother, from my loyal sisters in our early home associations, and from my beloved wife during the maturer years that followed, I have received my high ideals of womanhood. No man has had inspiration from nobler, more loving women. To them I owe a debt of eternal gratitude."

HE was released from his mission to become an instructor in the Weber Stake Academy. Three years later he became principal of the Academy. He made a noteworthy record and in 1908 became president of the Board of Education of Weber Normal College.

HIS work in the great Sunday School cause has been outstanding. He was Second Assistant Superintendent of Weber Stake Sunday Schools from 1899 to 1908. During this period he was instrumental in introducing features that later were used with profit in all the Sunday Schools of the Church. Under the supervision of Thomas B. Evans, Charles J. Ross and David O. McKay the Sunday Schools of Weber Stake probably made the most rapid progress of any similar group in the Church. For the first time outlines were prepared, preparation meet-

ings were held and the lesson work unified and made progressive. He went from Ward to Ward meeting with the teachers and showing them how to make outlines and instructing them in the art of teaching. Often did his wife bundle up her baby and go with him, so he would not have to make the long trips alone (those were horse and buggy days and it took a long time on dark nights to reach the distant wards.) The weather was never too stormy, the roads too rough for him to keep his appointments.

He has been in the General Superintendency since 1906, serving first as Second Assistant and then as First Assistant and being made General Superintendent of all the Church Sunday Schools on November 27, 1918. During his superintendency for the first time women were made members of the General Board.

HE was ordained an Apostle April 8, 1906, and is now a member of the Church Board of Education, being head of the outline work in the general committee on courses of education for the Priesthood.

NOT only has he served in Church capacities, but has always been deeply interested in civic affairs. For a number of years he was president of the Ogden Betterment League and served for years as an active member of the Red Cross Executive Board of Weber County. He is an honorary member of the Ogden Rotary Club. He was made Chairman of the Utah Council for Child Health and Protection February 19, 1932, at its organization following the White House Conference on Child Welfare. He served as a regent of the University of Utah for three years.

IN recognition of his special service as Church School Commissioner and his leadership in the

Church Teacher Training movement, the Brigham Young University conferred upon him the honorary degree of *Master of Arts* on June 2, 1922.

He made a tour around the World in 1921-1922 with Hugh J. Cannon, and they visited officially all the Missions of the Church except those in the United States. They traveled during the thirteen months they were away 62,500 miles. They were five months upon the waters. They crossed the Equator three times and sailed every ocean of the globe. In Samoa there stands today a beautiful monument erected on the spot where this beloved Apostle offered his final prayer for the people. Everywhere he won the honor and love of the Saints and they will ever remember his visit to them.

WHEN he came back he was instrumental in establishing the Mission Home in Salt Lake City. The training the missionaries have received there, though short, has been of great value. He presided over the European Missions from 1922 to 1924.

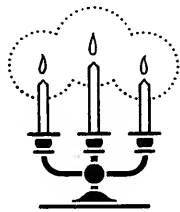
PRESIDENT McKAY has a charming, radiant personality. Wherever he goes he attracts people to him. He loves people deeply, and they in turn love him. Children bask in his presence. Dynamic and magnetic he draws friends to him as steel to the magnet. He understands the young and they look up to him as leader. The development of faith and the building of character have been his outstanding aims.

ELDER BRYANT S. HINCKLEY pays this beautiful tribute to him. "Another secret of his success is his sweet and unimpeachable character. He lives above the fog and turmoil of daily circumstance. David O. McKay never did a mean or little thing, he is guilty of

no injustice to his fellows, he is free from the indictments of selfishness and trickery. All his days he has lived upon a high moral plateau and has risen to spiritual altitudes which few people reach, inspiring all the while those about him to climb to the same heights.

"David O. McKay has done many good things and said many beautiful things but somehow he is finer than anything he has ever said or done. Back of all his splendid deeds, ris-

ing above all his achievements, is the charm of his winsome personality. Dignified and handsome in appearance, congenial and gracious in manner, kind, sincere, genuine and peace loving; but when necessity requires, courageous in action, fearless in defense of right, brave in the hour of battle, gentle and sympathetic in times of trouble, strong for truth, justice, purity and righteousness, he is always and everywhere a gentleman."



Christmas Candles

By Helen M. Livingston

Set out your bright red candles
At Christmas time this year,
Set out red Christmas candles
For warmth and merry cheer.

But somewhere in your household
Place a candle all white
For love and blessed memories
Of that first Christmas night.

Set out red Christmas candles
In your hearts at Christmas time
And tune your lives in gladness
With the merry sleighbells' chime.

But somewhere deep within you
Burn a candle all white
And bow your head in reverence
Before its holy light.

Peace on Earth

(A Christmas Story)

By Marguerite Johnson Griffin

IT was the day before Christmas, and Jim Brock walked slowly with leaden feet out of the employee's entrance belonging to the large firm of Morton Furniture Manufacturers. His head was down. His worn and shapeless hat drooped over eyes which had lost all luster of happiness, over eyes in which lay the strain of despair.

Others rushed gaily past him, brushing his elbows roughly in their eagerness to get away and do a little last minute shopping in some of the department stores before they closed. Others were happily engrossed with their own holiday plans, while he.—There was no joy awaiting him. Only despair, worry, disappointment. Only bitter news to tell his family when he reached their humble door that he was to be laid off indefinitely.

Christmas Eve! He must go home bearing a pay envelope which contained a paltry fifteen dollars, knowing that that must last until he could get another job. And how long would that be? How long must that money be made to buy food, warmth, and shelter for his little brood?

There was Sally who would graduate from high school in June, if only he could keep her going. Sally, gentle, loving, and talented, whose nimble fingers were those of the artist. If he could just provide for her the chance in life that she deserved and was soon to be ready for, art school. He sighed. No job. Where could he get another?

There was Bob, just starting high school. Dear, precious, brave little Bob who had had to do so much for

himself. Bob who rose early and studied late in order that he might deliver the morning paper as well as the evening news just so that he might have his books and a few clothes like the other fellows. And all because he, his father, could not make enough to provide everything for him. His shoulders sagged. But he shouldn't worry so much about Bob. Responsibility was good for a boy. It would make a man out of him. Only he wished it did not have to be from necessity.

Then there was little five-year-old Dan who would be wondering why Santa Claus would not bring him the electric train he wanted so much. Poor little Dan! Sally and Bob understand about Santa Claus, but little Dan could not seem to get it through his dear curly head why it is that during hard times Santa Claus cannot bring as fine toys as usual although he loves the boys and girls just as much. A tired sad smile crossed his worried face as he recalled to his mind the picture of his wife sitting with little Dan upon her lap.

"You see, Danny," she had said gently, "Times have been very bad. And you know that Santa Claus spends all his days and most of his nights thinking of how he can make people happy, and because of that he has always neglected his business. Therefore, if men who spend all their time making money have felt the depression, don't you think Santa Claus who has spent more thought on little children than on making money—don't you think he, too,

would have a hard time to provide everybody with as fine toys as he has before?"

"Yes, I guess so," little Danny had said wistfully, still unable to truly grasp what part money has to play in this big world of ours. "But mummy," he went on earnestly, "I wouldn't mind if it wasn't a very big train. Just a little one would be all right. Or it really needn't be electric, either, if that's too much. One of those you wind up would be fun. Do you suppose he could manage that, mummy? I wouldn't ask for nothin' else."

The man's expression of despair deepened into worn furrows upon his tired face. Until this very morning he, too, had been almost sure that Santa could manage the train, but now.—With heavy heart he plodded onward.

It was beginning to snow, the first snow fall, almost an unknown thing in this mild climate. The white flakes were slushy and damp, melting as soon as they touched the pavement. His feet were becoming wet and cold. He had been planning to have his shoes half-soled, though they were hardly worth it. He had almost been beginning to have hopes of a new pair, but now—

To his discouraged ears came the tinkle of cheery Christmas bells. He stopped by a window full of toys. His eyes lighted. His pulses quickened. There it was! An electric train, with bright headlights, speeding rapidly around its winding course. It was not a big one, nor elaborate, but how it would gladden the heart of little Dan. He sighed and shrugged. It was impossible now.

WITH despair bending his tall frame with its heavy weight, he turned from the sight. Music,

the blended harmony of a Christmas Carol caused him to stop and lift his eyes. He had always loved music passionately and he turned to watch the singers. There they stood, four of them, in red hoods and cloaks. He caught their words distinctly.

"Hark the herald angels sing."

How often he had heard that old song. It was almost his favorite among the Carols.

"Glory to the newborn King ;

Peace on earth and mercy mild—"

These familiar and once-loved words today scorched his heart with bitterness and antagonistic rebellion.

"Peace on earth!" Bah! There was no peace on earth. These were tumultuous, troublous times. The whole world was topsy-turvy. The whole world was mad. Never before in all history had there been such a condition, and there seemed to be no solution guaranteed to re-establish its equilibrium. Peace! Bah! Where there were wars bespattering and scarring the face of old mother earth? When poverty was clawing with ravenous fingers at her helpless children while a very select few alone enjoyed the luxuries of life? Peace! Why there was no peace anywhere upon the whole globe, because men could not find peace in their own souls.

He was walking doggedly along. He had not stayed to hear a phrase more of the song which had so seared his soul with bitterness. He was approaching his own neighborhood now. There was the meat market where he had promised his wife he would buy something for their dinner tomorrow. The window was filled with lovely turkeys. The sight of them added to his rancour. Turkeys were not for him or his family. But Mr. Morton, the man in whose establishment he had worked, would have one. He would

sit down to a feast made up of all the bounties life had to offer. But not Jim Brock and his family.

Jim knew what it meant to be out of a job in times like these. For the past three years he had had countless situations facing him exactly like this one. And it had resulted in work for a week or two, and then a disheartening search for months only to find something that would last perhaps but a few days. Yes, he knew well. That is why his nerves felt as if they could no longer endure such a strenuous battle for existence.

His harassed eyes were scanning the meat counter for something cheap, very cheap, yet something that his wife's ingenuity could dress up into a passable holiday dinner. He found what he sought for fifty cents. That was all he would allow himself to spend. Then with his parcel under his arm he once more went his way.

His feet were almost numb with the damp and cold. He would be glad to get home by his fire. It was only a block now; for he was passing the little church which was so near their small home. In its yard he noticed there had been erected since morning a big sign, decorated appropriately and effectively, with large letters proclaiming the age-old inscription: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

What a mockery for churches to flaunt such a thought before the eyes of men. There was no peace on earth. There was no good will among men. If there had been, he would not have lost his job at Morton's furniture factory, he who was well-educated and capable. Surely, if there was peace on earth, he would not have been thrust from his job just before Christmas in the midst of winter when times are always the hardest.

He was on his own porch now. He could hear the merry laughter of his children from within, while at intervals his wife's mellow voice mingled with theirs. She had been a sweet brave woman, he thought, while his heart softened somewhat, then hardened bitterly again as he reminded himself of the news he had to tell her. That would put an end to their gay laughter, he thought, as he vigorously stamped his feet upon the tiny porch.

In response Anna opened the door to him, surrounded by their merry bunch, Sally and Bob at right and left with little Dan peaking through first one opening and then another. They grabbed his arms, showered him with kisses, and ushered him into a room festively decorated with red and green streamers and Santa Claus cut-outs. He sat down limply in the chair they offered him.

"Where in the world did you—" he started to say, but was interrupted by a chorus of voices.

"We didn't spend a single cent, Daddy," they exclaimed gleefully, while their well-meant words smote his heart because of his inability to provide them a better living.

"No," Sally went on. "My art teacher gave me a lot of this colored paper. Of course some of it is kind of old, but it doesn't look so bad, do you think?"

"It looks great," the man breathed. "You are all good children. But I've lost my job," he finished, each word brutally distinct.

For a moment there was silence. Then—

"I've still got my paper routes. Two of them," interposed Bob, meaning to be encouraging.

"I want you to save your money for college, son," the man said tersely.

"I have been," the boy returned.

"Practically every cent, so I guess I can give some to the best dad in the world if I want to."

This endearment was touching from a boy usually so man-like and unemotional in all things.

"You are a good lad," said the father deeply moved, "but I don't think it will be that bad."

"I know it won't," said Anna in her calm, sure way. "It has been like this before, but something has always come along to keep us from ever being reduced to dire want. Don't worry, Jim."

"Things are getting better, too, daddy," reassured Sally. "From what people are saying, I don't think it will be so hard this time."

Little Danny looked into his father's face with a puzzled expression. Money seemed to be of such vital concern to grown-ups.

BUT youth cannot long be repressed, especially on Christmas Eve. So they resumed their occupations and gaiety was once more established, except for Jim Brock, in the back-ground of whose mind lurked that old familiar and harassing worry, and for Anna, who even though she forced laughter to her lips felt keenly for her husband.

"See, dad," said Sally, "I've made a Christmas card for mother."

"It is beautiful," murmured the man, as he beheld there, drawn by the hand of his daughter and colored attractively, a picture of the Savior extending his own arms to a weeping man and woman. What depths of understanding, meekness, comfort, and love she had portrayed on the face of Jesus, and what sorrow upon the countenances of the two who were seeking his blessing. It held the man almost spellbound. To think that his daughter's hand—

He read the inscription beneath it:

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"It is beautiful," he said. "But whom is it for?"

"Mama asked me to make it to send to Mr. and Mrs. Morton. They lost their little son two or three days ago."

"You shan't do it!" the man declared firmly and bitterly.

"Why, daddy!" the girl breathed in dismay.

"What's all this?" asked the mother coming in from the kitchen.

"She shan't send this card to those people," he explained, harshly. "He fired me. They're rich, while we're in want. They—"

"Did he fire you personally?" asked the woman quietly.

"No, but he's at the head. He owns the concern."

"He probably doesn't even know who you are," his wife went on. "And anyway during this Christmas season there is supposed to prevail good will in our hearts for all mankind and—"

"And on earth peace, I suppose," the man snapped ironically.

"Yes," she returned, puzzled at his outburst.

"Well, there is no peace anywhere. The injustice of our whole scheme of things drives out peace from even our very souls." His bitterness startled her.

"Never mind about that, then," his wife said softly. "Do you remember that day, only six years ago, when we—"

Her words summoned before his memory the face of their five-year-old Alice, stilled by the hand of death, and an expression of pain crossed his worn face.

"I remember," he said gently.

"And do you remember," she persisted, "how we learned that trust in the Savior and a knowledge of

his plan of salvation was the only way to obtain a philosophy that was big enough to enable us to rise above our grief?"

"Yes, I remember," he repeated. "You are right as you always are. You must send the card. But you have no stamps. You told me to get some. I forgot."

"We won't spend money for stamps now. Sally and Bob and I will leave it in their mailbox. I've been in all day. I'll enjoy the walk."

THAT evening they trudged through the rapidly falling snow on past their own humble neighborhood into districts more prosperous and still more prosperous until they reached the Morton's big home, big but empty because a little boy was no longer there to play within its walls. Anna wiped a tear from her eye. Well she knew and understood the aching hearts which were housed within.

"And you can only be comforted," she mused, "for you can never forget."

In the meantime, Jim was left at home to tuck little Dan into his bed. He was left, too, with memories that had softened his bitterness and filled his heart with a keener affection for the little boy who had been left in his charge. He undressed the child and knelt with him while he lisped his little prayer, but tonight he added to it a plea to Santa Claus.

"Please, dear Santa Claus, bring me just a little weeny train, that is, if you possibly can."

Tears of futility streamed unbidden down the man's face. He wiped them away. He could not argue with the child tonight and tell him the usual story about Santa Claus feeling bad when little boys and girls keep asking for things he could

not bring. No. Tonight he was too full of sorrow, too full of weariness with the struggle of life.

So he kissed the little boy and tucked him into bed, then quietly left the room. For hours he paced the floor, haunted by the knowledge that there would be no train in the morning.

Until his wife and two other children came home he walked his perturbed way, becoming worn out with exhaustion, so much so that it did not take long for his wife's gentle urgings and soothing words to entice him to bed and lull him off to sleep. One could not be too utterly discouraged around her. She had a way with you.

HE was surprised that he had slept so soundly, but he was not disturbed until Dan's glee over a few ten-cent and home-made toys awakened the household. The man's mind once more bestirred itself to the realization that little Dan was doomed to disappointment. He threw his worn and faded bathrobe about his shoulders and rushed out to comfort the child.

But the little boy was looking between, in, and around everything stowed away beneath the tree which was decorated with tinsel and balls that sadly betrayed their age.

Then the child stood back and announced calmly: "My train has not come yet."

The mother and father exchanged bewildered looks. Then the man began to explain.

"Well, sonny, I'm afraid—"

"Oh, daddy, you don't need to be. I know Santa is going to bring me one. I prayed about it last night you know, and.—" He searched for words. "Well, you know how when you pray, sometimes you just get the

feeling so strong that you know your prayer will be answered."

Tears were wet in the eyes of all, and for a long time no one spoke to break the magic of that moment. And so that Christmas day was hallowed by the gift of the Divine Spirit which only the faith of a little child can impart. The simple home-made gifts which were exchanged were glorified by a greater family love and appreciation for each other, and perhaps the little sister who was missing from their presence enriched the morning with a tie that was spiritual.

IT was a grateful and joyous family which unitedly partook of their simple Christmas dinner prepared by the capable hands of their mother, but late in the afternoon their gaiety was hushed by the shrill ringing of the door bell.

The father said, "I'll go," and they were all surprised to hear him say a few minutes later, "Why come in, Mr. and Mrs. Morton."

The children clustered wide-eyed in the background while their mother with gentle courtesy and simple hospitality offered them chairs and took their wraps.

"We just wanted to drop in, Mr. and Mrs. Brock," said Mr. Morton, "to thank you for the lovely card we received from you this morning."

"You don't know what it has meant to me," Mrs. Morton said gently, while tears threatened to fill her eyes. "I can't say more."

"You don't need to," answered the mother. "I know exactly how you feel. I've been through it, too."

Mr. Morton went on. "You don't know what it has done to our very house, that exquisite little painting and those holy words. It has brought a warmth that we haven't known since—since—" Words failed

him. Then he gained control of himself and said, "Who painted it?"

"Our daughter here," the father answered proudly, bringing forward the girl who blushed timidly.

"She has talent. I would like to do something for her. Have you ever thought of going to art school?"

"Oh, yes," she spoke up eagerly. "But I doubt if I will be able to. Times have been so poor for us and daddy has lost his job."

"Yes, yes. I know about that, too. When your card came I couldn't place you, so I had my secretary look you up. You will come to work in the morning. I need a man like you, for a man with such children as these, with such happiness in their faces when you have so little, is the man I want for a special job I have in mind, which will give more pay and a chance for advancement." He went on hurriedly, ignoring the man's attempted thanks. "And young lady, I am going to send you to art school. Oh, your father will soon be making enough to do that for you himself, but I want the honor."

The girl was speechless with joy. "I can't thank you enough."

"Don't try, for we can't thank you either," he said and abruptly turned to Bob. "Young man—"

The boy blushed with adolescent embarrassment.

"Young man," repeated Mr. Morton, "I need an energetic boy like you in my office afternoons after school. It will pay more than even two paper routes and you won't have to get up so early in the morning," he finished with an understanding twinkle in his eye.

"Gee, that's swell," Bob breathed.

"And you, my son," he said turning to little Dan. "For you there is an electric train. We have no little boy to play with it now, and we thought you might like it."

"Would I? Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you?" cried the child running in excited circles while Mr. Morton went out to his car and brought in and set up the most elaborate train outfit that little Dan had ever seen. And the bereft rich man and woman stayed for several hours enjoying the excitement and pleasure of the little boy who had known his train would come.

Finally when they arose to go, the short day had already darkened, but the thin blanket of snow did its best to brighten the oncoming night. After hearty goodbyes had been said, Anna and Jim stood in the doorway watching their kind new friends get into the luxurious car which stood waiting at the curb. Jim placed his arm around Anna's waist affectionately and she smiled up at him.

"You see, dear," she said, "God is ever mindful of us as he is of all

his children. All he asks of us is courage to face life and its problems the best we can, and faith in his wisdom and justice."

"Yes," responded the man. "We must have faith as strong and implicit as that of our little Dan, and courage like his which remained undaunted even though his train was not in the expected place at the expected time, for his faith gave him the assurance that his reward would come, and he was patient. Bless our children," he finished almost under his breath.

Just then as the whir of the Morton's car died away in the distance and as the couple paused before shutting the door, they could hear the lusty and melodious singing in the little near-by church, and the final words came distinctly to their ears:

"Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Christmas at the Desert's Edge

By Lorene Pearson

IT was the day before Christmas on the dry, dust-bitten farm of Martha and Hiram Hanks. Since early morning a high wind had been sweeping across the hummocks of greasewood that caught the swirling dust about its tenacious roots.

Martha looked out of the window of their drafty tar-paper shack with bitter tears in her eyes. It had been another dry, unproductive year, but drier and more unproductive than the five years just past. The garden patch had dried up so early in the spring that Martha had lost interest and let big tumble-weeds come in and crowd out what few stragglers of vegetables there were left. She looked out now at the desolate patch

and knew that nothing could be more bleak and discouraging in December than a field dotted with a few stubborn tumble-weeds that had not yet been torn loose to go tumbling over the country. With this wind she had thought the last of them would have blown off. But no, they hung on like grim death, intent it seemed, on reminding her, this day before Christmas, that her yield this year was weeds and that meant no money at all for anything that she desired.

And all that she desired was a Christmas tree! But their poverty would not even allow that this year. Jed Parsons went every year to the Wasatches, miles away to bring trees in his truck.

An evergreen! What memories it brought of her own childhood in the mountains. And how she wanted little Marian to know and love those mountains she had never seen. It was the one thing that Martha had set her heart on. And now, this year, they couldn't even afford a tree.

"Hiram, I can't stand it!" she burst out. Her utterly defeated spirit that had staved off bitterness all these last miserable dry years, cried out now in an uncontrolled flood of tears.

Hiram stood by her helplessly. "Come, Martha, it isn't as bad as that. Cheer-up. We'll have a good time anyway. And Marian is humming away in the other room like a good fellow. You ought to be as cheerful as she is, don't you think?"

Martha turned on him like a wolf at bay. "You forget that Marian still believes in St. Nick and that she thinks he is going to bring a tree this year like every other year. Why shouldn't she sing?"

Hiram was bewildered, hurt. His rugged, wind-burnt face was set in a patient mold and his ever hopeful blue eyes couldn't understand this defeat of Martha's. For him there was always another year, another season that would be better than this last. But women, he concluded, could not see ahead. They lived in the present, they couldn't think in years. Tentatively he asked, "Have you no faith at all, Martha?" He hoped this might allay the revolt within her.

"Faith," she flared back at him, "faith! I've been living on faith all these years and absolutely nothing has ever come our way. I'm through, I tell you. I'll not live on this dry farm another year. I'm going to Salt Lake and make some money so that my child will never again have to go without a Christmas tree."

Hiram was bewildered, upset. "You don't know what you're saying, Martha. You wouldn't leave Greasewood Flat. It's our home," he said, incredulously.

"I intend to leave, Hiram Hanks. Unless, of course," she laughed bitterly, a dry, coarse laugh full of thwarted desires, "unless a miracle happens."

It was as though a knife had been thrust into Hiram's heart, a knife she wielded. She could see it written plainly in his face. She almost retracted her harsh ultimatum, but already he had taken the bucket and had gone out to do the evening milking. It was just as well—she meant it—she couldn't possibly endure another starved year. Oh, of course, in all honesty, she had to admit that there were times when it was fun, and this awful dust-laden wind was forgotten. But nothing, absolutely nothing, could alleviate the fact that this year there would be no Christmas tree.

She had had one every year since she was a baby. To her it typified the joy in the world. No matter if there were no presents. If the family could put up a tree in commemoration of the birth of Christ, in commemoration of all the loveliness he brought into the world—that was sufficient. But not even to be able to renew that faith in beauty—that meant death for Martha.

IN this depth of bitter contemplation five-year-old Marian came running in from the lean-to kitchen, laughing delightedly. "Look mummy!" She held up a tiny basket she had made of a bright magazine cover the teacher had given her. Inside she had placed pretty colored stones she had picked up on the farm. "For daddy," she said, "Won't he be tickled, cause he loves the farm. I'll put it on the tree."

Martha looked down at all this hope and happiness and had the sudden insane impulse to make the child cry, to tell her that there was no St. Nick, that they wouldn't have any tree. But at that instant Hiram came in with the pail of milk from the lean half-starved cows and Marian ran hurriedly to hide her treasure.

MARTHA dragged herself around in a sodden haze to get supper. It was getting dark and the old oil lamp had to be lighted, and new chips put on the fire. As she went mechanically about her work, feeling each blow of the wind as though it beat raw against her heart, she reflected, as women do in bad moments, on all the petty annoying heart-breaking things that had happened to her since she married Hiram Hanks and came to Greasewood Flat.

There was the time she saved her chicken money to buy a spring bonnet and an Easter dress for Marian. The money had to go for seed that the wind blew out of the ground after the fall planting. There had been the time her turkey brood, just over those awful first weeks when they had to be watched day and night, had been eaten by a coyote that broke into the coop the very first night she hadn't got up to tend them. And always, always Hiram's stubborn optimism and gay laugh asked, "Well, does it really matter so very much, after all?" Matter! Martha jammed the lids down on the stove with a wild clatter. She was blinded by tears of anger and defeat.

THEN a word caught her ear from the other room. "It was a miracle," Hiram was saying to Marian. "Sometimes God performs his miracles through St. Nick." Involuntarily Martha listened. It was

the same old story Hiram told Marian every Christmas eve. The child always asked for it and Hiram always told it. But how ironic to tell it in *this* country where miracles never had happened!

She peeked into the other room. Marian was sitting on Hiram's lap. His face was aglow with the story he was about to tell. His eyes met Marian's in an azure gaze of understanding. She had his optimism—they loved the communion that this story brought. "Tell it daddy," she urged.

"It's the story of a little girl and a poor widow and the good St. Nick," he began. Marian clapped her hands in anticipation. "It was the night before Christmas, just as tonight. In the old country it was the habit among all the children to put one of their wooden shoes out on the sill of the window so that when St. Nick passed by he could drop a little gift into it. The little girl in the poor widow's house took off her shoe and carried it outside. Snow had begun to fall and she knew it would be very, very cold before morning. But she knew old St. Nick always came no matter what kind of a night it was. So she went to sleep peacefully. But the poor widow didn't have any faith in St. Nick and because she was poor and had no money to go buy a present for her little girl, she was sure there would be nothing in the shoe in the morning. So she cried all night. But, imagine her joy, when the little girl jumped out of bed the next morning and ran out-of-doors to get her shoe. What do you suppose she found? A dear little bird that had crept in there away from the storm. God doesn't forget those who have faith. He just sent St. Nick around there to see that the little girl got something."

Marian clapped her hands. "St. Nick really brought it, didn't he?"

"Of course," said Hiram, a happy smile on his red-brown face.

Marian jumped down from her father's lap and asked solemnly, "Daddy, do you think I should put my shoe out on the window sill. I don't want him to miss me, daddy. But a tree wouldn't go in a shoe, would it?"

Hiram laughed a joyous laugh. (Quite as though everything were all planned for a big Christmas, thought Martha bitterly.) Then he looked down at his solemn child. "No, your shoe would be too small, and then there isn't any window sill. Tarpaper shacks just don't have any. But St. Nick knows that and so he'll manage some way. Especially if you're a right good girl and have faith."

"Oh," said Marian solemnly, "He wouldn't forget my tree, I know he wouldn't."

When supper was over and Marian was sleeping peacefully in her little bed, Hiram had the hurt look on his face that Martha had caused with her outburst. At last he said, "I guess I feel like the old widow in the story in spite of my faith."

Martha couldn't help cutting in sardonically, "Well, why did you tell the child that fantastic tale to get her hopes up?"

THE wind blew and buffeted and beat the little tarpaper shack on Greasewood Flat. In the darkness and tumult of the storm Martha tossed and felt the hurt of unshed tears in her dry throat. Hiram, she knew was awake, too, but he didn't toss. He lay there as though some

great weight held him down. Toward morning the wind quieted and the two of them dropped off into a fitful sleep.

It seemed as though they had just closed their eyes when Marian's shouts and the tug of her little hands woke them up to a sunlit, quiet world. "He's been here, he's been here," she ran to the bed, screaming excitedly. "Out on the porch. Come quick and look. A tree, a tree."

Martha and Hiram, stirred by the enthusiasm in the little voice, got up, and in spite of their unhappy night, felt a thrill of anticipation and curiosity. They went to the door, where already Marian had gone out before them. There, in a corner of the tiny porch two tumble-weeds had rolled, a smaller one on top of a larger one. Marian had already brought out all the last year's trimmings for the tree and had draped it over the prickly, lovely branched weeds. And hanging on the "boughs" were two tiny baskets. One was filled with pretty rocks, "for father who loves the farm," and the other was filled with the cut out pictures of pretty ladies "for mother who loves to sew."

Marian clapped her hands and danced around the little tree but suddenly she stopped and there were tears in her eyes. "He didn't forget me, did he daddy?"

Martha picked up the little girl and hugged her tight. This time the tears that ran down the mother's cheeks were not from a bitter source. They were from that other well in a woman's soul where happiness dwells. In her heart Martha knew that never again would she lose faith in miracles.



President Rufus K. Hardy

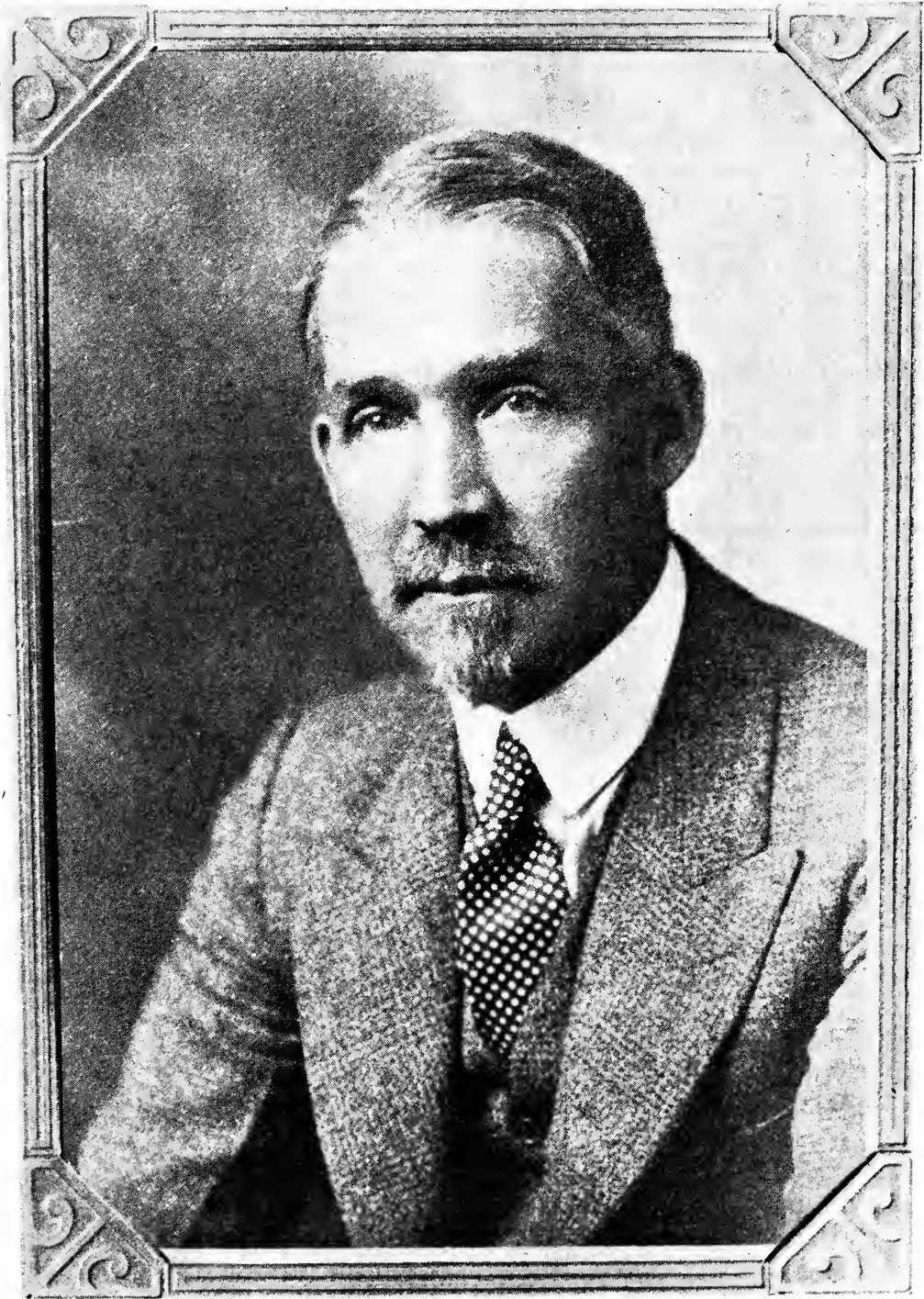
By President Levi Edgar Young

I APPROACH the writing of this sketch of Rufus K. Hardy with a great deal of joy. He and I were boys together. We played the same games in our childhood days; we attended the same district school and had the same teachers; we joined the other boys in their hikes through City Creek canyon and on to the surrounding hills; we steered the same large sled down the hill in winter time; and snow-balled the same passers-by. Yet there was a kind of honor to us boys as a group. It is safe to say that we never picked on smaller boys, and we never ran from the larger ones. Our teacher in the old Twelfth Ward school (the building still stands on east First South Street) was John B. Moreton. The "higher" room where he taught, was in the basement of the building. It was the day when we were graded according to readers, and famous was the boy or girl who had reached the Fifth Reader and could do complex fractions. Mr. Moreton understood us, and though a fine disciplinarian, he was never harsh, and happy was he, when a boy or girl would work hard at the assigned lessons, and manifest a love for books. His classes were always interesting. Blessed with a vivid imagination, he would take us on long trips to distant countries and tell us about the heroes of history. We learned to live the subjects he taught, and the boys and girls would remain voluntarily after school to listen to some story or hear him read the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow.

There was a certain fineness of character to the boys and girls of

the Twelfth Ward school. Many of them with whom Rufus and I played have won for themselves high honors in the world. We played "town-ball" with Bry Wells, who is now a Major General in the United States Army. Will Riter, who used to recite Patrick Henry's speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses with dramatic effect, became the assistant Attorney General of the United States, and was living in Washington, when death took him. George Riter used to make us laugh at his stories. He held the position of City engineer for Salt Lake City for many years, and many of the paved streets of Salt Lake were due to his careful planning. Edith Ellerbeck was on her way to fame as a writer of fiction, when her life was cut short. Mahonri Young still lives, and is one of the world's great sculptors. Ida Savage was a fine art critic. She died some years ago. Mr. Moreton had a way of stimulating ideals within the souls of his boys and girls, and he created a "moral thoughtfulness" that remained with us all through life.

As I look back now through the years, I see him standing before the old brown desk, listening to our recitations and quietly correcting our mistakes. He made us feel sincerely that there is such a thing as "moral health as beautiful and as desirable as health of the body; and that the signs of it are truthfulness, sincerity, kindness, helpfulness, self-respect, self-control, courage, and fulfillment of duty." He was a great teacher, and fortunate was the boy or girl who came under his influence.



PRESIDENT RUFUS K. HARDY

IT was in such an atmosphere that Rufus Hardy received his early school training. But greater than his schooling was the influence of his old home. President Hardy comes of fine pioneer parentage. His father was the son of Josiah G. Hardy, who drove an ox team across the plains in early days, and suffered hardships almost beyond description. Rufus Hardy, the father, had an artistic turn of mind, and for many years, he played in the old Mark Croxall band and George Careless orchestra. Annie Kay Hardy was an ideal mother. In her home, she trained her sons, John, Rufus, and Carl in the paths of rectitude, and imparted to them truths and inspired them with ideals not found in books. She was an outstanding and sympathetic character; and had an understanding heart. She was a graduate of the old University of Deseret and had studied history and philosophy under Dr. John R. Park. Always serene and patient, Annie Kay inherited from her English parents stability of purpose and constancy to high principles. From her lips, her boys learned the precepts of the Bible. She gloried in the traditions of early American history, and loved the poems of Whittier and Longfellow. She struggled to educate her children; at times her work was hard, for she taught school, and often left home in the early morning and returned at the end of the day tired and discouraged. Yet no one ever saw her face clouded with a frown. The mother was Rufus's greatest teacher, and from her he inherited a love for books; from the father, an appreciation for music. President Hardy, when but a young man, became prominent in the real estate business in Salt Lake City; and then for a period of twenty-five years, he was supervisor of the

Western States Life Insurance Company. His reputation for honest dealing was known to his host of friends; and he always found time to look after the interests of orphans and widows, who came under his influence. His kind heart has always been expressed in charitable acts, which have relieved much suffering and want. In business, he has a fine sense of accuracy, combined with a sound and calm judgment. He has often surmounted difficulties by his unwearied diligence to prosecute labor, which his physical condition at times must otherwise have arrested.

President Hardy was just nineteen years of age, when he was first called to perform a mission in New Zealand among the Maoris. He was absent from home in this field of labor over three and a half years, and during his absence, he not only learned to speak the language fluently, he became greatly interested in the traditions and history of the Maori people. He sees in the lore of that people, substantial facts that connect them with the Jewish race. While it may be true that there lived in New Zealand in prehistoric times, a race of people whose lineage is not known, yet it appears to be certain that Semitic civilization has stamped itself upon the native inhabitants. These people, according to President Hardy's conclusions, have always moved in a religious atmosphere, and have ascribed a religious origin to their power and a sacred character to their kings. They endowed the family with rigid cohesion and the maintenance of family life was a sacred duty. Many important legends are preserved among the people, which have helped to maintain their ancient government, and to regulate the conduct of men—the Creation, the Victory of

Light over Darkness; the Fall of Man, and the Deluge. Christianity appeals to them, and whenever they have accepted the Gospel, they have maintained its dignity in their hearts by living it.

To the Maoris, President Hardy has gone three times to carry the Gospel message, and at the time of his call to the First Council of Seventy at the last General Conference of the Church, he was presiding over the New Zealand mission. He has just recently been released, and is now on his way home. Elder Hardy has a great love for the out-of-doors. Ever since he was a small boy, he has roamed the hills. He knows the trees and flowers. To this day, he loves hunting and fishing, and hardly a stream in Utah is unknown to him, for trout fishing has been one of the joys of his life. When I think of

him going into the remote canyons every year, I recall Walter Savage Landor's fine lines:

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors,
and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles."

President Hardy is well equipped for his divine call to the position as one of the First Council of Seventy. His experience has been broad and active. His early training has given him a love for books, and he has a comprehensive knowledge of history and literature. His charming companionship, his knowledge of the Gospel, and his generous consideration of others; all give him a fine setting for his future work among the people. He will be greatly loved.

In Confidence to Santa

By Mabel S. Harmer

WE once believed, more or less, that happiness consisted in an abundance of things but of late years we have learned that happiness depends much more upon what use we make of our possessions.

Certain it is that we face life today with a truer sense of values than in our days of "prosperity" and both from necessity and inclination will attempt to pass that knowledge on to our children.

In selecting Xmas gifts for children there are many things to consider. With some of us the first consideration has to be value. What will be the most worthwhile toy for the least money. A most important consideration at any time—in depression or out of it—is what the gift will do for the child. Will it

continue to hold its interest, provide him with something to do or something to make? And last but not least, of course, is the child's own preference. It would be rather dreadful to give Jack a red engine if his heart were set on a pair of roller skates.

"What can you do"? is a question that a youngster has a right to ask of any plaything. A new toy, however bright and attractive it may look, must be capable of doing something, else it is fit for nothing but to be taken apart.

Toys must be chosen which will give free rein to the imagination, develop budding creative instincts and provide real lessons in sense training and muscular control. A recent survey on Play Behavior and Choice of Play Materials, by Dr.

Van Alstyn shows that children spend more time on raw materials than on material of other types and that all ages show the same interest in these raw materials.

FORTUNATELY there is no end of playthings which respond to the touch of small creative fingers from the modeling clay which can be purchased in bright colors at the 5 and 10 stores to the chemistry outfits for the boy in or near his 'teens.

Every boy must own a set of tools onetime or other in his life. Most probably all of the time after he is three or so. First come the simple processes of hammering and sawing, both absorbing pastimes and fine physical exercises and practice in control. A small workbench must be provided if mother doesn't care to have various and assorted nail-holes in her kitchen linoleum. If you want to give the young carpenter a thoroughly delightful book along with the tools there is "Your Work Shop" by Edna Plimpton (MacMillan) which a seven year old boy can read for himself. "When Mother Lets Us Carpenter" by John D. Adams (Moffat Yard) is another with good shop advice, interesting drawings and amusing verses.

I daresay you thought there was nothing new to be said about dolls but doll news like the dolls themselves never grows old. Not long ago a small girl showed me a lovely doll that had been given her by an aunt. She was kept carefully in a box and the ribbons, laces and small white shoes were all immaculate. When I had duly admired the lady she was placed back on a shelf where she spent all of her days. The small girl then picked up her real doll and trotted off to play. The latter had a rubber body, soft and cud-

dly like a baby's and could be bathed and tended in a most realistic manner.

Girls never tire of sewing for their dollies. I know one mother who provides a whole set of materials for her young daughter to make up for the doll after Xmas and secures for her many happy, busy hours. Jane would much rather have the fun of making them up herself than to have the finer doll clothes which her mother might have made.

Cooking utensils are fascinating to the little girl and a cook book makes a nice gift for either boys or girls who like to go adventuring in the kitchen. They are sure to enjoy "Jane Louise's Cook Book" by Louise Price Bell (Coward McCann Co.). One eight year old boy sometimes amuses himself for hours on a rainy day by making, cutting and decorating cookies. Of course the kitchen floor is a wreck afterwards but his mother says that she prefers having the floor wrecked rather than her own nerves.

Then there are numerous kinds of construction sets for the older children, such as erector sets and airplanes to assemble. For the younger ones the Playskool toys offer unlimited possibilities for imaginative and creative play and are also found within a wide range of price. The Lincoln logs are splendid for the child just beyond the building block age.

Not all of the child's playthings should involve the use of a great deal of physical energy. There are times when it simply is not possible for mother to allow Johnny either to be hammering or working the new punching bag. And there are times when Johnny himself should have a period of quiet although he very seldom realizes it. For these periods of quiet play there are pic-

ture books to color with crayons, puzzles, table games and anagrams.

There are interesting sets on the market now of miniature Indians, cowboys, historical figures, farm animals and vehicles. These figures are from two to six inches high and give a wide range for imaginative play, especially if there is a sand-table or some similar arrangement where a farm or townsite can be laid out.

IT is possible to choose toys so carefully that there will be little need for discarding. Wheel toys, blocks, playfurniture, dolls and tools may be used for years if some attention is given to their durability in the first place.

Some variety in playthings is also necessary because a small child cannot normally be expected to stay with one toy for any great length of time. As he grows older he can concentrate for a longer period of time but for the very young child it is better to buy two or three inexpensive playthings than one of higher price.

It is also important that the toy fit the age of the child for whom it is intended. There is no need of giving a set of complicated tools when a hammer and saw are all that Johnny can manipulate. On the other hand ten year old Mary may be deeply offended if she is given some plaything she regards as babyish. The very young child needs large materials to work with because his efforts are crude. He wants large building blocks and crayons and prefers pictures to color that do not have much detail. After the eighth year he is capable of using keener mental effort and more deft physical application.

It is possible to provide too many toys as well as too few. The child

may become satiated and lose interest just as the appetite will tire of too many sweets. The "poor little rich girl" with too many toys is almost as sad a case as the child whom Santa deals with lightly.

NO Xmas list is complete without books. They are the universal gift for young and old, rich and poor. There is no need of buying books that are discarded when read through once. The books that one wants to place on the bookshelf are the ones that can be read over and over again. You know of the beloved "Alice in Wonderland," "Heidi," "Pinocchio," Kipling's "Jungle Book" and the Alcott books which no child should be allowed to grow up without.

Some of the newer delightful books are "Hitty," the story of the first hundred years of a wooden doll, "Now We Are Six" by A. A. Milne, the numerous twin books by Louise Fitch Perkins (The Japanese Twins, The Indian Twins, etc.) "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" by Elizabeth Coatworthy is a Newberry prize book as is also "Hitty." The animal pictures in the "Cat" make it a lovely nature study book.

IN providing playthings for children it is sometimes necessary to provide space in which to use them. It is unfair to give Bobby an electric train and then complain when he sets it up in the living room. But if the only floor plug in the house is to be found there, what else is he to do? It is often possible to arrange space in the basement for toys that stimulate activity and a congolem rug and a little paint will make as attractive a setting as a child desires.

Playthings may and should be definite assets to a child's growth and development if we choose them wisely.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

December—the joy of the Christmas time is to lighten other's burdens.

QUEEN MARIE of Roumania, sometimes called "The mother-in-law of the Balkans" and still the most fascinating queen in Europe, is now working on the third volume of her "Memoirs." The story of a princess whose life has been so interwoven with all the phases, social and political of Europe's reigning houses—the Hanoverians, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns, with their splendor, pomp and magnificence, not forgetting their tragedies, has made a popular appeal. This intimate and picturesque portrayal could be told by no other living person.

MISS JOSEPHINE ROCHE of Colorado becomes the first woman of the "Little Cabinet" by her appointment as assistant to Secretary Morgenthau of the treasury.

MARIA JERITZA, Vienna's famous prima donna, has been awarded the Officers' Gold Medal by the Austrian Republic. She is the first woman to receive this distinction.

JULIA DENT GRANT, former Princess Cantauzone of Russia, has renounced her title and become again a citizen of the United States. She expects to take an active part in the political life of her native country.

FOUR WOMEN were noted members of the administrative council of 24 at the Episcopal convention held this fall. This is a fine recognition of the ability, generosity and effective work of the women of the church.

JEANETTE PICARD was pilot for her husband in their daring flight into the stratosphere. They reached the height of ten miles above the earth in seven hours and forty-eight minutes.

DR. ANNA P. BOUDIN is director of the dentistry section of the New York infirmary for women and children; she is also a member of the staff of the Bellvue Hospital.

HORTENSE McQUARRIE ODLUM, a Utah woman, has made a great success in business in New York and is president and manager of a big Manhattan smart shop.

MRS. LORINE PRUETTE, psychologist, writer and lecturer, has recently published a most readable book, "Women Through the Depression."

MRS. BLANCHE K. McKEY has been recognized among American lyricists having had poems included three times by editors of Anthologies. Mrs. McKey is a member of the gifted family of the late R. K. Thomas and Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, a former member of the general board of the Relief Society.

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD, a favorite poet of Utah, has written a new book, "We Sagebrush Folks." It is an interesting interpretation of farm psychology also autobiographical.

"*My Normandy*," by Mary Cabel; "*Women Over Forty*," by Sarah Trent; "*Tomorrow is Another Day*," by Henrietta Buckmaster; "*Next Year's Rose*," by Diana Patrick, are some of the new books by women this winter.

Making the Christmas Story Live

By Ethel Hale Jeffery

TO my first baby, Christmas was ushered in with beautiful lights, a tree all aglow, bells, tinsel, and presents; a toy dog to hug, and a beautiful red ball. How he danced on my lap and clapped his hands with glee.

To each of the three children that followed it was the same. Christmas came to mean a beautifully lighted tree, Santa Claus and presents. Santa was real. Christmas was the thrill of their lives. How was I to teach them the real significance of Christmas. Their little minds could not revel in this wonderful pageantry of Santa, glitter, and toys, and concentrate on the story of the Christ Child. There must be something more concrete. I tried pictures. They enjoyed them while I told the story but their minds were soon back to Santa and the toys. An article in the Parents' Magazine by Mrs. Curtis gave me inspiration. She made the Christmas story live with a little manger scene of modeled figures, she found in a quaint village in Germany. This wonderful article is in the December number of The Parents' Magazine for 1932.

Then in our own *Relief Society Magazine* came the wonderful department—Young Mothers and Happy Mothers, and the article on decorating windows for holidays and how to make a little manger scene. Here was real inspiration.

We were in the city a few days later and after going through shops and department stores for several days we found, just as we were ready to return home, a little manger scene on light cardboard to be cut out and set up. It was beautiful.

I HAD thought that we would wait until a few days before Christmas to set it up. But the children would not wait. So the second day after reaching home we spent the whole afternoon with it. I told the story as we cut it out and each child held the little figures reverently. Even the baby, only eighteen months old, seemed to sense the sacredness of it. There was a little stall, a manger, two angels, the baby Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the shepherds. A lamb, and a donkey, and the three wise men on their camels with their gifts. A star shone above the manger. Every part had to be explained even to the gifts of the wise men, what they were and why they were given to the Baby Jesus. It was so much more than a picture. As I answered their questions and explained each little figure, it became real to them. And when "daddy" came in they were eager to show the scene to him and tell him all about it. They were anxious to show it, and tell the story to every visitor who came in.

Not having a fireplace we put it on the piano. There it shed its influence until weeks after Christmas when we felt it must be put away and preserved for another year.

THAT the Christmas story might be impressed deeper upon their minds we decided to use the story in our window decoration. There was no snow or frost so we gave the windows a frosted effect. We cut silhouettes from white crepe paper. We cut the paper to fit the bottom of the panes coming up the sides as the frost would on a cold morn-

ing. Emerging from the deep frost were the pictures. In the south window we represented the shepherds tending their flock with the angels singing and the bright star over head. For the east window were the wise men following the star. When the pictures were cut out we covered them with a thin coat of paste and sprinkled artificial snow over them. When this was dry we spread a thin coat of paste on the window pane and pressed the picture carefully to it, sprinkled a little snow around the edges and wiped away the excessive paste. The effect was wonderful. The children loved these window pictures as they did the manger scene. They were part of the story.

WHAT a lovely Christmas we had. Of course there was the tree and Santa and the other decorations. But the Christmas story still lives in their minds and they are anxious to again set up the little stable and put the "shepherds and wise men on the windows."

To my children Santa is still real.

But I hope that he will soon fall into the background as the spirit of love and giving while Christ becomes the prominent figure of Christmas.

This is the most worth while thing I have ever done for my children. It is worth the time of the busiest of mothers. If you can't get the manger scene from a five and ten cent store you can get one from Sears, Roebuck and Company, or make the scene as Mrs. Josephsen suggests.

Here is a recipe for paste:

To three cups of boiling water add one cup of flour which has been stirred into enough water to make a smooth, easily poured paste. If it is hard to remove all the lumps, strain it before adding it to the boiling water. Pour a tiny stream into the boiling water stirring all the time. Let cook ten minutes. Remove from the fire and add one level tablespoon of salicylic acid, to preserve the paste, and one teaspoonful of oil of cloves, to give it a pleasant odor. Pour into jars and seal with paraffin. This paste will keep indefinitely if kept covered. It may be used as it is or with a little water when thin paste is needed.

Untold

By Grace Zenor Pratt

Whenever I think of Mary—in the hush of the eventide,
 The peace of another Christmas night, will in my heart abide;
 Time from the strife and din of things, to catch the light divine—
 To list to the angel's chorus and read in the stars, a sign.
 Whenever I think of Mary—my heart is close to tears—
 There is only a veil between today, and the long silent years.
 Whenever I hear the chorus of "Peace, good-will to men",
 I live in the sweetest story ever told of Bethlehem;
 From the shadows of night, the sages, follow the silver star,
 While shepherds bow in the lowly shrine, with travelers, from afar;
 Whenever I think of the Christ Child, asleep on His mother's breast,
 I long to offer my dearest gifts, treasures I hold the best.

Whenever I think of Mary—there's a hush in the angel's song,
 And a minor strain in the music, a sadness in that bright throng;
 For a cross must have cast its shadow o'er the mother's heart, that day,
 That even the glory of one fair night, could never drive away.
 So whenever I think of Mary and Bethlehem's story, old,
 With all of its wondrous beauty—I think of the half, untold.

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

CHAPTER 4

IT was not long before Mrs. Haven knew that her daughter-in-law was a musical genius and a kitchen failure. She accepted this fact with true philosophy and set herself the task of acting as buffer to shield the sensitive Kareen from the criticisms of the family. To Richard Haven, it was an ever present chagrin that his wife either could not, or would not cook. The girl whom he had thought was young enough to be molded to his ways of life, could not be adjusted to regulation and system. If she was hungry in the night, she rose and ate the first thing she could find; if she did not care to eat at noon, Esther thoughtfully put her dinner in the warming oven. Even Richard's threat to lock the piano soon lost its poignancy. Here his mother became Kareen's ally.

"You expect too much, son," admonished his mother. "You cannot make people over. I fancy that Kareen's people, for generations back, have had servants in their families. You must remember that Esther had twenty-odd years of good training. Esther is a born home maker. Kareen is a born musician. Let her alone."

Thus admonished by the mother whom he revered, Richard became less exacting, and Kareen spent longer hours in the parlor, picking out the music from her beloved set of encyclopædias. As the fall days made the parlor chilly, Mrs. Haven laid a fire every night in the Franklin stove, that Kareen might practise in the morning. And Richard

chopped this extra wood without demur; Kareen's condition demanded that she be cared for assiduously.

Esther, mindful of the future, felt that if Kareen would not cook, she must learn to sew. When they moved into their own home there would be need for bedding, and the house-keeping standards of the period demanded that every well furnished house have a goodly supply of quilts.

"Come Kareen," urged Esther, "you will need quilts. You really have none of your own. I can't give you that white coverlet, because I am saving it for my own wedding, but I will teach you how to make one like it; and many others, too," she added, getting enthusiastic over the prospect of a winter of joyous piecing, "if you care to learn. The 'Double Wedding Ring' would be beautiful."

"Do you mean that twisted circle one you have on your own bed?" queried Kareen. "I counted the pieces in it one day. There are twenty-nine rings and twenty-seven pieces in each ring. That makes seven hundred eighty-three pieces to be sewed together, to say nothing of the 'set in.' I'd rather practice."

"Then we'll try something easier," temporized Esther, "You see you must learn to sew, Kareen. If you should ever have a———" Esther stopped, suddenly abashed.

"I'm going to have a baby in the summer," announced Kareen evenly, while Esther blushed at this too frank admission of a subject she had been taught should never be discussed. "I've named him 'Franz Schubert Haven'."

"You've named him what?" gasped Esther. "O Kareen, that's

wicked to name a baby before it is born. Suppose it should be a girl?"

"It won't be," stated Kareen with assurance. "It will be a boy with big blue eyes like mine, and long tapering fingers. He will be a musician. He will become a famous violinist. That's why I'm naming him after Franz Schubert, who composed the most wonderful music I ever heard. But he died young."

Esther sighed with resignation. It was hopeless, trying to adjust this frank, innocent child to Haven discipline. What would father Haven say to this foreign name being fastened to an American born child of the Haven clan? Why, there had been a *Richard Haven* in each family for seven generations, and always the first born son was so honored. It would be sacrilege—nothing else!

"We could build your house of rock, like ours, son," father Haven was discussing Richard's home which was to be started with the coming of spring. "But rock masons are hard people to find these days. Perhaps we had better make it brick."

"Brick would be better," was Richard's terse decision. "We will have five rooms with a large pantry leading off from the kitchen that we can later remodel into a bathroom. I've seen pictures of rooms with a long zinc tub to bathe in, and a wash basin that you don't have to pick up. You just pull a plug out of the bottom and the water runs out of the house into a cess pool. Down in Salt Lake City some of the richer people and the opera house have got lamps that don't burn with kerosene. There's a little globe that hangs from the ceiling on a wire and you just turn a switch and the globe floods the whole room with light. It's electricity."

"I want a room for my piano that's all windows," unbidden Kareen an-

nounced her wishes. "A piano should have an inside wall and lots of light to fall over the left shoulder. The encyclopædia said so. And I don't want the ceiling so high as these, and I want the walls covered with pretty pictures."

"Kareen," admonished Esther, shocked that one so young should dare tell father Haven how to build a house. "Come with me, I have the cloth to make your quilt. We will go to my room and cut out the pieces."

IN Esther's room, a counterpart of the bare, plastered room which Kareen disliked, Esther spread out six yards of beautiful "dye-fast" percale. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful," she cried with enthusiasm. "See, when we cut the pieces and lay them together, so," she deftly matched the squares over each other, "it will be beautiful. And Richard will be proud of you; and you will enjoy having it on your bed Kareen, when—when, well, if you should ever be in bed for some sickness or other."

"You mean when the baby comes?" asked Kareen in innocence. "I declare Esther, you blush every time I mention the baby. *Franz Schubert Haven* won't be caring whether he's covered with a quilt made of seven hundred or seven thousand pieces. But I'll make the quilt, to please you. I want to do it all myself. Even the cutting out."

Esther smiled with joy. Visions of a dozen beautifully pieced or patched quilts, crowned with a white padded quilt flashed through her mind. If they worked industriously, both of them; they might have the quilts finished by the time the house was completed, provided of course that Oliver was not released sooner than he had reason to hope.

If Oliver could come home, nothing under heaven, not even the new baby, or the precious quilts could divert Esther's attention from him. She would live to wait upon him, to make him happy, to get him reestablished in the place in the home which he had left.

FOR the entire next day Kareen stayed mostly in her room, even refraining from practicing. Mother Haven feared she might be ill but she answered Esther's solicitous knock with a bright note that she was busy on the quilt. Esther, overjoyed, went back to her kitchen and prepared an extra nice supper. Kareen was *adjustable*. She would learn in time. And her beautiful face and softly curling hair was ever a source of surprise and joy to the more somber Esther, whose smooth locks had never shown any tendency to even wave.

At supper time Kareen came tripping down the stairs. Her eyes were shining, her voice happy. "See," she cried, holding up her handiwork that Richard, father Haven and even the hired man might see and admire. "See, it is all finished! I do not intend to spend weary months quilting as Esther does. The top of my quilt is completed!" All the assembled family looked; and Esther kept looking in amazement. It was too cruel to be true. Those six yards of beautiful flowered percale, for which Esther had traded hard gotten egg money, had been sewed together, three pieces to each side, into one large block! A quilt of six blocks, each one a yard square. Who had ever heard of such a foolish, childish trick!

"O Kareen," cried Esther, "how could you! I paid so much for that cloth, and you've gone and spoiled it all!"

"I don't see how it matters," com-

plained Kareen petulantly. When we get the wool inside it will be just as warm as any quilt Esther owns. The baby won't know the difference." At this last remark, a terrible, deadly silence fell over the room. A woman had dared to speak of approaching motherhood before men other than her husband. Mother Haven dropped a bowl, which fell clattering into her plate. Richard choked over food and father Haven said kindly but firmly, "Kareen you are ill. You may be excused from the room."

IN June the baby came, a long, travail fraught with great hazard. The woman of the village had approached childbirth with vigor and courage; this child of play, to whom pain was unknown, was ignorant of life. She lay for days, scarcely breathing, noticing no one, until finally Richard telegraphed to Salt Lake City for a doctor. When he came, accompanied by a woman in starched white clothes, Esther and Mrs. Haven stepped thankfully aside and down in the parlor where the beloved encyclopædias were lying in confusion all over the big square piano, they prayed silently. Prayed that the lives of the two in the room upstairs might be saved. "I don't care what she names the baby, if she only lives," whispered Esther. "O mother Haven, "It can't be. There has to be a Haven son, and Oliver said he wouldn't marry any woman on earth so long as he has that terrible scar where his nose ought to be."

"There, there, Esther child," soothed Mrs. Haven. "This good doctor will save the lives of both those children if the Lord is willing." And while the two women prayed in the parlor, the doctor and the nurse worked as they had seldom worked before. And while they worked,

Richard Haven stood mutely by, forgetting the chores and the milking and his prized purebreds. Forgetting all, save that the beautiful child-wife was near death, and that all hope of an heir might die with her.

After what seemed interminable hours, the doctor's face relaxed and the nurse's labors were rewarded with a faint wail. "It is a boy child," announced the doctor, "and they both will live. But she can never have another."

"Kareen, Kareen beautiful child, do you hear?" whispered Richard, bending over the bed. "We have a son! Richard Haven the third has arrived to live with us!"

"Franz Schubert Haven," breathed Kareen and lapsed into blessed restful sleep.

Richard's joy knew no bounds. Although it was near midnight he dashed down into the dimly lighted parlor where the family were waiting. "He is here," he cried. "Mother—Esther, I have a son! Richard Haven the third is here; alive and well! Kareen said something about *Franz somebody*, I wonder what she meant?"

Esther did not answer. Full well she knew the months during which Kareen had spoken of this boy child's name; full well she knew the Haven assumption that no first born child could carry any other name than Richard. She felt too weary for argu-

ment. If the boy could have been hers, if she could have been married to Oliver, how gladly she would have gone into the valley to bear a son to carry that honored name!

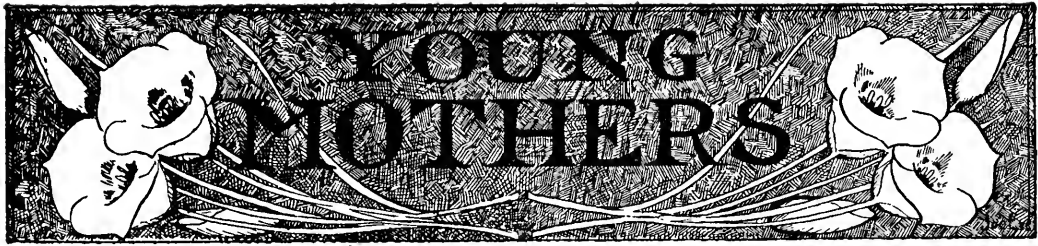
SHE walked out of the house to the front porch, feeling the need of quiet and solitude. The full June moon was almost like daylight. The trees and shrubbery were sharply silhouetted. The air was heavy with the odor of lilacs and honeysuckle. As Esther stood resting against a porch pillar, the front gate clicked, and a man came slowly up the walk. He walked wearily, with drooping head, as one who has lost all interest in life. He carried a valise. For one brief moment Esther stood transfixed; then she cried out and forgetting all training of modesty ran down the walk.

"Oliver," she cried, "Oh, Oliver! O, why didn't you let us know you were coming!"

"I didn't want the folks to see me," answered Oliver in a hopeless tone. "I came on purpose in the night. I brought you lots of cloth, Esther, but it isn't to make quilts with. It's to make these shields that I have to wear." Esther glanced up at his face. The moonlight revealed the outlines of an oval shaped shield, of a strange new color, half green, half brown, that concealed the middle portion of Oliver's face.

(To be continued)





By Holly Baxter Keddington

THE world can be very cruel to children at times. The glad Christmas time is sometimes the cruelest.

Recently the mother of an only girl, a girl of nine, was telling of her experience when the child first found out about Santa Claus. The mother had told Mary that Santa Claus was a mythical person and still the child had seen the Santas here and there so why should she not believe him a person? One day at school, however, Mary was told that her parents were Santa Claus and that was why she had been disappointed on many occasions; that the parents got her what they wanted to get, not what she asked for. This mother was terribly upset, for there had been times when Mary had not received what she asked for. With the cooperation of an aunt and uncle, the father and mother interested Mary in a list of her own, helped her to shop and to find little gifts for a number of people. Mary was soon so absorbed in what she was doing that when she was asked what she wanted she replied, "Oh, I don't care what I get. You surprise me, as I am going to surprise you." All the sorrow was taken out of this first real Christmas by bringing into it unselfishness, cooperation, love and the thrill of presenting a gift that brought forth the expression "just what I needed."

I HAVE often thought how perfect Thangsgiving and Christmas day would be, if, just at evening a beautiful church service was arranged in each ward. The association of friends helps us better to appreciate our blessings.

TOO much cannot be said about the influence of evenings at home with the family. These little social and religious affairs bring the children closer to the parents. They afford an opportunity for the parents to observe changing growth and needs of the children that cannot be obtained in any other way. These occasions can be preparations for Sunday School, Seminary, M. I. A. or Primary. Three minute talks, songs and readings can well be used here to give confidence to the performer. A little refreshment, served by the children, teaches poise and social conduct that in many homes is neglected.

TO all who have made written or verbal suggestions, criticism and appreciation of this little page, I convey my sincere appreciation. If the readers have in any small way benefited, I am sincerely happy. At the end of a year then, may I wish you the Season's greetings and with the New Year, "May your dreams come true."

The First American Christmas

By *Cecelia Jensen*

CHRISTMAS trees and tinsel played no part in the first 25th of December on the American Continent. There was no gleeful childish laughter—no steaming Christmas dinner. The rock bound coast of New England had lain too many years in solitude to provide a hearty welcome for its new inhabitants.

We would like to at least imagine these hardy Pilgrims as grouped around luscious wild goose and turkey, but the record they have left in the "Journal of the Pilgrims" and "Gov. Bradford's History" tells a vastly different story. So precious was each piece of game or bit of Indian corn, that every occasion of securing them was carefully noted in their journals.

It was written on November 28 "we had three fat geese and six ducks to our supper, which we eat with soldier's stomach." No similar record is made until January 4th. On that day a group of four or five men under the leadership of Capt. Standish went out in search of the savages whose fires they had seen about. "As they came home they shot at an eagle and killed her, which was excellent meat; it was hardly to be discerned from mutton." Another record shows that on "Friday, 5 January, one of the sailors found alive upon the shore a herring which the master had to his supper, which put us in hopes of fish, but as yet we had got but one cod; we wanted small hooks." On January 7, they succeeded in securing "three great seals, and an excellent good cod."

They were evidently not so favored on Christmas day for there

is no record made of their securing any meat.

VERY scanty were the supplies on board ship. The larder contained beer, butter, flesh and other foods such as "cheese" and "hogsheads of meal," the "meal" consisting of wheat and rye flour. Before their departure from England, rather than run in debt to their close-fisted patron Thomas Weston, they had sold ninety firkins of their butter, so no doubt their butter was thinly spread.

The following excerpt taken from the "Journal of the Pilgrims" graphically pictures the bleak cheerlessness of Christmas day.

"On ye 24 day towards night some as they were at worke, heard a noyse of some Indians, which caused us all to go to our Muskets, but we heard no further, so we came aboard againe, & left some twentie to keepe the court of gard; that night we had a sore storme of winde & rayne.

"Munday the 25, being Christmas day, we begin to drink water aboard, but at night the Master caused us to have somee Beere, & on boord we had diverse times now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all."

Scanty as seems the Christmas fare on board ship, it was rich indeed compared with that on shore. To these "twentie men" left to guard was assigned the task of building the first Pilgrim dwelling, as recorded in "Gov. Bradford's History," ch. x. "Ye 25 day (they) began to erecte ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods."

All day long that cheerless Christmas day, the choppers chopped, split wood and sawed. Strange

beings, indeed, they must have seemed to those painted Indians and wild animals prowling about them, curious as to who was invading their domain. All day long in their dark doublets and hose and broad brimmed hats, they sent the "butter-colored chips" flying into the snow. The day was cold and raw, some of their friends were sick and dying and others had contracted severe colds from wading to their hips through the sea to land.

Their Christmas dinner probably consisted of a piece of bread put into their dinner pails when they left the ship. Far away upon another continent their loved ones prayed for their well being, while here they prepared a place in which they might worship their Master freely. Fitting indeed, it was that upon the anniversary of his birth into the world they began laying the cornerstone of a nation into which should come the restoration of his Gospel.

Our Project

"BOOKS OF THE BIBLE"

From Union Stake

Boy enters stage repeating—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers—Oh Gosh—I don't see why the Relief Society Teachers got Mom started in on this. I've got to learn the books of the Old Testament—39 of them! I don't see why 'cause there is nothing interesting in it. I tried to read it once and couldn't find a thing good in it. Oh hum! I'm sleepy. (*Turns pages of Bible*) Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus. (*Yawns lays head on book.*)

BIBLE: Son, I am the Bible and I have such interesting things to tell you and some wonderful people to introduce to you. Here are two I know you will like to meet. (*Enter Adam and Eve, dressed in white with girdle of leaves.*)

ADAM: I am Adam and this is Eve. My boy, know this, that instead of being wicked transgressors as this world would have you believe, we gave to you a great gift, that of mortal life. We have kept the commandments of the Lord, to subdue the earth and we have multiplied and replenished the world.

You should rejoice that through our fall and the glorious atonement of Jesus Christ the way of Eternal Life has been opened unto you.

BIBLE: This is Exodus. In its pages is a story greater than any fairy story you ever read because it is true. A story of a wicked king who oppressed and killed the children of Israel until a great prince arose to lead them out of bondage. Did you ever hear of the waves of the ocean ceasing to roll and people crossing on dry land? (*Enter Moses, Aaron and Miriam. They stand gazing with hands shading eyes as if watching the Egyptians. Moses standing with arm across Aaron's shoulder.*)

MOSES: Which is like unto the Lord oh my brother Aaron.

MIRIAM: Oh my brother, Moses, may I sing my song of joy? (*Bending on knee before them.*)

MOSES: Sing thy song my sister. (*Miriam chants Ex. 15:1-6.*)

BIBLE: When Moses died a light went out greater than ever shone in Israel again. He was a prophet who communed with God himself. Could Israel find a leader great enough to lead this mighty nation? Yes. Here he is. (*Enter Joshua.*)

JOSHUA: I am Joshua. I am not a prophet and can not commune with our Father as does Moses but I have been trained under the hand of that great leader and I was permitted to be with Moses on the Mount in the very presence of God. If you like a story of mystery and floods, storms, and spies, turn my pages. I will tell you how the walls of Jericho fell before us without one blow. How, you ask? Read and know the secret.

BIBLE: After all the war and bloodshed, horror and tumult of Joshua and Judges how delightful to turn the pages to a wonderful story of love and home life. Young and old find delight in this simple story of love and loyalty. No one can read these four short chapters without being the better for the reading. (*Enter Ruth, Naomi, Orpha. As they reach the center of stage Orpha kisses Naomi and walks to left of stage weeping.*)

NAOMI: (Ruth 1:15) Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people and unto her gods, return thou after thy sister.

RUTH: (Ruth 1:16-17) Entreat me not to leave thee. (*Soft music during this.*)

BIBLE: Again I turn my pages and find you a story of patriotism, of a beautiful woman who risked her life to save her people.

ESTHER: I am Esther—when a great crisis arose in my life, I called for fasting and prayer, I needed these to make me strong enough to face my test. I faced my king, made my plea and because of faith and prayer I was granted the life of my countrymen.

BIBLE: Now I will bring you a man who is counted the wisest man ever known. After all these centuries his wisdom brings us joy. The Lord appeared to him in a dream

and said, "Ask what I shall give thee" (Judges 3:5) and this man replied, "I am but a little child, I know not how to go out or come in. Give thy servant an understanding heart to discern between good and bad. This is Solomon. (*Solomon enters followed by soldier carrying baby—followed by weeping women.*)

SOLOMON: (Kings 3:26) Divide the living child in two and give one-half to one and one-half to the other.

MOTHER: Oh my Lord give her the living child and in no wise slay it.

FALSE MOTHER: Let it be neither mine nor thine but divide it.

SOLOMON: Give her the child—she is the mother thereof.

BIBLE: My boy—men have ridiculed me, laughed at me, claimed to have proven me false, condemned me to oblivion and still I remain the greatest force for righteousness in the world.

Each character after having made his speech passes either to the right or left of stage forming a semi-circle just within the shadow of the light.

After Solomon had made his last speech the light was flashed on all of the characters, and by the strains of soft music each in the same order as they had entered the stage, returned again into the folds of the huge Bible from which they had come upon the stage.

BOY (*awakening*): My but that was a beautiful dream, those people were so interesting. I think I'll read the Bible and learn more about them.

Characters

Adam and Eve; Moses, Aaron, Miriam; Joshua; Ruth, Naomi, Orpha; Esther; Solomon, Soldiers, Baby; Two Women.

"Back To The Scriptures"—Project

November—Old Testament

By Twin Falls Stake Relief Society

November is our Thanksgiving month. Let us study the Bible with this thought in view, that more than ever in our lives we will be deeply grateful and praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Quoting Professor Goodell—"The Bible is the master book of the ages. No one young or old can afford to be ignorant of this greatest Book of Books. Shakespeare, Ruskin, Webster, Gladstone, and scores of other great men in political and literary life affirm that whatever is worthwhile and impressive in their style can be traced to their familiarity with the Bible. The Bible includes the most beautiful of Literature and some of the unquestioned masterpieces of writing. The greatest value of the Bible however is not to be in its philosophy or poetry, its history or biography, but rather in the fact that it influences our lives for good as no other book can do."

First week in November

See Relief Society Magazine, December, 1933 and January, 1934—Literary Department—for the story "How our Bible came to us." Turn to your Bible index and find number and names of books in Old Testament. Memorize if possible. Study from Relief Society magazine, August 1934, page 468, "Aid for Our Project."

Second week in November

Creation of God's earth in all its perfectness as a home for His children. Read Genesis Chapters 1 to 9.

Third week in November

Thanksgiving stories in Old Testament.

- a. Hannah's Thanksgiving — 1st Samuel.

- b. Rejoicing and gratitude of children of Israel after crossing the Red Sea. Exodus Chapters 14 and 15.

- c. Story of Deborah and her gratitude. Judges Chapter IV.

Fourth week in November

Old Testament Songs of Praise. Select the ones you like best. Psalms 145, 146, 103, 111, 36, 93, 138, 150, 107, 33.

"Back to the Bible" is meant for all the family. Mother, much of the success of this project depends upon you. You will be asked how many chapters you have read. Please make note of this.

Put this outline where you can easily find it.

The Old Testament

By St. George Stake Relief Society

IN accordance with the request of the General Board, we wish our members to carry on the project of reading the scriptures in their homes. The Old Testament contains so much in the way of history, so many fascinating stories, such stirring prophecies and such profound wisdom that it would repay years of study. In two months we can do no more than make a superficial survey, but we hope we can create in our children a reverence for this book which will bring them back to it again later. We suggest that every mother read the material in the August Relief Society Magazine for general background, and we offer the following as an additional help.

First, there are many general facts that can be taught about the Old Testament. The number of books it contains can be remembered by thinking of the number of letters in the word Old (3) and in the word

Testament (9) put together to make 39. The names can be memorized by singing them to a simple tune which will be taught in the wards. The first seventeen books constitute history, the next five are the poetical books and the last seventeen are the prophets.

At least one valuable evening can be spent in teaching the children how we got our Bible. What were books like before the days of printing? This will lead naturally to a description of the papyrus rolls and the old quill pens. The Old Testament grew for thousands of years, as each prophet wrote his message. They wrote in the Hebrew language and their books were re-copied by hand and kept in the churches. Two hundred and eighty years before Christ these Old Testament books were all collected and translated into Greek so that Jesus used them in much the same form that we have them now, only in a different language. He probably had the Hebrew version. Three hundred seventy-five years after Christ they were translated, from the Greek into Latin. There are many, many interesting stories connected with the translating of this Latin version into English, any of which the family will enjoy. Older children might read them aloud to the group. One such story is about Caedmon. I quote from the account of Bede, the scholar, written twelve hundred years ago.

"This man had lived the life of a layman until he was somewhat advanced in years, and had never learned any songs. For this reason often at the banquets where for the sake of merriment it was ruled that they should all sing in turn at the harp, when he would see the harp approach him, he would arise from the company out of shame and go home to his house. On one occasion he had

done this and had left the banquet hall and gone out to the stable to the cattle which it was his duty to guard that night. Then in due time he lay down and slept, and there stood before him in his dream a man who hailed him and greeted him and called him by name: 'Caedmon, sing me something.' Then he answered and said. 'I cannot sing anything; and for that reason I left the banquet and came here, since I could not sing.' Once more the man who was speaking with him said: 'No matter; you must sing for me.' Then he answered. 'What shall I sing?' Thereupon the stranger said: 'Sing to me of the beginning of things.' When he had received this answer he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the Creator, verses and words that he had never heard."

From that time forth Caedmon had as a gift the power to change the Bible stories into poetry.

In those early times the Bible was considered too sacred for any but priests to read and handle. When Tyndale declared that the common people should have it to use, he was forced to leave the country. Because he insisted on printing the Bible and selling it to everyone, he was finally strangled and burned.

Later (1604) King James was converted to Tyndale's idea and selected a group of the best scholars in all England to perfect the translations for everyone. This is the version we now use, called the King James' Version.

II

For younger children we suggest the following stories as some we are sure all will enjoy:

Genesis 6, 7, 8, The story of Noah.

Genesis 22, Abraham offers up Isaac.

Genesis 3, 7-45, The story of Joseph in Egypt.

Exodus 2, The story of Moses.
 I Samuel 6, David Chosen King.
 I Samuel 7, David kills Goliath.
 Daniel Chapter 1:8-21, Daniel keeps the Word of Wisdom.
 Daniel Chapter 2, Daniel Interprets the King's Dream.
 Daniel 3, Daniel's friends cast into the Furnace.
 Daniel 6, Daniel Cast into the Lion's Den.
 I King's 17, 18, Stories of Elijah.
 II Kings 2, 4, 5, 6, Stories of Elisha.

III

Another excellent way of teaching the Old Testament is to have children memorize choice selections. We suggest the following as only a few:

Psalm 19, The Heavens declare the glory of God, etc.

Note:—St. George Stake prepared much more valuable material than we are able to print, but this will show what excellent work they are doing.

Psalm 23, The Lord is my shepherd, etc.

Psalm 24, The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, etc.

Psalm 51, Have mercy upon me, O Lord, etc. (This is David's prayer of repentance and is said to have been used by more penitent people than any other one.)

Proverbs 3, Verses 13 to 20. A beautiful tribute to wisdom.

Proverbs 10, Individual verses. (Every chapter in Proverbs is rich in quotable verses.)

Ecclesiastes 11:9-11, Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, etc.

Ecclesiastes 12, Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, etc.

Job 38:1-8, God speaks to Job out of the whirlwind.

Project Pamphlets

OUR Magazine subscription has gone so much higher than we anticipated that we long ago exhausted the supply of August Magazines which contains Dr. Swenson's help on the Project. So many are eager to have this material that we have

gotten out pamphlets containing the seven pages found in our August Magazine on the Project. These may be secured at 2c a copy post-paid. Send orders to Julia A. F. Lund, Room 28, Bishop's Bldg.

Joseph, the Carpenter

By Linda S. Fletcher

A sanctuary underneath the stars,
 On which the love of Heaven sheds a glow,
 Proclaiming: "Here is peace—a spot which bars
 Destruction; haloed 'tis by hope's bright bow!"
 This wast thou unto Her, O Carpenter,
 Who—but for thee—outcast and all alone,
 Had felt the cruel jeer, the deadly stone
 Of those whom thy act could alone deter!
 Model of holy husbandhood, to thee
 The hearts of women turn—thy name they laud,
 Thy tenderness they value gratefully.
 On thee the world high honors should confer!
 Noble, the spirit-ways thy soul e'er trod—
 Worthy the foster-father of a God!

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXI

DECEMBER, 1934

No. 12

EDITORIAL

Our Project

WE are delighted with the way our Stakes are putting over the Project. Some Stakes have gotten out cards enough to place in every home in the Stakes, these cards are to be placed in prominent places as a reminder to read the Scriptures.

Grant Stake reports that at every Relief Society meeting either a 3 minute talk on the Project is given, a quotation from the Scripture is presented or an interesting experience they have had in studying the Scriptures in the home is given.

Union Stake has presented before

the Priesthood, as well as having their own members see it, a dramatization which will be found on page 758 of this issue.

Portneuf Stake has mimeographed enough copies of an outline so that each member may have one.

St. George and Twin Falls have sent in some fine things some of which we print in this issue.

A number of Stakes report that the brethren are cooperating wholeheartedly and are helping all they can to make this Project successful.

Let us hear what you are doing.

New Sunday School Superintendency

ELDER GEORGE D. PYPER, who has given signal service along many lines but whose chief concern has been the great Sunday School cause, has now been appointed to succeed Elder David O. McKay as General Superintendent.

Brother Pyper has been on the General Board for 34 years, and has been Second Assistant General Super-

intendent since 1918. He knows the work thoroughly and his whole heart and soul are in it.

People are delighted with this recognition that has come as a signal reward for his devotion to this cause.

His First Assistant, Dean Milton Bennion, has been a member of the General Board since 1909. His Sec-

ond Assistant, Dr. George R. Hill, has been a member of the General Board since 1925. Both have been devoted to the Sunday School cause and are outstanding teachers.

We congratulate these brethren

on their appointment. We wish them every success in their labors, and feel sure that the great work will march steadily forward under their direction.

Memorial Postage Stamp for Miss Anthony

PRESIDENT ROBISON has received a letter from Lena Madessin Phillips, President of the National Council of Women, stating that she had just learned that in honor of the memory of Susan B. Anthony, Postmaster General Farley has been asked to issue a memorial postage stamp in commemoration of the 115th anniversary of Miss Anthony's birth, which occurs on February 15, 1935.

President Robison immediately wired Postmaster General James A. Farley the following telegram: "The National Woman's Relief Society of

Latter-day Saint Church Sixty-nine thousand strong urges the proposed issue of a memorial postage stamp in commemoration of the 115th anniversary of Susan B. Anthony's birth February 15th 1935. Every member or organization will be proud to use these stamps."

Miss Anthony stands out as one of the foremost women of all time in promoting the interests of her sex. The Relief Society in various ways have been glad to honor this great woman, and would be delighted if these stamps are issued, to use them extensively.

"Mormonism and Freemasonry," by Anthony W. Ivins

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS completed and had the satisfaction of seeing published just before his death a most valuable volume, "Mormonism and Freemasonry." He wrote this to answer statements made in a pamphlet entitled "Mormonism and Masonry."

In his introduction he says, "It is obvious to one familiar with the subject that "Mormonism and Masonry" is simply another of the many abortive attempts which have been made to explain the calling of Joseph Smith, and the opening of the Gospel Dispensation of the Fulness of Times by other means than the direct interposition of God our Father, and Christ our Lord, his Only Begotten Son."

"It is the purpose of the writer of this reply to discuss the relationship of Mormonism to Freemasonry

in a spirit of fairness and truth, to answer the criticisms of Mr. Goodwin, and leave Masons and Mormons and others who are not affiliated with either organization to decide whether the attitude assumed by the author of the booklet referred to is well taken."

President Ivins points out the conclusions reached regarding Mormonism and step by step makes clear the errors made in the deductions formed.

Knowing the restored Gospel thoroughly and strong in his adherence he clearly and unequivocally shows that Mormonism does not take its origin nor is it indebted in any way to the teachings of Masonry, but has come, as it affirms, through the administration of God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ.

Price \$1.50, Deseret Book Co.

Lesson Department

(First Week in February)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON V

THE AGENCY OF MAN

1. *A Basic Gift from God.* It appears that from the outset man was endowed with the right to choose and to act for himself. The scriptures declare that before man came to earth he was present at a council in heaven and sanctioned the plan of salvation as proposed by the Only Begotten of the Father. Lucifer, who was also present, sought to abrogate unto himself the power of God, and also to destroy the agency of man. (Moses 4:3.) For this cause he was cast down from heaven and "became Satan, yea, even the devil, the father of all lies, to deceive and to blind men, and to lead them captive at his will, even as many as would not hearken" unto the voice of God. In his rebellion Satan was followed by a "third part of the hosts of heaven." (D. & C. 29:36.)

2. Surely such a sacrifice would not have been permitted except that a basic principle was at stake. Before his rebellion, Satan "was an authority in the presence of God," and was called "even a son of the morning." Later because of his revolt against God, he was called "Perdition, for the heavens wept over him—he was Lucifer, a son of the morning." (D. & C. 76:26.) God had given unto man his agency (Moses 4:3; D. & C. 29:35.) This Satan sought to destroy, and, as a result, he and a third part of the hosts of heaven were cast down and became emissaries of evil. Surely, let it be

repeated, such a sacrifice would not have been permitted, except that a basic principle was at stake. Souls are far too precious in the sight of God to permit such a loss, unless fundamental necessity demanded that it be done. It must needs be, then, that man's agency lies at the very foundation of human attainment and happiness. Indeed without it, man would be a tool of the evil one, forever at his mercy, without progress and without pleasure. Only when we contrast this condition with that which the agency of man offers is the gravity of Satan's demand at the council of heaven fully apparent.

3. *Taught in All Ages.* When the Lord placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, he spoke unto the man saying, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, nevertheless, *thou mayest choose for thyself, for it is given unto thee*; but remember that I forbid it." (Moses 3:15, 17.)

4. The Lord instructed Enoch, "Go forth and do as I have commanded thee, . . . open thy mouth, and it shall be filled, and I will give thee utterance, for all flesh is in my hands, and I will do as seemeth me good, Say unto this people: Choose *ye this day, to serve the Lord God who made you.*" (Moses 6:32, 33.) In further explanation to Enoch of man's agency to choose for himself,

the Lord said, "Behold these thy brethren; they are the workmanship of mine own hands, and I gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency." (Moses 7:32.)

5. Standing before the tribes of Israel, Joshua of old, said, "*Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose lands ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*" (Joshua 24:15.) Thus Joshua plainly understood that human beings have the right, also the power, to choose their own courses in life, whether good or evil.

6. The Lord was equally as explicit to his people the Nephites, as witness the following: "Men are free according to the flesh; and all things are given them which are expedient unto man. *And they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil.*" (II Nephi 2:27.) Again, "He hath given unto you that ye might know good from evil, and he hath given you that ye might choose life or death; and ye can do good and be restored unto that which is good, or have that which is good restored unto you; or ye can do evil, and have that which is evil restored unto you." (Helaman 14:31.)

7. Thus in all dispensations of time, the Lord has made it clear to his children that they have the right to select their own courses in life,—to obey or disobey the commandments of God, as they may elect. They are free from compulsion and restraint; they are at liberty to think and to act for themselves; they are

the moulders and makers of their own fate, they are the architects and builders of whatever they are and of whatever they may become. Agency is one of God's choicest gifts to man.

8. *Agency Essential to Progress.* In the first place, it is apparent that if man were unable to choose for himself, rewards would be impossible, for rewards are given or obtained only in acknowledgment of merit; and, of course, merit could not exist in the absence of determined effort to do good. Moreover, if, as Satan proposed, man were compelled in all his acts, neither gifts nor punishment would avail. In other words, strip man of his agency and he would become a mere automaton, a mere machine, whose actions would be purposeless and uncontrolled by his own will. He would be far more unfortunate than a child in the hands of a fiend. He would be conscious of wrong-doing, but unable to control it.

9. Moreover, even if man were forced to do good, the undesirable aspects would be only partially removed. Man becomes strong only by willfully overcoming obstructions, and not by having some one else overcome them for him. Unmerited gifts tend to produce weakness, not strength. Students have long since learned that if they wish to acquire strength, they must go forward largely as a result of their own efforts. The student, who either at home or at school, must be urged or continuously assisted in the preparation of his work seldom if ever makes much headway.

10. The reason for this is apparent. As pointed out in another lesson, Deity has made the astounding provision that man's aptitudes are increased by use. If, for example, man wishes to learn to sing, he must

sing; if he desires to become a pianist, he must play the piano. Indeed, so far as known, there is no way in which man can go forward except through his own personal efforts. This places all humanity on the same basis. In this there is no advantage to the rich or the poor. All must pay the same price, namely, personal effort. Moreover, he who is not willing to pay the price cannot, worlds without end, receive the reward.

11. A word further: One of God's choicest gifts to man is the ability to improve by intelligent use. (Inanimate things retrograde through use.) Well directed effort is never expended without compensating reward. Individual effort is the ladder by which man climbs to successively greater heights; and so far as known there is no other way. The eventual possible goal is perfection. Deity, however, is most jealous of this endowment, for whenever man ceases to use it, his progress not only stops but quickly declines. No professional singer, for example, would regard himself as in good voice if he had not practiced for say a month; nor would a football coach regard his men as fully ready for a game if they had rested even as little as ten days. The rewards for intelligent effort are immediately forthcoming. Likewise, declination invariably follows inactivity, even though only slightly prolonged.

12. Satan's plan to force men back into the presence of God would thus be impossible, for humanity cannot acquire or achieve through eternal force. If we go forward, it must be by our own predetermined and wilful acts. God will not force the human mind.

13. Moreover, unmerited rewards are never fully appreciated. We

must grow into the things of our choice. The backwoodsman would not feel at home in the palace of the king, nor the sinner in the home of the saint. We appreciate things most for which we strive most. Intelligent effort begets appreciation. Only those who throughout their entire lives have struggled to obtain salvation will be prepared to enjoy it. The wrongdoer would be ill at ease in the presence of God. Thus, again, Satan's plan to force men back into the presence of the Father is seen to be impossible. Such a goal can only be attained through individual effort.

14. *Personal Considerations.* The agency of man lies as the very basis of his salvation; if this were not so it would not have formed the crucial point around which the revolt centered in heaven. Of necessity, then, it is of transcendent importance. Surely, every individual should attempt not only to understand the importance but also to utilize it to the full, otherwise its virtue will be lost to us. In a word, man's agency is his God-given right or capacity to choose right or wrong, as he may elect. If he chooses the one and continues therein, he will return to the presence of the Father; if he choose the other he will follow the path of sorrow and pain.

15. The Gifts of God should be utilized, not merely studied and theoretically understood. It is not enough merely to become members of the Church; this is scarcely more than a preliminary step that paves the way for further and continued advancement. Admission to the Church is not unlike admission to an institution of great learning; both are initiatory steps to further progress. Unwise is the individual who permits his advancement to stop here

16. The roadway to heaven is a reality that must be traversed before the goal is attained. Moreover, it can be traveled only as the result of purposeful effort. For this reason God has provided man with his agency. Every Latter-day Saint should see to it that he is a traveler, not a continuous camper. His tent should be pitched at a new place each night. No sun should go down without finding him closer to his goal. God has provided the means.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Why in your judgment was

Lucifer's plan wholly unacceptable?

2. Name at least a dozen privileges that you now enjoy which could not exist under Lucifer's plan.

3. In what respect is the will of man his outstanding characteristic?

4. Give several illustrations of the manner in which personal effort increases one's ability?

5. Why does the sinner not feel at ease in the presence of the righteous?

6. Enumerate ways in which you should increase the use of your agency.

Teachers' Topic

NEW YEAR'S DAY

AMONG all peoples in all ages, the first day of the year has been regarded as a holiday. Our present calendar is the result of the work of wise men of many lands. There are two natural divisions of time, the day and the year. The months seems to have been suggested by the period of the moon's revolutions, and the week is approximately one quarter of a lunation. The Orientals, Egyptians, Greeks, Jews, Romans, all had a different method of reckoning time. At the time of Julius Caesar, the Roman calendar had become greatly confused. Caesar resolved upon a thorough reform, and under the direction of the great astronomer, Sosigenes, he abolished the lunar year and readjusted the months to their proper places. We are indebted to Julius Caesar for our calendar as we have it today, except that a few slight errors were corrected by the scholarly Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, since which time there has

been a uniform chronology common to all civilized lands.

The first of January bears the significant title of Gausan, which means the three beginnings, the year, the month, and the day, and to this might be added the beginning of a new and better life, expressed in our good resolutions.

The Greeks celebrated the New Year with appropriate offerings and festivities. The Ancient Druids commenced their year on the 10th of March, and it was the most important of all their festivals. According to the best Bible authorities the Feast of Trumpets was the feast of the New Year among the Children of Israel, and full instructions as to its observance are to be found in the 29th chapter of Numbers. To this day devout Jews in all lands observe this New Year's anniversary, or Feast of Trumpets. The Hindus celebrate the New Year with a great festival in honor of the God of Wisdom, and there is much rejoicing

throughout all India. In China, New Year's Day is the most striking, elaborate and joyous of all the civil and religious observances. The Japanese begin to prepare for the New Year's celebration nearly a month before, and they give their houses and possessions a thorough cleaning, just as the good American housewife does in the Spring. New Year's Day in the Turkish Orient, is the gayest holiday of the year. In France, January 1st is a far more festive day than is Christmas, and it is then that presents are given and family gatherings held. The New Year is a time of great importance in Germany. Cards are more numerous than at Christmas, and New Year's boxes are given to the tradespeople. The New Year in England has never been the popular festival that it is in other European countries, but in Scotland, January 1st, is a national holiday, and chief of all festivals. In New England, New Year's celebration, as that of Christmas, met with little favor among the Puritans, but in the other parts of the United States, the European manner of celebrating prevailed. The custom of New Year's

calling to offer good wishes, was one of the traces left by the early Dutch settlers, and New Year's Day was devoted to the universal interchange of visits.

The observance of New Year's Day mainly rests on the principle that a good beginning makes a good ending, that as the first day is, so will the others be. It is the period of good resolutions, when men seem to renew courage and face the future bravely.

Tennyson's prayer, expressed in "The Bells," gives what should be in every human heart at this time.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the griefs that sap the
mind,

* * * *

Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out false pride in place and
blood,

* * * *

Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant men and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Literature

(For Third Week in February)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

POETRY. NEW THEMES AND NEW VOICES

"We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams.
Yet we are the movers and shakers,
Of the world for ever it seems."

—O'Shaughnessy.

TODAY is a new age. Life has new values; wealth, luxury, and power are creating new horizons for Man. A new humanism, a democratic humanism has evolved in the titanic struggles of

this new age. Literature has a great task to perform, to record faithfully Man's thoughts and emotions during this epoch of change.

Today's singers must accept all of life. They must know the spirit of

democracy in the world. They must find knighthood among the brave masses of mankind, and see the Madonna-love in the heart of woman-kind. The new poets must sing these new themes bravely and melodiously so that mankind may still seek beauty and inspiration in poetry.

The Spirit of Contemporary Poetry

"To see life steadily and see it whole," must always be the poet's goal. The poet more than the historian records the life of his time, because he becomes the interpreter and the recorder of the thoughts and emotions of his fellow men. The history of poetry reveals the fact that the great poetic expression of an age is the result of an accompanying intensification of life. The Greek poets sang of their heroes and gods because they worshiped them—their poetry was made for that purpose. Similarly, the great names in poetry: Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Moliere, Goethe, mark the supreme expression of periods of national intensity or epochs of universal thought. The spirit of democracy has grown slowly through the ages until today the poet takes all of life for his province. Having accepted this responsibility, the new poet must write with fearless sincerity of its beauty as well as its ugliness, of its triumphs as well as its defeats.

Contemporary poetry is following the traditional and conventional poetic themes and patterns with religion, love, and nature as the dominant notes. It is also following bravely a new note, singing the songs of Democracy. Many poets have dedicated themselves to the cause of the common man following the con-

cern of William Vaughn Moody in "Gloucester Moors":

"Who has given me this sweet.

And given my brother dust to eat?

And when will his wage come in?" and the challenge of Edwin Markham in "The Man with a Hoe":

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,

Is this the handiwork you give to God,

This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape;

Touch it again with immortality."

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,

How will the future reckon with this man?"

and accept John Masefield's leadership in "Consecration":

"Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers

Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years,—

Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears:

* * * *

"Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,

The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,

The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

* * * *

"Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told."

Contemporary literature has many other singers of everyday life and its problems: Rudyard Kipling of the British soldier and sailor; Wilfred W. Gibson of London slum

life; Padriac Colum of Irish peasant life; Edwin Markham, Carl Sandburg, Louis Untermeyer, Vachel Lindsay are singing of cities, factories, subways, skyscrapers, coal mines, workers, immigrants; Margaret Widdemar and Florence Wilkinson plead the cause of children in industry "who never have seen a rosebush nor a dewdrop in the sun." Continental Europe, too, has its singers singing of the new horizons of its changing social order. The World War brought to contemporary poetry a wealth of expression chiefly of the universal mysteries of Life and Death. The poets of the new age are still "the music makers, the dreamers of dreams, the movers and shakers of the world"

"Make us thirst for Beauty, that
we cease

These struggles, and this strident
age

Grows sweet with peace."

Conscious always of the individual and his ultimate destiny, many poets are singing to keep before man a vision of the ideal:

"Of my own spirit let me be
In sole, though feeble mastery."

"Mastery"—*Sara Teasdale.*

"I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul."

"*Invictus*" *William Henly.*

The greatest gift of the poets to man now as through the ages is the word which is to keep alive within him the spark of celestial light. The recent poem a "Psalm," patterned after the Psalm of the Bible is significant for its message and its beauty.

*Edwin Markham, Dean of
American Poetry*

IN his recent book of poems, "Eighty Songs at Eighty," Edwin Markham has expressed the theme

which unifies the message of his poems, "The Upward March of Man"—

"The rise of man is endless:—

God-quickened, he will break these
mortal bars,

Laugh, and reach out his hands
among the stars."

For eighty years Edwin Markham has grown "softly as the grasses grow" of a long line of distinguished ancestors, nonconformists, men of affairs in state and church, rebels, poets reaching back into English history his own romance began on a covered-wagon train as his parents followed the pioneer trail to Oregon. Upon the death of his father, he moved with his mother to California. His years from seven to eighteen were long hard years of toil on a pioneer farm. Then came school days at San Jose Normal School, followed by teaching at San Luis Obispo and Oakland. When the world gave its recognition to the poem "The Man with a Hoe" the poet moved to New York. Writing and lecturing have made up the poet's life unto past eighty.

"The smack and tang of elemental things" marked the first reach of the poets' trail — from range to range, from pass to river-bed, from cliff to blowing spray with oak brush, wild poppies and the curlew's call intermingled. The "great of old" directed Edwin Markham to social consciousness. Books to him are as sacred as the most beautiful things of nature. The Gospel of Jesus, the confessions of Saint Francis of Assisi, the dramas of Shakespeare, the novels of Victor Hugo, the social philosophy of Fourier, Mazzini, Carlyle, Ruskin, Horace Greeley were in the main the poet's social teachers. The vista of books opened in the little cabin home

at his mother's knee grew with the years. "The Man with a Hoe" and "The Toiler" carry the poet's social gospel to the world. The individualistic philosophy of the poet has grown as the years have enriched his understanding of man; stirred always by the heroic virtues of man—unselfish devotions, high ambitions and lofty achievements. To Edwin Markham "Poetry is the daughter of God and she rises to her highest moments when she comes keeping step with the music of humanity." "Lincoln, the Man of the People" is the expression of the poet's philosophy of individualism. Intensely conscious of the continuity of life Edwin Markham's works are marked by a deep religious consciousness. In a long narrative poem "The Ballad of the Gallows Bird" the poet accepts man's responsibility. "Choice Is the Hinge of Fate" is written on the gate of individual liberty. The poems "Shoes of Happiness" carry the beauty and calm of the poet's religious feeling. In "Our Israfel," the poem selected from two hundred others to pay tribute to Edgar Allen Poe, Edwin Markham has recorded the most lyrical lines of his creative life; also they are the lines that most truly analyze his own poetic spirit.

"The Man with a Hoe"

In his early manhood, Edwin Markham saw a print of Millet's painting "The Man with a Hoe." The poet, haunted by the vision of the ruin of God's creation represented in the picture, wrote the first four lines of the poem:

"Bowed with the weight of the centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burdens of the world."

For thirteen years the impression remained. Then the poet saw the original painting. Inspired anew within a few days the poem was finished. To the title of the poem was added "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Genesis 1:27. The first stanza describes the hoe-man stunned, burdened, visionless, the ruin of society. The second stanza delivers the challenge to the social order that has occasioned the ruin of the being God created "to feel the passion of eternity." The third stanza places the responsibility for plundered, betrayed, disinherited humanity. To the world is given the challenge to give back to man "the upward looking and the light"—make the wrong right. To the plea is added the prophesy as to how the "Future will reckon with the Man" when he rises in judgment of the world. The poet read his work to a few friends in December, 1899. They published it. It seemed to leap to popularity; it was hailed as the battle-cry of the new century. Translated into forty languages it has carried the cry which moved Millet, the French artist, to expression, the cry of his nation from a blood-spattered guillotine to help to awaken in all the world the spirit of democracy.

"Lincoln the Man of the People"

It is generally conceded by poets and critics alike that Markham's poem on Abraham Lincoln is a great poem. It is great not alone as a tribute to a great leader but as a penetrating analysis of individual greatness. The poet was asked to write a poem for the occasion of the Lincoln Birthday Anniversary, 1900. As the creator meditated upon his task he conceived of Lincoln as a man sent into the world for a great service.

"I saw that the Creative Mother of the universe, must descend into the earth to mold this man—not to mold him out of the scarce porcelain from which she makes aristocrats and kings, but out of the clay from which she makes the common people. I saw also that this man must have in him the color of the ground, the smack and tang of things, the rectitude of the cliff, the goodwill of the rain, the welcome of the wayside well, the courage of the bird, the gladness of the wind, the pity of the snow, the secrecy of subterranean streams, the tolerance of light." Then the poet wrote the poem. Dr. Stridger says Edwin Markham is seen at his best as he reads aloud this poem, and when he reached the lines

"He went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with
boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon
the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against
the sky."

the listener hears, is hushed to reverence with the majestic beauty of the words.

John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England

JOHN MASEFIELD of all modern poets is accepted as the laureate of the people. His life is no longer a wonder-tale of journalism, it has been told so often. It is the story of an English youth who sought adventure at sea. To New York he came penniless and found employment in a carpet factory. One day in Yonkers in 1896 he read Chaucer for the first time. It was a new world of wonder and delight to him. Home he went and began to learn the poet's craft. "Salt-Water Ballads," memories of his life at sea were written and published in

1902. "The Everlasting Mercy," a long narrative poem relating the conversion of a poacher was greeted with a loud chorus of acclaim when published in 1911. Then came the World War and his poem "August, 1914" was the greatest poem of the year, expressing the reactions of his own people to the conflict.

"Yet heard the news and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy
mind,

* * * *

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,

And so, by ships to sea, and knew no more

The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,

Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

* * * *

And died (uncouthly most) in foreign lands

For some idea but dimly understood."

Like all great poets John Masefield writes of nature and of men. Early in his career the poet dedicated his efforts and his poems to the common man—the wanderer and the outcast from whom most of us run away. He believes sincerely in the heroism and courage that is evident in the lives of those submerged by the tyranny of power and the vagaries of fate. He glorifies the valor that evidences character not victory—"What I aspired to be and was not comforts me." "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "Dauber" bear this theme. The poet does more than tell stories in these poems, he sets the problem to work in the mind of the reader until he too catches the spirit of the new democracy.

The sea has been a titanic force in John Masefield's life. Some critics

consider "Consecration" and "Sea Fever" from "Salt Water Ballads" his best expression. It is accepted that "Dauber," the sailor painter, is his best work in characterization. The poem "Dauber" is the story of an artist who shipped to sea as a common sailor so that he might learn to paint the moods of the sea, because as Masefield has Dauber say, "It's not been done, the sea, not yet been done." The sailors are uncouth and unsympathetic, and destroy the drawings of Dauber. In the storm the sailors find the painter no weakling. Finally, after months of toil a storm takes him as he falls from aloft to the deck. "It will go on" is his last cry. Dauber's triumph is manhood. A delightful poem and poetic attainment is "Reynard the Fox," a narrative poem telling the story of a fox hunt. The interest is not in the story, however, but in the characterizations of the various people who attend the hunt, portraits which for humor and insight match those of the "Canterbury Tales." Masefield's sonnet "On Growing Old" is considered by some critics as the greatest sonnet in contemporary poetry:

"Be with me Beauty, for the fire is dying.

My dog and I are old, too old for roving."

is the plea of the poet, for now he can sail the seas or wander the hill-sides no longer, he can

"Only stay quiet while my mind remembers

The beauty of the fire from the beauty of embers."

The vitality of the poetry of John Masefield parallels the vigor of his enthusiasm for life. He with Rudyard Kipling and Alfred Noyes have done much to bring the contemporary verse of the nation back to the great tradition of English po-

etry after a period of marked passivity. The realism of Masefield's expression is startling in its intensity as it is often shocking in its ugliness. But one is instantly reminded that color is never to be analyzed as separated from a composition of Art, the same applies to poetic diction—the language of a Victorian drawing room cannot be used as the expression of the submerged outcasts in a cheap lodging house in a great city. It seems unnecessary to speak further of the grave strong impressions created thus by the poet in all his works which in turn are felt keenly and deeply by the reader.

"Only a great poet can carry yesterday upon his shoulders while he climbs uphill today and points the way to tomorrow." "Only a poet of ample mind and heart can discover in unaccustomed places that poetry which is inherent in all things and then fresh from the discovery make it known effectively." If such be the case then the poets who have given the laurel of greatness to their brother poet, John Masefield, are not mistaken.

"The Everlasting Mercy"

The poem is the story of the conversion of Saul Kane. The conversion of the poacher began when he was about to commence a prize fight to defend a lie. As he begins the fight the impulse to confess is crowded out by the fear of apparent cowardice. After it is over the pensive mood comes to Saul, he meditates upon the mad disgusting game he has made of life. As he recoils from the man he has been, Saul Kane rushes out into the quiet country town "as mad as twenty blooded colts." In the public house that night, maddened by his agony of soul Saul Kane was drinking him-

self away to temporary oblivion. A woman came, a salvager of human souls, and spoke to Saul. Saul insulted the woman as none had done before. To Saul's abuse the woman answered the drunkard in kindly pleading for his reform. Saul Kane began life anew, he becomes a ploughman. He accepts idleness as a sin, not merely a crime. In the humble work of life Saul Kane found peace. There is, declares the poet at the conclusion of the poem, "One who waits upon every soul, being patient over it until He sees the harvest home."

"And in men's hearts in many lands
A spiritual ploughman stands
Forever waiting."

The poem is a combination of barbaric naturalism, powerful episode, and religious fervor. To us it is not merely the tragic story of an outcast, but an exemplification of the poet's consecration to the unfortunate lives society, as yet, has not learned to understand.

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:

1. The story of the World's Lit-

erature, Macy, Chapters 37, 49.

2. Modern British and American Poetry, Untermeyer.
3. Selections, Poems, Markham.
4. Selections, Poems, Masfield.

B. Program:

1. Reading:
 - a. Psalm, Jessie Sampter.
 - b. Mastery, Sara Teasdale.
 - c. The Watcher, Margaret Widdemar.
 - d. Invictus (to music) William Henley.
 - e. "On Growing Old," John Masfield.
2. Discussion:
 - a. Edwin Markham.
 - b. John Masfield.
3. Review: (Brief)
 - a. "The Man with a Hoe," Markham.
 - b. "The Everlasting Mercy," Masfield.

C. Objective:

The purpose of this lesson is to present simply the nature and spirit of contemporary poetry. A delightful program can be made of this lesson.

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in February)

OCTAVIA HILL AND THE HOUSING PROBLEM (Continued)

4. *Methods and Principles.*

(a) Whatever is done for the poor, Octavia Hill thought, should be done in an orderly way. "What a frightful confusion of chances," she exclaims, speaking of her poor, "we have as to whether there is to be food or not! A man accepts underpaid work; a little is scraped up by one child, a little begged by another; a gigantic machinery of complicated charities relieves a man of

half his responsibilities, not once and for all clearly and definitely, but he gets help here or there. There is no certainty, no quiet, no order in his way of subsisting. And he has an innate sense that his most natural wants ought to be supplied if he works."

She would have things done otherwise. There should be no haphazard giving by people of means, from whatever motive—to be "seen

of men" or to ease the conscience. Whatever is given should be through some organized institution. For often miscellaneous giving proved more harmful than good to the recipient. But organizations must be small rather than large. Large organizations had too much red tape, too much machinery, to do the best, the most efficient work among the poor. Also she preferred private help for this class of people to state aid.

(b) This help, however, should be given, she believed, only after careful study of each case, and even then through the personal touch. "Alleviation of distress," she says, "may be systematically arranged by a society; but I am satisfied that, without strong personal influence, no radical cure of those who have fallen low can be effected. Gifts may be pretty fairly distributed by a Committee, though they lose half their graciousness; but, if we are to place our people in permanently self-supporting positions, it will depend on the various courses of action suitable to various people and circumstances, the ground of which can be perceived only by sweet subtle human sympathy, and the power of human love.

"By knowledge of character more is meant than whether a man is a drunkard or a woman is dishonest; it means knowledge of the passions, hopes, and history of people; where the temptation will touch them, what is the little scheme they have made of their own lives, or would make, if they had encouragement; what training long past phases of their lives may have afforded; how to move, touch, teach them. Our memories and hopes are more truly factors of our lives than we often remember." These principles are fundamental in social case work today.

Miss Hill was one of the founders of the Charity Organization Society—in spite of her dislike for large organizations. The explanation lies in the fact that she believed the proper work of this society was to investigate each individual case, to gather whatever facts are necessary in order to know what to do in a given situation.

(c) It was employment, not gifts or charity, that was her goal in all her work for the poor; the building up of their self-respect, of financial independence to the extent that it could be done, the teaching of the principles of cleanliness, of moral strength, and of the Christian virtues. Robert Owen had the idea, as will be remembered, that a factory could be made to pay and at the same time treat its workers with decency and justice. Similarly Miss Hill conceived the idea, probably with the help of Ruskin, that the proper housing of the poor could be made to pay for itself, while at the same time it helped those who were in need of better housing accommodations. It was this idea that gave rise to the phrase, "Philanthropy and five percent." That it was an excellent plan she herself proved, as also has the association in Philadelphia that bears her name.

Octavia Hill worked almost wholly with women. This was a somewhat neglected field both in her time and before. She believed, moreover, that women were adapted by nature and disposition for the sort of tasks which she set before her. Philanthropy, she felt, was a noble outlet for a woman's energy. Her idea, as we have seen, was that women and children who could not take care of themselves should be put in the way of doing so, chiefly through the sympathetic aid of intelligent, educated, trained women, who could

understand women's nature and needs better than men.

5. *Open Spaces.*

The maner in which these leading ideas were worked out by Miss Hill is not only interesting in itself, but shows how her artistic talent and her sense for practical business were combined in a quite unusual way.

In the London of her time, as in every large city of any period, ours included, there were thousands of dwellings totally unfit for human beings to live in. Too few rooms, too little light and fresh air, lack of running water, sanitary conditions, and places for children to play or dig—these were characteristic of all of them. Sometimes Miss Hill remodeled these, so as to make them decent places to inhabit, but sometimes she bought land and erected new houses. She speaks of one "waste, desolate place," which she transformed completely. This is her description:

"There had been a paper factory on one-half of it, which had been burnt down. Four or five feet of unburnt paper lay in irregular heaps, blackened by fire, saturated with rain, and smelling most unpleasantly. It had lain there for five years, and much rubbish had been thrown in. A warehouse some stories high fronted the street on the other half of the ground, with no forecourt or area to remove its dull height further from the rooms in the model dwellings which faced it.

"Our first work was to set bon-fires alight gradually to burn the mass of paper. This took six weeks to do, tho' the fires were kept alight day and night. The ashes were good for the soil in the garden, and we were saved the whole cost of carting the paper away. Our next task was to pull down the warehouse, and let a little sun in on our garden, and additional light, air, and sight of sky to numerous tenants in the blocks in Red Cross Street. The next work was to have a low wall and substantial iron railings placed on the side bounded by the street, so that the garden could be

seen and the light and air unimpeded. Then came the erection of a covered playground for the children! it runs the whole length of a huge warehouse which bounds the garden on one side."

Gardens, parks, and open spaces were, in Miss Hill's opinion almost as necessary as suitable dwellings, for the poor whom she helped. In 1881 she wrote: "It is only when one feels what the *narrow* courts are, and how the people get maddened with the heat of them in summer, and how the children have *no* where to play, and how their noise hurts their mothers' nerves, that one feels what these few square yards of space are. But, things being as they are in London, *that* air, *that* space are quite riches to the poor."

Strangely enough, the open-space movement on the part of Miss Hill met with considerable opposition. Her patient persistent advocacy of the movement and its slow-growing success are shown in what she said once to her sister Miranda, who helped in this phase of Octavia's work: "When I first began the work, people would say, 'I will give money for necessaries for the poor; but I do not see what they want with recreation.' Then after a few years they said, 'I can understand poor people needing amusement; but what good will open spaces do them?' And now everybody recognizes the importance of open spaces." This matter of open spaces, too, had its moral side. The temptation to drink was greater in those who had been working and sleeping in impure air. "What is the best tonic after labor?" asked a speaker of his audience, and many voices shouted, "Fresh air, fresh air!" And this enthusiasm was echoed by one man after the meeting in the phrase—which pleased Miss Hill: "If we can't enjoy the park often, the little uns will!"

Miss Hill always sought to have a garden in connection with every dwelling. Failing in that, however, she worked for a playground in connection with a group of dwellings. Time after time, as already hinted, she met with defeat from various quarters. But these only convinced her of the necessity of arousing public sentiment on the question. And so she had the matter of open spaces brought up before health societies and other gatherings. Presently organizations were created for the express purpose of either preserving or creating parks and other grounds for the benefit of the children of the poor. Thus arose the Kyrle Society and the Commons Preservation Society. In time many influential people joined her in the open-space movement.

6. *The Housing Problem Still with Us.*

Octavia Hill's influence has been very great in providing proper housing for the poor, not only in England, but also on the continent of Europe and in America. Yet, despite her tireless efforts in this direction, which were unusually successful, conditions are only a little improved. In the year 1917, according to actual statistics, one-third of American families were living in good homes, one-third in fair homes, more or less lacking in conveniences, but not unwholesome, while the last third occupied the oldest and worst cast-off houses which no one else wanted. The housing of this last third was definitely sub-normal by any decent standard, and was having a deleterious influence on health, morals, and family life.¹ Only the other day it was reported that two million people in New York City were living in fire traps in the slum districts there. "Of the 1664 persons who had lost

their lives since 1901, no less than 1422 were trapped in old-law tenements."²

Such a condition of housing affects not only those who live under improper conditions, but every person in the town or country where such conditions exist.

"Bad housing conditions," says Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood, in the work already quoted, "include lack of light (especially sunlight), lack of ventilation, dampness (as in underground dwellings), over-crowding, impure or inadequate water supply, lack of bathing facilities, insanitary or insufficient toilets, lack of sewer connection, uncleanliness, dilapidation, lack of screens against flies and mosquitoes, inadequate disposal of garbage." In New York City there were, in 1901, 350,000 interior rooms without windows to the outer air. Nor is this condition limited to the metropolis; every great city in America has such dwellings. "Shabbiness and dilapidation produce mental depression and the frame of mind to which the label inferiority complex is commonly attached. Extreme slum conditions, on the other hand, foster violent bomb-throwing radicalism and an understandable spirit of hatred toward the society which tolerates them."³ Directly, then, people who live in such conditions are affected in their health, in their morals, and in their attitude toward life; but, indirectly, the community suffers in that its moral tone is lowered, its surroundings are made more or less ugly, but most of all it is affected in that dependence, crime, and vice, as well as the death rate, are increased. Hence few problems

¹*Recent Trends in American Housing* (Wood), pp. 8, 9. An extremely valuable book. Published by Macmillan.

²*The New York Times*, April 15, 1934.

³*Recent Trends*, p. 7.

of modern civilization when we stop to think, are closer to the heart and the home, than this problem of proper housing.

Most of the housing problems, of course, are in connection with city life. But what of the country? Contaminated water, for instance, is more apt to be found in small towns, and many farmers are careless about the location and depth of wells. Then there is the contaminated soil in the hook-worm districts. An Agricultural Department bulletin, in 1926, found that "slightly more than a twentieth of all the homes reporting (1466 in eleven States) were completely modern; that is, fitted with central heating and central lighting systems, running water, kitchen sink and bathroom (equipped with stationary tub and bowl), indoor toilet and sewage disposal. About a fifth of the homes were partially modern; that is, fitted with a part of the improvements named. Almost three-fourths of the homes have none of the modern improvements mentioned above." The same conditions have been found in thirty-three Northern and Western States. Yet, in this last group, 30% had automobiles, 38% telephones, although in 61% women were water carriers, having to go an average of 39 feet to fetch it. It would seem, therefore, that the housing problem directly touches the country districts as well, though not perhaps to the same extent. Overcrowding is common to both.

It is enlightening to consider the death rate per 1000 in the United States, as compared with that in ten other countries: New Zealand, 8.7; Australia, 9.4; Netherlands, 9.8; Norway, 10.9; Denmark, 11.1; Canada, 11.4; England and Wales, 11.6; Sweden, 11.8; Uruguay, 11.8; Germany, 11.9; United States, 12.1.

After giving these figures from the *Australian Year Book*, Mrs. Wood, who is our highest living authority on the housing problem, states:⁴

"Why are we so far down the list? Is it poverty? ignorance? density of population? bad climate? Or is there some public health policy which they follow and we do not? *Housing is the answer.* Ours is the only one among these nations which considers it no concern of the community that a third of its families live in homes which lower their resistance to disease and multiply their chances of infection."

In this connection it is interesting to inquire as to the percentage of people in the United States who own their own homes. It varies, of course, in the different States and in the city as compared with the country. In 1920 it was 61.7 percent, unencumbered, in the nation as a whole. In the Middle Atlantic States it was 37.2, but in the West North Central States it was 56.4. The percentage of Latter-day Saints who own their homes is now (1934) 62.

Fortunately the United States is waking up to a realization of what proper housing means to the commonwealth. This is one of the things to which the New Deal is directing attention. In New York City, for instance, millions of dollars are being spent in tearing down unsanitary tenement houses and building on the sites new, modern structures. And Secretary Ickes said recently, "We hope to demonstrate through actual slum-clearance projects in a dozen or more cities what decent housing at a minimum rental will mean for those cities in the way of improved morale, of healthier living, of abatement in delinquency. * * * Slum clearance not only serves a highly

⁴*Recent Trends*, p. 288.

desirable social purpose, it offers an opportunity of employment for men in our crowded cities where the building trades have especially suffered during these years of depression. * * * Our hope is that when the cities begin to receive the dividends that we know they will receive in social returns from these housing projects, the municipalities themselves or groups of citizens will take up and carry on this desirable work."⁵

This attempt to solve the housing problem in the United States is, of course, not new; it is only an effort to do here what has been going on in every country, especially in England, since the War. During his administration President Hoover, who was always interested in the human side of business, called attention to the fact that "it is easier to borrow 85% on an automobile and repay it on the installment plan than to buy a home on that basis—and generally the house requires a higher rate of interest." The finance of home building, he said, "especially for second mortgages, is the most backward segment of our whole credit system."

7. *Influence of a Great Woman.*

Such, then, is the importance of the housing problem in human life, a problem that concerns society as well as the individual; such the attempts that have been made to solve it in the light of advancing civilization; and such the character and work of the woman who not only stands at the beginning of the movement to provide better housing for the lesser-paid workers, but who remains today the outstanding figure in the history of the better-house movement. Few women have attacked so big a problem with so much intelligence, insight, and courage;

and few public workers have been more humane, persistent, and sweet-spirited.

And now it remains for the women of today and tomorrow to carry the torch which Miss Hill lighted so brilliantly. But it will be of no avail unless they work in the same spirit as did the woman of whom we have been studying. "In one sense," she said once to a Mr. Blyth, "one is never lonely in one's efforts to stem wrong. So mighty is the Power that fights with us!" And what a young social worker said, after reading about Octavia Hill, is true: "It isn't so much what she accomplished that matters, but rather the spirit in which she worked, that gave her power."

"Oh, Mary!" Miss Hill said, away back in 1869, to Miss Harris, "life and its many interests is a great and blessed possession. I love it so much. And yet it seems such a simple, quiet thing to slip out of it presently; and for other and better people to take up their work, and carry it on for their day too."

Problems for Discussion

Discuss the effects of (a) lack of sunshine, (b) proper ventilation, (c) overcrowding, (d) unsanitary conditions, on the health and morale of the family.

What is the effect on adolescents of overcrowded homes without attractions or room for the visits of friends or home entertainment?

How may a dilapidated house develop in its inmates a personality handicap?

Discuss good standards of housing in regard to number of rooms according to the size of the family (no more than two persons to a room), water supply, heating, lighting, house-keeping conveniences, toilets, screens, cleanliness? Are

⁵*Survey Graphic* for March, 1934.

there any housing problems in your community? Any slums?

Are provisions made for playgrounds in your community; for parks and open spaces as the community grows?

In what ways can women help to

improve housing conditions, such as proper water supply, sewage, the disposal of garbage?

Discuss the housing plans of the Federal government; of your local governments.

Mission Lessons

LESSON V. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

BURNS AND BRUISES

“Better be safe than sorry.”

THERE is no injury more distressing or more painful than a superficial burn. There is no other injury so dangerous to life, as an extensive and serious burn. Burns involving more than one-half the surface of the body, in most cases, end fatally.

The gravity of the burn depends upon its situation, as well as the depth and extent of the burn. Burns about the head, the chest or the abdomen are more serious than those of the limbs. Scalds are due to moist heat—as steam or hot water, while burns are produced by dry heat, such as a flame or hot iron, but in the end the result is the same, a painful injury.

Fortunately the number of deaths from burns is decreasing. This is due largely to the fact that electricity has replaced the old kerosene lamp. Burns are so unnecessary, a little more care, a few more precautions about the home may save the child from the agony and the disfigurement due to a bad burn. Too many children have died, or been disfigured for life because someone was careless.

Children must be protected from open fireplaces. Tubs or kettles of hot water or other hot substance, must not be left within the reach of

children who do not realize the danger involved. Every child is attracted by fire; and a box of matches holds untold wonders for him. The responsibility rests with the parents and in some countries now, it is a punishable offense to leave a child under seven years of age alone in a room with an unprotected fire.

When the clothing is on fire, the best way to extinguish it, is to wrap the person in a blanket and smother the flames. In place of a blanket—a coat, a rug or a piece of carpet may be used.

The treatment of burns or scalds depends, naturally, upon the extent and depth of the injury. For the small trivial burns received daily about the home; a tube or jar of standard burn ointment should be found upon every medicine shelf. The proper thing to do is to have a small package of gauze, some clean cotton and a bandage nearby. Cut a pieces of gauge a little larger than the area burned. Next, butter it freely with the ointment, and put it, buttered side down on the burn. Over the gauze now place a generous layer of cotton. A small bandage will hold the dressing in place. Dress the burn daily, and always in this same way.

In place of the burn ointment, we

may use plain vaseline, castor oil, olive oil, or a thick mixture of baking soda. We may use muslin in place of gauze and a cord string to hold the dressing in place, but these we should remember are only substitutes for the proper treatment. Boric acid ointment and picric acid gauze have their advocates and can be used as a dressing for burns.

The severe or extensive burn must always be left to the treatment of the doctor and the hospital. It is important that we remember how to help the patient until the doctor arrives—First, by relieving the pain and treating the shock. With a severe body burn, a bathtub of warm water, into which a pound of baking soda has been dissolved, will form a haven of rest for the burned individual. Remove the clothing and put him in immediately. Paragoric will help relieve the pain, and should always be given. If it is necessary to give stimulants, a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in one-half glass of cold water is very good. Keep the burned person warm and give him all the fluids he will take. In the beginning, food is not important.

Chemical burns from strong acids, or alkalis, such as carbolic acid or lye, require much washing with warm water. Running water is best. These burns are then dressed as ordinary burns or scalds.

WOUNDS

Any break in the skin is called a wound. The skin is the protective covering of the body and any injury that destroys this covering forms an entrance for infection. We have all been surprised at times to see how rapidly a deep and painful cut has healed, on the other hand it has been a matter of great surprise how much trouble could come from

just a small wound on the finger or hand. Weeks of suffering may follow such a wound and in the end a damaged hand.

Stepping on the point of a rusty nail in the summer-time might be a very trivial thing and again it might be a very serious thing. Why are some wounds more serious than others? The answer is GERMS, enemies too small to be seen. If certain germs are introduced beneath the skin and the wound is not properly cleansed, disaster is bound to follow. When the wound bleeds well, and washes the germs out, and others do not get in, there is little pain, and the wound heals rapidly.

In the light of present day knowledge we must no longer say, "My blood is out of order, because every little scratch festers so," or "my wound is very painful because I have taken cold in it." The festering and the cold in the wound mean the presence of germs and the activity of these germs is responsible for the process which we call inflammation. The wise individual is the one who considers all wounds as full of germs, and who does not trust to chance, but cleans each immediately after the accident.

We have to deal mainly with three kinds of wounds. First—*Incised Wounds*; These are due to cuts from glass, knives, etc. They bleed freely, are easily cleansed and as a rule, give very little trouble. Second—*Lacerated* or *Torn Wounds*; These are made by blunt instruments, the edges are ragged, they do not bleed so freely, and are more difficult to cleanse from germs and are longer in healing. Third—*Punctured Wounds*. These are made by the point of an instrument—by nails, ice picks, bullets, etc. The wounds do not bleed, they are impossible to cleanse and are very dangerous.

The best disinfectant to use in the home is the ordinary Tincture of Iodine, diluted one-half with alcohol. The druggist will make up this solution for you and a small bottle will last a long time.

TREATMENT

Do not wash wounds with water. If they have dirt or grease ground in them, cleanse with alcohol, or turpentine. Stop the bleeding. Dry the wound with clean sterile gauze—from a sealed packet. With a little cotton on a toothpick, paint the sides and depth of the wound, using the diluted Iodine mixture. Wait until it dries, and apply the dressing. If no gauze is at hand, scorch a clean white rag and use it as a covering. It is better that no covering at all be used if it cannot be clean.

Wounds that are deep, about the face or hands, where scarring may be ungainly, should always be repaired by a physician.

The punctured wound is the real problem, because it is so difficult to cleanse. If the wound has been made by a nail, first—squeeze it gently, to promote bleeding. Second—take a toothpick and with a little cotton wound firmly around the end, dip it in the Iodine mixture then follow the course of the nail, and leave a generous supply of the disinfectant in the wound. Third—paint the edges for at least one inch beyond, then wait until it dries. Fourth—apply a clean dressing. If the wound is in the foot, elevate and rest it for a few days, to be sure that no bad results follow.

Rusty nails, in the summer-time, especially about the barnyard, are dangerous, because of the "lock jaw germs" they carry. It is best to have the doctor treat the wounds resulting from these nails. Most such wounds require the giving of tetanus anti-

toxin. It is better to be safe than sorry.

Dog bites are punctured wounds and require the same thorough treatment. If the dog be Rabid, professional advice is imperative.

The treatment of poisonous snake bites should be immediate and thorough. The fangs of the snake leave two small holes or a punctured wound which must be cauterized. The symptoms of severe pain, swelling about the wound, vomiting, and extreme weakness, develop rapidly. Apply a bandage or handkerchief above the wound—tight enough to prevent the blood flowing back through the veins. With a sharp knife, sterilized, make two cross cut incisions—not more than one-half inch in length—through the wound. These cuts promote bleeding. Apply suction to the wound by the aid of the mouth or suction pump. The bandage, which has been tied above the wound to prevent the poison blood from returning should not be left longer than one hour. Use tincture of Iodine as a final disinfectant. Dry and dress as any other punctured wound.

BRUISES

The Black Eye. This is merely one form of bruise. A handkerchief or towel should be wrung out of ice water and applied immediately and continuously for one hour. After the first day, if there is extreme discoloration use hot applications. Never use beef steak as a treatment for black eye.

Bruises need no attention unless they are painful or very extensive. If the skin is unbroken, there is no danger of infection. Cold applications afford most relief—and ice bags, and rest is always good treatment for bruises.

For the treatment of a mashed finger, which is always painful, use

cold, running water. Perhaps more important, if the nail is involved, is the application of the dentist's drill, or the circular motion of a pen knife, for the purpose of drilling a small hole in the nail, relieving the pressure caused by the blood under the nail. This procedure relieves the pain almost immediately and may save the nail.

When any wound is red or swollen, and throbs with every beat of the heart, towels wrung out of hot Epsom Salts water, and applied,

will relieve the pain and the swelling, and also aid in healing. If the wound is discharging pus freely it is well to cover it with a moist dressing — gauze wrung from boiling water. It is, however, important that the gauze be not contaminated—that it be handled by the edges only. The effective treatment of wounds depends upon thorough and immediate cleansing and the continued applications of clean, sterile, dressings, until the wound has healed.

Our Magazine Campaign

WE thank our agents for the very fine work done during their Magazine Drive. Never have subscriptions poured in as they have this year. We now have by far the largest subscription list we have ever had. We publish herewith the Stakes that have sent in their percentage, also the Wards attaining the goal of 75% or over. We hope the Stakes that have not yet sent in their reports will do so at once.

We realize that the success attained in this Drive has meant careful planning, enthusiastic campaigning and persistent effort. We thank all who have worked so hard. We realize that some have put forth great effort and have been disappointed in the results, but they should remember that the seeds they have sown may bear fruit later on. We feel sure that some Stakes and Wards that have not done as well as they hoped to do may reach their anticipated goal in January.

SOME Stakes have presented pageants, many have used banks and have been delighted with the results. Our bookkeeper had to get a taxi to take her and her load of pennies to the bank, they were too heavy to

be carried. The Weber County Stakes had a very fine window display as an advertising scheme. Poems and songs were written to aid the cause and in every way wholehearted enthusiastic work has been done in our various Wards.

We hope in later issues of the Magazine to present some of the plays and poems and a write-up of the window display and other items that may be sent in, showing how the Stakes attained their results.

Union Stake has the highest record yet received with 121%, and Baker Ward has the highest percentage of any Ward with 154%.

So far Maricopa is the only Stake that reports 100% for each of its 13 Wards. Laura M. McRae is Stake agent. One of their Wards, Mesa 2nd, tops their list with 113%. Lucy D. Chesley is the Magazine agent of this Ward.

The Whitney Ward, Franklin Stake, reports that they have doubled their subscription list this year.

Columbia, South Carolina last year had one subscription. This year they have six.

The Sandy 2nd Ward last year was the lowest in their Stake, with 19%. This year under the able

direction of Fleda J. Larson, they have come up to 100%.

The reports from the California Wards shows a very high average.

WARDS 100% OR OVER

WARD	STAKE	Enroll	No. Sub.	%	Name of Agent
Adams	Los Angeles	76	76	100	Carrie Ainge
Alpine	St. Johns	16	16	100	Presidency acting
Baker	Union	37	57	154	Nettie Shurtliff
Balboa	San Francisco	38	45	118	Fredricka Duffner
Bason	Big Horn			100	Veda Black
Beaver Creek	Idaho Falls	12	12	100	
Compton	Los Angeles	44	46	105	Henney S. Thomas
Davis	Uintah	35	36	103	
Dividend	Tintic	29	30	104	May Andrew
18th Ward	Mt. Ogden	87	106	122	Netta Burton
Evans Branch	Box Elder	17	19	106	Alice Buxton
Ensign	Ensign	78	82	105	Sadie Buist
1st Ward	Union	40	62	155	Emma Stringham
4th Ward	Box Elder	45	45	100	Caroline C. Baron
Glines	Uintah	30	31	103	
Harper	Box Elder	18	18	100	Mary Yates
Jensen	Uintah	34	36	106	
Imbler Ward	Union	15	21	140	Mattie Westenscow
Leland	Palmyra	37	37	100	Phebe Markham
Linrose	Franklin	14	14	100	Ruby J. Tanner
Lomita	Los Angeles	23	23	100	Minnie Haynes
Long Beach	Los Angeles	123	128	104	Effie Jensen
Lyman	Fremont	37	37	100	
Meeteetse	Big Horn			100	Nancy Nelson
Manchester	Los Angeles	54	59	109	Arvina Moore
Oakland	San Francisco	55	56	102	Julia Searle
Penrose	Big Horn	9	9	100	Emma Tvednes
Powell	Big Horn			100	Louise Hawley
Rexburg 2	Fremont	93	98	105	
Richmond	San Francisco	22	27	123	Blanch Harmon
San Pedro	Los Angeles	34	35	103	Madge Lookinland
2nd Ward	Union	35	38	108	Emily Rendles
17th Ward	Mt. Ogden	58	68	117	Mattie Vogel
2nd Ward	Box Elder	77	77	100	Genevieve B. Olsen
12-13th Ward	Ensign	92	95	103	Alma Erickson
20th Ward	Ensign	104	107	103	Edna Langton
27th Ward	Ensign	90	95	106	Nora Sparks
Twin Groves	Yellowstone	36	40	111	Seline Richards
Torrence	Los Angeles	26	26	100	Drucella Dodge
Uintah	Mt. Ogden	20	21	105	Pres. Mary G. Boyle
Vermont	Los Angeles	39	40	103	Coral Iverson
Vernal 1st	Uintah	78	91	117	
Wilmington	Los Angeles	32	33	103	Lois Jarman
Worland	Big Horn			100	Minnie Willis
Burmham	Young	48	52	108	Janie Tolman

WARDS 75% OR OVER

WARD	STAKE	Enroll	No. Sub.	%	Name of Agent
Alameda	San Francisco	30	26	87	MaRae Meuter
Ashley	Uintah	21	20	95	
Basin	Cassia	12	10	84	Marian McIntosh
Burley Second	Burley	81	61	75	Emma Ashcraft
Burlingame	San Francisco	29	26	90	Ruth Bentley
Burton	Fremont	42	35	83	
Burlington	Big Horn	36	27	75	Pearl Prater
Dimond	San Francisco	61	46	75	Minnie Ellsworth

WARDS 75% OR OVER (Continued)

WARD	STAKE	Enroll	No. Sub.	%	Name of Agent
Eager	St. Johns	107	86	80	
Home Gardens	Los Angeles	54	41	76	Naomi Whale
Huntington Park	Los Angeles	91	69	76	Genevieve Anderson
Juction	Garfield	65	77	118	
La Point	Uintah	30	29	97	
Logan 11th	Logan	101	76	75	Amy Affleck
Lovell	Big Horn	101	78	77	La Prele Lynn
Luna	St. Johns	12	10	83	
Marion	Cassia	25	20	80	Hattie N. Tolman
Mathews	Los Angeles	57	49	86	Agnes Turnbow
Naples	Uintah	54	41	76	
Nibley Park	Granite	96	78	81	Nellie P. Elsinga
Nutriosio	St. Johns	22	18	81	
Otto	Big Horn	30	25	83	
Preston 5th	Franklin	32	24	75	Azuba Alder
Rexburg 1st	Fremont	85	68	80	
Richards	Granite	84	69	82	Jennie Hardy
San Francisco	San Francisco	57	44	77	Gerdá Anderson
Sunset	San Francisco	40	39	98	Millie Johnson
Tridell	Uintah	46	40	87	
Vernal 2nd	Uintah	71	65	92	

STAKE PERCENTAGES

STAKE	Enrollment	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Box Elder	951	515	54	Eliza Thompson
Ensign	745	593	80	Rose Neeley
Cassia	167	112	66	Mae Smith
Franklin	593	255	43	Jeanette S. Barton
Fremont	903	576	64	Florence Webster
Granite	1184	542	46	Irene N. Wooton
Grant	619	212	34	Martha Fagg
Idaho Falls	824	389	47	
Logan	846	385	46	Ella C. Richards
Los Angeles	823	726	88	Hannah O. Pratt
Morgan	252	96	38	Elizabeth Geary
Mt. Ogden	535	414	77	Allie Y. Pond
North Sanpete	689	207	30	Mrs. A. U. Miner
San Francisco	528	404	76	Sadie Chadwick
Sharon		105	($\frac{1}{3}$ of enroll sub)	Maud M. Davis
Tintic		88		Julia Whitehead
Uintah	469	441	94	Mrs. A. B. Johnson
Union	189	229	121	Josephine Hanks
Wasatch	600	214	35	Lacy Swain
St. Johns	285	183	64	Zella B. Whiting

Note: Some reports were not complete.

Christian

By Claire S. Boyer



She hung festoons of happiness in quiet eyes
 And sprinkled stars on paths the lonely trod,
 She lit fresh tapers for worn, restless hands
 That tired searchers might still seek their God.

HAVE YOUR FRIENDS GONE TO COLLEGE?

The "danger point" in the careers of many young men and young women has now been reached. Those who make no plans for the future will soon lag behind.

But there is still time! The shortest, quickest way to enter the business world is to take a thorough Secretarial or Accounting course. There's work ahead for those who are prepared. **BEGIN YOUR TRAINING NOW!**

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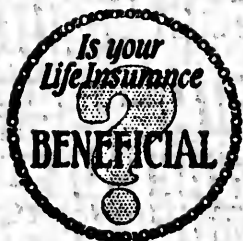
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